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ST. NICHOLAS

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME XLVIII
PART II. MAY TO OCTOBER, 1921

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

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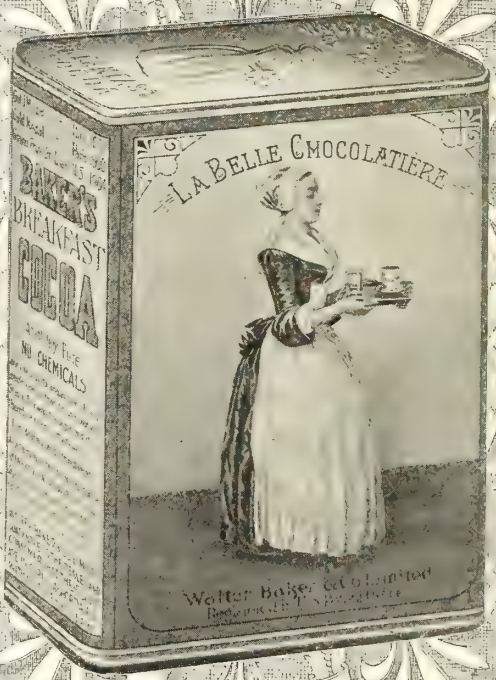
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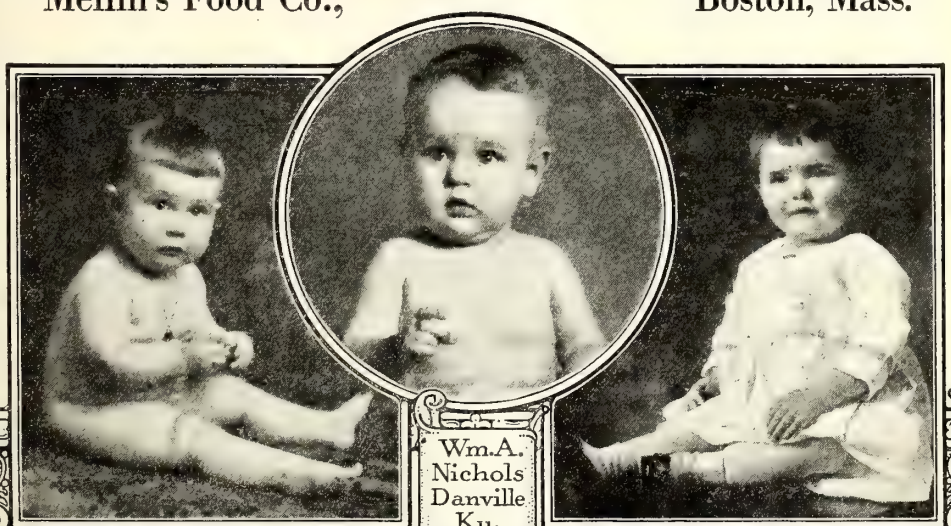




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NEXT MONTH AND TO COME

Sportsmanship — WILLIAM T. TILDEN

William T. Tilden, the National Lawn Tennis Champion for 1920, is to write a series of articles for ST. NICHOLAS. The first of these will appear in June.

Mary Lou's Medal — MARGARET E. CURTIS

Athletics, good sportsmanship, and a most unusual struggle connected with a medal between leaders in a girls' school.

Hints for Campers — S. LEONARD BASTIN AND OTHERS

Nothing on earth is such glorious fun as camping—and nothing so easy to spoil by physical discomforts that are easily averted by the little know-how ways of experienced woodsmen. ST. NICHOLAS for June will have a group of hints from knowing outdoor folk. With the help of this wood-lore, you'll be able to keep that glory-feeling undimmed.

Squirrel Folk — SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Mr. Scoville dipped his pen in strong woods-magic before he wrote this. It is fascinating; and some of the things his sharp eyes have discovered about the squirrel folk are surprising to learn.

A Trip to Korea — CHARLES BURNETT

"The Land of the Morning Calm," as Korea used to be called, is not very calm, nowadays. It is stirring and growing up and changing its old ways; but one of ST. NICHOLAS' traveler friends has caught for you a vivid picture of the queerness of the land, the simple, ancient ways of the people, before they pass.

The Borrowers — A. MAY HOLADAY

A true story, this one, of an American boy at college who showed a very difficult sort of courage. His solution of a difficulty is not only brave but truly funny!



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The Camp Offers Assistance to Parents



EVERY boy and girl of camp age will need during their long summer vacation something which the average parent will find it inconvenient or impossible to give but which is within the province of the camp to supply. These children live during nine or ten months of the year under the rigid and exacting conventions of the home and school routine and they need complete relaxation from this nervous strain. It is not sufficient, however, that they be turned loose on the farm, at the summer home, at the summer resort, or be taken on an automobile trip, or that they be given merely plenty of fresh air, good food, physical exercise and opportunities for play. These plans lack some of the essentials of the most beneficial vacation experience. They seldom provide congenial companions in sufficient numbers and of suitable ages to insure the most desirable social reaction. Nor do they usually provide mature guidance and constant watchfulness as safeguards. The effort to keep the boys and girls with the family during the vacations calls for sacrifices either on the part of the parents or the children, and it is usually the latter who pay the penalty.

¶ The boy and girl need periodically just what the camp has to offer if they are to develop in the broadest way. They have certain latent instincts, tastes, abilities and traits of character, all of which do not find opportunities for expression in the artificial environment in which they live during most of the year, but which must find expression in some natural way. In camp these may be expressed in the happy freedom of the woods and streams, or in the hike up the mountain trail, or in the view from the mountain top which inspires thoughts about the bigness of the universe and the littleness of self. Or this self-expression may be in the games and sports, in the handicrafts, in the hobbies, in the team work or the group spirit, or in the intimate associations with others, all of which develop skill, adaptability, self-control, unselfishness, ability to mix happily with others and good comradeship.



¶ The camp is designed to meet all of these needs of the school boy and girl and it seems reasonable to hope that all parents will welcome its good offices in helping them solve their vacation problems.

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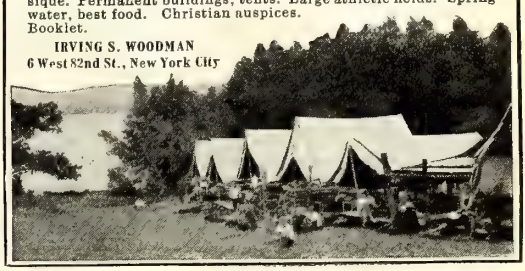
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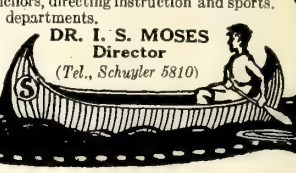
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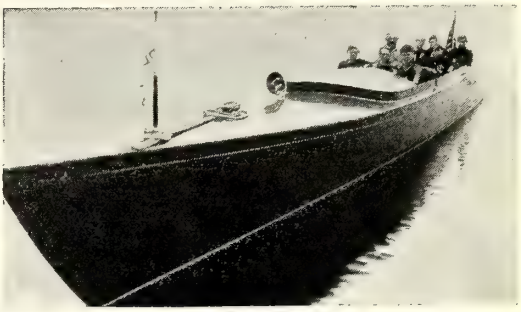
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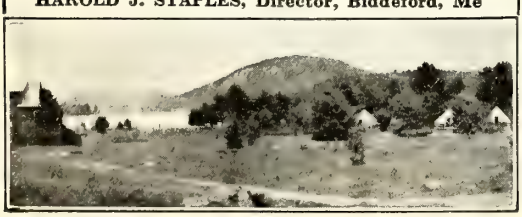
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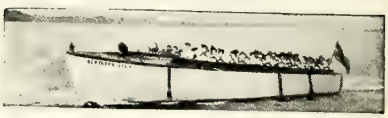
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One morning a few weeks ago a soft voice whispered among the white birch and pine and spruce trees on the mountain-side above the Teela-Wooket Camps. It was a warm little breeze from the Southland saying spring had come.

It hinted of summer days when so many girls would come from cities, all over the country, to rest and play, to laugh and sing, to ride, swim, tramp the forest paths, to grow strong and well after long, hard months of school-days. It passed along to Chop-an-Saw, Kowshicum, Moseley's Camp and Webb Falls and told them to prepare for the over-night campers from Teela-Wooket.

All St. Nicholas girls who have been to The Teela-Wooket Camps remember the wonderful camping trips we have each summer. These are one of the greatest joys at Teela-Wooket. The lucky girls who are to go on any camping trip are all astir the day before making ready. Into duffle bags go blankets, ponchos and other necessities for a night or two out in the forest.

The big day arrives. Bags, tents, cooking utensils are all loaded into a wagon and away goes Mr. Workman, the advance agent of all camping trips, to select the camping site, or prepare everything for the troop of campers who will come along later, warm, and hungry enough for two ordinary-sized meals.

At last it is time for the impatient hikers to start. Two or three councillors go along to see that everything goes right. The camping outfit has been sent ahead so the hikers have no tiresome, heavy packs to weary their progress. They are free to enjoy every new view, to delve into the wooded mountain side for flowers or stop to pick the luscious raspberries. Sometimes a little rambling creek crosses their path. There is time to wade a little while in its coolness.

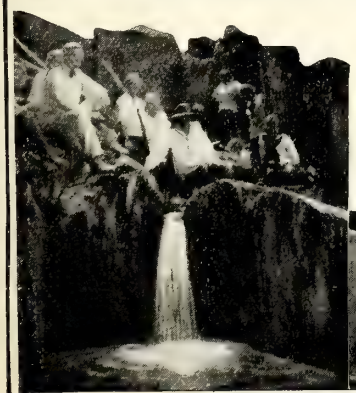
Camp comes at last—a glad sight for tired bodies and hungry stomachs. Joy of joys! There is a fire going and a magnificent odor of food pervades the camp. Meal time is near and everyone eager for the call. The day has magic wings on a camping trip and night comes too soon. But night, too, brings its own particular share of pleasure. By the camp-fire gleam Mr. Workman tells the shivery story of "The Shin Bone," and yielding to the unanimous demand sings his ever popular "Lucky Jim."

As the camp fire dies away, blankets are spread and the camp settles down for a night beneath a star-dotted sky. The whip-poor-wills sing a needless lullaby for the last waking moments.

Such is a day and night of open air camping. It is an experience that should be written on the pages of every girl's memory. We wish we could bring to every St. Nicholas girl the wonderful joys of these Teela-Wooket camping trips, and the pleasure of horseback riding along the trails, the morning plunge before breakfast and all the other fun at camp.

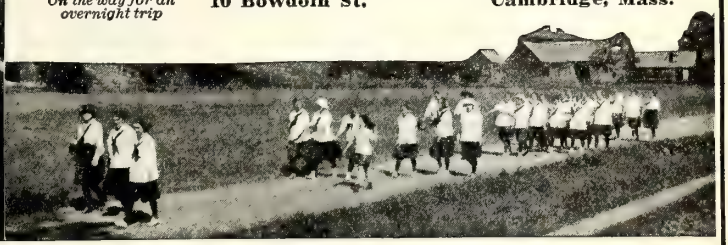
It is only a little while till we meet again in that summer wonderland. To all St. Nicholas girls who are thinking of the splendid weeks at Teela-Wooket we must send a warning. You should not put off telling us that you are coming. More girls, old friends and new, have inquired about The Teela-Wooket Camps this summer than ever before. Write to us at once for the 1921 booklet which will show you some of the glories of this camp. Tell father and mother about our Camp Idlewild too for your brother.

MR. and MRS. C. A. ROYS
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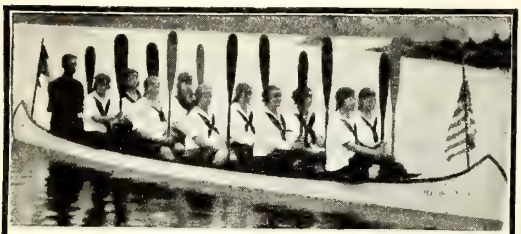


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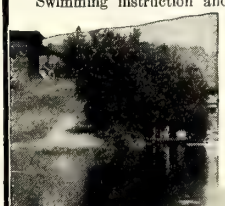




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WE'LL COOK OUR SUPPER TOO;
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WINNETASKA

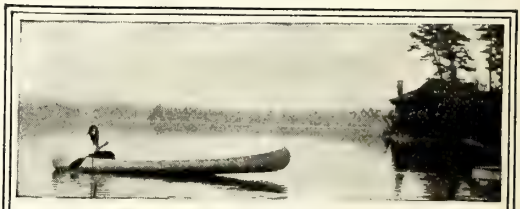
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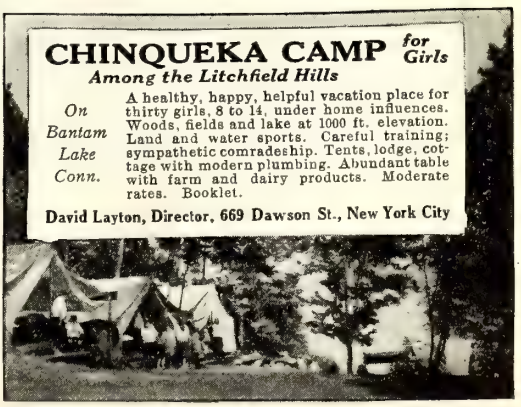
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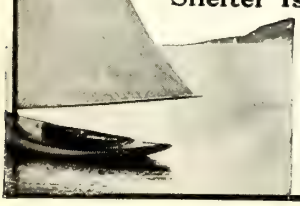
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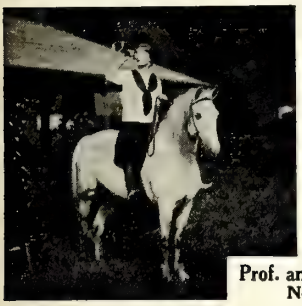
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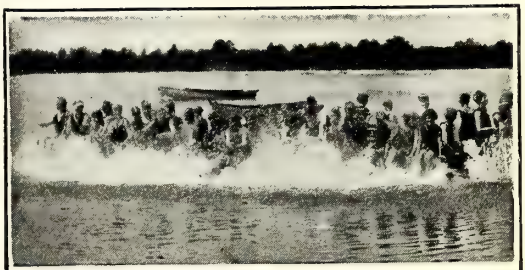
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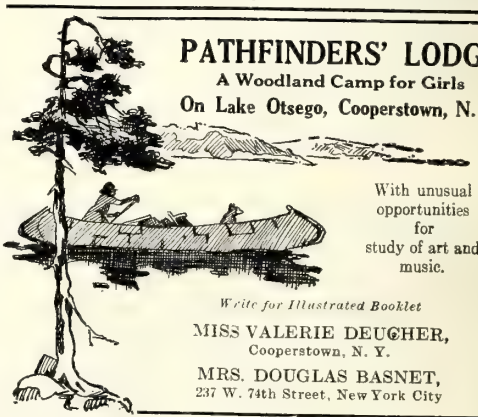
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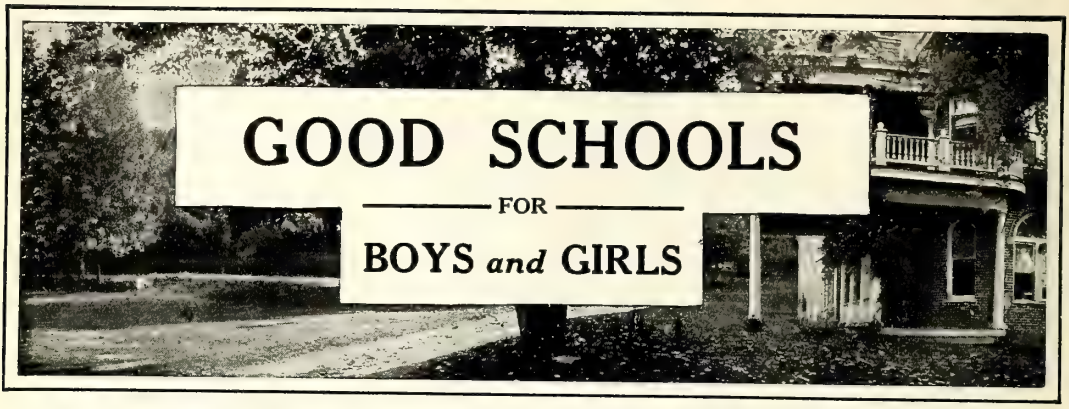
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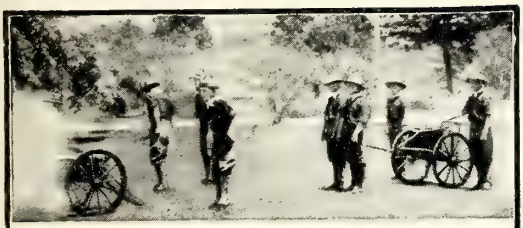
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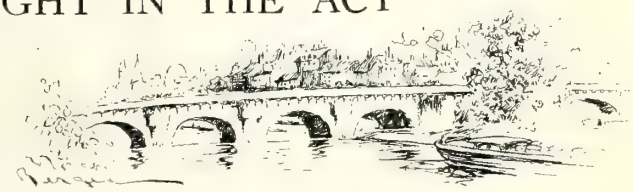
ST. NICHOLAS

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT



By

HENRY ROSS

ONE fine May morning about seventy years ago a little French boot-black was standing at the entrance of the Pont Neuf, one of the finest of the many bridges that cross the Seine between the two great divisions of Paris.

The boy was watching for customers, but there was none to be had yet, for it was too early. At length, finding nothing else to do, he took a piece of chalk from the one untorn pocket that he possessed and began to sketch a face upon the stone parapet of the bridge.

A strange face it was, very broad across the jaws, and narrowing as it sloped upward, so that, with its curious shape and the pointed tuft of hair that stood up from the high, narrow forehead, it looked at a little distance like an enormous pear. But it was plain that this was the likeness of some real man, and that the boy was immensely amused at it, for he chuckled to himself all the time he was working, and more than once laughed outright.

So intent was he on his picture, which was now nearly finished, as to be unconscious that some one else was much interested in it, too.

A stout, gray-haired old gentleman, very plainly dressed in a faded brown coat and shabby hat, and carrying a cotton umbrella under his arm, had come softly across the road, slipped up behind the young artist, and was looking at the pearlike face on the wall with a grin of silent amusement.

And well he might, for, strange to say, his own face was the very image of that which the boy was sketching so eagerly. The queer, pear-shaped head, the large heavy features, the tuft of hair on the forehead, and even the sly expression of the small, half-shut eyes, were alike in every point. Had the little artist not had his back turned, one might have thought that he was drawing this old man's portrait from life.

But just as the boy was in the height of his abstraction, and the single looker-on in the height of his enjoyment, the old gentleman happened to sneeze suddenly, and the sketcher turned around with a start. The moment he caught sight of the old fellow standing behind him he uttered a faint cry of terror and staggered back against the wall, looking frightened out of his wits.

"The king!" he muttered, in a stifled tone, as if the words choked him.

"The king, at your service," answered the old gentleman, who was indeed no other than King Louis Philippe of France. "It seems that I have come up just in time to serve as a model. Go on, pray; don't let me interrupt you!"

The boy's first impulse was to take to his heels at once; but there was a kindly twinkle in the king's small gray eyes which gave him courage, and looking slyly from the pearlike head to the royal model, he said, "Well, your Majesty, I did n't mean to make fun of you; but it *is* like you —is n't it now?"

"Very like indeed," said the king, laughing; "and I only wish the pears in my garden would grow half as big as that one of yours. However, I 'm afraid I have n't time to stand still and be sketched just now, so I 'll give you a likeness of myself"—putting a gold twenty-franc piece (which was stamped with the king's head) into the boy's brown hand—"to copy at your leisure."

THERE was in Paris a few years ago an old French portrait-painter who told his friends and patrons that the first portrait for which he had ever been paid was that of King Louis Philippe himself, and he declares that "the old gentleman was not such a bad fellow, after all."

THE PINCH-HITTER

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

JERRY BENSON took the path to the ball-field, his hands in the pockets of his trousers, his last year's straw hat tilted back on his tow-colored head, and a contented smile on his likable, homely countenance. The smile was there because he had just finished an examination and was conscious of having done extremely well, all things considered. The June morning was blue and sparkling, too, and there was a quality in the air that reminded Jerry of his own beloved North Carolina hills.

Final examinations, he reflected, had one merit at least—they offered spare hours which, unless required for "digging," in preparation for the succeeding ordeal, might be spent out of doors to the profit of one's soul and one's batting average. Just now it was his batting average that concerned him more than his soul, for, with the first of the Cumbridge Hall series but a few days distant, the order had gone forth for morning practice at the batting-net, and Jerry, substitute center-fielder and pinch-hitter, was on his way thither.

When he reached the field, only the coach was on hand. Mr. Keegan was sitting on the bench along the first-base stand in the early sunlight, his hands thrust in the pockets of a disreputable brown sweater and his gaze fixed in contemplative serenity on the toes of his scuffed shoes. Seen in that attitude, he was somewhat of a surprise to Jerry, for never before had the latter seen the coach really quiet! Observing that, although bats and other paraphernalia lay ready, none of the pitchers were there, he was minded to turn back or wander on toward the road. But at that moment Mr. Keegan glanced up and saw him, so Jerry kept on.

"Have to wait awhile, Benson," said the coach. "Train was to be here, but he has n't shown up yet. Guess he will be along soon, though. How are you getting along with finals?"

"Right well, I reckon," said Jerry. "I mean, I reckon I 'll pass all right. Course, I ain't been here very long and—and it 's sort of hard."

"You entered in January, did n't you?" asked the coach.

"Yes, sir. You see, Pap could n't get any one to take my place in the store back home and so I could n't come no—any sooner."

"Your father has a store? Where do you live, Benson?"

"Huckinsburg, No'th Ca'lina. 'T ain't my father has the store, though. I ain't got nary father. Pap Huckins, he took me when I was a little feller and looked after me."

"I see. Like it here at North Bank?"

"Yes, sir, right well. There 's a nice lot of fellers here, sir."

"Yes, that 's true. Where did you learn to play baseball, Benson?"

"Right here, I reckon. I did n't know much about it before I come—came here. Course, I 'd play at it, like. We fellers at home had a nine, and we visited around and played other nines, but we did n't go in much for fancy doings. Just hitting the ball and tearing around the bases was about all we did, and the fellers that pitched did n't know anything about curves and drops and so on. They were pretty easy, and I got so 's I could lambaste the ball pretty hard."

"Well, it 's stood you in good stead, son. You certainly hit with a wallop now. I understand the fellows have dubbed you Three-Base Benson."

Jerry grinned. "Yes, sir, I reckon so. Some of the fellers call me that. Seems like I can't hit

noth—anything but three-baggers—when I do hit."

"Which is pretty frequently," retorted the coach, dryly. "I wonder if you 've noticed, Benson, that I 've never insisted on you learning to bunt. And I 've let you keep your own style of batting. It is n't quite the style we aim at here, but I was afraid that if I tried to teach you



"'I UNDERSTAND THE FELLOWS HAVE DUBBED YOU THREE-BASE BENSON'"

our way, you 'd make a mess of it. And I did n't want to ruin a good free-hitter by trying to teach him to cramp his bat. There are others who can lay down a bunt, or crack out a nice little base-hit, and so I 've let you alone and you 've developed just the way I wanted you to. You 've got a fine eye for the ball and a mighty good wallop, and when you hit them, son, they travel! Don't you worry because they 're always three-baggers."

"No, sir," agreed Jerry, gravely. "Reckon I might just as well keep on specializing, Mr. Keegan."

"Right! You keep on specializing in three-base-hits, Benson, and you 'll fill the bill," laughed the coach. "I 'd like to have two or three more such specialists on the team! How do you like playing center-field?"

"Fine, sir. Sometimes it gets sort of lonesome out there, just standing around and not doing much, but I reckon when we play Cumbridge there 'll be a heap more action. Course," added Jerry, hurriedly, "I ain't expecting to play in them—those games, but whoever does 'll be kept busy, likely."

"Maybe. Still, if our pitchers work the way they should, there won't be much hitting on Cumbridge's part, I guess. And I think you may count on playing center in one of the games, Benson; part of it, anyway. If you had the experience Beech has in that position, I 'd promise it definitely. You 've tried hard and you 've learned a lot in a few weeks, and I appreciate it, son. And I 'll see that you get your chance. When you do get it, stand by me, Benson, and come through with the wallop!"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, gratefully and earnestly, "I 'm aiming to do the best I can."

"I 'm sure of it. You came mighty close to winning that St. John's game, and you may have another chance just like it before we 're through with Cumbridge. Here comes Train and a couple of the fellows. Now we 'll get to work. By the way, that Cumbridge pitcher, Tanner, has a slow ball that 's hard to get, and I 'm going to get Train to imitate it the best he can so you fellows will know it when you see it."

Three days later, Coach Keegan's foresight counted heavily in the result of the first contest with the Dark Blue, at Holly, for Tanner, Cumbridge Hall's first-choice twirler, pitched the game through, and that slow ball of his would have proved much more deadly had not the Light Blue batsmen learned something of it beforehand. All North Bank School went with the team and witnessed a remarkable game of ball that went to fourteen innings and resulted in a 3–3 tie!

A pitchers' battle from start to finish, with Jack Grinnel opposing the red-haired Tanner, the contest had few stirring moments, perhaps, but

was seldom lacking in the sort of suspense that keeps the players keyed to the top-notch of efficiency and the spectators on the edges of their seats. All the scoring came in the first three innings; and after that, until it became necessary to call the game in order that North Bank might catch her train, it became a test of endurance, with defeat certain to fall to the lot of the team that "cracked" first. Perhaps, had the contest gone to another inning, the "crack" might have come; but as it was, although both Grinnel and Tanner had their weak moments when it seemed to their respective adherents that a deluge of hits was about to descend, both came through in triumph, Tanner with a record of nine strike-outs and Grinnel with seven. The Light Blue got eleven hits off Tanner, only one of which was good for an extra base, and the Dark Blue got eight from Grinnel, one good for three bags and one for two. Sharp fielding on both sides seconded the pitchers' work.

In such disappointingly indecisive fashion, then, ended the first game of the series between the ancient rivals, and North Bank departed in a downcast mood. But before school was reached, some one sagely pointed out that if the Light Blue could win next Wednesday's game on her home field, she would have the series and the championship, since a third game was, by the agreement, called for only when the first two contests left the matter of supremacy undecided. And a tie game and a win would settle the question beyond doubt! Even Jerry Benson, who had adorned the substitute's bench all the afternoon, found his disappointment lightened by that cheering news.

That night, in Number 7 Baldwin, Jerry listened while his room-mate, Tom Hartley, who played third base, discussed the situation with Captain "Pop" Lord and "Tub" Keller. Pop played at first, and Tub caught. The captain of the nine was much more optimistic than any of the rest. "We ought to be mighty glad we managed to tie the game and did n't get licked," he said. "As it is, all we 've got to do is win on Wednesday, for to-day's game is as good as a victory in that case."

"Well, they won't start Tanner again," observed Tub, "and that other pitcher of theirs, Thorogood—"

"What 's his name?" interrupted Tom Hartley, incredulously.

"Thorogood. And he *is* good, but not so good as Tanner, and I 'll bet we can hit him."

"Maybe," objected Tom, "but Keegan will pitch Thacher. Keep that in mind, old son."

"What of it? Look at their records. Hal has won as many games as Jack, and—"

"He has pitched more games, you chump!"

"Never mind, he 's all right. I 've caught them both, and I know. Besides, if Hal wobbles, Jack will be ready to take his place. Take it from your Uncle Bud, fellows: if we can hit Thorogood, we can cop the old ball-game!"

"'If'!" murmured Tom. "There 's a whole lot in an *'if'!*"

But Pop Lord Laughed. "Keep your head up, Tom. Remember that we 'll be on our own grounds, with our own crowd behind us. We 've got to do it, and we 're going to do it!"

Later, when the two room-mates were ready for bed, Jerry said: "Tom, why you reckon Mr. Keegan did n't let me play none to-day?"

Tom paused in the act of crawling between the sheets and hugged his knees a moment before replying. Then: "Why, I figure it out like this, Jerry," he said. "Keegan felt a lot like a fellow walking along the top of a fence. Just as long as he keeps going he 's all right, but if he stops to change his feet or take a breath or anything, why, over he goes! That game was mighty tiddley toward the end. Maybe, if Keegan had run in some new chaps to hit, we might have broken through and copped enough runs to win. And maybe we would n't have done anything of the sort. He 'd have had to take out fellows that were playing the game of their lives, and maybe the old game would have blown right up. Anyway, I guess that 's the way he figured it. Along toward the last of it, about the best he was hoping for was an even break, for Jack was getting mighty tuckered."

Jerry nodded, relieved. "If that 's how it was," he said, "I don't mind. I thought maybe he reckoned I was n't good enough, Tom."

"Well, that 's the way it was, old son," answered Tom, cheerfully. "When you get through admiring your feet you might just douse the glim."

Monday was a day of hard practice, but on Tuesday, save for an hour of easy fielding and batting, the team had an afternoon of rest. That night there was an enthusiastic mass-meeting in Hall, and North Bank's hopes ran high as she cheered and sang and listened to speeches. Cumbridge Hall descended on the school the next day, more than two hundred strong, and had a lot to say about what was to happen, and said it, more or less musically, as they paraded up from the station.

Save that Thacher was on the mound instead of Grinnel and that Royce had replaced McGee at second, North Bank went into the game with the same line-up that had played in the first contest. McGee had injured his leg in practice on Monday as a result of trying to block a runner at base. His injury, however, was not serious,

and there was no question of his ability to take his position back should Royce not give a satisfactory account of himself. Jerry's secret hope of going in at center-field was blighted when Manager Birkenside read off the batting-list. Ted Beech was again slated for the position, and Jerry once more joined the bench-warmers, disappointed, but uncomplaining.

On the third-base stand one whole section was vivid with dark-blue banners. Across the diamond, the North Bank color showed more profusely, if less brilliantly, and North Bank cheers were incessant as the rival teams took their places, Cumbridge at bat and the Light Blue in the field. Hal Thacher threw a few wild ones to Tub Keller, the umpire called "Play!" and the head of the visitors' batting-list took his place and thumped the rubber determinedly with his bat. Then the cheering died away and the long-looked-for game was on.

Hal Thacher caused his friends a lot of uneasiness that first inning, for he appeared to be suffering from stage-fright and had much difficulty in finding the plate. He passed the first man up and put himself promptly in a hole with the second. Fortunately, the latter, when he did hit, knocked out a high fly to short left that Wayne Sortwell captured easily. Again Thacher pitched four balls and there were two on. Cumbridge cheered and shouted and stamped hopefully. In an effort to catch the runner on second napping, Thacher wheeled and pegged hurriedly to Jackson, and the ball slammed into the dust and trickled into the field. Before it was retrieved, the runner had slid to third. A moment later, the man on first took second without challenge. With but one gone and men on third and second, the outlook seemed far from rosy for the home team, but Thacher settled down long enough to strike out the fourth batsman, and then, when the next man hit a weak one to the in-field, to get the ball ahead of Royce and slam it to Keller, at the plate, in time for a put-out.

Thorogood, like Thacher, began with a bad inning, but, as in the other's case, escaped punishment. Jackson was hit in the ribs and took his base, Lord hit safely for one, and Conway flied out to short-stop. Royce was passed, advancing the runners and filling the sacks; but Tom Hartley fanned, and Sortwell was an easy third out, second to first. After that, the contest proceeded uneventfully to the fifth inning. Both Thacher and Thorogood had found their stride, hits were scarce and runs entirely missing. In the fourth, Conway reached third, with two out, and died there when Royce fouled out to catcher, and that was as near to a score as either team got in the first half of the game.

The fifth opened with Cumbridge's hard-hitting left-fielder at bat; and that youth, a canny judge of balls, waited until Thacher had to offer him something reasonable. And when he did, he laced it into far center for three bases. That punishment seemed to grieve the Light Blue's pitcher so that he had no heart for his work in the succeeding five minutes, with the result that two more singles were added to Cumbridge's column and two runs came across. A fine double-play by Jackson and Lord stopped the visitors.

North Bank went out in one-two-three order in her half of the inning, but in the sixth, after holding the enemy, she brought delight and confidence to her adherents by scoring her first tally. This came as the result of a pass to Tub Keller, followed by a nice sacrifice fly by Thacher that placed Tub on second. Jackson fanned, then Pop Lord found something he liked and slammed it through the pitcher's box, and Tub scored. Lord went out a moment later in an ill-advised attempt to steal second.

There was no scoring in the seventh inning by either side, although Cumbridge got men on second and first before a batting rally was nipped by some fine pitching. That inning witnessed the replacement of Beech in center-field by Jerry Benson, and the return to his position in the in-field of McGee as a result of loose playing on the part of the hard-working, but inexperienced, Royce. Of the Cumbridge nine, just four men faced the pitcher in the seventh.

For North Bank, Conway began things with a bunt that placed him on first by a hair's-breadth. The umpire's decision brought loud criticism from the visitors, but, since he was ten feet from the base and they at the other side of the diamond, it is fair to assume that he was in a better position to judge the play. At all events, that decision brought North Bank her tying run. McGee's attempt to sacrifice resulted in his retirement, the ball dropping softly and safely into second baseman's hands.

Then it was Jerry's turn; and as he took his place, a ripple of laughter arose in the Cumbridge stand. Jerry's "form" at bat was, to say the least, peculiar. He stood well back from the plate, his long legs wide apart and his bat held so far back that it lay almost across his shoulder-blades. He did n't swing his bat, nor, having once firmly established himself, did he move at all until he offered at a ball. He just watched the pitcher and then the ball, and waited. But although the Dark Blue rooters expressed amusement, North Bank heralded Jerry's appearance with joyful acclaim, while the out-fielders, at the command of the short-stop, who was also Cumbridge's captain, wandered farther backward.

Thorogood had heard of Jerry, as had his catcher, and while the Light Blue's rooters expressed dissatisfaction in numerous ways, the catcher stepped to the right and Thorogood threw out to him. There was no question of reaching any of those balls, and Jerry had to stand there helpless until four of them had drifted past and the umpire motioned him to his base. For Jerry that was a heart-breaking and degrading experience, and he ambled to first with drooping head, quite as though he were personally responsible for what had occurred.

It was left to Tom Hartley to deliver the hit that would bring Conway home and place Jerry on second, and Tom delivered it nicely, in the shape of a screaming single, just out of short-stop's reach. But that ended the scoring in the inning, for Sortwell struck out and Keller lifted a fly to right-field that retired the side.

There was no scoring in the eighth. For that matter, no one reached first base for either team. The rival pitchers were going strong again, and two strike-outs fell to each.

The ninth started with the head of Cumbridge's batting-list up. With one man out, a fly to short left eluded Sortwell, and the runner, taking a desperate chance, went on to second and slid under McGee's arm just as the latter swooped around the ball. That, too, was a questionable decision, perhaps, in which case it evened up for the former one. When the dust had settled, Thacher tried hard to strike out the Dark Blue's captain. But with two strikes on him and one ball, that youth caught a hook on the tip of his bat and arched it nicely out of the in-field just where no one, lacking wings, could possibly get under it. Captain Lord and McGee both tried for it, and Conway came in from right at top speed; but the ball fell safely to earth, and the runner on second took third and was only prevented from going home by quick action on Lord's part. As it was, he scuttled back to his base and was glad to reach it again. The Cumbridge captain went to second on the first delivery. With men on third and second and but one out, North Bank's chance to pull out safely looked very dim. But when, a few minutes later, the next batsman had hit weakly to short-stop, and Jackson, after holding the runners, delivered the ball to Lord in the nick of time, the home team's stock advanced many points. And presently the suspense was over, for, after knocking two fouls into the right-field stand, the Cumbridge first baseman drove the ball straight at Lord's head, and Pop, more than half in self-defense, put up his hands and, fortunately for North Bank, it stuck there!

"Another tie game!" was the prediction of many in the stands as the teams changed places for the last half of the ninth inning. But on the North Bank bench that belief did n't hold. "Go after them, fellows," said Captain Lord, earnestly. And, "Let 's take this game now," said the coach, quietly. "Don't let him fool you, boys. Make him pitch to you. You know what to do, Conway. Let 's have it!"

"Conway up!" called Birkenside. "McGee on deck! Smash it, Dud!"

Yet, although Conway twice tried his hardest to lay down a bunt that would allow his fast legs to take him to first ahead of the throw, he failed; and with two strikes and two balls against him, the best he could do was a weak grounder that was easily fielded by third baseman and pegged to first well ahead of the batsman. The North Bank cheers, which had dwindled away with the cheerers' trust in Dud, began again as McGee strode to the plate. But McGee repeated Conway's fizzle with the first pitched ball! Again third pegged unhurriedly to first for the out. Cumbridge yelled, wildly and triumphantly. Many less interested spectators were already dribbling toward the gate, sensing an extra-inning contest that would drag along interminably without a decision. But North Bank was cheering again now, undismayedly, even with a new note of fervor; not only cheering, but chanting! And the chant was this:

"Benson! Benson! Three-Base Benson! Benson! Benson! Three-Base Benson!"

"If he can deliver one of those wallops of his," muttered Lord, hopefully, to Coach Keegan, "and get to third, I 'll bet Hartley can bring him the rest of the way!"

"He will, I guess, if that pitcher will give him a chance," was the reply. "If he knows his business, though, he will pass him, as he did before."

But with two out, the bases empty, and a tired arm at his side, Thorogood shook his head at the catcher's signal for a throw-out. He wanted to end the inning. He did n't believe altogether in Benson's ability as a hard hitter and felt fairly certain that, if he could n't dispose of him on strikes, he could make his hit a fly to the out-field.

Jerry, eying Thorogood anxiously, heaved a great sigh of relief as the first delivery, instead of passing wide of the plate, developed into a drop. In fact, he was so relieved that he did n't even offer at it, nor show surprise or resentment when the umpire called it a strike. Instead, he grinned slightly, with his eyes more than his mouth, took a firmer grip on his bat, spread his legs by another inch, and waited. The cheers from the right-field stand were continuous—designed, I fear, as much to discourage the pitcher as to encourage Jerry.

Another delivery went past, this time a pal-

pable ball, wide of the plate. Then Thorogood tried another drop. It had worked before, so why not again? Jerry watched the wind-up, watched the ball start from the pitcher's hand, watched it speed toward him like a gray-white streak, watched it—no, he did n't watch it after that, for he had dropped his bat and was racing to first!

About him arose a thunder of shrill pæans of joy that, as he swung around first, dwindled to something approaching silence. But in another instant the shouting grew again; for far out on the green expanse of sunlit turf, center-fielder and right-fielder had turned and were running back as fast as their legs would carry them! And around the bases went Jerry, past second and on to third, and would have stopped there in comformity to long custom had not Jackson waved and shouted him onward.

"Go on, Jerry!" roared Andy. *"Go on, you idiot! It 's a home-run!"*



"AROUND THE BASES WENT JERRY, PAST SECOND AND ON TO THIRD"

SOME three and a half hours later, Pop Lord arose at his place beside the banquet board and held a glass aloft. They had eaten and sung and cheered and eaten more, those twenty happy banqueters, and now, replete and comfortably weary, they had demanded a speech from the retiring captain.

"Fellows," responded Pop, "and Coach Keegan, I 'm a heap too tired to make a speech. I would if I could, but you 'll just have to excuse me, I guess. All I 've got to say is this: I 'm mighty happy. And I 'm mighty grateful to you fellows, each and every one of you, for the way you 've worked with me to make this evening one of the jolliest of my short life. And to our coach for the way he 's toiled with us and kept his temper many times when he might have let go with no blame to him! And—and to one other. So here 's to Three-Base Benson—" He stopped short in his burst of oratory and shook his head.

"Hold on! That won't do! To *Home-Run* Benson, the pinch-hitter with the punch! Let 's hear it!"

And he did hear it. And so did Jerry, who, although shorn of his title, looked strangely content and happy.

MANUFACTURED MOTIVES

By LOUISE WHITEFIELD BRAY

"TELL her not to come," said Barbara, in so decisive a tone that her mother looked up in surprise from the letter she had just read aloud.

"Not come! Your cousin!"

"Two or three times removed."

"But her mother and I grew up next door to each other. I don't believe you half heard Cousin Mary's letter. Her husband must go to a sanitorium for a month. Naturally, she will go with him, and naturally she thought of sending Joan, or Jo-*an*—I never can remember how to pronounce the child's name—here."

"I don't see why we have to have a distant relative—particularly one we don't know well enough to call by her right name—stay a whole month with us."

"Barbara Bennett, what an inhospitable speech! You always love company. Why don't you want your cousin, child?"

"She 'll be bored to death and hate it and us, and then I shall hate *her*. She 's lived in Europe most of her life, been everywhere and done everything there is to do, and still she 's only eighteen. What could I *do* with her?"

"You need n't do anything. Her mother wants her to rest after a very gay winter in London, she says."

"If she needs rest, she 'd better go to the sanitorium too."

"She is n't ill. She simply needs a quiet country life for a while."

"She 'll get it in Bromfield. There can't be a quieter town in Massachusetts."

"You had lots of good times here last summer."

"I did, Mother, but she 's different. Imagine taking her to a dance at the inn when she 's used to balls, perhaps in castles. And can you see her dancing with boys of sixteen or seventeen, when she 's had princes for partners?"

"You 're a horrid little snob, Barbara. I neither understand nor like your attitude. The only thing that matters is that an old friend has asked my help. I shall send a letter to Mary at once."

Mrs. Bennett went to write, very much disturbed by what seemed to her a strange new "streak" in her sixteen-year-old daughter. She did not know that Barbara's irritation was due not so much to the proposed visit as to another cause.

Barbara had just graduated from the town academy with first honors. She had been vice-president of her class, editor of the school paper, and tennis champion. She wanted to go to college—yearned to go as only a girl of sixteen can yearn, with room in her mind and heart for no other feeling. Yet she knew it was impossible. College required money, which Mrs. Bennett, a widow with a small property, could provide only by selling the house in which they lived and which had been the home of Bennetts since the end of the seventeenth century. Therefore, Barbara never mentioned college to her mother, lest she propose to sacrifice the place which held all her dearest memories. Mrs. Bennett knew only that Barbara planned to teach, preparing at a normal school in a neighboring town. The longing to go to college, however, persisted like a dull ache in Barbara's heart. It was not surprising that she vented her feeling at the first excuse.

When, a few weeks later, Joan arrived, Barbara met her at the little old vine-covered station.

"She 'll wear French hats and French heels and talk with an accent," Barbara said to herself, as she stalked up and down the platform. "And every other sentence she 'll say, 'When my father was ambassador to Spain'; or, 'The last time I was in Constantinople.' She 'll have to be entertained every minute, though I have n't the ghost of an idea how I 'm going to do it."

In spite of her doleful anticipations, Barbara felt a thrill of pride as she caught sight of the girl who, she knew, must be Joan. She had the delicate, fluctuating color that often accompanies auburn hair, and a smile that seemed to crinkle her whole face with pleasure. While Barbara saw only that Joan's suit and hat were simple and becoming, a more experienced observer would have perceived the perfection of material and cut.

Joan ran straight to Barbara and threw her arms around her.

"It 's wonderful to see 'home folks' after all these years!" she cried.

When Barbara asked for baggage-checks, Joan gave her one, pointing out a small steamer-trunk in the truck-load left by the departing train.

At Barbara's glance of surprise, Joan asked, "What 's the matter?"

"I thought you 'd have several trunks," answered Barbara.

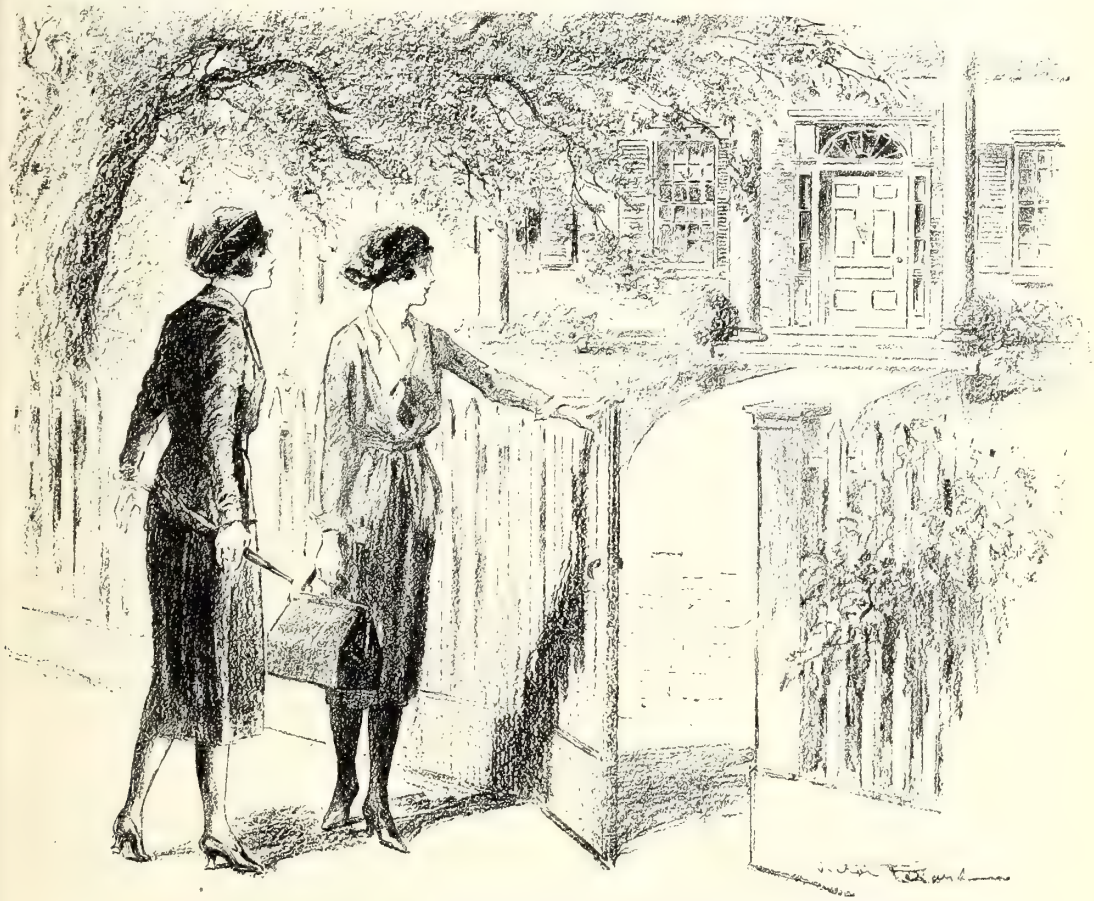
"Oh, should I?" The older girl looked disturbed. "Mother counted on Bromfield being the quiet town she used to know. I 'll send for more things if you think I 'd better."

"Bromfield has n't changed. Your mother was

right in thinking you would n't have much chance to wear good clothes here."

Joan started to explain. "It 's not that; we always travel as light as possible." Meanwhile, she was thinking, "What an ungracious person my young cousin is!"

Barbara was thinking, too. "It 's perfectly horrid of her to twit us the first thing with living in a little out-of-the-way town." Even as she thought this, she knew she was not being fair. She was doing that easiest thing in the world, manufacturing motives for other people's words.



"'TO THINK OF LIVING IN SUCH A PLACE ALL ONE'S LIFE!' JOAN SAID SOFTLY"

As they started down the main street of Bromfield, arched above with ancient elms, Joan stopped with an exclamation of delight. Through the trees she caught glimpses of well-built and well-placed houses, giving that atmosphere of comfort and quiet dignity characteristic of the earlier New England towns. She insisted on a criss-cross path up the street, in order that she might have a closer view of a colonial doorway or a brick-pathed garden. Joan seemed to Barbara ridiculously pleased to discover the hand-carved panel over the door of the parsonage.

"She 's putting that on," thought Barbara. "She can't make me believe she likes these common old houses when she 's seen every big city in Europe."

The expression on Joan's face, however, was certainly not "put on," as she stood in front of Barbara's own house, with its beautifully proportioned white pillars, wide porch, and green terrace.

"To think of living in such a place all one's life!" she said softly. "The house itself would be a rebuke to anything not fine or kindly. Don't you love it, Barbara?"

"Of course," answered Barbara, less fluent than Joan. She was thinking with relief that, by never mentioning college to her mother, she had never caused her to consider selling the old place.

By supper-time, Joan and Barbara had chattered about a multiplicity of subjects, but Joan had not mentioned the last time she was in Constantinople nor her father's justly famous diplomatic career. Instead, she had shown an eager

interest in the details of Barbara's own school-girl life and the boys and girls she was about to meet.

Suddenly Barbara, condensing a coasting accident into a single sentence, said abruptly, "You would n't be interested—you 've probably been coasting in Switzerland."

"I have, but—" began Joan.

Unfortunately, the tinkle of a silver bell announced supper before she could express the bewilderment she felt at Barbara's tone. In her own room that night, she wrote:

> Mother dear, if it were n't for Cousin Ellen, who really seems glad to have your daughter here, I should be tempted to take the quickest train back to you. My cousin Barbara does not like me. She may remember that the last time we met,—she was five and I was seven,— I slapped her. Do you suppose she 'd feel more kindly toward me if I let her slap me now to even the score? She is perfectly polite and hospitably solicitous as to the number of towels on my rack, but the fact remains,—difficult as it will be for you to comprehend,—she does not like me. I 'd feel more disturbed if I could think of anything I 'd said or done in the half-day I 've been here, but so far I 've used my very best comp'ny manners. A thought! Did you, by any chance, with your maternal prejudice, make me out to Cousin Ellen such a paragon as any normal girl would inevitably despise in advance? Did you do that, Misguided Parent? Well, it won't take long to correct such an impression if you did!

Meanwhile, Barbara was talking with her mother about their guest. Mrs. Bennett declared herself delighted with the girl, her poise, adaptability, and sincerity.

"Who would n't have poise," demanded Barbara, "with all her chances to get it? And I don't see why you say she 's sincere. She 's pretending all the time, just to be pleasant and make a good impression."

"Do you think you are justified in making such a remark?" asked Mrs. Bennett, quietly.

"Well, she kept me talking an hour this afternoon about school and the girls and what we do for amusement in the winter. She led me on with questions as if she were really interested."

"Why should n't she be interested?"

"Now, Mother, you know as well as I do. I did n't realize what a fool I was making of myself until the supper-bell rang."

"Barbara, I thought you prided yourself on being fair. You 're not giving Joan even the benefit of the doubt. You have no right to suppose she means anything but what she says. I am tempted to follow your own example and read into your words motives I should be very sorry to find there—injustice and envy of other people's good fortune."

Barbara flushed. "You 'll see I 'm right before she has been here very long."

During the first week of Joan's visit, Barbara fought a battle between her stubborn determination to stick to the point of view she had adopted before she saw Joan, and the sense of fairness which she ordinarily possessed. Joan soon won Barbara's respect, at least, by defeating her, the amateur champion of Bromfield, at tennis. Barbara's friends, too, "fell for Joan strong," as Tom Elder put it. Still there remained a reservation in Barbara's mind. She could not quite believe that Joan was having as good a time as she said, that she was not constantly comparing the simple amusements of Bromfield with the gaiety of foreign cities, and the boys and girls, who were just ready for college, with the young diplomats and noted people she had known abroad. Joan never volunteered any information about these personages, though she was very willing to answer the questions of the eager young Bromfieldians.

It was Joan, indeed, who started an "Explorers' Club" in Bromfield, the purpose of which was "traveling at home." Joan, thanks to her father, a historian by avocation, knew more of the historic places of Boston and its vicinity than did these people who lived less than an hour away. She even insisted, in spite of the denial of the Bromfieldians themselves, that their own town must be of historical interest. "The houses look so," she averred, not very logically. To prove her point, she made each member of a group of young people choose a house and report on its history. The results surprised every one but Joan. Parents and relatives drew from the farthest recesses of their memories tales of Revolutionary and Colonial days. One house had been an important link in the "underground railway" for fugitive slaves before the Civil War. Another actually possessed a secret cupboard in which a Continental ancestor had been hidden for five days during the British occupation of the town. Barbara would not believe in the existence of this cupboard until she was taken to it. Then, as a punishment for her disbelief, she was locked in.

Meantime, the month of Joan's visit was speeding by. A few days before she was to leave, she received a letter from her mother telling her that the doctors advised her father to remain another month at the sanitorium and try a new treatment. The letter continued:

> I wish I knew what was best for you, dear. The sanitorium would be very stupid for you after the young life at Bromfield. If I did not feel that a little friction still existed between you and Barbara, I should suggest, by all means, that you stay on with Cousin Ellen. I should insist on your boarding now, of course. Cousin Ellen would be glad to have you, I feel sure. Are n't you perhaps a little sensitive about Barbara's attitude toward you? At any rate, I leave the choice to you. Stay or come to us, as you like. You need not consider us. Your father is busy with one treatment or another all day and I am acting as his nurse.



"JOAN WON BARBARA'S RESPECT, AT LEAST, BY DEFEATING HER, THE AMATEUR CHAMPION OF BROMFIELD, AT TENNIS"

By the way, if you stay, your father would like you to do some "researching" for him. He is much interested in what you have written to us about the old houses in Bromfield and thinks there may be some entirely fresh material in the town for his colonial history. He wishes you to ask Cousin Ellen whether she either possesses, or remembers hearing of, old letters, records, or papers. If any are available, he would like copies made.

One thing more, Joan dear. The more I think of your feeling about Barbara, or hers toward you, the more I think you are partly to blame for letting it go on. When I ask you to be explicit, you say it is something 'in the air,' or 'in her manner.' If it is nothing more definite than that, you ought to be able to overcome it by tact or frankness. Is Barbara perhaps a wee bit jealous by temperament? Remember, you have the advantage of being two years older and of having had a much wider experience.

Ellen and I had such a joyous girlhood in the very house in which you are staying, I want you to be equally happy there.

Joan, thinking a long time over the letter, realized that she had made no great effort to overcome Barbara's antagonism. So many people ran in and out of the Bennett home that the two girls could easily avoid any quiet, intimate talks with each other. Joan, conscience-smitten, knew that by using the tact or frankness her mother had suggested she could long ago have forced the issue instead of avoiding it. She determined, now, before she made her decision concerning the remainder of the summer, to have a frank talk with Barbara at the first opportunity.

That opportunity came immediately.

When Joan asked Mrs. Bennett whether she remembered any early records of the town or family, the older woman hesitated. "Why—yes,—that is, I think there must be. To tell the truth, every spring and autumn I clean two old hair trunks full of papers in the attic, but I never have time to read them."

"I know there are some old letters there," declared Barbara, "because the stamps I cut off years ago were the gems of my collection. Let 's look, anyway."

Under the eaves in the attic the two girls found two brass-bound trunks full of papers. Many were yellow with age, the ink faintly legible. Since there seemed to be no order nor arrangement, the girls plunged in. Barbara's first paper proved to be an uncle's commission as captain in the Civil War.

"He was to marry Miss Letitia Todd, the little old lady who lives alone in the big white house on Elm Street. She never married. Once a year, on his birthday, she comes here to dinner."

Joan's paper was a puzzle. The ink had faded in many places, so that a magnifying glass would be necessary to decipher the whole document.

"It seems to be a will," she told Barbara. "Some one seems to have been disinherited for loyalty—how queer!"

"Let me see the names," said Barbara, bending eagerly over the paper. "I can almost make out one. Oh, I know! That was Preserved Taber. The Tabers were Mother's line. One of them remained loyal to the king at the time of the Revolution and no one in the family ever spoke to him again."

Joan's eyes by this time were shining. She had inherited her father's historical imagination. She was not at all daunted by the fact that the next half-dozen papers the trunk yielded proved to be nothing more interesting than bills and deeds of a much later date.

"Let 's not take them as they come," she suggested sensibly, "but pick what looks interesting. Here is a bunch of letters tied with something that looks like ribbon and rattles like paper."

"That is old-fashioned 'cap ribbon,'" explained Barbara, "for the bows on the ladies' caps. Mother has a roll that came from England and belonged to her great-grandmother. This may be part of the same piece, faded with age."

Joan puzzled so long over the bunch of letters that Barbara grew impatient.

"What is it?" she asked. "You must have found something interesting."

Joan looked up, her eyes bright with excitement. "Father won't need any more sanitorium when he hears about this. These letters were written from England by a Massachusetts Bennett who went over on business and apparently was n't allowed to come back. Just think, Barbara! He actually heard Edmund Burke make his speech 'On Conciliation with America.' Oh, how I wish I could take these letters to Father this very minute!"

Joan laid the bundle down at her side where she could pat it frequently for pure joy. As the girls went on through the box, they found a strange mixture of legal documents, grants, bills, diaries, diplomas, school reports, and letters such as could never have collected had the Bennett family not lived in this same house for generations.

Barbara, with a literary rather than an historical imagination, loved the names they found in the older papers, Patty Pomeroy, Hepzibah Taber, Delight Homer, and several times in different generations her own name, Barbara Bennett.

Joan laid down the last paper with a sigh, after their hasty survey. "Father must see these things," she said, "but how is he going to do it? I could n't copy them in a month of Sundays."

As she spoke, she was reminded of her mother's letter and her own determination to have a talk with Barbara.

"Barbara," she said, "are you comfortable, doubled up in that trunk? If you are, I want to talk to you."

Barbara looked surprised. She was aware, and of course hurt, that Joan had avoided any such talks with her.

"I 'll be all right when I get both feet either in or out," she answered. "Now go ahead."

Joan tried to choose the right words. "Well—it 's like this. Mother writes that Father must stay another month in the sanitorium. She 'd like to have me stay here and board with you if your Mother is willing, and I 'd like to stay if—you—are willing. I—I 've seen—well, I know that you don't—that there 's something about me you don't quite approve of." At Barbara's flush, Joan explained hastily: "I don't mean you have n't been perfectly polite or that you have n't given me a perfectly wonderful time, but I have felt, somehow, that you were doing it out of a sense of duty and that you did n't really like me. Won't you tell me what the trouble is?"

Barbara was thoroughly ashamed that she had allowed a guest to feel as Joan had obviously felt. Yet to Joan's frankness, she must answer frankly, and she replied:

"To tell the exact truth, I don't think it was quite nice of you to pretend the way you 've done here this summer."

"Pretend?" Joan looked as bewildered as she felt.

"Well, have n't you pretended to like Bromfield and the silly, simple things we do here, when all the time you must have been laughing to yourself because we had n't done anything nor been anywhere the way you have?"

For a moment Joan was very angry.

"What right had you to suppose I meant anything but what I said?"

Barbara was honest. "Of course I had n't any; but—well, it was just plain common sense to think our dances and parties and us boys and girls were stupid compared to the sort of thing you were used to and the people you had known."

Into Joan's mind flashed what her mother had said about the "advantage of her wider experience." She realized that there was not a little envy in Barbara's hostility, which had not been hostile to any unpleasant degree, after all, unfair as it had been. Joan remembered, too, that her mother had said that she herself was to blame for not overcoming that hostility.

"Barbara," said Joan, "the real truth is that I envy you, instead of feeling superior."

"What!" gasped Barbara.

"I do," went on Joan. "I envy you your life here in Bromfield, the quiet, serene, orderly happiness of it, the—the American-ness of it all. I 've gone from one part of Europe to another all my life. I 've seen interesting people, to be sure, and done all kinds of exciting things, but almost always with foreigners. I have n't grown up with American boys and girls. Whenever I learned to care for an American girl, she was always plucked away from me, in a month or two, to go home or to school. I 've never been to school where the lessons were taught in English. I 've never had a chance to do the pleasant, normal things you take as a matter of course. That 's why I was so anxious to come here, where Mother was a girl and where I could be with you and other girls. I 've truly and honestly had the best time in Bromfield I ever had in all my life. Do you see what I mean, Barbara dear?"



"'BARBARA,' JOAN SAID, 'ARE YOU COMFORTABLE DOUBLED UP IN THAT TRUNK?'"

Barbara unfolded herself from the trunk and ran over to Joan.

"I 'm so ashamed, Joan. I have n't been fair or decent, and the worst of it is, I knew it all the time. I 've been doing that dreadful thing Mother calls 'manufacturing motives.' You will stay, won't you, Joan, and let me start all over?"

Joan smiled in the way that had made her friends in all parts of Europe.

"Of course I 'll stay. I guess the trouble is that your imagination is too active. I 'll probably wish I had some of it when I get to college."

Barbara dropped, Turk fashion, at Joan's side.

"Are you going to college?"

"I am if I can get in. I 've had the most reckless, ridiculous preparation, with a little of one school, less of another, mostly in Switzerland, and with what Mother and Father had time to teach me on the side. I 've got to spend this year catching up on things they don't teach abroad."

"I supposed you 'd 'come out' and never think of college."

"I had a taste of that last year in London. It was lots of fun, but I 'm like John Quincy Adams. Don't you remember, when he was a boy, he went with his father on diplomatic missions to several countries in Europe, but when he was of college age, he refused to stay any longer and came home to get an American education. That 's what I 'm going to do, but I feel certain that entrance requirements are more difficult than they ever were in John Quincy's day."

"Are n't you lucky!" breathed Barbara.

"I had n't noticed it," replied Joan. "Why, look here, you 're going to college, are n't you?"

"Can't. I have n't the money."

"But you *must* go. The girls say you graduated with one of the best records any one ever made at Bromfield Academy."

"Oh, well, it is n't a very large academy, even if it is old."

"It 's one of the best preparatory schools in the State, Judge Henderson told me."

As Joan said this, a thought flashed into her mind.

"Barbara, how much could your mother actually spare a year to send you to college?"

"Not over a couple of hundred dollars, including clothes and everything. It can't be done. I can manage to go to normal school, and that 's all."

"Would you mind putting off college for another year?" asked Joan.

"Would you mind listening while I talk?" replied Barbara. "I have told you in words of one syllable that I can't go to college."

"Oh, yes, you can." Joan's eyes shone with excitement at the plan developing in her brain. "Father is going to travel a year for his health. I was going to enter a preparatory school. Why should n't I go, instead, to Bromfield Academy and board with your mother?"

Joan could see how much the deprivation of college had meant to Barbara by the joy in her face as she listened to the other girl's plan.

"Oh, it would be too wonderful!" Barbara exclaimed. Her mind leaped ahead to still another plan. "I 'm all ready for college now, so I could spend the year working. If I could get together enough for two years of college, I could manage the others somehow."

Joan's eyes rested on the heaps of papers covering the floor beside them.

"Here 's your work!" she cried.

"Where?" asked the bewildered Barbara.

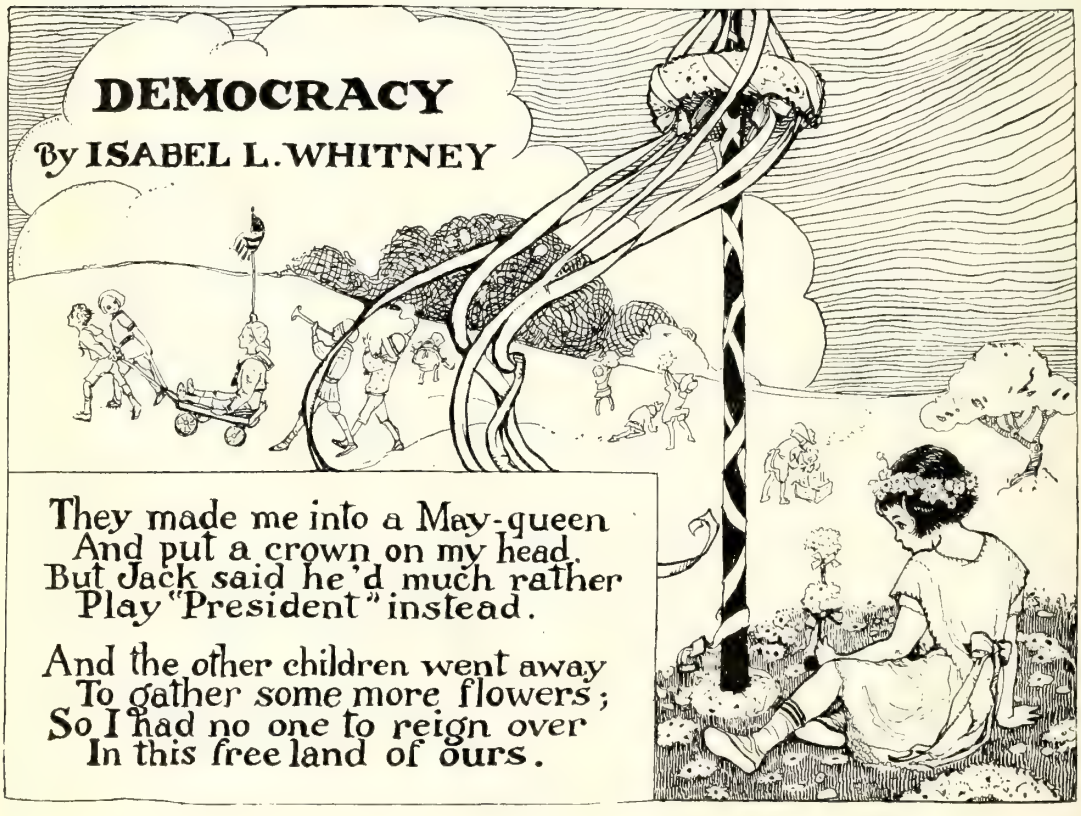
"Right here before you. I have helped Father enough in his historical work to know that he will be perfectly mad about this material. He can't carry valuable papers with him when he travels. These will all have to be sorted and copied—work enough to keep you busy for months. Oh, Barbara, won't it be fun? Why, what 's the matter?"

Barbara's face had lost the radiance of her first joy.

"I was thinking how silly and stupid and unfair I was to you, and how splendid you are to me!"

Joan reached over and shook Barbara gently by the shoulders.

"Oh, pshaw! that 's all over. I tell you what I 'll do—if I find you manufacturing any more motives, I 'll strangle your imagination."





MADAM CATBIRD HAD RETURNED



DADDY CATBIRD



WHAT THE FLASH-LIGHT SHOWED

A CAMERA ADVENTURE WITH CATBIRDS

By HOWARD TAYLOR MIDDLETON

THEODORE, aged six, was standing beneath a cherry-tree from which he had just descended. He brought with him a cluster of luscious fruit and a bit of interesting information. The former he kept strictly to himself, the latter he generously bestowed on us. "I saw a nest in the bushes while I was up 'at ole tree!" he volunteered, between bites.

"What kind of a nest was it, dear?" asked Pal, much impressed.

"Don't call me, 'dear'; I ain't no g-u-r-r-u-l!" Then realizing, perhaps, that he had been a bit abrupt in his conversation with a lady, he grinned sheepishly and explained: "I think it are a catbird. It 's got three blue eggs in it."

Thanking Theodore for his store of good news, and extracting from him a solemn promise that he would molest neither the eggs nor the nest, we left him to his feast of cherries. Then, cameras in hand, we approached with due caution the hair-lined, grassy cup in the blackberry tangle that was the home of the catbirds.

Pal and I always carry two cameras with us when bird-hunting; one, a long-focus machine for nesting scenes, or any picture which does not require a greater shutter-speed than 1/100 of a second; the other, with a maximum shutter-speed of 1/1000 of a second, for action photographs.

Setting up the long-focus camera, on its tripod at the front door of Catbird Villa, we attached a slender thread to the shutter-trip, and, carrying it with us to a distance of several yards, went into hiding, there to await the arrival of the feathered mistress of the nest. A few moments only of watchful waiting had elapsed when we discerned a slate-gray streak flash through the foliage above the nest and come to rest upon the rim for an instant—Madame Catbird had returned! That instant was ours; the thread was pulled, gently but firmly, and we had our first picture.

Fearing that the presence of the big camera so near her might frighten the brooding bird from her eggs if we attempted any more portraits at that time, we decided to defer further work until the hatching of the nestlings. So, after procuring a striking record of Daddy Catbird on his way home with a fat worm for his busy spouse, we retired, well content.



"'I SAW A NEST IN THE BUSHES,' HE VOLUNTEERED"

A week slipped by, and again we visited the grassy cup in the blackberry tangle. This time, instead of three fragile blue eggs, a trio of hungry infants confronted us as we prepared for another picture. Just as we had set our impromptu studio in order, the late afternoon sun went to bed behind a cloak of inky clouds; the light failed utterly;

while a rumble of distant thunder heralded an approaching shower. Nothing short of a flash-light would suffice under these conditions, we knew full well. Fortunately, we had our flash apparatus along, and it was soon established beside the camera (with which it works synchronously) and the thread attached. As before, we



POSING ON THE BRANCH OF ELDER

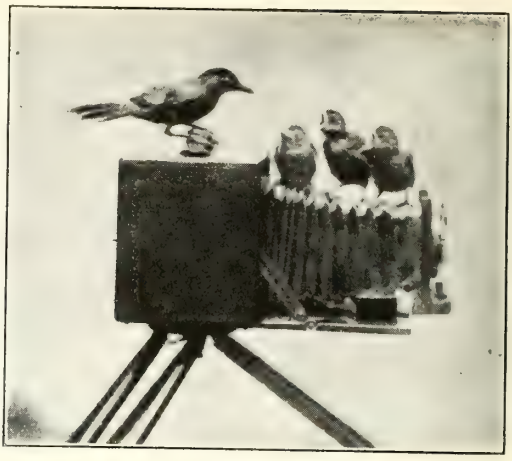
lay hidden until the mother catbird returned to the nest. As she deposited a succulent grub in the gaping mouth of her hungriest offspring, again the thread was pulled. A flare of blinding white radiance shot out from the flash-gun, a dull boom mimicked the voice of the coming storm, and we had still another addition to our series!

Thirteen more days came and went, and the little catbirds had undergone a wonderful transformation. From naked baby birds they had changed to fully feathered youngsters, with the ability to fly a little and to eat a great deal. In another day, or two at the most, home ties would



"THE MOTHER-BIRD CAME TO SUPERINTEND THE JOB"

be severed—the family scattered for all time. If we were to complete the series we coveted, we must make the most of the present opportunity, trusting to catbird mother-love to aid us.



THE CAMERA GROUP

Our first step was to take the young birds from the nest and place them carefully upon a branch of elder. While arranging the little subjects upon the overhanging limb, the mother-bird came to superintend the job, perching contentedly within an inch of Pal's small hand. This was a new experience in our dealings with wild birds, and we were naturally much elated.

"Let 's put the kiddies on the camera and see what happens!" cried Pal, enthusiastically. A



AN ATTEMPT TO DELIVER PROVISIONS

moment later we had a picture of the mother-bird perched upon the handle of the camera, while her children called to her from the bellows.

"How about holding those lively juveniles in the palm of your hand, Pal? The mother will come to them there, I am sure!" was *my* inspiration as I increased the shutter-speed of the camera to 1/1000 of a second—we were expecting swift action now!

"If we can only include the fond parent in this picture, I fancy it will be the best thing we have

ever done!" enthused my companion, and then called, "Get ready; she 's coming!"

With my eyes in the mirror, I turned the focusing-screw in mad haste, and as the image of the flying bird appeared for the small fraction of a second, hovering over Pal's hand, I pressed the release,—"Thud!"—and away she went without delivering the juicy cherry she carried in her beak. Settling on the ground near by, she immediately prepared to try again. I changed plate-holders at my best speed, and soon had another thrilling chance, which resulted also in a unique picture.

Upon her third trip, the mother alighted in such a curious manner that while one baby got the



ANOTHER THRILLING CHANCE

cherry in his mouth, as per request, another received his mother's claw, which was n't nearly so palatable, of course. However, accidents *will* happen in the best regulated families.

"It would be great fun to have a picture showing mother catbird leaving the studio. Will you try for that pose next time?"

"Anything to oblige," I answered confidently, changing plate-holders once again.

The feat accomplished, a soap box was found as a seat for Pal and the subjects again transferred —this time to the instep of her out-thrust shoe. Having only two plates left, we meant to show "something on foot" at the end.

There is no doubt about Mother Catbird being a skilled bird-woman, but there is just one little stunt she cannot perform—namely, make a perfect landing on a crowded field. She deposited



"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN"

her cargo correctly, it is true, but behold how badly she bumped the spectators!

"One more plate—what shall the picture be?" I asked.

"I have it!"—this from Pal, after a moment's thought, and with great joyousness. "As a perfectly fitting finale to this memorable series of wild-life portraits, we will have a picture of Mother Catbird perched on the very peak of my shoe, from which point of vantage she shall lecture her little ones upon the dangers of over-eating. The way those kids have been consuming cherries, stones and all, this morning, calls for just such a proceeding if indigestion is to be prevented." And so the camera made its last exposure.

Not being familiar with the catbird language, we cannot vouch for the fact that the matter in question was brought before the meeting at this final conference. Whatever subject was acted upon, however, it received the approval of a majority, despite one violently dissenting vote—the picture shows it all very clearly.



A DIFFICULT LANDING ON A CROWDED FIELD



A LECTURE TO THE YOUNG

JACK THE KILL-O-WATTER

By CHARLES A. HOYT

FRED BOWERS stood in the open door of the power-house, gazing anxiously down the road. The lights were just coming on in the six villages served by the plant and the water-wheel governor was gradually opening the gates of the turbine a little wider to take care of the increased load.

"It takes him a long time," he said to Jed Walker, an apprentice he was breaking in. "I wish I were home."

"What 's the matter with your father?" asked Jed, sympathetically. "I mean, what does the doctor think ails him?"

"He won't say," said Fred, gloomily; "just looks at him and goes home. I 'm going to hold him up and make him tell to-night."

"I wish I felt a little surer of myself," said Jed. "You could go home, but I 'm a little scary about the place when the load is coming on."

Fred reassured him. "Never mind, I 'll catch the doctor as he goes by and make him tell me."

Accordingly, he ran out bareheaded, a moment later, and talked earnestly with the doctor. Jed watched him as he came slowly back down the steep path to the plant.

"What did he say?" he asked, before Fred reached the door.

"Nervous prostration," said Fred, briefly, sitting disconsolately down at the desk and drumming with his fingers. "No excitement, no talk about business or the plant, just quiet and complete rest is what he needs."

"How long?" asked Jed.

Fred sagged his chin down on his hands. "Don't know. Two months anyway, maybe more."

Jed tried to be comforting. "We can take care of it all right. We 'll just keep the place up fine and dandy—not let him hear a thing about it, and he 'll be all right."

"We can try." Fred drew a long breath. "The only trouble is that you 've been here only two months."

"I started and stopped the place for two weeks," announced Jed, proudly. "Your father never found a word of fault, and that 's saying a good deal, for you know how he 's been lately."

"That 's good," said Fred, absently.

"I lined up the inside of the water-wheel last Saturday," continued Jed, importantly. "It was out of line to beat all."

"Fine!" said Fred; "that 's good. But I 'll tell you, Jed, this being able to start and stop the plant and do all these odd chores is a long way from being able to run the whole thing."

"What else do you do? Your father said I was doing fine and went away lots of times and left me alone."

"You *are* doing fine," said Fred, approvingly; "you learn quickly and get along splendidly; but there 're so many things besides that. You have to learn to keep your head in an emergency—you have to learn how to think and act quickly."



"'WHEN YOU 'VE GOT INTO TROUBLE AND THEN OUT AGAIN, YOU CAN CALL YOURSELF A POWER-HOUSE MAN'"

"What do you mean?" asked Jed, wonderingly. "All you do is to start up and run and keep running."

Fred made a gesture of impatience. "Every soldier has to have a baptism of fire—every power-house man has to have things happen to him before he 's safe and sure. I 've been through it and I know."

"How are you going to arrange the shifts?"

"I 'll put the night-man on daytimes, and I 'll sleep here, so as to be handy if you get into trouble at night."

Jed swelled out his chest perceptibly. "I 'll have the night run, will I?"

Fred nodded, and smiled inwardly. He could remember how important *he* had felt over being in full charge.

"I wonder—" Jed flushed a little and hesitated,

"—I wonder if we could have a flash-light picture of the place?"

"Don't need to; we 've already got pictures of the plant."

"I mean with me running it," stammered Jed. "I 'd like to send Mother one."

"Fred slapped him on the back and laughed. "When you 've won your spurs,—when you 've got into trouble and then out again,—you can call yourself a power-house man and have your picture taken with your hand on the bare copper wires—Jove defying the lightning."

The evening dragged slowly by. The two loafed around the place, read some old magazines by snatches, and walked restlessly up and down the floor.

"I don't mind night runs after ten or half past," said Jed, "but before that I keep thinking of what the boys are doing. It 's awful when there 's a basket-ball game on."

"People never think of the power-house man," replied Fred. "Whenever they get up in the night they switch on the light just as if it were water, always on tap. They don't think of the long hours we put in, walking up and down in front of the switchboard, seven nights every week."

"How is the pulp-mill running?" inquired Jed.

"Dandy, when we are hitched up with the Morris plant; but when we have them alone, they just about stall us when they start their big motor, the one they grind pulp with."

"How do you get along with the Morris plant —how do you tell how much load they have?"

"You see, it is this way." Fred had explained it a dozen times, but patiently went over the arrangement again. "They are ten miles away, down the river at the big falls, but it 's just the same as if they were right here in the room. Whichever one of us wants to, can 'phase in' on the other. That is, we can start our machines and when they are running at exactly the same speed and about the same voltage, we can throw in our circuit-breakers and they stay in. If we are running slower or faster, it 's just the same as a short circuit, and our switch flies out."

"It 's mighty funny the way that synchronizing instrument works," said Jed, gazing at it. "Which way did you say the hands revolve when this machine is too fast?"

"Toward the side marked fast. See there, clock-wise."

"Oh, yes, I see," said Jed, confidently. "You put in this plug and that connects up each machine you are trying to put together; one each side of the instrument—it 's easy as falling off a log."

"After you get the two machines together," Fred went on, "they are locked electrically. Then you can shut off the water, if you want to, and run this generator as a motor."

Jed groaned. "Oh, gee! Just as soon as you get one lot of things learned, there 's a lot more. Who would *want* to run it as a motor, anyway? Let 's have a game of dominoes!"

"You 'd better get out your text-books and study up on synchronizing and a lot of other things. I 'm going to bed." And Fred started for the loft.

He lay down with a sigh of relief. He dared not leave the place an instant at night; he must stay on the job from six in the evening till six the next morning. Jed was all right when there was no trouble; but let anything happen, and a more experienced hand was necessary.

The regular night-man must take the day run, as they had lately connected up with a plant ten miles away to help carry the tremendous load thrown on them by the new pulp-mill—over fifteen hundred horse-power. It took eternal vigilance to keep the two plants adjusted properly, each with it's proper share—a task utterly beyond Jed's modest store of knowledge.

The rumble of the plant in the room below gradually faded away and Fred slept. Suddenly he was dragged half out on the floor!

"Come quick! The Morris plant is in trouble! The night-man down there is half crazy, calling me up every minute!"

Fred struggled into his clothes and ran down stairs.

"What 's the rip?"

"His water-wheel is running away," shouted Jed. "He called up and said he could n't shut the water-wheel off—something in the gates!"

"What have you done?" Fred flashed a lightning glance over the switchboard.

"Nothing! Not a thing! What can I do?"

"Keep your head, for one thing," snapped Fred. "We 'll give him our load to help hold him."

"I tried to, but look there!" Jed pointed to the synchronizing instrument. "I put in the plug to hitch up with him, and look at that!"

The single hand, which ought to stand upright on the figure zero when each machine was exactly the same speed, was a dim blur as it sped to the left, or counter clock-wise.

Fred gasped. "Holy smoke! He 's running at double his regular speed."

He speeded up his own water-wheel from nine hundred revolutions a minute to twelve hundred. The lights flamed up intensely bright.

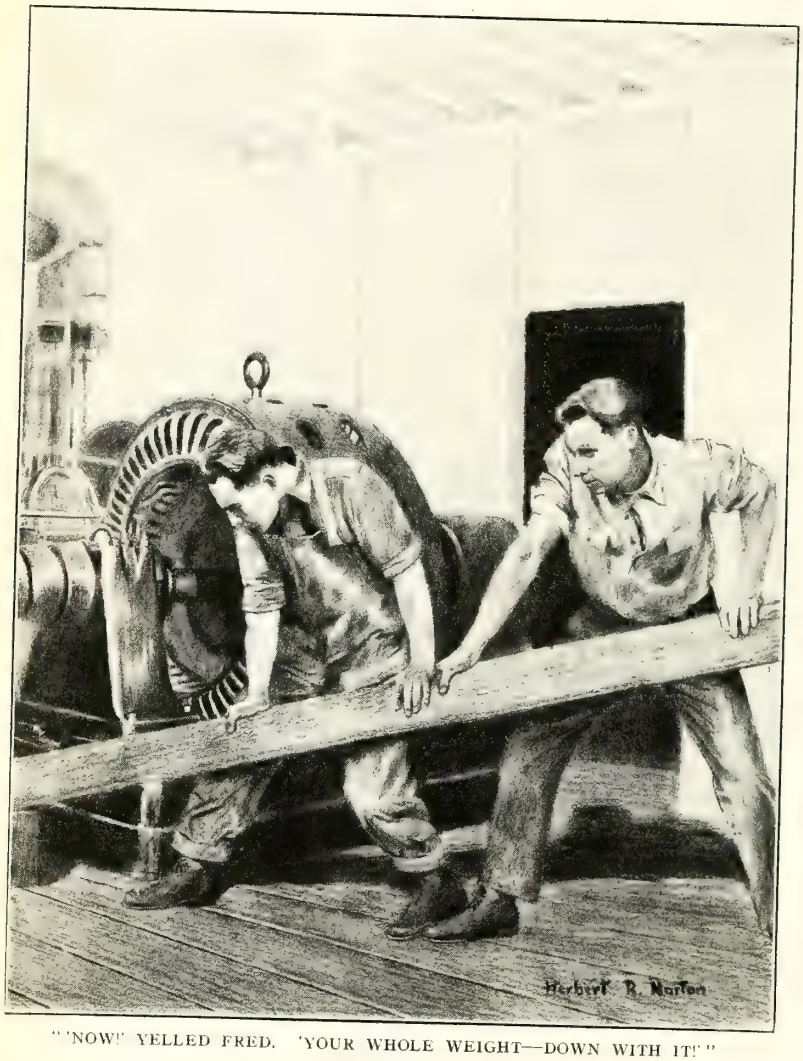
"Not fast enough!" he shouted to Jed. "Call up the pulp-mill!"

"Nobody there but the night-watchman!" yelled Jed.

"Call him quick and tell him to start every

motor on the place. It 'll help, even if they do run idle."

Jed did so, and a few moments later the load commenced to increase. "Now tell the Morris man to screw up his circuit-breakers so they can't fly out, and shut his head-gates as fast as he can. We 've got to do the rest."



"'NOW!' YELLED FRED. 'YOUR WHOLE WEIGHT—DOWN WITH IT!'"

Then he glanced at his instruments, and, noting that he had on over three hundred more horsepower of load, sped up the great turbine.

The usual high-pitched note of the generators increased to a roar. Dust flew from them and the floor shook. The speed-indicator showed twelve hundred, then fourteen, and finally sixteen hundred revolutions a minute before there was any chance to get in on the other circuit. Fred's face turned an ashy gray. The runaway speed—that is, the extreme safe speed-limit for the generators—was fifteen hundred revolutions a minute. They were running a hundred over and were liable to explode any moment in their wild race. Suddenly he threw in the connecting switch with a bang! The hand had stood on the zero mark for the fraction of a second. The switch held, and he leaped to the water-wheel governor and commenced to give the load over to the Morris plant. If he threw it on suddenly, some of the switches might fly out. If he was not quick enough, the tremendous speed or the high voltage might wreck one plant or the other. Little by little he gingerly shut his water-wheel gates. Little by little the speed slackened. In a few seconds he had the water all shut off and had the entire load, with the generator added, running as a motor on the runaway plant. Still the speed was terrific—over three hundred revolutions a minute above normal.

Jed rushed from the telephone; "The night-watch at the pulp-mill says he 's going to pull his switches—his motors are tearing themselves to pieces!"

Fred turned, aghast. "Tell him if he does, he won't have any more power—we 'll all blow up here. Tell him to give us all the load he can!"

He leaped to the water-wheel with an oil-can. A thin thread of smoke was curling up from the bearings at each end. He poured a quart of oil into each one, but it only seemed to add fuel to the flame. "Hey!" he yelled to Jed, who ran out of the telephone booth and stared at the smoking bearings. "We 've got to do something, quick! Help me get in one of those eight by eights!"

"What on earth—" began Jed.

"No talk!" shouted Fred, running outside. Jed found him tugging on a square timber sixteen feet long that lay beside the building. "Take it

inside!" he gasped. "We 'll take a pry on one of the couplings—put a brake on it!"

They carried it as easily as if it were a match, although ordinarily they could hardly lift it.

"Now get that big block over here to pry on!" shouted Fred, running as he spoke. Together they placed the heavy block alongside the whirling shaft and gingerly adjusted their huge lever on one of the flange couplings that bolted the generator to the water-wheel. It was indeed time they were doing something! The whole building shook violently. The lights flamed dazzling white, the voltage a third higher than usual. Every bearing was smoking hot and one was blazing.

"Easy now!" warned Fred. They pressed the end of the stick gently up under the spinning coupling, which was some sixteen inches in diameter and about five inches thick, and consisted of two polished steel disks bolted together, with a smooth outer rim.

For a moment it had no effect whatever. They bore down a little harder, and the smoke curled up as the steel disk started to bury itself in the wood.

"Now!" yelled Fred. "Your whole weight—down with it! Break it down!" Instantly a flame sprung from the wood as the spinning-disk buried itself, but the friction on nearly a half of the coupling told. The water-wheel slowed down to normal speed.

"Now back out to the end of the stick and sit on it!" shouted Fred. "I 'll cool those bearings."

Running from one to another, he poured in oil, a pailful at a time. The smoke spouted from the improvised brake, filling the room so full that the lights hardly showed through it.

"I can't stand this much longer!" exclaimed Jed.

"You 've got to," Fred retorted. Even as he spoke the lights dimmed and the speed slackened.

"Take it off!" shouted Fred, pushing Jed away and throwing the timber to the floor. He turned the water into the wheel-case and the lights brightened.

"Pull off the pulp-mill as quick as you can," he directed. "The Morris man has got the head-gates on his dam shut—see that watt-meter? We 're taking his plant on as a motor."

When Jed came out of the telephone booth he was trembling all over. His face was the color of putty and his knees shook. "The Morris man said that he had the head-gate shut," he said.

Fred considerately kept his back to him while he dropped off the Morris plant and oiled the bearings two or three times apiece.

Jed finally breathed easier and his color came back. "A little nervous?" asked Fred.

"Well, a little," admitted Jed. "I thought two or three times the Morris plant would have to go."

"I never thought so at all," said Fred. "All we had to do was to keep our heads and hustle. I 'll sleep a few minutes now; if the place starts to fall to pieces, why wake me up again."

As Fred came down from the loft the next morning, Jed announced:

"I 've got those bearings running cool again. Doctor Jaynes called up and said we burned up all the lamps in his office."

"We 'll hear a lot of that, but let the Morris plant replace them—they 're out of it cheap." He grinned a little. "When I was a little boy, Mother got me a dandy book, 'Jack the Giant Killer,' I 've got it yet. I remember in the fights *Jack* always came out ahead, standing with one foot on the dead giant and waving his sword. Now in this picture you want to send your mother, you could stand with one foot on the water-wheel and the other on the framework of the switch-board; they 're a good ways apart, but I guess you can make it. I 'll take the handle off the circuit-breaker for you to wave. We 'll name it 'Jack the Kill-O-Watter.'"

"Aw, quit it!" Jed blushed clear around behind his ears. "I 'm going to get at that studying—just going right after it for fair. I 'm nothing but a starter and a stopper."

APPLE BLOSSOMS

By DON C. SEITZ

EACH spring they come with gentle blush
Like fairies in the night,
Decking the dark and scraggy boughs
In bloom of beauty bright.

With scent of rarest, sweet perfume,
They call the busy bees
To labor from the dawn till dusk
Among the apple-trees.

Short be their days of sunny life,
Until, like flakes of snow,
They flutter to the kindly earth,
And then the apples grow!

AESOP'S FABLES

RETOLD IN VERSE BY OLIVER HERFORD

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THE FOX AND THE CROW

A CROW once stole a piece of cheese,
And, to enjoy it at her ease,
Flew to the top of a high tree.
A Fox who, passing, chanced to see,
Resolved to exercise his wit
And win from her the dainty bit
That in her beak she held so tight.
"My dear," said he, with smile polite,
"I never was aware till now
How perfect is your form, nor how
Superb your plumage. Had your voice
An equal charm, I should rejoice
To hear you sing!" At that the Crow,
Parting her beak to sing, let go
The piece of cheese, and saw her prize
Snapped up before her very eyes,
And heard the Fox's parting jeer—
"Don't trouble now to *caw*, my dear!"

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

A SELFISH Dog used for his bed
The manger where the oxen fed;
And while he could not eat the hay
Himself, by growling drove away
The hungry oxen. Now, although
That Dog died centuries ago,
His evil name will never be
Forgotten. For when people see
Such selfishness as his, they say,
"Dog in the manger," to this day.
And of such creatures there are more
That go on two legs than on four.



THE WIND AND THE SUN

THE Wind and Sun once fell into
A heated argument, which grew
Each day more bitter. Wind and Sun
Each claimed to be the stronger one.
Finding that neither one would make
The least concession, for the sake
Of peace, the two agreed at length
Upon a trial of their strength.
"You see that Traveler," said the Sun,
"On yonder road? which ever one
The sooner forces him to strip
His cloak off, wins the championship!"
The Wind, rejoicing in a fight,
Sprang up and blew with all his might,
Quite confident that he would win.
But very soon, to his chagrin,
He found the harder that he blew,
The Traveler more tightly drew
His cloak about him. One last puff
He gave, then shouted in a huff:
"I give it up; it can't be done!"
Then, with a smile, arose the Sun
And beamed his brightest on the Man,
So that he presently began
To feel his cloak; then bit by bit,
As he grew warmer, loosened it.
At last he threw it off. "You win!"
Exclaimed the Wind. "I now begin
To see the light! I thought till now
That everything to force must bow;
But you compel me to admit
Persuasion has the best of it!"



THE CAT, THE MONKEY, AND THE CHESTNUTS

A MONKEY and a Cat one day
Were sitting by the hearth, where lay
Some chestnuts roasting. "By the way,"
Exclaimed the Ape, "I never saw
A Cat with such a perfect paw
For pulling chestnuts from a fire;
And though I always did admire
Our Master's hands, yours to the touch
Are softer far!" This was too much
For Pussy. With a flattered "Mew!"
She reached into the fire and drew
A chestnut out. The hot coals seared
Her paw, but Pussy persevered
Till she had pulled out every one.
Then turning round to gaze upon
The chestnuts, found that there was none!
Just empty shells! All Pussy had
Were burns and the reflection sad
That she had singed her paws to feed
Her folly and the Monkey's greed.





THE FOX AND THE LION

A Fox who never, strange to say,
Had seen the King of Beasts, one day
Beheld a Lion. At the sight
He very nearly died of fright.
The second time he met the King
He felt a sort of shivering
Sensation up and down his spine,
But outwardly he showed no sign.
The third time they met face to face,
The Fox showed not the slightest trace
Of fear, but bold as anything
Walked up and said, "Good morning, King!"

THE HARES AND THE FROGS



Once all the Hares in Hare-
dom got
Together to bewail their lot,
And one and all agreed that
what
With being hounded, snared
and shot,
And chased and worried, life
was not
Worth living. So, lest worse befall,
Resolved at once to end it all,
They rushed up a steep rock to throw
Themselves into the lake below.
Hearing them come, the Frogs beside
The water's edge, leapt, terrified
Into the lake. Seeing their fright,
A Hare exclaimed: "Brothers, our plight
Is not so bad. Now we have found
A folk who fear the very sound
Of our approach, let us," he said,
"Take courage in the thought that we,
The scorn of Man and Bird and Beast,
Are heroes to the Frogs, at least!"



THE GNAT AND THE BULLOCK

A Gnat, once chancing to alight,
After a long and weary flight,
Upon a Bullock's horn to rest,
With a loud buzzing thus addressed
The Bullock: "Pray, good Sir, allow
Me to express my thanks; and now
If you don't mind, I 'll fly away,
Unless you 'd rather have me stay."
"Pray do whatever you decide;
'T is all the same to me," replied
The Bullock; "I was not aware,
Until you spoke, that you were there."

KIT, PAT, AND A FEW BOYS

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Author of "Cinderella's Granddaughter"

CHAPTER I

WHEN EMERGENCY CALLS

THE calm of the big pink-and-gray room overlooking the park was stirred to unwonted activity. Waves of silk and chiffon and velvet reared rainbow-colored crests above couches and chairs; white foam of linen and lingerie capped the tables. Near the center of the room, two wardrobe trunks and a steamer gaped capably open. Between chairs and tables and couches a small, swift-footed woman moved hurriedly, her nervous gestures churning the medley to a seemingly worse confusion. A tall gray-eyed girl stood by the trunks, quietly catching what the little woman tossed her and slipping them on the hangers.

"There! that 's the last dress. Jane, you can put these things back. Marie's young man might have waited twenty-four hours, I should think. If you *are* invalided home from the American troops on the Rhine, there is no special point in being married the minute your boat bumps the pier. Jane, are there any more shoes in the closet?"

"I see shoes under the window," interposed the quiet girl.

The little woman whirled about. "You would make a good lady's maid, Kit. I had no notion you were so capable. Why don't you apply for Marie's job?"

"You would n't take me," said the girl, deftly folding silk petticoats. "Ever since Aunt Isabelle's telegram came asking you to sail with her to-morrow for Bermuda, have n't you been trying to dispose of me otherwise?"

"But I can't take you, Kit. Nobody knows how long Isabelle may have to stay in Bermuda, if she is actually sick—though I can't believe what she says the doctor says. Isabelle's health has always been a Rock of Gibraltar—invulnerable. And if it is n't, don't you see I really could n't take you to Bermuda—"

"Oh, I don't want to go, Mother." The tall girl captured a pile of silk stockings and began filling a drawer in one of the trunks. "Why can't I stay here?"

"Because I should n't feel easy a single minute to know you were alone in this house with nobody but the servants."

"I should n't mind. But I don't care particularly about staying. It struck me as the easiest way out, that is all."

"It is no way out." The little woman paused, both hands full of laces, like a bird hovering for a moment in arrested flight. "Did you send that telegram to Aunt Marcia?"

"Not yet, Mother."

"Then we may as well stop packing so feverishly. I shall never in the world take this next train."

"Oh, I think we can make it."

"But what about you? Here is Don on a ranch in Wyoming for the summer and your father's business may keep him two months longer in Alaska. Miss Bird's brother's wife is in a sanatorium and Miss Bird is taking care of the children. We have always counted on her to come here and look after you and Don whenever I wanted to be away. And now— Why, I can't go, Kitten, until we hear from Aunt Marcia."

"You *must* go." The girl's fingers were busy among the laces.

"Tell me how, with the Hendersons at the shore, the Bixbys in California, and your Uncle Edwin's house quarantined for scarlet fever. If for any reason Aunt Marcia can't have you—"

"I don't see how there can possibly be any reason against her having me, Mother. We used to visit at her house nearly every year when I was small."

The little woman hesitated. "She wrote this spring to ask when we were coming again. Telephone a telegram this minute, Puss. There may be time for her to answer before my train."

"There could n't be, Mother. I 'll do it the minute you are off."

"I will wait for the sleeper. She may not be at home, dear. So many people seem not to be at home this summer."

"But, Mother, Great-aunt Marcia is always at home. Did n't I hear Father say once that she had n't slept outside that house for twenty years?"

"So he did. Oh, my white slippers! Give them to Miss Katherine, Jane, and then take away all the things on these chairs. Perhaps Aunt Marcia could n't leave home now if she wished. Her health— It seems safe enough— I *will* take this train after all, Puss. Can you finish here alone?"

"Easily. And I 'll call the expressman."

"Then I will see Mary and John and leave directions about caring for the place while I am gone. Mary must keep one housemaid at hand, in case your father comes home suddenly. Ask Jane to lay out my things."

"I 'll get them ready myself, Mother."

The little lady clicked away on her satin slippers, dainty, brisk, and efficient. Katherine called the express-office, finished packing, locked the trunks, and assembled hat, gloves, and shoes in the dressing-room. She was stocking a gray leather writing-case with paper and stamps when her mother came back.

"Here is your letter of credit. They just sent it up from the bank."

"Good." The little woman darted across the room to a rosewood desk. "How much money have you, Kit?"

"Not much. I never have at the end of the month."

"Here is fifty. Your allowance will be paid as usual, of course. If you need more, write Judge Howe. I called up Grace Lansing and invited her to dinner. She will spend the night, too. Ask any of the girls you like. Oh, and after you have packed me off, telegraph Madame Toussaud to find a maid by eight to-morrow who will go with me to Bermuda. Her New York address is in this little red book. How much time have we?"

"Half an hour."

"Not a minute too much. That 's right, button my shoes while I fasten these hooks. If I had known what a worker you are— The expressmen, Jane? You see to them, Puss."

"When the currants is ripe, Mrs. Embury," said a voice at the door, "shall I make jell the same as if you had told me?"

"Everything as usual, Mary, exactly as though I had left explicit directions."

By the car John waited. "About that consignment of irises, Mrs. Embury—"

"Put them in just as we planned last week, John."

At the final moment Jane flew down the path with a forgotten umbrella.

The door of the limousine closed softly and the car rolled away carrying its occupants to a frantic dash from ticket-office to baggage-room and to the steps of an already signaled train. There was only time for the little woman to kiss her tall daughter once.

"Telegraph me to-morrow morning, Kit. I shall not set foot on that boat till I know you are off for Aunt Marcia's."

Katherine retraced her steps to the car, an unwonted warmth at her heart. The absence of Marie had made it really exciting to get Mother off. As the car sped back through the wide, shaded streets the girl spread out her fingers on her lap and regarded them curiously. Those fingers had accomplished a number of unfamiliar things in the last hour and a half. Of course, she was sorry that Aunt Isabelle was ill; but, equally of course, Aunt Isabelle would presently get well.

Meanwhile, which of the girls should she invite to spend the night with her? They were all so nice, she reflected coolly, that it did not matter whom she asked, and went upstairs to let Jane help her pack her trunks and to dress for dinner in the first gown that came to hand. Then Miss Lansing arrived and they strolled on the terrace, talking of Aunt Isabelle and Mother's hasty departure and Marie's homing soldier; and after that, dinner was announced, and she had not telephoned anybody.

Not until after dinner did she remember her promise to her mother. "There, I forgot to telegraph Aunt Marcia!" she thought suddenly.

Miss Lansing's fingers were running plaintively over the keys in the music-room. Miss Lansing was a big, jolly, rubicund person with a passion for doleful music.

Katherine left her with a murmured excuse. Her hand on the telephone-receiver, she paused. "I can't send a message to-night. Aunt Marcia goes to bed early. I 'll do it the first thing in the morning."

She replaced the receiver on its hook and strolled into the library. Miss Lansing, she knew, would be happy at the piano indefinitely. The girl idled among the book-shelves, her eye scanning the titles. In the end she took none of them. Where there were so many which she felt a temperate inclination to read, it seemed hardly worth while actually to begin one.

A big chair held out inviting leather arms and she drifted into it. Save for Miss Lansing's sad, wandering airs, the house was very still. Another girl might have found it lonely. Katherine Embury was used to sudden flittings; to a house full of people one week, almost empty the next. Her thoughts ran back over the kaleidoscope of the day's happenings and on to the morrow's journey. She did not particularly anticipate a summer at Great-aunt Marcia's, but the knowledge failed to dismay her. Anticipation, like fear, Katherine conceived to be a sensation one outgrew with one's little girlhood.

She probed her memory for recollections of Aunt Marcia's. There had been a garden and books, miles and miles of books, as she had thought then. Goats, too. Don had bullied and bossed them, but they had secretly frightened his sister. The sensation still tasted strong under her tongue. That had been before Father had so much money, when Mother used to make one's birthday cake with her own hands and let one help with the frosting. She and Don had done things together then, Katherine remembered, when he would let her. How she had adored her "big" brother! Two years make a far wider seniority over seven than sixteen. They were

quite of an age now, but she seemed to do very little with Don. He was away at college most of the year; and even when he was at home, there was no time. Katherine had a vague suspicion that life had been, on the whole, more interesting in those earlier years. Not that she found fault with it now. How could a girl find fault with what gave her everything she desired even before she desired it?

It was nine years since they last went to Aunt Marcia's, who had been ill much of the time since. Now the doctors pronounced her cured. Katherine thought of the little brown wisp of a woman with the big restless black eyes who was her great-aunt and wondered dispassionately what kind of a summer she was going to have.

In her white embroidered gown, her hands quiet in her lap, Katherine Embury made a pretty picture in the big leather chair. Her slenderness covered a fine lithe strength, supple and controlled. Her gray eyes looked out steadfastly, a trifle uninterestedly, above the delicate flush of her cheeks. Her brown hair rippled with dainty vigor about her small fine head. Yet as she sat there thinking, she looked inexplicably not quite alive, a creature not cold, but waiting, like a sleeping princess untouched as yet by the lips of life.

If you had told her that she did not know the taste of real living, Katherine would have opened her gray eyes wider in a pretty, astonished stare and laughed an uncomprehending, well-bred little laugh of frank amusement. But she did not. Life for her was swaddled in too many things for her to know its true savor. She had too many clothes to care which she wore, too many books to wish to read any, too much to do to find out what she liked doing, too many friends to love any supremely. She was starving on a surfeit. She had not a want in the world, and she did n't know it was normal to have wants.

Yet there had been a savor in this afternoon's business. Sitting quietly in her big leather chair, the girl tried to grasp it, failed, and let the sensation float vaguely into an elusive consciousness that it had been a surprisingly pleasant afternoon. Then Miss Lansing's music sobbed itself into silence and Miss Lansing's cheerful voice queried, "Here in the dark, Kitten?"

"In the library in the light," said Katherine.

The next morning she tumbled out of bed to telephone two telegrams. The first was to Great-aunt Marcia: "Mother called suddenly to Bermuda. May I spend the summer with you? Expect me at five. Katherine Embury."

The second was addressed to her mother: "Leaving at eight for Aunt Marcia's. Hope you have good sailing. Love to Aunt Isabelle. K."

CHAPTER II

THE JOURNEY'S END

TWELVE hours later, Katherine Embury stepped from a hot red-plush train at Aunt Marcia's station.

Her eyes ran quickly over the lines of waiting faces. Was Mrs. Burton still Aunt Marcia's housekeeper and did she yet wear the funny jet-black "fringe" that gave her face such a misfit look? But perhaps Mrs. Burton had not been able to meet her and "Tim" could not leave his



"KATHERINE EMBURY MADE A PRETTY PICTURE IN THE BIG LEATHER CHAIR"

horses—Aunt Marcia always insisted on young, high-stepping horses. The girl walked quickly through the waiting-room and surveyed the line of smart cars drawn up at the street curb. Behind them straggled a few hacks of uncertain vintage.

"Taxi, lady?"

"Carriage?"

"Let me take you up, lady."

"Can you tell me which is Miss Brunt's car?"

"Elm Street, lady? I 'll take you to Miss Brunt's, lady."

She shook her head and returned, thoroughly to canvass the station. Nine years is a long time; she had grown unrecognizably. Tim, as well as Mrs. Burton, might have a successor. It would be odd if there were really no one here to meet her. Then she remembered that the train had been late and she went back to the diminished line of hackmen. Her delay had cost her the only taxi and all but the shabbiest of the hacks.

The man knew "Miss Brunt's place" very well. He proceeded to bump and rattle and bang the girl thither with a disconcerting shakiness that made her wonder whether he was reviving the drama of the "One Hoss Shay." "Don't look as though anybody was to home, Miss."

It did not; there was no denying the terrifying appearance. Not a window was open, not a door stood wide. Awnings were up, but the porches were as empty of furniture as of the litter that might be expected to accumulate at an empty house. Despite the deceptive trimness of lawn and shrubbery, the place had an air of saying, "The people who live here are away from home."

"You may wait," said the girl, quietly.

In a dozen steps she traversed the brick path from the white gate to the paneled door and pushed the bell. Some one would come. Some one *must* come. However the house had contrived to look, Aunt Marcia was here. Not a night outside this roof for twenty years—Father had said so. Katherine's finger jammed the button into the wall again and again with stubborn energy.

Silence met her, the lonely, waiting silence of an unoccupied house. A horrid thought assailed the girl's brain. Could Aunt Marcia be dead? But surely some one would have sent word. A cat brushed against her ankles, and she jumped. Where there was a cat there were surely people—old turbaned Nancy, perhaps, in the kitchen. Katherine skirted the house, trying the side door on the way. Like all the other doors, the kitchen door was locked.

The girl's heart dropped with a queer, sickening sensation quite new to her experience. It was after six o'clock at night. She was hot and hungry and tired in a strange place where the only person whose name, even, she remembered was Aunt Marcia. And Aunt Marcia was not at home. And Mother was on her way to Bermuda.

Slowly, with bewildered feet, trying desperately to think what to do, Katherine took her way back along the brick path that bounded the house. To the right, approached by turf-steps, lay the garden, a blaze of color.

Was some one cutting roses? The cat, tail erect, frolicked down the grassy steps and under the rustic gate. The girl followed, her wonted poise reëstablished.

"Good evening. Is the house really closed?" Her voice lifted the question quietly, yet with an undernote of anxiety. It was a lovely voice, as exquisitely trained as the speaker's self, and it touched the fragrant air with swift charm.

The rose-cutter turned her head in pleased surprise, turned her whole body, smiling in frank admiration. Katherine saw that she, too, was a girl, and of about her own age, a girl in a short white skirt and a pink blouse, a girl with big brown eyes and brown curly hair and a piquant gipsy face.

"Oh," said the brown-eyed girl, "I did n't hear you coming. Yes, the house is closed. Miss Brunt is away, you know."

"Out of town, you mean?"

"She started Monday for Seattle."

"*Seattle!*" A dozen emotions struggled for mastery of the single word. "Why, she has n't slept out of this house for twenty years! I mean Miss Marcia Brunt."

"So do I. She amazed everybody. Decided to go just three days before she started. Mother says she used to be like that, quick as a flash to do things. And she is very well now, you know. She said she thought twenty years was long enough to stay at home on a stretch. Miss Weld is with her, an old school-friend. Oh, does it matter? Is anything wrong?" The swift speech ended anxiously.

Katherine gave a queer little mirthless laugh. "Not in the least wrong, except that I thought I was going to spend the summer here. She is my aunt, you know."

"Your aunt? You are n't— Oh, *are* you Katherine Embury?"

"Why yes, but I am afraid that I—"

"We used to play together," cried the gipsy-faced girl, impetuously, "when we were little and you used to visit Miss Brunt! It was stupid of me not to know you at once. I 've been so hoping you 'd come again. I 'm Patsy—Patricia Ward. They used to call me Pat, and sometimes they do still." A dimple punctuated the words.

It was not in Katherine Embury to pretend to remember when she did not; but suddenly, looking into the bright, joyous face, she discovered that she wished she could.

Patricia forestalled her apologies. "You don't remember me, do you? But I wish you did, because of course, for to-night, you 're coming home with me."

"Oh, thank you. But I can go to a hotel, if you will tell me the best one."

"I 'd hate to go to a hotel alone."

"I never tried it," Katherine acknowledged.

"Don't begin now," said Patricia, promptly. "Mother was a friend of your mother's. They were girls together. She will love to have you."

"It is very good of you," murmured the other. "There is a man out in the street with my bag. Where shall I tell him to go?"

Patricia glanced over the hedge. "I 'll tell him. Wait here just a minute."

Katherine was conscious of a sense of intense relief, coupled with the knowledge that the relief was merely temporary. After to-night—what? Her head whirled. Home? Then Mother would take the first boat from the islands, leaving Aunt Isabelle. But Aunt Isabelle had declared Mother's company a condition of her summer in Bermuda. It was all hopelessly involved. If there were anywhere, *anywhere* except home to go to—She thought wildly of friends, schoolmates. They and their families were on the point of scattering to the winds of summer, at ocean, lake, and mountain. Not a girl she knew well but was flitting somewhere.

"It must be terribly discouraging," said Patricia's voice at her elbow, "to travel so far to get to a place only to have to turn around and go back."

"But I can't go back," Katherine said. "There 's nobody at home except servants. Though I don't see where else I can go, either. I don't quite see what I can do at all."

The words surprised herself. It was not like her to confide in strangers. This sweet, bright friendliness had broken unaware into her reserve. Once spoken, she could not recall her words. There was nothing to do but to go on. Excitement grew on the gipsy face as the two girls slipped through a gate in the rose hedge, crossed a lane, turned a corner, and entered a street of comfortable, unpretentious houses.

"And so here I am," finished Katherine, evenly. "And I have n't the remotest idea what to do next."

"Mother will tell us," Patricia said, with conviction. "But how *thrilling!* Perhaps it 's more thrilling than nice. Is it?"



"THE ROSE-CUTTER TURNED IN PLEASED SURPRISE, SMILING IN FRANK ADMIRATION"

"Yes," Katherine acknowledged, "I think it is."

Patricia slipped her arm through the other girl's and squeezed ever so slightly. "We 'll take care of you. You won't mind rooming with me, will you? We are all at home now, you see, and there are so many of us that the house is pretty full."

Katherine did mind; her preference was to room alone. She wondered how it would seem to share a bed. Then she became aware of gay voices and of a broad veranda full of people. A pair of deep, quiet eyes looked into hers; afterward she could not remember what color they were. She had a vague impression of height and strength, of rippling dark hair, and a face chiseled with fine lines that yet were beautiful; an impression, not vague at all, of restfulness and refreshment. A firm warm hand held hers, a pleasant voice spoke words welcoming her "mother's daughter," while Patricia's eager tones rippled through a scant half-dozen sentences of explanation that yet managed completely to convey the scene in Miss Brunt's garden.

"Take her upstairs, Pat," said the pleasant voice. "We will have supper in half an hour."

And Katherine mounted after Patricia, wondering what there was about mothers that made them feel alike to tired girls, despite such sheer difference as existed between the tall, worn-faced lady with the wonderful eyes and her own vivacious little velvet-skinned mother.

As she tossed hat and gloves on the bed of the tiny blue room into which Patricia led her, she remembered that there had been another lady on the porch, a man, big and broad and clean-shaven, three jolly-looking boys, and a little girl, all hair-bow and long legs.

"I 've drawn your bath warm," said Patricia, "and here are fresh towels. They get all mixed up with the boys' if we leave them in the bathroom so I always bring mine in here. I 'll be back in time to hook you up."

Downstairs one of the boys vaulted over the veranda rail, just missing the bed of ferns underneath. "If supper 's put off half an hour, we might as well finish packing our kit, fellows."

Pat bounded through the door, her curls bobbing. "Oh, Mother, I did n't tell you the whole of it! She 's stranded, completely stranded! Could n't we take her to camp with us to-morrow?"

"To camp? Whoop*ee!*" The boy on the path affected to fall over himself.

"Take a girl like that to the wilds of Vermont?" demanded one of the two on the porch. "You 're crazy, Pat."

"I 'm not, Fred. Why would it be crazy?"

"Bough beds for a girl like that? Not on your life, Pat!"

Upstairs in the blue bedroom Katherine Embury buttoned herself into a white gown and wondered with more than ordinary interest what she would be doing to-morrow night at this hour. For the first time in her life she found herself unable to predict with the slightest hope of accuracy the happenings of her immediate future.

CHAPTER III

A CHANGE OF PLAN

"Pat," said Mrs. Ward, softly, drawing the girl down beside her on the uppermost step of the latticed back porch, "how much do you want to go to camp to-morrow?"

"More than tongue can tell," Pat answered promptly.

"I was afraid so, dear." Mrs. Ward patted the hand on her knee. "I had a notion that perhaps you and I might stay here and let the others go on to-morrow. Possibly a little later we could follow them, in case— The situation is too indefinite to put exactly."

Patricia stared at her mother. "*Not go to camp?* You don't mean— You can't mean that we ought not to ask Katherine Embury to go with us to the woods!" Genuine amazement looked out of the gipsy face.

"What do you think yourself, daughter?"

"I think it would be perfectly grand to have her."

"For us or for her?"

"Why, for everybody." Pat was silent a minute. "Of course, she could n't go in those clothes."

"I doubt if she has any other kind with her."

"Could n't she get some?"

"Undoubtedly, if camp is the place for her."

"Oh, Mother, don't tell me you 're like the boys and think she must be horrid and fussy inside because she is so pretty outside."

"I think nothing of the sort, Pat. But the clothes count for something, dear. They indicate the kind of life she has always been used to. I doubt if she has ever washed a dish in her life. I am certain she has never carried a pail of water. The hardships that go with camp life she knows nothing about. I took occasion to ask her if she had ever camped out."

"Camp is n't hardship, Mother. It 's fun."

"To us, yes, because we like living in an old skirt or two and a flannel waist or a few plain jumpers, sleeping on boughs, and eating from wooden plates simple food that we cook ourselves on an old camp stove. The life we live in camp, Pat, is life stripped close to the bone, and some people can't take it at all cheerfully that way. We like tramping and fishing and rowing, and some people find no pleasure in them. I own that our guest's sophisticated clothes may have no connection with her personal tastes, but I have not seen enough of her to be able to judge what her tastes are. If she were not happy in camp, would it have been kind in us to ask her? We know what camp life is; she does n't. And under the circumstances she can hardly refuse

our invitation. You see she is completely at our mercy."

"I see," said Pat, slowly.

"If you did n't like camp life— Imagine it! Some perfectly nice girls don't."

"Bess Haynes did n't last summer. That *was* awful, was n't it? I see what you mean, Mother. But—but—we 're all ready."

"Equally ready to stay at home, dear, as far as our wardrobes are concerned. Your aunt will take care of Marian and your father and the boys don't actually need us."

Pat's face was very grave. "But what if, after you got to know her a little better, you should decide that Katherine Embury would n't like camp? Should we have to stay home all summer?"

"That is a bridge I have n't yet crossed. A great many things may happen in a week."

"You need camp, Mother. You know how well it always makes you feel."

"I know, too, that when I was a girl Katherine Embury's mother was my dearest friend."

"Do you want me to say that we will stay here?"

"No, Pat. I am asking what you think we would better do—what we can do."

Patricia drew a long breath. Through the house from the front veranda floated gay talk and laughter. She could distinguish Phil's level, close-clipped speech, though she could not catch the words. Fred's deep tones boomed now and then, and Nick's higher-keyed voice cut in with a phrase or two. They were having a very good time out there. There was always a good time where the boys were. And she had been counting the days until to-morrow when she and they would begin to have the world to themselves again as they used to have it. No college, no high school, no anything to interfere. How could any one ask her to take five, six, who knew how many days out of this blissful summer and give them away to a girl with whom she had once played tag, a girl who had not remembered that such a person as Patricia Ward existed?

The girl swallowed hard on a lump in her throat. "If you are willing, Mother, I think we would better stay," she said firmly.

Her mother kissed her. "Thank you, dear. I don't see how we could turn her out. It would make me very unhappy to do that."

Pat nodded soberly. "I found her. And I had been wishing for years that she would come here again. So now it seems to be up to me to be decent about it." She squeezed her mother. "I 'm glad *you* are n't in Bermuda."

"I am glad I am not. I would much rather be here by my nice little daughter."

"Not very nice, Mother."

"Quite superlatively nice, Pat. I am proud of you. Now I suppose we shall have to go in and break the news in as stealthy a manner as possible to our trusting family."

An hour later Phil cornered Pat on the back stairs as she was slipping down to the refrigerator for a glass of water.

"Look here," he demanded abruptly, "what 's this Mother tells me about you two not going to camp to-morrow?"

Pat shook her head. "Not to-morrow. We 'll be coming on in a few days, Phil. That is," she added honestly, "I hope we will."

"If you don't, I 'll cut for home and get you. It 's that girl, I suppose."

"I don't think that is a very nice way to speak of a guest, Phil."

"Bother a guest! Nobody asked her."

"I did; and now Mother." Pat's heart lightened at the genuine disgust in her brother's tone, lightened enough to let a teasing imp into her voice. "It sounded as though you were having a pretty good time with her to-night."

"Huh! No reason for singing glory hallelujah when she breaks up our summer. Look here, Patrick Henry, you and I have got a few things on for the next two months."

"Don't I know it?" There was not even a pretense of fun in the girl's voice now. "Oh, Phil, I could cry, I feel so badly! Do you think you would mind, very much, if I should cry?"

"April showers make May flowers," chanted Phil, gravely, depositing himself on the step above his sister where he relapsed into deep gloom. "It 's a shame, Pat. When a fellow has been away from home all the year, he likes to see his family the little time there 's left."

"He does n't want it any more than his family wants to see him. Where 's Nick?"

"Ruffles went in search of the punch-bag. Said he had to get something out of his system before he slept. A good idea!" commended Phil. "I 'd like a few rounds myself."

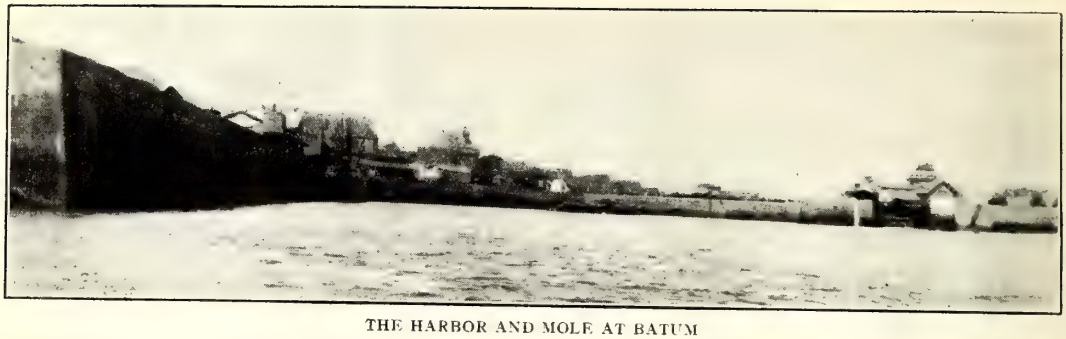
Pat, returning with the glass of water to the blue bedroom, found her guest almost asleep.

"Thank you," Katherine murmured drowsily, as she handed back the glass. "Does it matter, particularly, where I lie down? I can't promise you where I may wake up."

Brushing her hair at the glass, Pat watched the other girl draw up the covers and fall almost instantly asleep, her cheek cushioned on an outflung arm.

"How tired she must have been!" Pat thought. And again, "How pretty she is! And I am like that chair to her, a piece of furniture that makes the situation livable, that 's all. I wonder when she will really begin to see me."

(To be continued)



THE HARBOR AND MOLE AT BATUM

PIRATES OF THE BLACK SEA

It is a long while ago since Captain Kidd and his crew of cutlass-armed pirates coursed the Spanish main in their black-flagged vessel, but the days of adventure and romance are not past. Seafaring brigands still sail the high seas and strike terror to the hearts of unwary travelers.

Such an adventure as might have befallen a knight in a story-book took place in the Black Sea a year ago this month, with two American boys, William and John Haskell, sons of Colonel Haskell, High Commissioner to Armenia and chief representative of the Near East Relief, playing the leading parts. The boys were on their way home with their mother. They had sailed from Batum, a seaport on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, on a little French packet-steamer, the *Suirah*, along with two other Americans, bound for the United States.

As the little vessel steamed out of Batum harbor, with the sun shining bright on her glistening decks and the little white-tipped waves bobbing up and down beneath her bows, the two boys drew a long sigh. Their year of excitement was over. Glad as they would be to see their own country once more, still, this year in the Near East had been a very interesting one. Always there had been something new and different, something of which they could tell their friends back home with great pride, something every boy did not see. And they were a little sorry that it was all over.

For a long time the boys stood together on the deck, watching the outlines of the land grow dimmer in the distance.

"Nothin' much 'll ever happen to us again, I suppose," said William, mournfully.

"Just school an' studyin' an' things," responded his brother; "no fun in that."

"Wish there 'd be a submarine or somethin'!" exclaimed William, with sudden inspiration. "Guess if we 're almost blown up by one o' them, the fellows 'ud think it was pretty fine."

"Yes, but there are n't any more submarines," replied John, scornfully. "There is n't any more anything, I tell you—just ridin' home on this little French boat and then goin' back to school. Of course," he added, "there may be some pretty good hikes and campin' parties, but that is n't like battles. Gee! I wish one more real thing would happen, somethin' that never happened before, and then I 'd just as soon go back home."

"Um," mumbled William, and the two boys stumbled in to dinner.

It was later that night, when darkness had fallen about the little ship until nothing but the narrow beam from the *Suirah's* searchlight could be seen, that the something happened.

John and William had gone to their state-room. Everything was quiet on board; nothing could be heard but the steady *chug-chugging* of the engine and the swish of the waves against the ship's side.

Then suddenly there came a sharp, startled cry from the stern of the vessel, followed by hoarse shouts, then a sound of shuffling and a quick hurrying of feet through the passageways succeeded by a terrible stillness. Even the sound of the engines stopped! John and William stood motionless, scarcely daring to breathe, their hearts thumping like mad. Finally John found his voice. "Mother," he said as bravely as he could, "what is the matter?"

But before his mother, in the adjoining state-room, could answer, there came a great pounding at the door and a rough voice called something in a loud, commanding tone. The two boys stared at each other, their feet rooted to the spot. Now was their chance to show how brave they could be, but what could they do? If whoever was on the outside tried to batter down the door, as it seemed he would, they would not be strong enough to prevent him. They could only stand by their mother and show this terrible person that they were not afraid.

Just then the door burst open, and even the

courage of the American boys wavered at the sight that greeted them. A black-masked figure, armed with a revolver, and with a long dagger stuck through his belt, stood in the doorway! An instant he remained perfectly still, his eyes glittering through his black mask, his white teeth gleaming under his bristling mustache. Then he gave a short, rough laugh, and, pushing the boys aside with the butt of his revolver, he strode into the next state-room.

John and William were after him in a flash. Rushing to their mother's side, they confronted the pirate with their heads flung up, their eyes flashing. If they could n't fight, they could at least show him they would n't run.

The robber, for such he appeared to be, spoke in quick, short sentences, pointing his revolver at the necklace and rings which Mrs. Haskell was wearing and motioning to a silver bag which lay on the dressing-table. It was quite useless to resist and Mrs. Haskell calmly took off her jewels and handed them over. She went to the dressing-table and poured out the contents of the purse.

She did something else which no one saw: she brushed a mass of papers and writing material into the waste-basket. Hidden amongst these papers was a little flat bag which she had taken from the silver purse!

The next proceedings were carried on in absolute silence. The pirate searched both the boys and their mother. Then he examined everything in the two rooms,—the desks, the baggage, even the bedding,—everything but the waste-basket in which lay the little flat bag. When he had satisfied himself that he had found everything of value, he gave a loud snort of laughter and strode out of the room.

Scarcely had the sound of the pirate's footsteps died away when there was an excited clatter of voices from outside. There came a rapping on the door and a familiar voice in English called out, "All right in here?" It was the American officer.

Mrs. Haskell hurried to the door. "Yes, we 're all right. What 's been happening?"

"What 's been happening? Why, we 've been held up by a band of pirates who were hidden in the ship when we left Batum. They held up the crew and stopped the boat. Now they 're putting off for shore in one of the life-boats. Come out on deck and see them off."

Mrs. Haskell and the two boys hurried to the deck. In the midst of an inky darkness, the little *Suirah* bobbed about on the black water. On one side of the ship a band of black-masked men, all with revolvers leveled, were ordering the crew to lower one of the life-boats. Silently and quickly the men were obeying. Resistance would have been useless, as the bandits were armed and too numerous to be overcome.

At last the little boat was dropped to the dark water below. A ladder was thrown over the side and four of the crew were ordered to take their places at the oars. Then, backing slowly away, with their pistols still pointed at the crew and passengers, the pirates reached the ladder and were down in a flash. As the last one left the ship, he triumphantly brandished his revolver and, ere he disappeared in the darkness, fired two shots just over the heads of the French sailors.

As if in answer, there came the toot of a horn in the distance. A few hundred yards to the stern of the *Suirah* a light flashed suddenly. Once more the pirate's shots rang out, and again the horn replied. In the stillness, the *Suirah's* little company could hear the splash of the oars as the boat made its way toward the light, but in the darkness they could see nothing.

For many minutes the *Suirah's* passengers waited, huddled together, speaking only in whispers. At the end of nearly half an hour they heard the row-boat returning, and a few minutes later the four sailors called to them from below to let down the ladder.

For the first time, some one spoke aloud.

"They made us row over to a little gasolene launch half a mile away that had followed us out of the bay and waited there to meet them," one of the sailors said, as the four clambered over the rail of the ship. "The launch hid its light until they got the signal of two pistol-shots from here," he continued, "and then they signaled where they were—a great little getaway for them!"

It was some time later before the excitement finally died down and the boys and their mother returned to their state-rooms. "Well, we certainly had our adventure, all right!" said John.

"Yes, we did," answered William; "but we 've lost all our money, too. Is n't it awful, Mother?"

"Not quite all, boys," replied Mrs. Haskell; and walking over to the waste-basket, she pulled out the little flat bag. "This I managed to save. Almost all of our money was in here, so the robbers did n't get so much after all!"

Half an hour later, as the boys were getting into their narrow bunks, the spirit of adventure had cooled a bit. "Just the same," said John, "I think I 'll be pretty glad when we get back to America again. This 'll make a fine story to tell the fellows, but—gee! do you know, I was kind o' scared for a while there."

"Huh!" grunted William, as he pulled the covers up over his head, "who cares about being a little scared if he can get attacked by pirates. That 's what *I* say!"

Mary Lena Wilson.

KEEPING FIT FOR GOLF

By FRANCIS OUIMET

WHEN I began writing golf stories for ST. NICHOLAS I was a novice at playing the game as far as competition and experience were concerned. Most of my tournaments had been either interscholastic or local. Since those days many things have happened to me that the average youth does not think about in the beginning of his career on the links. Perhaps the greatest lesson from experience, in so far as golf is concerned, is to learn to save your strength and enthusiasm for the time when you really need them. Most of us burn ourselves out before it is time to meet competition of the hardest kind.

As I see golf now, I would rather enter a championship with the knowledge that while I might have played more often in preparing for it, this handicap would be more than taken care of by the enthusiasm I would have for the matches. Lacking this keenness, one is almost sure to encounter disaster. The first time this came to my attention was in 1915. When the summer season came around that year and John Anderson's work at the Fessenden School was over, he rushed to his boys' camp in the woods of New Hampshire, miles from any links, where he had no opportunity whatever to play his favorite game. He had little or no time to think of it, either, being so busy taking care of the many boys who spent the summer with him.

That year the Amateur Championship was played at the Detroit Country Club. On my way to it I happened upon John bent upon the same mission—winning the title. He informed me casually he had played but one game of golf since school had closed in the early summer, two months before. My opinion was that he had absolutely no chance to do anything. We arrived on the links two days before the qualifying round. John went over the course several times, practised some mashie shots in addition, and expressed himself as being not only ready for the affair, but satisfied with his game.

This all struck me as rather amusing in view of the fact that all the other fellows who were present had been hard at work since early spring, practising for this very tournament. There was one other contestant who had followed John's seeming lack of plan—Bob Gardner. Bob had given little time to golf that year. But imagine my surprise, when it came down to the finals, to find these two players the sole survivors.

I have always attributed this rather startling ending of the 1915 Amateur to the fact that these two golfers had entered that affair with the greatest enthusiasm imaginable and that this very thing did more than any other factor to bring out the splendid games they played. Where the others had worn themselves out in the preparation, Anderson and Gardner had stored up an abundance of strength and enthusiasm. They had ample reserve power to call upon in the pinches, and as the play advanced from day to day, their games improved by leaps and bounds.

Keeping fit, physically and mentally, is the big job of all athletes. What would happen to a big college football eleven if its trainer did not watch particularly this important point? I am inclined to think, and those close to this sport have told me, that a team which is stale and overworked rarely lasts a full period. The same thing is true in track athletics. There is the case of Joie Ray, one of the greatest mile-runners we have ever produced. Ray went to Antwerp this past summer to compete in the Olympic Games as a member of the team from the United States. From early winter and up to the time he sailed to Belgium, Ray had been in active competition. There was no one at his distance during all this long period who seemed to be in his class. It was felt by all who followed those games that, when his special event was run, Ray would prove an easy winner. But instead of coming in first in this race, Ray did not place! You cannot make me believe there are half a dozen better men in this event than Joie Ray. It was just another case of being burned out. Ray suffered the penalty which comes from too much preparation.

Of course, when they consider golf, most boys will say it is not like the strenuous sports and that the average healthy youngster can play it all day without getting tired. I 'll admit that football or mile-running is a far more wearing game; but I must say that golf carries a greater mental strain than almost any sport we have. To be sure, there is such a thing as not playing enough to put one in just the right condition, and the case of John Anderson, which I cited, almost illustrates this. Circumstances simply made it impossible for him to give the time to golf that he felt he should have given in his preparation for the Amateur Championship at Detroit in 1915. But the fact remains that his long lay-off from the game, coupled with his fine physical condition, just about fitted him perfectly for the supreme test of the season.

In the beginning of my competitive days I used to work hard and conscientiously for a big event.

The last few seasons I have not. I have felt satisfied to arrive on the scene a day or two before the match started. Then I would go around the course a few times without taxing my strength to any great extent, more for the purpose of getting its general plan in my mind than for anything else. Such a scheme saved me mentally and physically for the play, just as it taught me all that was necessary to know about the course.

One of the most apt illustrations of over-golfing concerns the invasion of England by a group of United States amateurs in 1914. This summer a greater invasion is in order. It is to be hoped we may profit by our earlier experience. In that year the late Fred Herreshoff, Jerry Travers, Arthur Lockwood, and the present writer went over in quest of the British Amateur title several weeks in advance of "Chick" Evans, Harold Weber, Fraser Hale, and some other players. We, of the advance guard, thought we were doing the right thing. Now it happens that the English championship links are isolated. Once you get to them, there is nothing to do but to play golf. We soon tired of having so much of it, but we continued to play for want of other recreation. Just before the big event started, Jerry Travers came to me and said, "Francis, I 'm tired out. I wish this tournament was over with." He expressed my feelings exactly. You can judge for yourself whether or not we were fit to play when the big event came. I never can be convinced that this was not the cause of our early eliminations.

The less the experience of a golfer, the more apt he is to over-golf. At the Engineers' Club this past summer I saw any number of high-class young players practising for hours at a time, even after they had played thirty-six holes. Do you not see how little of value there was in such practice after muscles were weary from a full day of play? One youngster in particular was advised to smooth his drive. Every day he must have driven enough balls, following his two rounds, to equal the effort he had previously spent in going around the links. He had developed a slice. But how he ever hoped to remedy it, with wrists and muscles already fatigued, is beyond me! Indeed, one has but to spend a few days at a course before a championship event starts in order to separate the old hands from the novices. The veterans will go there for two purposes—hitting enough shots to get the stiffness out of their arms, and familiariz-



"KEEPING FIT, PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY, IS THE JOB OF ALL ATHLETES"

ing themselves with the course; while the novices use every minute of daylight to play and practise. Sometimes this latter class wins; but more often, and far too frequently, they weary themselves beyond the point of recovery.

Golf is no longer an old man's game. The youth of this and other nations are taking it up in ever increasing numbers because they have found that no other sport possesses quite the same peculiar nerve-stirring or soul-trying qualities as does this one. There are two kinds of golf, to be sure—that played with friends for the mere pleasure of being outdoors with them and measuring strokes, and that played for championships and to win, although the same high ethics and good feeling prevail in both.

To illustrate the soul-trying feature of this sport one has but to review in part the match between young Reggie Lewis and Chick Evans at the Amateur Championship this past summer. After battling for the best part of a day, Lewis stepped up to the last tee with a lead of one hole on Evans and drove as fine a ball down the middle of the fairway as any one would want. This fairway, for the time being, had been transformed into a vast amphitheater, packed with an enormous crowd, for the word had gone forth that the youngster was downing Evans, news that seemed miraculous to the followers of amateur play. Then came Chick's turn. He had witnessed this magnificent shot by Lewis and must have realized the odds were greatly against him, for he had to win that hole to prevent defeat. Can you imagine his distress when his tee-shot forced the crowd to part, a sure indication that he had pulled it off the fairway and would find an unfavorable lie?

No golfer ever faced a harder task than did Evans when he came upon his ball. In the first place, a sand-trap had caught it; and in the second, there was a barrier between him and the green in the form of a clump of trees. Evans did the only thing possible under the conditions—tried for the green. His attempt was anything but a success, as his ball, striking the limb of a tree, bounded back upon the fairway but a few yards in advance of the tee-shot of Lewis. This boy showed judgment on his second by playing it for the back of the green, safe from all apparent harm. As a result, Lewis lay just over the green on an embankment and Evans some one hundred-odd yards away, both to play three.

A fine mashie by Evans came to twenty feet beyond the pin. It was a grand shot; but for all that, his case looked hopeless. Miracles were needed to win that hole and this shot had not been one. It seemed like a sure five for both, which was all that Lewis needed to win. Lewis took his time playing his third, a chip-shot that ran up nicely to within eight feet of the cup. Victory seemed a certainty for him. To rob him of it, Evans had to sink a nasty downhill putt of twenty feet and depend upon Lewis missing one of eight! Nobody envied Chick his position.

Now, years of experience had taught Chick that a golfer should always have something in reserve to call upon in the crisis, and upon that reserve he was now to depend. Before it was his turn to play he had been walking back and forth across the green, much as does the thoroughbred at the barrier, waiting for the start. It seemed to me that during those awesome moments Chick was weighing his chances and was coming to a conclusion. The outstanding feature of the real athlete's make-up is the uncanny way he has of meeting the emergency. Then he came to his ball, studied the line, and with a firm putt sent it on its course along that treacherous downhill green. The next thing we knew, it dropped out of sight into the cup. Under the conditions, Lewis would have proved himself a miracle-man extraordinary had he sunk his own putt for a half. As it was, he made a valiant attempt. It took Chick five extra holes to gain his victory—the longest match ever played in our Amateur.

As I analyze that match, it was only another case of an accomplished golfer winning over one less experienced. This may seem like a crude statement, in view of the record of Lewis, but I think all will agree he is less experienced by far than Evans. As it was his battle, that day stamps him as one of the greatest fighters and golfers in the country. But the main point I want to drive home about this same match is that had Chick been weary from too much golf, the reserve force which pulled him out of as critical a hole as any champion ever faced would have been lacking.

All boys have heard of Fred Wright, the fine young golfer who won the Massachusetts title last year and tied Bobby Jones in the qualifying round of the National Amateur. Just the other day I was talking with him about this point of playing too much. He informed me that while he played a great deal last year, there was a period of about three weeks when he did not touch a club. It was before the Massachusetts championship, which, as usual, attracted a fine field. It was his ambition to win this event.

He qualified easily enough and on each succeeding day improved in play until he came to finals, where he faced Jesse Guilford, the "Siege-gun" of the links. Guilford had been playing right along up to this tournament. As a result, he was tired and made a slow start. Wright, keyed up and keen on account of his rest, started off like a frisky colt, settled right down to play, and in a jiffy had a nice lead. Guilford found himself

struggling for halved holes instead of wins and unable to force his game to its top pace. Wright won, and attributes his success to his lay-off.

I trust from all I have said that my readers will not carry the impression with them that I recommend little or no golf as a best means of preparing for big things. On the contrary, I strongly advise a great deal of it, but not just before a big event. One should learn as early as possible in his golf career just how much work and practice he needs to be in prime condition and at the top of his game. Then care must be used. I should advise boys and girls to practise their weaknesses in the spring.

No other problem of the game quite equals the one of knowing just what doses of golf to take to keep in fine form. This past summer I did a lot of work preparing for the meeting Jesse Guilford and I had with Ray and Vardon. Five days before that meeting I did the course in 69, two strokes under par. I decided not to play again until the day before. That was where I made my mistake. On that day I repeated this fine score, but was never so blue in my life. My friends were elated and counted on my playing a great game. I was afraid, and justly, that I had started downhill. The next day my surmise proved correct. I had played just once too often. Had I been a bit more careful, or a better judge of myself, this slump might not have happened. I do not put this down because I am trying to excuse my defeat. Nothing is farther from my thoughts. I 'm merely trying to illustrate the point of this story. The tired golfer is not the best. When he feels that way in his muscles or has n't a keen desire to play, the very best thing he can do is to forget all about golf until the desire comes back. That, you will find, is the real secret of success, once you have mastered your strokes.



"THE TIRED GOLFER IS NOT THE BEST"

SIR WHACKITT'S FINAL ROUND

A Ballad of Golf & Romance

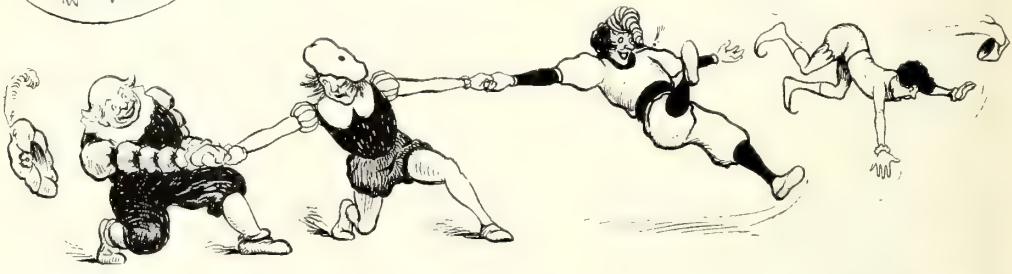
By Charles F. Lester





THE softly shimmering summer sun shone smiling in the sky
(Where I 've noticed he quite often does his smiling, by the by).
He smiled upon the Lady Kate, but vainly, it appears,
For though the sun was smiling, the daughter was in tears.

While Lord Bazoom, her father, was playing "Snap the whip"
With some of his retainers, she had given him the slip
And stolen forth into the wood—but sadly to her cost!
For now 't was evident the lass, alas! at last was lost.



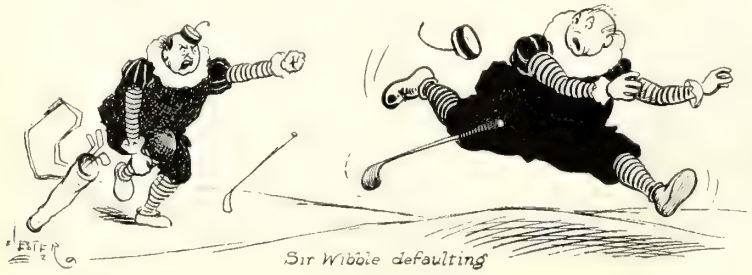
Now could I extricate Miss Kate from out the wood, I would;
But you see I find I 've lost her, so to try will do no good.
Let 's change the scene. *Zip—Presto—Pop!* And *now* what do we spy?
As I live, 't is good Sir Whackitt, with a golf-ball on his eye!

(His eye upon the ball, I mean.) And here 's Sir Gigaboo,
Sir Wibble, stout Sir Boofus, and scores of others, too,
All come to watch the final round between the Count de Blupp
And the noble young Sir Whackitt for the Royal Golfing Cup.

Sir Wibble, in his round against Sir Wobble (yes, his twin),
Defaulted when his mashie shot bounced off Sir Wobble's shin.
Sir Boofus was a sailor bold; said he, "This game is grand;
But though at home at sea, I see I am at sea on land!"



Sir Whackitt



Sir Wibble defaulting



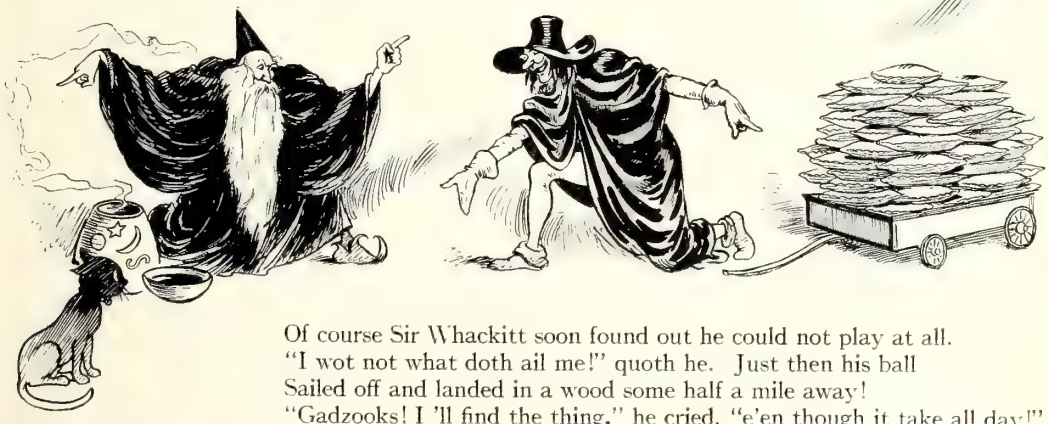
Sir Boofus



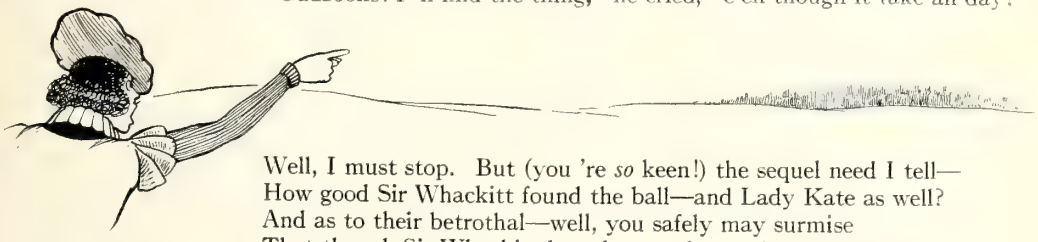
Old Count Kafoozle ate a slice of toast at every tee.
(He said they went together.) Young Sir Gervaise Magee
Had trained his dog to caddy, but found it would n't do,
For just as Fido found the ball, he found a rabbit, too!



I 've said it was the final round that they were playing there;
But, hist!—and likewise, shish!—the round was not upon the square!
For the count had coaxed the wizard Ziz, with sixty lemon pies
To wiz the good Sir Whackitt's ball, so *he* could win the prize.



Of course Sir Whackitt soon found out he could not play at all.
"I wot not what doth ail me!" quoth he. Just then his ball
Sailed off and landed in a wood some half a mile away!
"Gadzooks! I 'll find the thing," he cried, "e'en though it take all day!"



Well, I must stop. But (you 're *so* keen!) the sequel need I tell—
How good Sir Whackitt found the ball—and Lady Kate as well?
And as to their betrothal—well, you safely may surmise
That though Sir Whackitt lost the cup, he surely won a prize!



THE LUCK OF DENEWOOD

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Vive la France!" etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

PEG TRAVERS, joint heir with her brother Jack to the estate of Denewood, in Germantown, which they are too poor to keep up and have rented as a school for girls, receives a letter from her brother, an officer with the A. E. F., saying that a relative of the family, a French girl named Béatrice de Soulange, has come to him asking for assistance, and he has thought it best to send her to America. Her brother, Louis de Soulange, an officer in the French army, in an aëroplane flight over the lines, has disappeared and is "missing." Peg, who lives with her aunt in the lodge at Denewood, is talking this news over with her cousin, Betty Powell, when the French girl unexpectedly arrives—a girl of their own age, deeply interested in the Denewood books and the history of their house. Her first desire is to see the lucky sixpence, their family talisman, and when she is told that it has been lost for a century she is astounded at the girls' indifference and declares her belief that with it was lost the luck of Denewood. Full of gratitude for their whole-hearted hospitality, she determines to find the sixpence and restore the luck of the house. Béatrice plans to hunt for it, and, to that end, is anxious to become a pupil at Maple Hall, as the school at Denewood is called. On her admission to the school Béatrice begins her search for the sixpence. Miss Maple discovering this and thinking it a waste of time forbids day-scholars to go above the first floor of Maple Hall. Peg is vastly excited by a letter from Jack asking for a description of the Soulange ring and warning her to stand guard over Bé lest unauthorized news of her brother rouse false hopes. Shortly after, a young man, who announces himself as Captain Badger of the British Army, calls, saying that he has news of Louis which he will give to no one but Bé. With Jack's letter in her mind, Peg refuses to let him see Bé. Her cousin, Mr. Powell, approves of what she has done. Bé, ignorant of this crisis in her affairs, unsuccessfully searches the spring-house for the entrance to the secret passage she believes is still there. Betty, from the living-room, sees the Englishman return to the lodge. Béatrice goes again to the spring-house and finds the passage. Hearing some one coming, she conceals herself in it. Betty is mistaken for Bé by Captain Badger and Peg persuades her to impersonate her cousin, in order to obtain news of Louis, and, seated outside the spring-house, hear what he has to say, while Peg, concealed inside, could also find out what the stranger proposed.

CHAPTER XIV

NEWS OF LOUIS DE SOULANGE

PEG had arrived at the spring-house a little breathless from running. She came in from the back and slipped quickly inside, hoping that she had not been observed from the teacher's pavilion. Closing the door behind her, she strove to be as quiet as possible, but the hinges would creak in spite of her precautions. As she pushed, her hand came in contact with an old-fashioned bolt, which put an idea into her busy brain.

"Humph! That 's good," she thought. "If he is very suspicious, he might try the door." It took an effort to slip the rusty fastening, but she succeeded just as the murmur of voices outside reached her. Trembling with excitement, she crouched down, wondering what would be the outcome of this adventure.

Peg's heart gave a great thump of apprehension as Captain Badger pressed his weight against the door, but she smiled confidently and congratulated herself upon her forethought when she found it held solidly. Then she concentrated all her attention upon the conversation taking place outside, from which she was separated by only an inch or two of oak planking. She found that she could hear perfectly, and had not long to wait before Betty's exclamation of surprised consternation set her thoughts whirling.

"The Soulange ring!"

In a moment all her theories were upset. Jack could not have seen the ring if this British captain had it in his possession. All the conjectures she had evolved to explain her brother's desire for a description of the ancient heirloom apparently were wrong.

On the other hand, here was evidence that the English officer must know something of Louis de Soulange. She held her breath, waiting anxiously for the next words of those without.

"This ring will prove to you, Mademoiselle, that I am in your brother's confidence. It was necessary to establish that fact before we could proceed. You understand, do you not?"

Betty, somewhat dismayed, nodded her head. To be suddenly confronted with that ring, which had always seemed mysterious and unreal to her, was very disconcerting, but surely Louis would not have entrusted a relic so cherished to any but a friend. Also, she understood that the man beside her had an important communication to make about the lost young Frenchman. What would it be? She could not guess; and in a vague way, she was a little frightened. The man's frank assumption that she was Béatrice left her no defense should he discover his mistake. For a moment she was too troubled to utter a sound.

She was relieved, however, to find Captain Badger placing a wholly unwarranted construction upon her constraint.

"Your emotion is natural," he said, in a sym-

pathetic voice. "The silence that has surrounded your brother's disappearance must have been most painful. Nothing is so hard to bear as uncertainty, and it is his wish, first of all, that you should be relieved of any further doubt. You will be rejoiced to learn, Mademoiselle, that he is alive."

He ceased speaking and watched the girl beside him narrowly, and Betty, conscious that what had just been said would be of tremendous importance to Bé, whom she was impersonating, summoned all her faculties to play her part convincingly.

"Oh, I 'ave always known it; yet I am so joyful," she murmured, looking straight before her. "I felt that he mus' be alive, and now—and now—" She stopped, faltering, and, with a quick turn toward the captain, held out her hand to him. "How can I thank you?" she said, with a little choke in her voice that was very well done indeed.

"I am glad to have brought so welcome a message, Mademoiselle," the officer returned impressively; but he could not hide a faint smile of satisfaction that, for an instant, showed his white, pointed teeth.

He took the girl's proffered hand, but, dropping it at once, resumed his more businesslike tone.

"Now that your mind is at rest, Mademoiselle," he went on, "I may say that Louis was most reluctant to give me this. But it was necessary in order that you should not question his having sent me." As he ended, he put the ring back in his pocket.

"But why is he not here himself?" asked Betty. "What need was there of a messenger?"

"You will understand the need when I tell you my story, which I will do as briefly as I can," Captain Badger began briskly. "You recall that on the night he disappeared Captain de Soulange had accomplished his purpose. That much was well known to the officers of the French Army. But what happened to him after that, only I and a few others in the world can reveal."

"He was taken prisoner?" Betty asked eagerly. She no longer needed to assume an interest to fit the rôle she was playing. Bé herself could have been but little more thrilled by the prospect of a full revelation of what had befallen Louis. Betty was conscious that her romantic imaginings were being carried far beyond any point she could have invented. To be sure, she realized that at any moment Captain Badger might discover the deception that was being played upon him, and each time she was forced to move in the precarious game she was playing she felt as if she were walking along the edge of a precipice. Peg had prophesied thrills, and Peg had been right.

"Captain de Soulange was taken prisoner," Captain Badger's voice went on smoothly. "As he was returning, elated at having accomplished what he had set out to do, suddenly a cloth was thrown over his head and he was seized from behind. In a moment his arms were secured and he was captured, unharmed, without a blow being struck."

"I am rejoice' that he was not hurt," Betty murmured gratefully.

"It was not intended that he should be hurt, Mademoiselle," the man continued. "Those who seized your brother were not enemies of war, although Louis naturally believed at first that he had fallen into the hands of the Germans; which supposition disturbed him very little."

"He must have known that his sister would be heart-broken!" Betty exclaimed. And her own heart stopped for an instant as she realized that she had forgotten the part she was playing. But Captain Badger, intent upon making a good impression in his recital, did not notice the slight slip, and the girl drew a deeper breath as he continued.

"Undoubtedly he did feel for his sister," the officer said, "but he was fully aware that the great conflict was near its end and thought that word would be sent of his safety, in accordance with the usual etiquette observed toward the enemy by members of the aviation service, even among the Germans."

"But nothing was heard from him?" Betty interrupted, with a gesture aimed to counteract the effect of her previous mistake.

"Your brother was not a prisoner of war," the captain explained, a trifle impatiently. "He was not in the hands of the Germans, but of robbers."

"Robbers!" echoed Betty, astounded at this news.

"Yes. A company of outcasts, recruited from all the armies, had seized him," Captain Badger returned. "They have a safe retreat and are ably led. While the war was on, they had plied their trade with little fear of being disturbed. Since then, they have been more circumspect, but so carefully are they hidden that it will be a long time yet before the band is broken up. Their plan is to seize a man who is rich and force him to buy his freedom. This, Louis de Soulange, in the beginning, refused to do."

"But how do you know all this?" Betty asked. She was losing her romantic interest in this narrative and beginning to appreciate the more sinister aspect of the tale she was hearing. Moreover, a half-formed doubt of this voluble young man began to take shape in her mind.

But Captain Badger was not disconcerted in the slightest by this direct question; indeed, his

answer came so readily that it must have been anticipated.

"Because I, too, Mademoiselle, was a captive," he said plausibly. "They found me a lean fowl and hardly worth plucking," he went on with a laugh. "If it had been otherwise—if I could have furnished the means myself, you may be sure I should not have crossed the ocean to seek help for my friend, Louis de Soulange."

He spoke with a fine air of sincerity, and for the moment Betty questioned her growing doubts of him; but his next words brought these crowding back into her thoughts.

"But, seeing that I am poor," he went on, after an instant's pause, "I am forced to come to you, Louis's sister, for the money necessary to obtain his release."

It was now plain what the man wanted, and the spirit of frugality and thrift that Betty had inherited from her Powell ancestors was up in arms at once. Instinctively she mistrusted his motives, and the secrecy with which he had gone about the business confirmed her suspicions. Moreover, all the family knew that Béatrice had arrived in America very short of funds; and although she seemed to suggest that her brother had plenty, it was a subject upon which the French girl rarely spoke.

Rapidly these thoughts passed through Betty's mind and led her suddenly to a surprising conclusion. She fancied that Captain Badger was aware of her identity and was endeavoring to work upon her sympathies in order to obtain some of the Powell money for his own ends. For the moment she was ready to disbelieve everything he said, even his statement that Louis was alive. On the other hand, she felt that perhaps there was information to be gained, and she made an effort to conceal her distrust.

"But I 'ave no money," she said at last, disconsolately.

"You have no money!" the man exclaimed, and the girl recognized for the first time a ring of sincerity in his utterance.

"I 'ave no money at all," she repeated, shaking her head sorrowfully.

"Then you did n't bring the strong box with you?" Captain Badger questioned, looking keenly at the girl beside him.

"No, I did not," Betty replied positively. To be sure she had n't the slightest idea now what the man was talking about; but she had seen everything Bé had brought with her on the day of her arrival at the lodge, and there was nothing resembling a strong box among her scanty belongings.

"Then where did you hide it, Mademoiselle?" the captain demanded, his voice shaking a little, whether from anger or disappointment, Betty could not tell.

Here was a question that was wholly out of her power to answer. Bé had never mentioned any strong box, and though such a thing might easily exist, its whereabouts was as unknown to Betty as to the officer who sought it.

But Betty was not yet ready to betray ignorance of a matter Béatrice would, presumably, have knowledge of. She was very near the edge of the precipice, and a false step would certainly send her tumbling. She wanted to avoid a direct answer to his last question; and while she paused, the captain, attributing her hesitation to other causes, spoke again.

"I see you do not trust me," he said, with a shade of reproach in his voice, "nor can I altogether blame you. I told Louis it was asking too much. But he said to me,—and I quote his very words, Mademoiselle,—'Take the ring, my dear George, and that will show her that I have entire faith in you. My sister loves me, and she will count money but a little thing when weighed against my life.' On that assurance I have come to you."

Captain Badger strove to convey a feeling of deep sincerity in his words; but Betty, wholly unable to satisfy his demands, also continued to hold her doubt of him.

"Again let me see the ring," she said, and held out her hand for it.

Captain Badger would not give it into her hands, but held it in his own fingers for her inspection.

"But I wish it," the girl insisted. "It is a ring of my family. You 'ave no right to keep it."

"I am sorry, but there I must differ with you," Captain Badger answered. "It was given to me in trust. Either it must fulfil its mission or I must return it to the man who placed it in my hands." With a gesture of finality he returned it to his pocket.

"Oh, I see!" Betty said, rising. "For the ring I must tell you where the strong box is 'idden? Is that it?"

"Exactly, Mademoiselle!" The man's teeth flashed as he stood up beside her.

"So it is I who must do all the trusting!" Betty raised her voice, giving rein to her growing feeling of resentment. "I am to give you I know not how much, to pay a ransom the amount of which you do not tell me. *Non! Non! Non!* That is my only answer, Monsieur!"

Captain Badger, fully expecting that his request would be complied with sooner or later, fell back a pace, wholly disconcerted. It was as if a gentle butterfly had suddenly pounced upon his hand and bitten it. For an instant he could find

no word to say, and Betty made a motion to leave him which brought her beside the door of the spring-house.

"Mademoiselle!" he cried, hurriedly going to her side, "I beg you will not act so hastily. The ransom demanded is three hundred thousand francs. It was my intention, of course, to carry the box to Louis so that he might pay these brigands and keep what remained."

"Well," remarked Betty, shrewdly, entirely off her guard, "I 'm only a girl; but even I can see what a silly idea that is."

For an instant Badger cast a suspicious glance at her.

"Mademoiselle speaks English like an American," he said significantly.

Betty, though her heart beat like a trip-hammer, threw up her head gamely.

"Always, since I am a child, I speak English," she retorted. "And now that I am in America, I improve. But what matters that? You must find a better plan, Captain Badger, than to sen' into the clutches of these robbers more than they ask."

"There is much in what you say," Badger answered soothingly; "but how can we possibly arrange it? You, Mademoiselle, are here; the box—is in France. The bandits have a limited patience, and, although I regret to say it, confinement is bad, even for the best of constitutions."

"Is—is Louis ill?" asked Betty? Even while she pretended to be his sister, Betty was conscious that, in speaking his name, she was being very familiar with a marquis.

"I can hardly say that he is ill," Captain Badger replied; "at least, he was not when I left. Indeed, my chief fear is that he will grow tired of waiting and make some reckless attempt to escape. In which case I would not give *that* for his life." The officer snapped his fingers impressively.

"But he will wait till you return," Betty insisted.

"It is to be hoped so," Badger rejoined, with slight conviction in his tone, "if I am not too long delayed. But if I should go back empty-handed—" He paused, with a significant shrug of his shoulders.

"Nothing should be done hastily," Betty replied with firmness. "I mus' 'ave advice in this matter. I am only a school-girl, and—"

"My dear Mademoiselle," Badger cut in sharply, "if you talk of seeking advice, then I must bid you good-day. I know the uselessness of talk in a matter of this kind. Sooner or later



"'SIT, O TRAGEDY QUEEN! MY POOR HEAD 'S BUZZING'." (SEE NEXT PAGE)

it gets into the hands of the police; and when it does, I warn you that instead of saving your brother, you will be sending him to his death. No, Mademoiselle, I cannot help you if it is your purpose to take others into your confidence. Let us come to an understanding. Tell me what I ask, or let us end the affair here and now."

He spoke so resolutely that Betty was shaken in her conviction that he sought money for himself and cared not at all for Louis de Soulange. Yet in some way she must temporize. At the moment she could only repeat the *"Non! Non! Non!"* she had uttered so steadfastly, because she had no knowledge of the box he asked for. But she did not dare dismiss the man entirely. She wished she could talk to Peg for a moment and consult her as to what was to be done; but of course that was impossible.

"I tell you," she said, coming to a sudden resolution, "it is one thing to spen' money to save a brother; but it is quite another to throw it away and get nothing in return. I 'ave never before seen you. It is right that you give me time to consider what it is best I do. If you insist, then we are at an end; but I would like to think well of this."

"I 've no objection to your thinking," the captain replied rather roughly. "It 's *talking* I won't have. Give me your word that you will tell no one of what has passed between us."

"I regret that I may not speak of it and so fin' advice; but if you 'ave objection, then I mus' keep silent. I give my word, Monsieur." Betty could hardly resist the impulse to turn and grin at the spring-house door.

"Very well," Captain Badger agreed, with no very good grace, "to-morrow, at this time, I will be here to meet you, and, till after that meeting, you must promise not to reveal the information I have given you."

"I 'ave already given you my word, Monsieur," Betty replied.

"Word of honor?" he insisted.

"Parole d'honneur!" Betty answered, and started away.

As they neared the lodge, Captain Badger, as if he regretted his insistence, spoke half apologetically.

"I know that a Soulange will keep her word," he said, "but I feel so strongly about this that I must again impress upon you the great need for secrecy. Remember, it is all for Louis's sake. Good-by till to-morrow, Mademoiselle."

He held out a friendly hand, but Betty dropped him a stiff little courtesy.

"*Au revoir*, Monsieur," she murmured with her best French intonation, and ran off, to disappear through the front door.

CHAPTER XV

PEG AND BETTY TALK IT OVER

Betty had scarcely entered the lodge when Peg, having skirted the drive and kept the shrubbery between herself and Captain Badger, rushed panting into the house. Her cheeks were scarlet and her eyes dancing.

"You 're the dandy little actress!" she cried, bubbling over with excitement. "I did n't know you could do it. Come in here and let 's talk." She dragged Betty into the living-room, closed all the doors, and flopped down on the sofa.

"Sit, O tragedy queen, and let 's see where we 're at. My poor head 's buzzing!"

"I gave the word of a Soulange that I would n't tell anything," Betty said demurely, taking her place beside her cousin. She was still under the spell of her recent experiences and had not quite shaken off the feeling that she was playing a part.

"That 's all right," Peg answered complacently. "You don't have to tell anything. I heard every word of it. You promised not to reveal what he told you. I noticed that particularly; but that does n't prevent you from discussing it with me."

"Are you sure of that, Peg?" Betty demanded hopefully. She was anxious to talk, if she could do so without breaking her promise. "Of course," she went on, becoming more and more the normal Betty, "he never suspected that you were in the spring-house and thought if I did n't tell anybody what he said to me, I could n't discuss it."

"Exactly!" agreed Peg. "But as long as I know the facts already, you 're not betraying any confidences. Now let 's get down to business." Peg wriggled into the corner of the sofa and wrinkled her forehead, preparatory to deep thinking.

"It is quite plain that the man wants money!" Betty declared.

"There 's no doubt about that. He said so," Peg agreed. "But the question is, how are we going to get it for him?"

"Why, I should n't think of giving him anything," Betty protested vehemently. "We have no proof but his word—"

"There 's the ring," Peg interrupted. "He must have got that from Louis de Soulange."

"How do you know he did?" Betty argued. "He may have found it. It might have been lost."

"That 's possible, but very unlikely," Peg answered. "Besides, suppose he had found it, how would he have known it was the Soulange ring?"

"He said he was a friend," Betty put in; but

seeing that this suggestion was contrary to her previous statement, she added, "I don't believe it, though."

"I 'm not sure," Peg mused. "There were times when I thought he was telling the truth, and times when I did n't believe a word he said. There 's certainly a strong box somewhere; but of course you can't tell him where it is, because you don't know."

"I should n't if I did know," Betty insisted.

"I would," Peg said evenly.

"But that would be perfectly foolish!" Betty exclaimed heatedly. "We have nothing to prove he would n't just take the money and keep it and never go near Louis."

"We 'd have to take that risk," Peg replied. "We could try, of course, to get some guarantee out of this Captain Badger, though I don't believe he 'd give us any. But there 's no use talking about that till we find out where the box is."

"Do you suppose Bé knows anything about it?" Betty asked.

"I should n't wonder," Peg replied. "It seems quite probable to me that, during the war, Louis would want to have a lot of ready money hidden away somewhere for Bé's sake, in case everything went to smash. Of course, it was put away carefully so that the Germans could n't find it."

"That 's so," Betty admitted. "And the only way Captain Badger could know of its existence would be from Louis. Maybe he 's telling the truth after all."

"The thing that does n't seem right to me," Peg remarked slowly, "is this tale about a band of outcasts. He talked as if they were capturing officers by the dozen and making them pay ransoms. If that were true, the whole band would have so much money they would n't know what to do with it. Why should they bother to send all the way to America? If I were a bandit, I 'd do things quicker than that."

"I never thought of being a bandit," Betty remarked. "It must be rather exciting."

"And there 's another thing," Peg continued, without heeding her cousin's words, "if there were as many people getting themselves ransomed as this captain says there are, you 'd think some of them would get together and go after the brigands, would n't you? They 'd know where they were hiding and—"

"Why of *course* they would!" Betty interrupted, as this idea impressed itself upon her. "I said all the time he was n't telling the truth."

"But then you see," Peg went on, trying to think the matter out logically, "it is n't improbable that Louis de Soulange is really being held for a ransom and there may not be any band at all."

"That does n't make sense," Betty put in, quite bewildered for the moment. "There 's either a band of robbers or there is n't. That 's positive!"

"Oh, no, it is n't," Peg retorted promptly. "It does n't take a band to hold one man. Two or three could do it easily, and keep watch day and night."

"That 's so," Betty admitted reluctantly. "I believe you 're right. I thought all the time there was something in what Captain Badger was saying.

"And if there are only two or three men mixed up in it," Peg went on, as if talking to herself, "then they did n't capture this British officer, as he says they did; in which case, how does he come to know all about it? That 's what 's bothering *me*."

She paused a moment, and Betty looked at her with growing admiration. She could n't see where Peg's line of reasoning was carrying her, but they seemed to be arriving somewhere.

"Louis might have sent him word and asked for help," Betty suggested.

"Then Captain Badger would have said so," Peg returned, "instead of which he tells you he was a victim of these brigands. There 's only one way I can figure it out."

"What 's that?" asked Betty, eagerly.

"Captain Badger himself is the one who has kidnapped Louis de Soulange," announced Peg with conviction.

"You mean—you mean that *he* 's a brigand," stuttered Betty, "and that I 've been talking to him?"

"Sure!" replied Peg. "The more I think of it, the more certain I am."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" Betty began half tearfully, emitting a sobbing laugh at the same time. "I 've been sitting with a robber and a bandit, and I never guessed it. I should have died of fright if I 'd known it—and to-morrow I 've promised to talk to him again and—and— But I can't do it, Peg! Can't you see I can't do it? It would be awful and—"

"Hold on!" cried Peg, starting to rise. "If you 're going to have hysterics, I 'll have to pour water on your giddy head. Stop giggling!"

Peg's threat had the desired effect, and Betty pulled herself together.

"All the same, I sha'n't meet him to-morrow—I just could n't!"

"We 'll cross that bridge when we come to it," Peg replied comfortably. "Meanwhile, we 'll have to find out from Bé where that strong box is, without letting her know what for. And that is n't going to be very easy."

"I think you ought to talk it over with Father

before you do anything else," Betty suggested practically. "We would have no right to hand over any Soulange valuables."

Peg nodded her head in agreement.

"Of course," she said, "but I have n't had any time. I did telephone him this morning before you were up, and I told Captain Badger to go to see him; but you see he did n't go, and I 'm trying to get it straightened out in my head before I begin to talk it over with Cousin Bart. But whatever happens, we can't shout about it over the 'phone. Bé would be sure to come in right in the middle of it. Cousin Bart will have to meet us somewhere."

"He 's always home early on Saturday, so we can see him over there—outside somewhere, where we won't get flu. That would be better than having him come here," Betty said, rising.

"Don't *you* want to tell him about it?" Peg inquired, as they moved together toward the door on their way to the telephone in the hall. "It is n't all my party, you know."

"I can't," Betty returned. "I 've promised not to."

"That 's so," Peg agreed. "All right. I 'll see if he won't send over for us. Now you run upstairs and entertain Bé while I 'm talking. We don't want her to hear what 's going on. We just can't run the risk yet."

Betty ran up the stair, and Peg took down the telephone receiver. She had a thorough realization of the seriousness of the situation and was more than ready to shift the responsibility upon older shoulders; but she thought it entirely probable that the fate of Louis de Soulange would be determined by the way Captain Badger was treated, and, had she possessed the amount of the ransom demanded, her inclination would have been to hand it to the man at once. But she felt also the force of Betty's contention that they had no way of holding the officer to his word. Probably her Cousin Bart would know how to meet that difficulty, and she was most anxious to lay the entire matter before him.

She was connected with Mr. Powell's office promptly, but was surprised by the information that he had already gone home.

"Is n't that rather unusual?" she asked.

"I don't think he was feeling very well," came the answer, and with a "Thank you," Peg rang off.

"Bé is n't in her room," Betty said, as she returned to Peg. "What did Father say?"

"He 's gone home," Peg replied. "They said he was n't feeling very well."

"I believe *he* 's got the flu now!" cried Betty, and, as if in confirmation of this presentiment, Selma came into the hall.

"Oh, you are there!" exclaimed the maid. "There are messages. Miss Travers, she has gone to Chestnut Hill. They send for her because Mr. Powell, he is in bed with this flu. The nurse have it herself very much. These nurses they are no good!"

"Oh, poor Mother!" cried Betty, in dismay. Peg was quite as sympathetic, but she could n't help wondering a little what would happen now that Mr. Powell could not be consulted in regard to Bé's affairs. Who else was there to whom she could go for advice? The two older Powell boys were at college. Mr. Powell's partner was an invalid who had not been active in the business for years; and she could think of no one else, on whose advice she could rely, to whom she felt free to go.

And to-morrow, in twenty-four hours, Captain Badger would expect to receive his answer.

"Oh, Betty," she murmured, "what are we going to do?"

CHAPTER XVI

BÉATRICE BEGINS EXPLORING

WHEN Béatrice, on hearing the door of the spring-house being pushed open, had allowed the trap-door above her head to settle gently in place, she crouched down upon the narrow step. She could hear a muffled footfall upon the paving, the faint creek of the rusty door hinges, and then all was silent.

She sat for a time quite motionless, with her ears strained to catch further sounds. Not hearing anything, she fell to speculating as to her future course. She would, of course, tell Peg at once, and together they would set about their exploration at the first opportunity that offered; but until this was accomplished, she wished to run no risk of her discovery being made public, for in that case it would get to the knowledge of Miss Maple, who, Bé was sure, would take prompt measures to stop their investigations. The more she considered the matter, the more determined she became to lie concealed until she could escape undetected.

As she sat trying to make up her mind that whoever had come into the spring-house must have gone again, so quiet was it, she became aware of the distant murmur of voices. The sound came very faintly, ceasing for a moment, only to begin again a moment later. By most attentive listening she concluded it was a man who spoke; but she could not catch a syllable of his words or the reply to them. Nothing but a gentle humming came to her, and she concluded that whoever it was must be outside of the house.

"It must be two of the gardeners," she thought

to herself; "they won't stay long." And she settled herself to wait patiently till they went away.

But the voice droned on and Béatrice began to grow cramped by her position. She gazed down and became aware of a gray blur at the bottom of the steps, as if a wandering ray of light had strayed in to brighten the gloom of the tunnel. Also, now that her eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness, she could see that the floor of the passage was only a few feet below her, and her curiosity was aroused once more. As long as she was forced to remain hidden, there was no reason why she should not do a little exploring by herself, and, with much caution against making a noise, she half-lowered herself down the two or three steps to the bottom. Then she stood up and bumped her head against the roof.

"*Ma foi*," was her mental exclamation, "this was not made for tall men like me!" And she rubbed the spot that for a moment ached sharply.

Then she looked about her, trying to distinguish something of her surroundings, but there was not enough light to see anything clearly. The dim grayness seemed to come from a point farther along the narrow passage and she advanced toward it.

With bowed head, and with hands stretched out before her, she moved cautiously, feeling carefully with her feet before she ventured to take a forward step. Slowly she progressed until she came at length to the spot of greatest illumination.

Even here Bé could make out little save a flight of stone steps leading up to another door that seemed shadowy and unsubstantial in the gloom.

She stopped a moment and looked up, trying to get her bearings and to calculate where she might be now in relation to the big house. The faint light she saw came through slits in the masonry that were almost filled with the accumulated dust of years. Evidently these openings could not be underground, and she argued that they must be in the massive walls of Denewood itself, in which case she had traversed the distance from the spring-house to the mansion, and from here on would mount to the second story until she came out in the shallow space behind the hobs in the nursery fireplace which her little ancestress Peggy Travers had found.

Béatrice was uncertain whether to go on or to wait till she could explore the place thoroughly with her cousin, but the steps seemed to invite her to climb them and, thinking just to peep at what lay behind the door, she mounted them cautiously.



"BÉATRICE PUSHED AGAINST THE STONES ABOVE HER HEAD" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

It grew darker as she went up, and when her groping hands met a barrier across her path she was forced to depend almost wholly on her sense of touch. Feeling nothing but rough planks under her fingers, she groped about for a knob or handle with which to open the heavy door. But she could find nothing of the sort.

"I mus' push it," she thought. But the stout timbers refused to yield to her efforts.

"Hum!" murmured Bé, puzzled, "per'aps it is not a door at all, but a built-up partition, cutting off the passage from the house."

This idea seemed so very probable that the girl felt a sharp sensation of disappointment, but she rallied her courage, determined not to be cast down too quickly.

"I mus' 'ave a light," she said to herself, "then it will be all right."

She turned and went down the stairs slowly and started on her return journey under ground. But this time she had her back to the faint rays coming in through the slits, and ahead of her the passage was jet black. Step by step she picked her way until at length she came to an abrupt stop against a wall. Realizing that she must have reached the end, she felt about and found steps leading up.

Carefully she climbed, lifting her head with caution until her hair brushed lightly against the roof; then she held her breath, listening intently for the sound of the voice that had kept her in hiding. All was still. The speakers, whoever they might be, had evidently gone, and Béatrice decided that now was the time for her to make her escape unseen.

She raised her arms and pushed against the stones above her head, expecting to lift the little door easily; but nothing moved, and the girl, bracing her feet against the narrow steps, pushed harder, only to feel the same rigidity. In a sudden panic, Béatrice thrust upward with all her might, but still no door opened; and after a period of useless and frantic effort, she sank breathless in a little heap on the rough steps.

"I am caught," she murmured in despair, "and nobody knows where to look for me!"

(To be continued)

"HERE BEGINNETH THE FIRST LESSON"

By BERTON BRALEY

A BULBUL is—hush, youngsters, hush!—
"A brachypodine babbling thrush."

To bullate is to boil. I 'll vow,
You did n't know that, did you now?

A bummalo 's a kind of fish
Which Hindus think a dainty dish.

A burbot is another kind,
Which has a long, long fin behind.

A bunder is a landing-stage.
And now suppose we turn a page.

A citril is a sort of bird
Of which, till now, you have n't heard;

To clarigate is to recite
A list of wrongs you wish to right;

A clathrodictyon is a sort
Of coral rock—to put it short.

And now again a page we turn
In search of something else to learn.

To doyst is but to take a fall.
Did you know *that* before, at all?

The ecderon 's the outer skin;
A fonduk is a sort of inn;

A gledge is just a knowing look—
Thus we could go on through the book

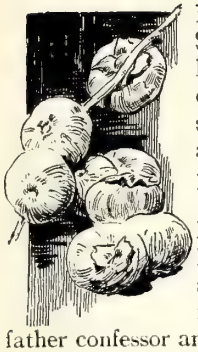
Absorbing much of information
And adding to our education;

But we must stop—it 's necessary
That I return this dictionary.



Preserves

by Adeline K. MacGilvary



Bob Crane's room-mate at Shingleton's was his idol and hero—Wallis Wallace; of course, a much older boy, a senior, in fact, and the leading athlete and all-round champion of the school.

It was by a great stroke of luck, Bob thought, that he had happened to fall into such a desirable situation, and he naturally made Wallis his father confessor and adviser. Bob was very conscientious, which was one of the traits the older fellow liked in him. Wallis took the world rather seriously, too, and so never cracked a smile when Bob sat down before him one day and asked:

"Do you think it 's wrong to steal sugar?"

"Depends," was the answer, because he had a good notion what was in the little fellow's mind.

"You know what they do," Bob continued; "they scoop out their buns and fill them with sugar. Is n't that plain stealing?"

"Well," replied the senior, thoughtfully rubbing his nose, "the fellows have been doing it for generations and the faculty is wise to it. It is n't done in an underhand way, so I don't see any harm in it, to tell you the truth."

His conscience lulled to rest by this assurance, Bob bounded off to communicate an idea to his favorite classmates who were congregated on the steps in front of their dormitory.

"Come close, fellows!" he called, waving his arms with an inward, sweeping motion. "Here 's a dandy scheme I 've got!"

There were five boys, his pet cronies, who quickly obeyed the summons.

"You know old Tom Juniper?" he began, naming the colored man who worked on the place. "I was talking to him the other day and got a good tip from him. He says to take ripe, sound persimmons, put sugar on them, and leave them for a while, and you 'll have the best-tasting candied fruit you ever ate in your life."

The boys had a good-sized hoard of sugar, which they had obtained by means of the bun route. Each boy was allowed to take one bun from the breakfast-table to refresh him during the morning recess. They were nice, crusty buns with soft centers, and, as Bob said, the boys had a way of scooping out the centers—which they never wasted, however—and filling the hollowed-out place with sugar. Generally, the little individual hoards would be pooled and a grand feast of fudge stirred up by Spindle Kirby, the fudge expert of the class.

Spindle never failed,—his fudge was always smooth and excellent,—while Bob's scheme was untried and uncertain, so it took a lot of persuasion and eloquence on Bob's part to get the others to give up their hoards for the purpose he proposed. At last Spindle himself agreed and the others followed.

The next day being clear and cold after a frosty night, the six went out after persimmons, and by their united efforts succeeded in bringing back over a bushel. They brought them all up to Bob's room, the upper-classman being away.

"The question is," said Dick Hollander, the class pessimist, "now that you 've got it, what 're you going to do with it? It 's an awful lot of stuff. We have n't anything half big enough to hold it."

"The bath-tub would be just the thing," suggested Pete Rainey, "but I suppose there 'd be objections."

"Aw, nobody uses the tub!" said Spindle. "Long 's the showers are working, the tub 's just an ornament."

"Mrs. Chase would n't stand for it," Dick said.

"No, she would n't," agreed Bob, who had once tested the housekeeper's endurance by trying to keep water-snakes in the hand-basin.

Meanwhile, Toby Collins had been searching the room with his keen gray eye, which was now fixed on an object under the window.

"Why don't you put them in your trunk?" he suggested. "Would n't hurt it if you put good stout paper down first."

"That is n't my trunk," Bob said. "It 's Wal's. That 's mine."

Toby went and examined Bob's.

"Very flimsy," was his verdict; "nothing but canvas over rattan. It would n't keep the air out. My mother always says you have to keep the air out when you 're preserving fruit."

"That 's right," Spindle corroborated; "air spoils fruit."

Wallis's trunk was a new one—black and shiny on the outside, the inside being lined with fine linen. It had a very air-tight appearance. It was also empty, and Wallis used it for a window-seat, with two handsome cushions on top.

"I don't think we 'd better use his," Bob protested, as his companions examined the trunk.

"It would n't hurt it," said Spindle. "We 'll put plenty of papers down, and we won't put any but sound persimmons in. They 'll probably candy hard as rocks. I had some once from Japan and they were fine—just like gum-drops."

Spindle's trunks were full; Dick's was broken; and Silent Turk Hemmingway's smelt of moth-balls.

"We 'll give him several pounds," said Spindle. "He 'll be tickled when he gets a whiff of them when they 're done!"



"'LOOK AT THIS!' EXCLAIMED WALLIS. 'THERE 'S A PUDDLE HERE BY MY TRUNK'"

"He 'd skin you alive if his new trunk was spoiled," remarked Dick, cheerfully.

"Well, it is n't going to be spoiled, so shut up!" cried Toby.

"Have n't any of you fellows got a trunk?" asked Bob. "I don't like to use his without any say so."

They had trunks, but none of them would do: Toby's room-mate was "nosey"; Pete's and

"I 'll get some tough paper," Pete volunteered. "Nobody 'd guess what was inside," the Silent Turk put in.

They took the tray out and laid in the bottom some brown paper which Pete had fetched from his room. On this the persimmons were arranged—a layer of fruit, then a generous layer of sugar, and so on. Down came the lid at last and the deed was done.

"How long will it take, I wonder?" Bob asked, rearranging the pillows on top.

"A couple of weeks, I 'd say," opined Toby, whose mother was always sending him delicious jams and who therefore was considered something of an authority.

At first, Bob secretly worried over the persimmons being in their uninvited resting-place; but as the days rolled by, other interests took his mind from them. In fact, he had almost forgotten about them when one evening, as he was going to bed, Wallis, who sat studying at the table, yawned, stretched, and exclaimed, "Well, I 'm through boning this night!" Then he got up and went to the window, opened it, sat down on his trunk, and looked out into the beautiful night.

He sat silent awhile shuffling his feet. He kept shuffling and shuffling until it got on Bob's nerves so that if it had been any one else but Wallis, there would have been some sharp words. As it was, Bob lay awake watching his hero's handsome profile against the window. Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle! Wal surely had the fidgets. He

seemed to realize it himself, all of a sudden, and looked down.

"What the dickens!" he muttered. "I feel 's if I was all gummed up in the feet. Just turn on that light, will you?"

Even then Bob did not think of persimmons as he reached up and turned the switch.

"Look at this!" exclaimed Wallis. "There 's a kind of a puddle here by my trunk!"

Then Bob remembered, and a cold chill ran down his spine! He felt all was not well with his preserves.

Wallis was stooping over. "It 's gummy!" he announced in a puzzled tone. "It 's oozing out of my trunk!"

He hurriedly threw off his prized pillows and began to explore. Out came the tray, and there, spread before his astonished eyes, was a vast sticky expanse of something like molasses, with mysterious lumps in it!

"Holy mackerel!" exclaimed Wallis, rage and surprise mingling in his breast. He rose to his full six feet and turned an accusing eye on the bed of his roommate. It was empty. Bob, a lightning dresser, had donned his trousers and fled.

Wallis did not demean himself to pursue. He closed the trunk and went to bed, biding his time.

Bob, meanwhile, had gone to his friends with the awful tidings.

"The stuff has n't candied," he explained; "it 's *oozing out!*"

"I thought it would," murmured Dick.

"But it is n't your fault," said Pete.

Finally Spindle said: "I 'll go back with you later and explain. Better wait a couple of hours."

So it was long after "hours" when two figures slid into Wal's room.

"Are you awake, sir?" a meek voice inquired.

"Not only sneaky, but a coward," growled a scornful bass from the bed.

"I 'm sorry," Bob said in a more manly tone, "and I 'll save up and buy you another trunk if it takes me twenty years!"

"I 'll need it before that," Wal replied.

"We 'll clean it up," put in Spindle, cheerfully. "It 's such a fine trunk a little syrup could n't hurt it."

"Humph!"

"Honest, Wal, we did n't know it would do any harm and we meant to surprise you."

"You 've succeeded!"

"Well, you can come on and give me a couple of good ones whenever you 've a mind to," offered Bob. "Me too," said Spindle.



"'ALL IT NEEDED WAS A LITTLE MORE SUGAR,' PETE SAID"

"That 's just what I 'll do if you two don't shut up and let me sleep," was the reply—rather grouchy, to be sure, but Bob knew his hero. The incident was closed.

Next day Bob and his friends attacked the trunk energetically, and, after much effort, restored it *almost* to its original state. After which, armed with spoons, they gathered around a strange collection of pans, chafing-dishes, handbasins, glasses, cups, and other vessels, and began a grand and glorious feast composed of persimmon syrup.

"Fudge for mine!" was Spindle's choking verdict after several spoonsful.

"All it needed was a little more sugar," Pete said. "I 'd like to try my luck at it, but my trunk is full. Can't one of you fellows spare one?"

Nobody could.

BOY HUNTERS IN DEMERARA

By GEORGE INNESS HARTLEY

CHAPTER XV

THE ARMADILLO CREEK

THE following morning Paul had a glimpse of a side of jungle travel which was new to him. One of the Boviander had been bitten by vampire-bats during the night, and was so weakened by the loss of blood that he was unable to take his accustomed place that day at the paddle.

This is a rather common occurrence in the South American tropics, but is easily guarded against by sleeping within the light of a fire or lantern. Unfortunately for the half-breed, the oil lantern, which had been hung beneath their temporary palm-leaf shelter, flickered out during the early hours, and he had been the recipient of a visit from these bloodthirsty bats.

The vampire of the Guianas is a small beast, scarcely twice as large as our own tiny house-bat, but of most savage instincts. Doubtless they feed on the juices of fruit, perhaps on insects, but the desire for warm blood is uppermost. Dogs suffer greatly, the puppies in particular; so do chickens. Horses and cattle are bitten on the withers, between their shoulders out of reach of their tails; these wounds become infected and sometimes cause death. But as far as I have observed, only domesticated animals are attacked; the wild beasts are immune, or know how to care for themselves.

The bat alights softly on its sleeping victim and crawls to the desired spot; on a man, this is generally his great toe, if it protrudes from beneath his blanket, though an arm or any other portion of his body will do if that choice morsel is hidden. Having reached the point of operation, the bat's needle-like canine teeth penetrate the skin so gently and so gradually that the sleeper is not aroused by any sudden twinge of pain. Others, attracted by the prospect of a meal, hover above, and when the first has satisfied itself, a second takes its place; or it may make another incision on a different portion of the body.

The Boviander had been bitten twice, and the wounds had bled freely during the night. There was nothing to do but to disinfect the tiny holes and allow him to remain a passenger in the bateau throughout the day. By the next morning he would be all right.

Paul saw the reason now why his hammock had been incased in light mosquito-netting. It so happens that mosquitos are rather scarce in that bit of forest, and he had wondered, on turning in, at the needless precaution. He had received his answer.

A week went by. They had traversed thirty miles of river. Imagine—thirty miles in seven days! But there were numerous rapids to surmount, some separated from each other by only a few hundred yards of calm water. One cataract, a stretch of broken water two miles long, delayed them three days. But at the end of the week, with a decrease in the number of rapids, their progress became faster.

At the close of the second week they had made ninety miles against the current and were approaching their destination, a narrow creek which turned westward. All signs of human habitation had been left behind. For the last twenty miles not even a lonely Indian benab had graced the river bank.

The boys had been deeply interested in these native habitations. Generally, instead of a single benab, there was a cluster of half a dozen huts gathered beneath a greenheart on a bluff which overlooked the river. Always, tethered to the bank, were the inevitable dugout canoes. The benabs were usually without walls and consisted of four poles stuck in the ground, on which rested a palm-thatched roof.

Within these shelters they could see grass-woven hammocks stretched, and little fires burning, beside which crouched figures of women preparing cassava or weaving. The men occupied the hammocks. Naked children splashed in the water and made faces at them as they passed.

Once, when they had landed, the entire village had fled to the shelter of the jungle, and even Wa'na had much trouble to entice them back.

On the afternoon of the sixteenth day they camped at the mouth of the creek which was to carry them to the end of their quest.

Paul and Fred, as was their custom upon landing for the day, chose a line with their compasses and set off on a collecting-trip, breaking twigs as they advanced to mark the way for the return journey to camp. The contour of the country was little altered from what it had been at their first camp above the falls; the hills were higher, but, if anything, it was less rocky.

When barely out of sight of camp, they jumped a small brocket deer, which Paul by a fortunate shot dropped in its tracks. Elated by his success, the stout boy dragged his game back to camp, telling Fred that he would return directly.

Hardly had his chum disappeared when the other became aware of a rustling overhead, and was deluged by a shower of falling dirt. Choking, he stepped away from the dusty cloud which enveloped him and looked up for the cause of the disturbance. It was not hard to find.

Thirty feet above, plastered against the trunk of a large tree, hung a big termites' nest. In a crotch just above it was a reddish animal about the size of an Irish terrier, with a long thin snout and projecting claws several inches in length. It was these claws, tearing at the nest below, which were responsible for his discomfort.

Fred hesitated to shoot. He recognized the creature as the lesser ant-eater of the Guianas, the tamandu, or, as it is locally named, the "*yesi*," and wished to see it at work. The gentle beast, unafraid of his presence or of the gunshot a few minutes before, dug its four-clawed feet into the shell of dried mud and wrenched off a huge chunk. Then, lowering its body, clinging downward, partly by hooking its rear claws into a crevice in the bark and partly by winding its long prehensile tail about the trunk, it thrust its narrow snout into the opening, which Fred could see was alive with hurrying termites.

He saw the thin red tongue dart out and lick over the busy swarm. When it was withdrawn, it carried with it a hundred of the tiny workers. Again and again it flicked out, like the darting tongue of a snake, and each time returned with a full load. Presently that portion of the nest was cleared and the claws again tore at the mud partitions.

The movements of the tamandu were slow and wearied. It seemed bored to death by the whole proceeding, and, sloth-like, took its time about it. As Fred approached a little closer to obtain a better view, it desisted in its attacks and turned a tiny, inquiring eye upon him as if to ask, "Well, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing at all, thanks," mocked the boy, as if the ant-eater had really spoken. "You 're the queerest looking duck I 've seen for many a day."

At his words the creature blinked and turned its back on him, ignoring his presence while it worked. Much delighted by this show of utter indifference, Fred tossed a stone at the nest. It struck true, six inches below the protruding snout. The tamandu ceased its licking of termites, threw a reproachful glance at him, and departed leisurely to the crotch above, where it rolled itself into a ball and went to sleep. Laughing, Fred withdrew to a convenient log. He could not shoot that ant-eater, even for the sake of science.

Five minutes later he was aroused by a scratching of branches. It was not the tamandu, for that indifferent creature was still in the land of slumber, but came from another tree some yards distant. Presently a band of small squirrel-monkeys appeared, advancing in single file in his direction. There were fully thirty in the troupe, and their path led along a limb which stretched but a few yards above him.

He did not shoot; "sakiwinkis" were plentiful, and he had no desire to kill one. If only wounded, probably it would fall to the ground and stare at him with weeping eyes; dashing away the tears with one little paw, it would innocently hold up its hurt as if asking for his caress. He had seen that before, and it had been too much for him.

They scrambled through a small spreading tree which was literally covered with vines. The lianas were massed so thick that the outline of the trunk was entirely hidden by the drapery of creepers, to the tangle of which was added an accumulation of dead leaves and rotten wood from the branches above. The squirrel-monkeys headed straight for this dense clump, and Fred saw them spread out to feed on the luscious wild figs which spotted the vines.

Suddenly there was a commotion in their ranks, a scattering of leaves, a dislodging of dead wood, a snarl, and the monkeys scampered chattering to the upper branches. A small tawny body had sprung among them from its hiding-place near the trunk. There was a squeal of pain as the beast seized one of the monkeys.

Fred's gun snapped angrily to his shoulder, and taking hasty aim, he fired. A half-human cry echoed the shot, and the savage creature bounded from the tree, carrying the dead sakiwinkis with it. As it touched the ground, the indignant boy fired again. The animal bounded into the air as if tossed by springs, then threshed among the bushes until its struggles gradually ceased.

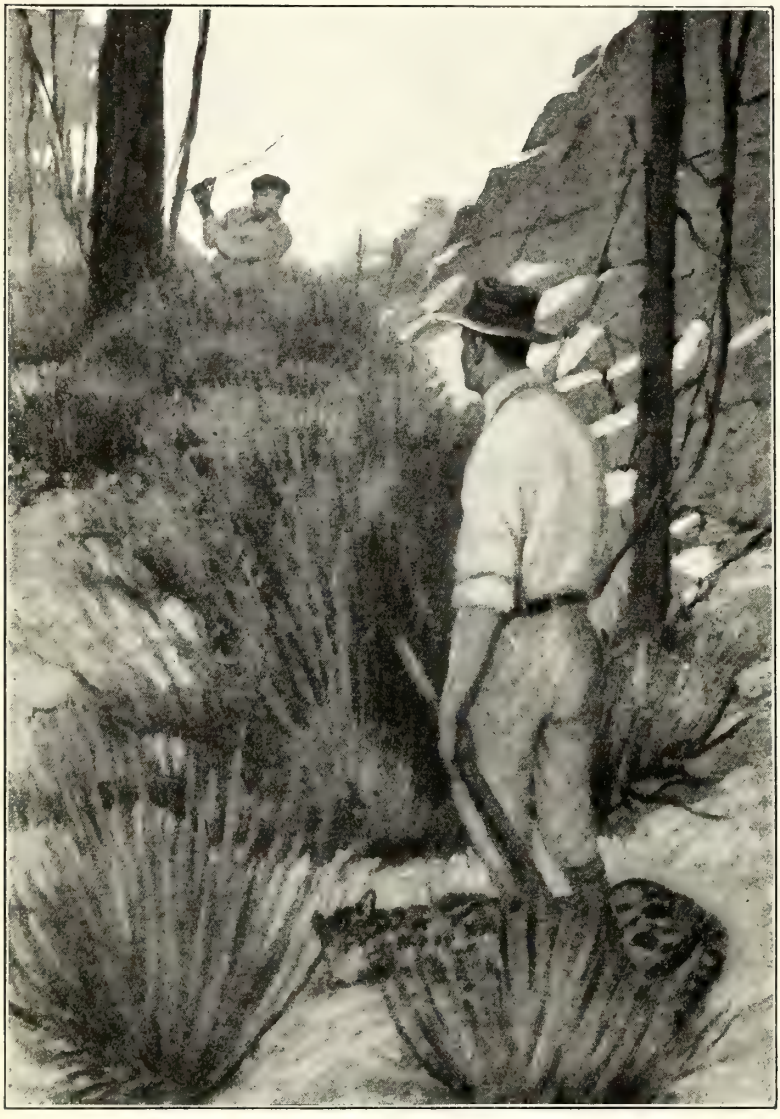
Fred discovered that he had killed an ocelot. Instead of having a pure tawny body, as he had thought at first, it was covered with black spots, like a diminutive leopard. Its slim, lithe body was four feet in length, counting the long tail; without it, the beast measured barely half that.

Mightily pleased with himself, the hunter slung the cat by the tail over his shoulder, and, gathering the mangled sakiwinkis, started for camp. If he met Paul, it would now be the turn of that individual to wait.

As camp was scarcely three hundred yards away he had but a short distance to walk. About two thirds of it had been covered when he saw Paul approaching at a fast gait, evidently anxious to see what his chum had shot. Fred dropped his load and stood waiting.

But Paul did not reach his friend.

Fifty yards away he halted sharply, then backed hurriedly off from some object on the ground. Again he approached it, cautiously this time, and stared for several moments. A second time, with what looked like a shudder to Fred, he backed fearfully away, keeping his eyes fixed on the object. When questioned afterward, he declared that he only shrugged his shoulders and walked away contemptuously. But that was Paul's story. This is how Fred saw it.



"'WHAT 'RE YOU DOIN' THERE? BEATIN' A RUG?'"

At a safe distance from the thing, the stout boy paused beside a tall sapling, and, bending it down, severed it with his hunting-knife. Presently he had in his hands a long twenty-foot pole. Raising this upright over his head, he advanced cautiously and with hesitation, lingering over each step, in the direction of the hidden object. When within thirty feet of it, his progress slowed to inches and with long intervals between steps. Once he paused irresolutely, and made a motion to fling away his pole and flee, but, thinking better of it, urged himself forward.

At twenty feet he again paused and measured the distance with his eye. No; it still seemed too far off. Two feet more and he halted abruptly. Apparently that was as near as he cared to approach. The pole wavered in the air, but he hesitated to let it descend. Then, nerving himself on and gritting his teeth,—Fred could see him do that, —he brought the sapling down with all his strength.

There was a thud and a rustling of leaves. A second time Paul lifted the pole and again down it thumped. The rustling decreased, but the blows continued with rising fury.

The curiosity of the watching boy was strained to the bursting point. When he could stand it no longer he started forward, demanding:

"What 're you doin' there? Beatin' a rug?"

At the sound of his voice the large boy desisted in his efforts and turned with a start.

"That you, Skinny? No; I 've got a snake here. Did n't want to spoil it by shooting, so used a stick to kill it."

"Why did n't you use a mora, while you were about it?"

Paul glanced at the sapling and grinned rather sheepishly. Suddenly he grew indignant.

"I don't see what a mora 's got to do with it. This pole was the first thing I could find. I was afraid the snake 'd get away and I had to hurry.

At first I thought I 'd use my gun-stock, but was afraid of breaking it."

Poor Paul! He did not know his chum had witnessed the whole performance; but he was to find it out around the camp-fire that night.

"Let 's look at it," continued Fred, smiling to himself. "What is it? A twelve-foot bushmaster? Jiminy! It *is* one!"

He bent over the dead reptile and stirred it with a stick. It was medium sized for its species, about eight feet long, and with two enormous fangs which, when the boy prodded the head, protruded a full inch. The slender, reddish-yellow body was beautifully crossed by blackish bands which enclosed patches of brown and lighter color; and to the tip of the tail grew a small spine.

The bushmaster is one of the deadliest snakes which inhabit the Western Hemisphere, and, among poisonous reptiles, is outrivaled in size only by the king cobra of India. Fortunately, it is mainly nocturnal in habits and is, therefore, seldom seen in the jungle.

Having completed his examination, Fred turned to his companion.

"Pick her up, Fat, and come on."

"Huh? Me?"

"Sure. I 've got an ocelot to carry."

"What! Did you shoot an ocelot that time? Let me see it!"

When Paul had looked the cat over thoroughly and bemoaned his bad fortune at not being there at the death, they retraced their steps toward camp. After a few yards had been covered, Fred noticed that his chum was not carrying the bushmaster.

"Where 's your snake?" he demanded.

Paul stopped short and slapped his thigh in disgust with himself, nevertheless looking a bit guilty. He shuddered inwardly.

"There, I forgot it!" he declared loudly; then, catching a sparkle in his friend's eye, added with heat, "I *did*, too!" and mournfully turned to retrieve the reptile.

CHAPTER XVI

STUNG!

THREE days of journeying up the creek brought the party to their destination. Another day was consumed in erecting a semi-permanent camp. Instead of tents, palm shelters were built, under which they slung their hammocks. A shed covered their supplies, a second acted as their kitchen, and the bateau, moored firmly to the shore, was used as the laboratory. A plentiful supply of blankets had been brought, for the nights were cooler than near the coast. The camp rested at the base of some rather high foothills, and Milton figured the altitude to be nearly a thousand feet above their base on the lower river.

The next four or five days were spent in combing the jungle for giant armadillos. Wa'na was the first to discover a burrow. It was situated about a mile from camp, a tunnel large enough for a man to crawl into; but it was an ancient affair, evidently unused for several months. Both Walee and Jack had caught a glimpse of one of the creatures near the creek, but it had eluded their search.

The boys were as zealous in their efforts as the rest, but just as unlucky—even more so. Not even a single track rewarded their endeavors.

One morning, Fred, armed with a camera and accompanied by Walee, was fortunate enough to obtain a few good photographs along the upper reaches of the creek. On their return, Walee killed a taira and the boy caught a small, white-faced opossum alive, which he carried in triumph back to camp.

The taira, or hacka, was a savage-looking carnivore belonging to the weasel family, with a long, rather thick body and short legs. Without its bushy tail, it measured about two feet in length and weighed nearly forty pounds. The strong jaw was armed with ugly teeth and gave the animal the appearance of a fighter. In color it was black as far forward as the shoulders, and iron-gray on head and neck. They are quite common in the Guiana jungle, inhabiting the ground, but, if suddenly startled, often scramble half-way up a tree-trunk and cling to the rough bark with their claws until the pursuer has passed on in search of worthier meat.

The little white-faced opossum, hardly more than a foot long, was a rare creature, and Fred felt justly proud of his find. He had been attracted to it by a rustling in a low-hanging mass of vines, and had caught it rifling the nest of an ant-bird. Having with difficulty snapped it in the act, he was much delighted with himself.

Paul, put slightly on his mettle, set out at once to see what *he* could find. As was his custom, he seated himself a few hundred yards from camp and waited for developments.

There seemed to be great excitement among a group of small birds in the bushes a short distance away. He was used to these passing troupes, and paid this one small attention. He had seen as many as twenty different species grouped together, traveling through the forest on a hunt for food. Once he had witnessed the assembling of a flock, and had followed it until it broke up and its members went their different ways.

An excited ant-bird had been responsible for

that whole affair. Aroused by an unexpected abundance of insects on the bush which it had come to search, it had commenced to squeak with joy. Instantly it was joined by a second, a browner bird, its mate, followed by other ant-birds. A quadrille-bird had piped from the undergrowth, and several humming-birds hung in the air.

And then the troupe had moved; the bush was exhausted of its insects. The hummers had flashed after microscopic flies beneath the attention of the rest, and other ant-birds had turned over the leaves on the ground to see what they could find. For two hundred yards the new-born flock had maintained its concerted hunt and incessant jabber, then evaporated as rapidly as it had gathered.

The present troupe advanced slowly in the direction of the boy. The cries of the birds seemed a little louder than usual and a bit more excited, but Paul was not particularly interested. He was after larger game that day.

Presently the noisy participants were all about him. He noticed the presence of a large number of white-crested individuals in the low bushes which littered the place, and a dull hum filled the air.

The buzzing sound interested him somewhat, and he casually examined his surroundings. To his surprise, all the winged insects in the neighborhood appeared to be hovering in the air as if uncertain where to alight. A faint sound—he could amost feel it instead of hear it—as of the very gentlest zephyr of wind rustling the foliage, aroused him. There was no definite direction to it; it was everywhere, above, below, and on all sides.

He felt a sharp sting on his wrist, another on his neck, and several on his left arm. Leaping up with a howl, he slapped frantically at the smarting places. *He was covered with ants!* The log on which he sat was alive with them, the ground was crawling with them, and a thousand had swarmed over his body.

Fortunately for Paul, his clothing resisted the worst of their efforts, and when he had dislodged those that had found his skin, he was able to keep the remainder at bay until he had retreated to a more favorable spot. There he discovered that the pugnacious little beasts were not so easily brushed off as one would expect. They worked at both ends, their long pincer jaws clamped tight into the khaki cloth and their pointed abdomens curled under in an effort to pierce its thickness with their venomous stings. It took five minutes to rid himself of the half-inch pests, and he was not without wounds when the job was finished.

He had heard of army-ants, but had never been in contact with them before. He knew they led a roaming life, living beneath a stump in one locality while they searched the surrounding territory for food, and, when it was cleared of insects, moving on. Now he had a chance to view them at work.

An area a hundred feet in width and twice that in depth was covered with the tiny creatures. Paul estimated there was an ant for every two square inches of space, and that without counting the individuals which climbed the trees. Whole regiments swarmed up the trunks—how far up they traveled he could not be certain—and entire companies deployed in the saplings, where they explored every little nook and every leaf. The shrubs and bushes were relegated merely to platoons, but platoons with a strength that would reach into the thousands. Fully as many worked above the ground as upon it, and his estimate of four million probably fell far short of the true total.

The horde advanced slowly, presenting an even front; and as in true warfare, a cloud of skirmishers were thrown out ahead. These quartered the ground, routing out their victims, the wood-roaches, crickets, beetles, and others, and drove them back into the jaws of the main force. This made short work of the unlucky ones.

The boy saw an enormous roach scuttle back, with a skirmisher fastened to one of its legs. An instant later it emerged with a rush from under the dead leaf where it had taken refuge. To it now clung twenty ants, all using their nippers and seeking a niche in its chitin armor into which they might thrust their stings. One evidently succeeded, for the insect stopped abruptly in its mad race for freedom and at once was buried beneath a struggling, bloodthirsty mob. First a leg disappeared, then all of them; its wings followed, its head, a piece of abdomen, then it was all gone. Within thirty seconds the roach was en route, piecemeal, for the rear.

A giant centipede, six inches long, fled from beneath a log, but was pulled down before it had traversed twenty feet, and a minute later followed the way of the roach. Other insects, well able to fly, made the attempt too late, and, with a demon or two clinging to them, fell back to earth to be torn apart.

A hundred birds feasted on those that escaped. The little white-crested ant-birds which composed half the troupe, spurned the frightened insects, and contented themselves only with the ants. Paul caught an enormous locust and tossed it to the army, which dismembered it with amazing speed; but when he threw in a dead bird, the ants walked around it and touched it not.

Having watched the operations of the army in the field, he moved toward its rear. There it

narrowed down to a single trail, over which moved an unbroken column marching both ways at once. Those that retreated from the battle were laden with the fruits of their labors: arms, legs, entire insects, and great caterpillars dragged by the jaws of twenty hard-working individuals; those that returned to the fray did so empty handed.

Following the trail for two hundred yards, he came to their storehouse, an old stump, beneath which the column, like a chain of buckets in a granary, entered laden and came out empty.

So interested had the boy been in watching the manœuvres of the ants that he had not noticed the passage of time. When he came to himself it was too late for more hunting, and he returned to camp.

Both Jack and Fred were much interested in his story, though such armies were not new to either of them.

"They 're one of the most interesting little beasts we have in the jungle," Jack declared. "The people down in the colony are glad to have them visit their homes. The ants act as house-cleaners; when they enter, every one gets out, and two hours later, when the ants have left, the people return to find the premises swept clean of all insect vermin like scorpions and tarantulas. They are a great nuisance, though, if they get on you, for they certainly can bite and sting."

"Ho-ho-ho!" crowed Fred, joyously. "I 'd like to have seen Fat while he was sitting on that log. I bet he got up from there quicker than he ever did anything in his life."

"Guess I did make a little speed," agreed the individual referred to. "So would you, Skinny Shanks, if you 'd been in my place."

"Perhaps I would, but just the same I 'd have enjoyed seeing you dancing around."

"Well, it was n't much fun."

"Haw-haw-haw! I can see you now, slapping and yelling and using language— Say, what language did you use?"

Paul hurled an insect box at his chum and the conversation was closed.

On the following morning Fred was mystified to see his friend entering the forest with a heavy army rifle over his shoulder.

"What are you going to do with that cannon?" he demanded, as Paul marched past him.

"Oh, nothing. Just going to have a little practice."

Ten minutes later the slim boy heard a shot, followed at intervals by others. What could Fat be shooting at? he wondered. Probably just blazing at a tree; he did n't see much fun in that.

There came several more shots. What *could* that porpoise be doing? He was making an awful lot of noise about it, whatever it was. Again shots sounded. Fat evidently was n't having much success in what he aimed at or it would have been blown to pieces by this time. Well, he might just as well go out and show him how!

Fred discovered the other seated on a rock beside the creek a short distance from camp. As he approached he saw Paul take careful aim at some huge hanging nests, which swung from a branch over the water, and fire.

"What are you trying to do? Wreck those cassiques' nests?"

"No; I 'm trying to cut one of them down with this rifle," the stout boy replied with a grin. "I think there are some eggs there from the fuss the birds are making."

"Got any yet?"

"No; those twigs are pretty small things to hit."

"Here, let me take a shot. Maybe I can hit one for you."

"Haw, you can't do any better than I can."

"What 'll you bet? Give me the gun."

Paul turned over the rifle and turned his face aside so that his chum could not see its gleeful expression. He looked first at the nests, then at something, half hidden by leaves, which hung from a low branch close to the water. Chuckling inwardly, he cried, "Go ahead and shoot, then!"

Fred pointed the rifle and fired. The first shot was a total miss.

"What did I tell you" scoffed the other.

"Wait till I get warmed up. There! How about that?" A splinter had flown from one of the twigs. "I 'll bet I get it this time."

Sure enough, the next shot brought the long, grass-woven nest tumbling into the water, where a back eddy of current held it beneath the tree.

"I 'll get it!" Paul volunteered, with pretended eagerness.

"No; I 'll do it. I shot it down."

"All right then. But hurry up, before it drifts away."

Fred left the rifle on the bank and jumped waist-deep into river. Slowly he made his way toward the nest, passing under the low branch as he advanced. Then, as he reached out an arm to seize it, he leaped into the air with a howl!

"Ouch! ouch! ouch!" he yelled, slapping frantically at his face and neck. "I 've fallen into a wasps' nest! *Ou-ou-ouch!*" and he dashed for shore.

Paul was rolling on the ground in a fit of laughter.

Finding that his pursuers were increasing in numbers, Fred plunged head first under water and swam for the bank. The tiny marabunta wasps, which had been aroused by the repeated concussions, aided by a neat hole drilled in their

paper nest by the rifle before Fred arrived, were loath to give up the pursuit, and settled about his head every time it appeared above water. But at last, discouraged by their victim's prolonged immersions, they returned to their violated home.

Fred dragged himself from the water and faced his unsympathetic companion.

"What did—" he began, then clapped his hand to his chest. One of the marabuntas had got inside. In an instant the shirt went over his head and the wasp had met its end.

Paul went into a second convulsion.

"I don't see anything to laugh at!" the other exclaimed savagely. "Those fellows might have stung me to death."

At this his chum laughed all the harder. The stings of the marabuntas were painful, but not very poisonous. When Paul regained control of himself, he gasped:

"Say, what language did you use?"

Fred looked at him in amazement, then a light dawned upon him.

"Wh-wh-why you—!"

But Paul had fled.

(To be continued)

PETER TO THE RESCUE

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

"DRY as powder," said Conrad Carter, crushing in his hand a bunch of leaves that he had just pulled from a bay-bush. "I never knew the time when this branch here was not hard to cross because of the water. Now, even these bays are brittle; and the moss is like tinder. I don't know what will happen to us if a 'coon or 'possum hunter ever drops a spark. This condition means," he added thoughtfully, "that I have to watch day and night; for if a forest fire ever crosses the road here, it will burn clear up to the house—and what will save the house? I must make a line of back-fire to-morrow—just as a safeguard."

Before retiring that night, Carter walked out on the porch of his old plantation home. Calmly the moonlight of the mild midwinter of the South bathed the sleeping woods, the misty fields, and the solitary great oaks standing in spectral and majestic beauty before the house. It was a place Carter loved. His family had always lived there. It was not only his home, it was the home of his heart. And now as he walked down the steps and beyond the first patriarchal oak, turning to survey the stately old mansion in the moonlight, he thought he had never seen it appear so appealing in romantic and quiet beauty.

"Nothing must happen to old Fairlawn," he said; "not while I live."

Turning, he looked westward, where the dark pine forest stretched mysterious and interminable. A faint glow in the sky, under the great throbbing star of evening, he thought at first was the late-lingering light of the clear sunset. But as he observed it more carefully, he suddenly drew in his breath sharply.

"The woods are afire!" he exclaimed. "It 's far off, to be sure, perhaps six or seven miles, but it 's what I dreaded."

Fortunately there was no wind. With no moving air to fan it and with dew to discourage it, a fire in the forest burns slowly at night. Carter satisfied himself that there was no immediate danger. If the next wind would blow from any point but the west, the fire might burn clear away from his place. The morrow would tell. But he went to bed with the feeling of a soldier who senses the coming of a battle. And in his troubled dreams he saw flaring pines, flame-swept sedge-fields, and the black ruins of burned woods.

Early in the morning Carter was abroad in the pine-lands. The sky was overcast and he hoped for rain. The glow that had tinged the night sky was no longer visible; but distant smoke-clouds could be seen rising above the trees. The wind seemed to have died down, but what little air stirred was blowing directly from the west. It was this fact that decided the course of the plantation owner. He would start a back-fire on the western edge of the great plantation road. It would be better to sacrifice the open pine-lands than the pasture adjoining the house—and at the worst, the house itself. Confined to the pine-land, the fire would do no more damage that a season or two of growth could repair. But a fire sweeping the pasture could do harm irreparable to undergrowth and trees, to neat stacks of hand-drawn cypress shingles, packed ready for shipment, to hundreds of cords of fire-wood, to fences, to stacks of forage, and to buildings.

Back-firing the plantation road proved harder than Carter had expected. Vigorous as he was

for his age, with the hardy endurance that comes only from a life of the field and the woods, this strenuous work wearied him. Keeping clear of the flames, watching that no sparks crossed the road, felling dead pines on the burnt side of the road so that, if the fire climbed them, flakes of burning bark would not be blown into the pasture, the smoke, all these were too much for one man to handle. But Carter could get no help that day. This he knew. The negroes from the settlement had gone to a big lodge-meeting far down the river. Only a few children remained in the row of negro cabins beyond Fairlawn house; and these Carter did not like to enlist as helpers in work of this kind. He therefore continued it alone, and by noon he had accomplished enough to afford him a sense of security. One place, however, troubled him. This was Blacktongue Branch, a long, nearly dry watercourse choked with bays, myrtles, rosemary-pines, and gall-berries—a dense jungle of undergrowth that extended far into the pine-lands and continued into the pasture. Strangely enough, this thicket did not want to burn. Everything appeared dry enough, but there must have been dampness lurking in the shadows of the evergreens. Carter's fire burned here in a desultory way—not as it should have done. A fire with any momentum would sweep across the section he had burned. He therefore concentrated his efforts at this place. It appeared to be the only spot at which the forest fire might cross the road.

Coming out of the branch for a moment to avoid the dense smoke arising from burning sphagnum, Carter saw a dusky little urchin in the road, barefooted, clad in rags, hatless, but with a bright and smiling face and all the beguiling appeal of an eight-year-old youngster.

"Why, hello, Peter!" exclaimed Carter; "how did you come to be here? Who sent you?"

The tiny figure moved uneasily and with some embarrassment. But Peter's answer was to the point.

"Nobody done send me," he said; "I done come for to help you."

"Your pa 's down the river, is n't he?" And as Carter asked this question, there arose in his mind the picture of Peter's father, a negro of heroic build and a man of great usefulness on the plantation. He longed for his help at this time. Peter was hardly a substitute.

"Why, Peter, I don't believe you can help me," Carter continued kindly, touched by the child's loyalty.

"The big fire off yonder done broke out again," Peter said, pointing with a tiny hand across the pine-lands, sleeping in the winter sunshine.

Carter looked quickly and saw that the child had spoken the truth. A perceptible wind was now blowing from the west. It brought the smell of smoke, and now and then it dropped a flake of gray ash. Dark clouds, that moved too swiftly for rain-clouds, rolled skyward. The fire was surely coming. The speed of its advance no man could measure, and none could withstand its fury if it ever struck a place like the Blacktongue Branch. Down such a stretch of dry greenery it would ramp and roar like a red hurricane. Even now, through the silence of noon, the rush of the hungry flames could be heard, and now and then a great pine, burned through at the foot, where the turpentine-boxer had left the tree vulnerable, could be heard falling heavily. Carter had not done his work a moment too soon. In a half-hour the fire might be upon him, gathering momentum as it came, and creating by its own furious advance a stormy wind. He had seen such fires before, and of one thing concerning them he was sure: they were of the greatest danger to little children. Peter must return home as fast as he could. There was nothing he could do. He had been good to come, but a child cannot fight fire. Even Conrad Carter must do all his fighting *now;* later, the flames would have to have their own way. He feared lest Peter be endangered in some manner—overcome by the smoke, caught by a falling tree, lost in the chaos that would soon reign at the head of the Blacktongue Branch. Carter would stay as long as that was possible, but the little boy must go home at once.

"Peter, I think this place here is going to burn out, but I will work with the back-fire as long as I can. You have helped me by coming, but you must run home now."

The dusky lad hesitated.

"You want me for to go?" he asked, disappointed, but brightly willing to obey.

"Yes, Peter, this branch will burn. You see there is no water in it to stop the fire."

As Carter turned to reënter the darksome thicket that he was attempting to burn, he looked over his shoulder. Down the broad, white, sandy road little feet were flying.

"I 'll be following pretty soon," said the planter, grimly. "And I must tell Peter's father about this—how he came to help me, and, when I sent him back, he went. That is what character means."

It was nearly an hour later. With terrible rapidity the forest fire had swept down through the pine-lands. Darkness from black smoke-clouds was before it. The woods were filled with heat, the flashes of leaping flames, and the thudding of falling trees. A mile from the plantation road the great fire swept into the far end of the



"IT WAS A FIERCE STRUGGLE, BUT A SHORT ONE"

Blacktongue. There, furiously rejoicing, it stormed through the wealth of tinder in the parched watercourse. Portentous columns of flames and smoke rose and twisted and turned and were blown fiercely toward the place where Carter, trying desperately to back-fire, heard only too well the roar of doom approaching. He did not leave his work to look; he kept fighting his way through the dense jungle, dropping fire from his torch of pitch-pine. He knew that the time left was short. Already the smoke was so dense and acrid that his breathing was stifled. But he would not leave. His back-fire was burning slowly, and as the breaths from the advancing tornado began to fan it, the flames leaped up more briskly. Grimed, weary, half-dazed by smoke, becoming doubtful as to his exact position in the branch in its relation to the road, he toiled on, faithful to what he saw as a trust—the saving of Fairlawn from the flames.

Suddenly Carter became aware that he must get clear himself. He had done all he could to save the pasture and what lay beyond. Now he must save himself. He had not believed that a fire could sweep on with such appalling speed and ferocity. The air was dense with flying sparks and cinders and with rolling volumes of smoke. The roar of the flames was deafening. Fifty feet the red tongues shot hungrily skyward. To the westward all was panic and disaster, and the crest of the wild tidal wave of flame was now about to break upon the eastern end of the Blacktongue.

Groping painfully amid the fumes, harried by vines and torn at by scraggy growths of the dense thicket, Carter fought his way outward. But his progress did not keep pace with the onrush of the flames. He had gone deep into the branch with his torch, but to get out was a different matter. He was bewildered, and his lungs began to labor pitifully. Fallen trees in the jungle obstructed his path. He climbed over them. From one, as he was getting across it, he fell heavily, and for a moment lay half stunned. He was losing his sense of direction. Though he fought his way on, he was dimly aware that his progress was counting for nothing. The world seemed afire. A thousand demons roared in his ears. Fierce heat and the rushing of flames and smoke encompassed him. Where was the road? He could see nothing but fire; he could hear nothing, smell nothing, taste nothing but fire! It swept about him!

"I fought to keep this from Fairlawn," he cried out in his agony, "but it 's going to get me. I 'm lost! lost! lost!"

Then, gripped in the red jaws of death, Conrad Carter suddenly heard some one speaking.

"Water," said a childish voice, "I done bring dat water for you."

Lying behind a wall of logs, where at last he had fallen and which for a moment gave him a little shelter, the dazed man opened his eyes to see above him little Peter, holding in his hand a small tin bucket of water. All round them the fire surged madly.

"Pour the water on my head, Peter," Carter said unsteadily.

The dusky lad did as he was bid. The white man struggled to his knees.

"The way to the road—do you know it?"

"This way," said Peter, simply, taking Carter's great bronzed hand in his tiny black fingers and pointing with the other hand through the shrouding flames.

Carter gathered his strength together; then, still kneeling, he took the small lad in his great arms.

"Hold tight and shut your eyes and mouth," he said.

Then, bowing low, the man made a rush through the burning thicket at the point which the boy had indicated as the straight way to the road!

It was a fierce struggle, but a short one. Within a few minutes Carter was out in the road. He beat out the sparks with which he and Peter had been showered, and soon they were almost clear of the smoke. There on an old pine log by the roadside they rested,—these two fire-fighters,—the owner of Fairlawn, a bronzed woodsman, now haggard and gaunt, and beside him the boy who had rescued him. And there they stayed until the ravaging flames, baffled by the back-firing in the Blacktongue, burned themselves out. Sparks, indeed, crossed the road; but no fire caught, and the pasture was saved.

"Peter," said Carter, gravely, as they sat in close comradeship on the old log, "how did you find me in that place?"

"I done see where you gone in," the child said simply, "but I done been lookin' for you a good while," he added, with unconscious pathos.

"But the water," Carter went on, "the water that saved my life. How did you happen to bring it?"

"Ain't you done say," Peter asked quaintly, "dat there ain't no water in de branch to put out de fire? If you don't hab no water, I must fetch you water. I been tryin' for to help you," he added, as if justifying himself.

Carter looked off across the smoking pine-lands; but something more than smoke made his eyes behave as they did.

"You 'll never know, Peter, how *much* you helped me."

Then to his own heart Carter said, "He will never know; but 'Greater love hath no man than this.'"

"SNUFFER"

By J. ALDEN LORING

Field Naturalist with Smithsonian-Roosevelt Scientific Expedition to Africa

"SNUFFER" always did one of two things when I picked him up: he snuffed and made a funny little noise in his throat that sounded as though his heart was thumping very hard against his ribs; or he rolled up like a big brown chestnut-bur. He cuddled up and looked like a bur because he was a hedgehog. Now don't contradict me and say you don't believe it because hedgehogs *don't* roll up like chestnut-burs, for they do; that is to say, *mine* do. If *yours* don't, it is because you live in a section of the country where porcupines are erroneously called hedgehogs. So you see, according to our different ways of thinking, we are both right, but I am "righter," because there are no hedgehogs in America.

Snuffer, my hedgehog, lived in Europe, where all hedgehogs live; that is, all but those that live in Asia or Africa. The particular part of Europe where he lived was in Sweden, near Upsala.

He and I met one evening just as it was getting dark, which is the right time to meet hedgehogs. I had just finished my supper and would soon go to bed, and he had just waked up and was going out after his breakfast. So you see that while I was sleeping, he was awake; and while he was sleeping, *I* was awake. That 's why we never met in the daytime.

Snuffer probably knew where he could get a meal of mice, bugs, and berries—in the grass, in the fields, or along some hedgerow. That must have been what he was after when we met. We were both somewhat surprised, and for a few seconds stood looking at each other. Then Snuffer turned and ran. But his little legs were so much shorter than mine that I overtook and picked him up; whereupon he rolled up into a ball, his prickers standing out like those on a chestnut-bur, as I have said.

You see, Dame Nature had given him such short legs that no matter how fast he tried to work them, any animal could catch him.

"Now see what you 've done!" said Snuffer to Dame Nature when he discovered his dilemma. "You 've ruined my prospects for a long life. I 've no means of protecting myself. The first hungry animal that comes along will make a meal of me."

"Well, w-e-l-l!" replied Dame Nature; "so I have! How stupid of me! Usually I am very careful about that. Don't worry, though; I 'll fix it all right. It is n't too late yet. I 've made so many sharp-toothed and sharp, long-clawed animals, and so many swift-footed creatures that can either fight or flee from enemies, that this time I just think I will make *you* so you won't have to do either."

"That sounds all right," said Snuffer, "but how are you going to do it?"

Dame Nature did n't say a word. She began placing spines all over Snuffer's back, on the crown of his head and on his sides. When she was through, Snuffer looked like a military hair-brush lying on its back.

"There you are!" she said, as she stepped back and looked him over. "Now when any animal comes after you, *don't run*. Just stop right still, roll up like a ball, and those spines will stick out in all directions and prick so hard that no one will dare to touch you."

Well, sir! I gingerly picked him up, for his prickers were not so sharp unless I squeezed him, and I took care not to do that; the fact is, I handled him just as you would a chestnut-bur. I turned him around and he looked the same all over. Where had he gone? I could find no hole or sign of a hole where he had disappeared, yet when I first saw him, I was sure that he had four legs and a little head; but where were they now?

For some time I held him very still in my hand, and then his prickers began to move just like the hair on a cat's back when she stands on her toes, arches her body, and begins to stretch, and you think she is going to "boil over." Then I saw a little hole begin to open up in the center of the bur and a little nose appeared, and then two little black eyes peeped out at me. Gradually the hole grew larger and larger until his whole face and a pair of big ears were exposed and a broad, stubby, whitish tail touched the end of his nose. There he lay in my hand, blinking at me and ready to close up like a clam should I make a move.

I took Snuffer to my room and placed him on the floor, where he lay for some time before he began to unroll again. I went about my business and finally again saw him peeking at me from the little opening. He watched me until he was thoroughly satisfied that I meant him no harm, and then he uncurled entirely and ran about the room.

I kept Snuffer in my room for about a week, and he proved to be a very funny and interesting little pet. It was not long before I discovered how he managed to coil up so tightly whenever he was scared. When he grew so tame that he

did not mind being handled, I put a finger under him and tickled his little "tummy." When he closed upon it, I could feel a broad band of strong muscles. It ran over his head and completely surrounded his body at a point where the spines on his back and side united with the hair on his under parts. This acted just like a puckering-string at the mouth of a bag.

Whenever he wanted to become a chestnut-bur, he tucked his head under his chest, arched his back, pulled the muscles tight, and there he was—as snug as a bug in a rug.

Snuffer grew so tame that I could call him from across the room by tapping on the floor with my fingers; and when he came up and found that I did not have any food for him, he showed his displeasure by sniffing and butting sidewise against my hand with his spines. I fed him bread, boiled potatoes, and mice. He did n't seem to care much for bread and potatoes, but he was very fond of mice. He ate slowly and kept gritting his teeth most of the time. I remember that it once took him sixteen and a half minutes to eat a half-grown mouse—maybe because he chewed his food very fine before swallowing it.

From time to time he would shake himself, and his bristles would rattle against each other. Once I put him on the couch. He did n't seem



Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn. Courtesy N. Y. Zoological Society

SNUFFER AS AN EXAMPLE OF ARMED NEUTRALITY

"Whenever he wanted to become a chestnut-bur, he tucked his head under his chest, arched his back, pulled his muscles tight, and there he was—as snug as a bug in a rug."

to like that, for every time that he came to the side he would flatten out and peep over the edge as though he were afraid of falling.

He was most active at night, and whenever I awoke I could hear the patter, patter, patter of his feet on the carpet. He soon got so that he would not coil up when I handled him, but he always tried, by squatting close to the floor and



Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn. Courtesy N. Y. Zoological Society

SNUFFER IN AN INQUIRING MOOD

"There he lay in my hand, blinking at me and ready to close up like a clam."

sniffing, to prevent me from putting my hand under him. Sniffing seemed to be his way of saying don't.

One night he in some manner managed to climb up on my bed, and awoke me by butting against my cheek and sniffing. He slept on his side, partly curled up like a dog. Whenever I shut the door or made any sudden noise, he would jump nervously, and at the first sign of real danger he threw up his spines and ducked his head, ready to pull the "pucker-string." Several times he bit my fingers, but it was never more than a hard pinch.

One evening I knocked from the table and broke a glass candlestick, and after I had gone to bed I heard Snuffer rolling one of the pieces about the floor. At another time he tipped over on its side a bowl of drinking-water, and, putting his nose against the side, rolled it about the room for a few seconds. Then he ran away, but soon returned and repeated his play several times with evident delight.

When I left Upsala I wanted to take my little pet with me, but I finally decided to give him his liberty; so I carried him back to the spot where we first met and placed him on the ground. The last I saw of him, he was trudging off down a lane toward a dense thicket, carrying with him his load of spines.

THE DRAGON'S SECRET

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Sapphire Signet," "The Slipper Point Mystery," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

If Leslie Crane and Phyllis Kelvin had not discovered strange lights at night and other mysterious features about the closed-for-the-season bungalow, Curlew's Nest, and if Leslie's dog Rags had not dug up from the sand in front of the same place a curious, carved, bronze box that no one could open, there would have been no story! But all these things had happened; and besides these, the two friends had become acquainted with a strange young English girl boarding in the village, who owned and ran a big motor-car and had a grandfather ill in a hospital a few miles away. Her name was Eileen Ramsay, and they had discovered an old envelop in Curlew's Nest addressed to the "Hon. Arthur Ramsay," though that was not the name of the old gentleman who had last occupied it, nor did Eileen appear to know anything about the place, either. On a certain afternoon she invited them all out for a long motor-ride. Later, they have cause to think that she did this only to get them away while some accomplice entered Curlew's Nest. They also suspect that accomplice to be Phyllis's brother Ted.

Late that night they themselves enter and go through the mysterious bungalow again. They find a singular, type-written note on the table, warning whoever stole the "article" from its hiding-place to return it or serious consequences will ensue. Phyllis has a sudden idea, and prints on the bottom of the note that the article *will* be returned. They both realize that this means the bronze box, which had been sewed up in the burlap bag that the dog had unearthed and that they have hidden on a kitchen shelf in Leslie's house.

Phyllis plans to sew up an old jewel-box of hers in a burlap bag just like the other one, hide it where they found the first, and see what happens. This they accordingly do, and then wait two or three days to see if anything will occur. As nothing does, they decide to go for a long walk and stop watching the spot for a while, and accordingly take a stroll on the beach that afternoon. During this walk, they come unexpectedly upon a strange man fishing on the beach and his occupation serves to introduce them. As he is leaving them, Leslie suddenly confides to Phyllis that he is the same man she saw at dawn one morning digging in the sand in front of Curlew's Nest, evidently trying to find the bronze box. The only difference is that that man walked away with a decided limp, and this one seems to have none. Phyllis thinks there must be some mistake, but Leslie feels sure she is right.

That night there is a violent hurricane and the sea begins to rise ominously. Leslie's invalid aunt goes to bed early, but the two girls sit up watching the storm. But while they are looking out of the windows they see two or three dark forms slinking about Curlew's Nest and are rather alarmed. To their further astonishment, there is a knock at the door and Eileen Ramsay comes in, drenched, saying she was coming back from the hospital in her car and got lost and finally found herself in this vicinity and came in for shelter. The girls hardly know how much of this to believe; but returning to watch from the windows, they suddenly see two figures circling slowly about the old log where the bronze box was once buried and where Phyllis has since buried the false one. And while they are watching, suddenly Eileen, behind them, cries out, "Oh, Ted,—be careful!"

CHAPTER XVIII

RAGS TO THE RESCUE

Phyllis whirled about. "What is the matter? Why do you say that?" she demanded in a fierce whisper.

Eileen shrank back, evidently appalled by what she had unconsciously revealed. "I—I—did n't mean anything!" she stammered.

"You certainly did!" Phyllis declared. "You said something about 'Ted.' Who *is* 'Ted,' and what is going on outside there?"

"Oh, I don't know!—I 'm not—sure! I 'm dreadfully nervous, that 's all."

"Look here!" cried Phyllis, with stern determination, "I believe you know a great deal more than you will acknowledge. You 've said something about 'Ted.' Now, I have a brother Ted, and I 've reason to think he has been mixed up with some of your affairs. I wish you would kindly explain it all. I think there 's some trouble—out there!"

"Oh, I can't—I ought n't," Eileen moaned; when suddenly Leslie, who had glanced again out of the window, uttered a half-suppressed cry:

"Oh, there *is* something wrong! They 're—they 're struggling together—for something!"

Both of the other girls rushed to the window and peered out over her shoulder. There was indeed something decidedly exciting going on. The two figures who had been circling about the old log, watching each other like a couple of wild animals, were now wrestling together in a fierce encounter. How it had come about, the girls did not know, as none of them had been looking out when it began. But it was plainly a struggle for the possession of something that one of them had clutched tightly in his hand. Vaguely they could see it, dangling about, as the contest went on. And each, in her secret heart, knew it to be the burlap bag—and its contents!

"Eileen!" cried Phyllis, turning sharply upon the other girl, "is one of those two—my brother Ted? Answer me—truthfully."

"Yes—oh, yes!" panted Eileen.

"And is he in—danger?" persisted Phyllis.

"Oh—I 'm afraid so!"

"Then I 'm going out to help him!" declared Phyllis, courageously. "Come, Leslie—and bring Rags!"

Leslie never afterward knew how it happened —that she, a naturally timid person, should have walked out of that house, unhesitatingly and unquestioningly, to do battle with some unknown enemy in the storm and the dark. If she had had any time to think about it, she might have faltered. But Phyllis gave her no time. With Rags at their heels, they snatched up some wraps and all suddenly burst out of the front door onto the veranda, Phyllis having stopped only long enough to take up her electric torch from the living-room table. She switched this on in the darkness, and guided by its light, they plunged into the storm.

The force of the wind almost took their breath away. And as they plowed along, Leslie was horrified to notice that the tide had crept almost up to the level of the old log and was within sixty feet of the bungalow. "Oh, what *shall* we do if it comes much higher!" she moaned to herself. But from that moment on, she had little time for such considerations.

Phyllis had plunged ahead with the light, and the two other girls followed her in the shadow. Leslie was somewhat hampered in her advance, as she was holding Rags by his collar and he strongly objected to the restraint. But she dared not let him loose just then.

Suddenly they were plunged in utter darkness. Phyllis's torch had given out! The two others, reaching her side at that instant, heard her gasp, "Oh, dreadful! Can anything be the matter with this battery?" But after a moment's manipulation the light flashed on again. It was in this instant that they saw the face of Ted, lying on the ground and staring up at them while his assailant held him firmly pinned beneath him in an iron grip.

"Help!" shrieked Ted, above the roar of the wind. "Let Rags loose!"

They needed no other signal. Leslie released her hold on the impatient animal, and with a snarl that was almost unnerving, he darted, straight as an arrow, for Ted's assailant.

The girls never knew the whole history of that encounter. They only realized that Ted finally emerged from a whirling medley of legs and arms, limping, but triumphant, and strove to loosen the dog's grip on a man who was begging to be released.

"That 'll do, Rags, old boy! You 've done the trick! Good old fellow! Now you can let go!" he shouted at the dog, trying to persuade him to loosen his hold. But Rags was obdurate. He could see no point in giving up the struggle at this interesting juncture.

"Call him off!" Ted shouted to the girls. "I can't make him let go!"

"Is it *safe?*" cried Phyllis, in answer.

"We 'll have to take a chance!" he answered. "He 's half killing this fellow!"

With beating heart, Leslie came into the range of the light, grasped Rags by the collar and pulled at him with all her might. "Come Rags! Let go! It 's all right!"

The dog gave way reluctantly. And when he had at length loosed his terrible grip and was safely in Leslie's custody, the man scrambled to his feet, rose, held on to his arm with his other hand, and groaned.

And, despite his disheveled condition and his drenched appearance, in the glare of the electric torch the girls recognized him, with a start of amazement. It was the fisherman of the afternoon—the man with the former limp!

He turned immediately on Ted with an angry, impatient gesture. "Well, the other fellow got it —after all! I don't know what business *you* had in this concern, but you spoiled the trick for me—and did n't do yourself any good! And if that dog gives me hydrophobia, I 'll sue the whole outfit of you! He beat it off in that direction— the other fellow. I saw that much. I can't lose any time, though what I need is a doctor."

And with another angry snort, he disappeared into the darkness and the hurricane!

CHAPTER XIX

EILEEN EXPLAINS

It was an amazed, bewildered, and sheepish group that faced each other in the light of the electric torch after the departure of the unknown man. Phyllis was the first to recover self-possession.

"Well, we might as well go indoors," she remarked, in her decided way. "There 's evidently nothing to be gained by staying out here in the storm!"

The others, still too benumbed in mind to have any initiative of their own, followed her obediently. Only when they were at the door did Leslie arouse to the immediate urgencies.

"Do please be very quiet and not wake Aunt Marcia!" she begged. "I 'm afraid the effect on her would be very bad if she were to realize all that has happened here."

They entered the bungalow on tiptoe, removed their drenched wraps, and sank down in the nearest chairs by the dying fire.

"And now," remarked Phyllis, constituting herself spokesman, as she threw on a fresh log and some smaller sticks, "we 'd be awfully obliged to you, Ted and Eileen, if you 'll kindly explain what this mystery is all about!"

"I don't see why under the sun *you* had to come butting into it!" muttered Ted, resentfully,

nursing some bruises he had sustained in the recent fray.

"Please remember," retorted Phyllis, "that if I had n't 'come butting into it,'—and Leslie and Rags,—you 'd probably be very much the worse for wear at this moment!"

"That 's so! Forgive me, old girl! You *did* do a fine piece of work—all of you. I 'm just sore because the thing turned out so—badly. But what I really meant was that I can't see how you got mixed up in it at all—from the very beginning, I mean."

"That 's precisely what we think about *you!*" laughed Phyllis. "We 've felt all along as if it were *our* affair and that *you* were interfering. So I think we 'd better have explanations all around!"

"Well, as a matter of fact, it 's Eileen's affair, most of all, so I think she 'd better do her explaining first," Ted offered as a solution of the tangle.

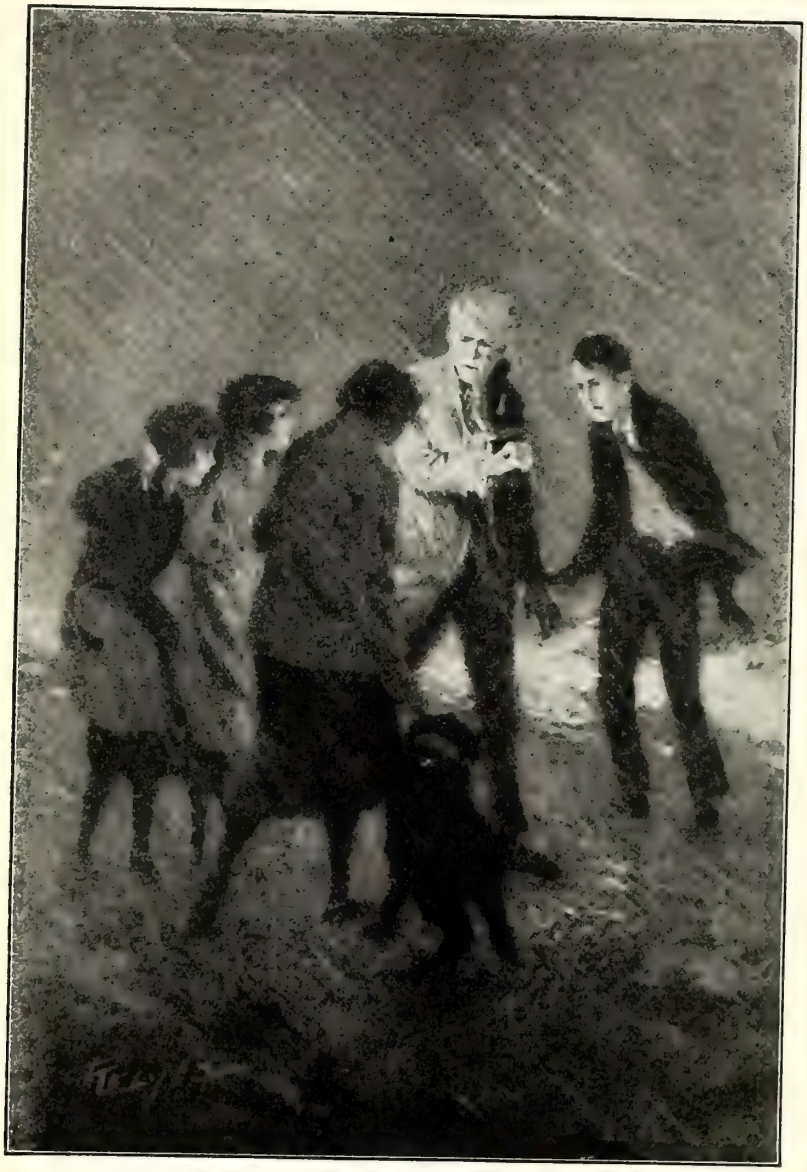
They all looked toward Eileen, sitting cowered over the fire, and she answered their look with a startled gaze.

"I — I don't know whether I ought!" she faltered, turning to Ted. "Do you think I ought?"

"I guess you 'd better!" he decided. "It 's got to a point where these folks seem to have some inside information of their own that perhaps might be valuable to you. At any rate, there 'll be no harm done by it, I can vouch for that. So —just fire away!"

Thus adjured, Eileen drew a long breath and said, hesitantly:

"I—I really don't know just where to begin. A lot of it is just as much a mystery to me as it is to you. I think you all have heard that I have a grandfather who is very ill, in a hospital over in Branchville. He is the Honorable Arthur Ramsay, of Norwich, England. He has been for many years a traveler and explorer in China and India and Tibet. Early this year he had a severe attack of Indian fever and could not seem to recuperate, so he started for England, coming by way of the Pacific and America. When he got to the Atlantic coast, this last summer, some one recommended that he should try staying a few weeks at this beach; so he took a bungalow and spent part of the summer and autumn here, and thought he was much benefited."



"IN THE GLARE OF THE ELECTRIC TORCH THE GIRLS RECOGNIZED HIM"

"Do excuse me for interrupting!" exclaimed Phyllis; "but was the bungalow he rented Curlew's Nest?"

"Why, yes," hesitated Eileen, with a startled glance at her, "it—it was."

"Then, do you mind telling me how it was that the name was so different?" persisted Phyllis. "Mrs. Danforth understood that she rented it to a Mr. Horatio Gaines."

"Oh, it was Grandfather's idea not to take it in his own name, because, you see, he 's a rather well-known person in England and even over here, and he needed a complete rest, with no danger of having to be interviewed or called upon or anything like that. So he had his man, Geoffrey Horatio Gaines, hire the place and transact all the business here in *his* name. It saved Grandfather a lot of trouble, for Geoffrey simply took charge of everything; and as Grandfather never went among people here, no one was the wiser.

"After he left the cottage, he expected to go to New York and remain there till he sailed for home. And he *did* go there for a few days, but his health at once grew worse, so he returned to the beach. Of course, the bungalow was closed by that time, so he took rooms at the hotel, farther along. It was there that I joined him. I had come over here with friends of Mother's, earlier in the summer, and had been visiting at their summer camp in the Adirondacks until I should join Grandfather and return to England with him.

"I had n't been with him more than two or three days when I realized that something had gone awfully wrong, somehow or other. Grandfather was worried and upset about something, and he began to watch his mail and be anxious to avoid meeting any one. He could n't or would n't explain things to me, but had long interviews with his man, Geoffrey, who has been with him for years and years and whom he trusts completely.

"At last, one awfully stormy night, about two weeks ago, Geoffrey disappeared, and has never been seen or heard of since. We can't imagine what has become of him. And the next day Grandfather was so worried about him and the other troubles, that a cold he had ran into a severe attack of pneumonia. Of course, it was n't feasible for him to remain at the hotel, especially as it was soon to close, so he had himself taken to the nearest good hospital, which happened to be this one at Branchville. Since he did n't have Geoffrey to wait on him, he wanted to be where he could have the best attention and nursing, and as I could run his car, which Geoffrey had always done, I could easily get there to see him. Then, as you probably know, the hotel closed for the season, and the manager very kindly found me a place to stay—with Aunt Sally Blake—in the village. She has been very good and kind to me, but I expect I 've worried her a lot, not because I did n't care, but because I could n't help it and I could n't tell her about—things!

"But, oh! I have been so troubled—so fairly *desperate*, at times! You cannot even guess the awful burden I 've had to bear—and all alone,—at least till I came, quite by accident, to know your brother Ted. He has helped me so much—but that is another part of the story!

"One night Grandfather's fever was very high and he was delirious. I begged his nurse to let me sit with him awhile, and I heard him constantly muttering about the bungalow, and Geoffrey hiding something there, and it being safe at Curlew's Nest, and a lot more half-incoherent remarks of that kind. Next morning he was a little better and in his right mind again, so I asked him what he had meant by the things he had talked about the night before. And then he said:

"Eileen, I 'll have to trust you with some of the secret, I believe, since you 've overheard what you have. Perhaps you may even be able to help, and of course I can trust you to keep your own counsel—absolutely. There 's been a very mysterious mix-up here, and it involves far more than you may imagine. In fact, it might even become an affair of international moment—if something is not found, and quickly too. The gist of the matter is this: while I was in China last year, I had some informal correspondence with an official very high in government circles there, concerning his attitude in regard to the province of Shantung. As he was inclined to be very friendly toward me at the time, he was just a little expansive and indiscreet (I think those were Grandfather's words) in regard to his Government's plans. Later, I think, he regretted this, and made some half-joking overtures to have his letters returned. But I pretended not to understand him and the matter was dropped. As a matter of fact, I thought them too suggestive and important to my own Government to part with them!

"It is these letters that are the heart of the whole trouble," Grandfather says. "He heard nothing more about them till he came to stay at the hotel here. Then he received a very threatening letter, declaring that if this packet was not returned to the writer, serious consequences would result. It did n't say *what* consequences, but Grandfather suspected they might even go as far as an attempt on his life. But he was determined not to give up the letters. You see, they concerned a matter that might involve his own

country with China, and he felt they should be delivered to his own Government. Besides that, he is just stubborn enough not to be bullied into anything by threats.

"His man Geoffrey tried to persuade him to put the letters in a safe-deposit vault in New York, but Grandfather says he is old-fashioned in some things and does n't trust even to safe-deposit boxes—says he prefers to keep things he values in his own possession. He had the letters in a queer little bronze box that was given him, years ago, by the late Empress Dowager of China. It had a secret lock that was quite impossible to open unless one knew the trick. He carried this in his pocket, and slept with it under his pillow at night, and felt perfectly safe about it."

Here Eileen paused a moment for breath, and the two other girls glanced at each other guiltily, but they said nothing. Then Eileen went on:

"One night, just after I came, there was an attempt to rob him at the hotel. The attempt failed because Geoffrey happened to be awake and discovered some one prowling about Grandfather's sitting-room. Whoever it was escaped through the window without even his face being seen, and there was no trace of him later. Grandfather made Geoffrey keep the thing quiet and not report it to the hotel, because he did n't want any publicity about the matter. But he decided then that it would be safer to have the thing hidden somewhere for a time—in some place where no one would dream of hunting for it. And it struck him that down at the bungalow where he had spent those quiet weeks, and which he supposed was all shut up and deserted, would be as unlikely a spot as any to be suspected of hiding such a thing. He supposed that the one next door—this one—was closed also, or I do not think he would have considered that hiding-place.

"So the next night, which happened to be one when there was a very hard storm, he sent Geoffrey down to the bungalow with the little box containing the letters. He did not wish him to take the car, as it might be too conspicuous, but had him go on foot. Geoffrey had found out, during the summer, that one could get into that place through a door at the side by working at the hook through the crack with a knife-blade, and he intended to get into the cottage and conceal the box in some out-of-the-way hiding-place there.

"But here is where the mystery begins. Geoffrey set off that night, but has never been seen or heard of since. What has happened to him, we cannot imagine, unless he was caught and made a prisoner by some one concerned in getting those letters. If he had been killed, we would surely know it. Yet if he were alive, it seems as if we should have heard from him, somehow. He was a most devoted and faithful and trustworthy soul, so we are sure that something must have happened to him—that he is being detained somewhere. Grandfather is quite certain that he is guarding the secret of that box, somehow, and that it would be best to wait till he comes back or sends us some word.

"What Grandfather asked me to do was to run out here in the car some day, and, if there was no one about, to scout around and see if I could discover any clue to the mystery, without attracting attention. He supposed, of course, that the beach was by that time entirely deserted. I came out the very next day, but found to my disgust that the cottage next door was occupied—by you, as I now know! But I felt it would not be wise to be seen about here in the daytime, so, without saying anything to Grandfather (who would be awfully upset if he knew it), I determined to run out about ten o'clock that night and scout around when you people would probably be in bed.

"And here is where Ted comes into it! I got here that night as I had planned, found no one about, and tried the experiment of getting into the side door, as Grandfather had explained. But I found it very difficult; in fact, quite impossible—for *me!* And while I was fussing with it, I was suddenly startled by a low voice, right behind me, inquiring *very* politely what I was trying to do! It was Ted, here, who had been out for a stroll, and happening to catch a glimpse of me at this very peculiar occupation, and naturally thinking I was a burglar, had come up unobserved to find out about it!

"You can just imagine what an *awful* position it was for me! I did not know what to say or what to do. I knew that, legally, I had no business there, and if he were inclined to make a fuss about it, he could have me arrested. I literally almost went out of my mind at that moment. But I guess something must have made him feel that I was n't really a 'lady burglar' or anything of that sort, for he just said, very kindly, 'If you are in trouble, perhaps I can help you!'

"I did n't see how he could possibly help me unless he knew the whole story, and I thought I ought not tell any one *that!* But unless I did, I was certainly in a very terrible position. So I suddenly made up my mind it would have to be done, for something made me feel he was honorable and trustworthy, and that the secret would be safe with him. What made me feel all the more sure was that he mentioned that he was staying up the beach at his father's bungalow, and had happened to be out for a walk and had seen me there. I know he said it to make me feel easier, and that everything was all right.

"So I told him as much as I could of the story. And when he had heard it, he said: 'I happen to know all about opening that door, because I know the people very well who own the cottage. Perhaps you had better let me try.' I said I 'd be only too glad to, and he had the door unfastened in a moment. Then he told me to go in and examine the place all I wished to and he would watch outside. If I needed any help, I could call and he would come in and do what he could for me.

"Well, I went in and examined the whole place with my electric torch, but I could not discover a single thing except that one of the bricks in the fireplace had been partly loosened and a broken knife-blade was in the corner of the chimney-place. It was the only thing I could see to show that possibly Geoffrey had been there. I thought the knife-blade looked like one I had seen him use.

"But as I did n't see a sign of the bronze box, I knew it was useless to stay any longer, so I came out. Ted fastened the door again, went with me to the car, which I had left down the road, and offered to give me any further help he could, at any time. He promised to keep the secret from every one, and said that he would make an even more thorough search over Curlew's Nest, if I wished, because he had much better opportunity to do so. Of course, I agreed to that and went on back to Aunt Sally's.

"Two days later, Ted saw my car going along one of the back roads near the village, signaled to me, and told me that, the day before, he had caught you girls coming out of Curlew's Nest and that you acted rather guilty and refused to explain what you had been in there for. He told me that you might possibly suspect something, and to steer clear of you if we should happen to encounter each other, as it is always likely that people will, in this town. He described what you both looked like, so that I could n't fail to know you.

"And, sure enough, I met you both that very morning, in Mrs. Selby's little store, and I expect you think I acted in a perfectly abominable manner. I just hated to do it, for I liked the looks of you both, but I felt I must take no chances. Ted also told me that he had been in Curlew's Nest the night before and had gone over the place very carefully once more, but had found nothing



"EILEEN DREW A LONG BREATH AND SAID, 'I—I REALLY DON'T KNOW JUST WHERE TO BEGIN' "

except a string of beads that had been torn from the fringe of my girdle that other night, and had been lying on the floor. I remember that the girdle caught when I was looking under one of the bureaus. He also gave me the broken penknife-blade to keep, as he said it was best to leave nothing around there that any one else could discover and use as a clue.

"A day or two later I met you, Phyllis, at Aunt Sally's and she *would* insist on introducing us, though I could see you were no more anxious to make the acquaintance, after the way I 'd acted, than I was. But I encountered Ted again that afternoon, and he said he had hunted me up to tell me he had news and also a plan that he wanted to suggest. He said he had noticed, during the last two or three days, a strange man who seemed to haunt the beach, just a short way off and out of sight of the two bungalows. The man seemed to be a very ardent fisherman,—and an expert one, too,—but Ted had noticed that he kept a very sharp lookout toward the bungalows when he thought no one was around to see. He suspected that perhaps this man had something to do with the mystery.

"The plan he suggested was that I get acquainted with you girls, after all, in some way that seemed the most natural, but without letting you know that I was also acquainted with *him*. And when I had done so, I had better offer to take you all out for a long drive in the car and keep you away a good while, and give him a chance to see what this man was up to—if anything.

"The getting acquainted was easy, and you all know how I managed *that*—and also the ride, a day or two later. When I was returning from the ride that night, at dusk, Ted signaled me from the bushes near Curlew's nest, jumped into the car, and told me what had happened in the afternoon. He had gone off to the village first, then hurried back, slipped up here by way of the creek, and hidden himself in a clump of rushes across the road. Just as he had suspected, he saw his suspicious fisherman sneak up here after a while, scout around the outside of the bungalow, disappear into it for a time, by the side door, come out, apparently empty-handed, stare at the outside again for a long time, and then at your bungalow, and finally disappear. But that was not all.

"He waited where he was a few minutes, thinking possibly the man might come back, and he was just about to come out, when along came an automobile with *two* men in it, which stopped directly in front of Curlew's Nest. He could not see their faces, for they had slouch hats pulled far down on their heads. They got out and walked about a bit, evidently to see if any one was around. Then, thinking themselves alone, they hurried up to the bungalow, worked at the side door, and finally got in. Shortly after, they came out again and walked down to the beach, where he could not see them. Then they came back, got into the car, and drove off.

"By that time it was growing so late that he concluded he would stay where he was and wait for me to come back, which he did. Before he left me, we had a slight breakdown, and in helping me fix it, he hurt his hand. But that same night, long after midnight, he got into Curlew's Nest again to see if he could find out what had happened, and he found a very strange message left on the table—a type-written warning to the one who had taken the article (as it was called!) from its hiding-place to return it; and underneath, a printed note in pencil saying it would be returned. He thought probably the first man had left the typewritten part, and the other two had printed the answer underneath. That was all he could make of it.

"It was all very mysterious, but while we could n't make much out of it, at least it showed that something concerning the affair was going on and that the place should be closely watched. Ted volunteered to keep this watch. Meanwhile, Grandfather had had a very bad turn and I was with him constantly. He was terribly depressed over the whole affair. Even his doctor, who knows nothing about this, said he was evidently worrying about something; and if the cause of worry were not removed, he doubted the possibility of recovery. To-night I stayed with him later than usual, and, in returning, actually did lose my way in the storm. But when I at last discovered where I was, I knew that it was not far from here and could not resist the temptation to come over and see if anything was happening. I found Ted also scouting around, and suddenly we realized that some one else was on the ground too, though we could not tell *who*, in the darkness and rain. But Ted thought it very dangerous for me to be out there, so he made me come in here, as I did. And I need not tell you what happened after that!"

Eileen ceased speaking, and Phyllis had just opened her lips to say something when there was a knock at the door. All four jumped nervously, but Ted got up and went to open it.

To their immense alarm, the opened door revealed the figure of—"the man with the limp!"

(To be concluded)

THE ROGUE'S BARGAINS—A HINDU STORY

By W. NORMAN BROWN

THERE was once a rogue who had somehow or other secured a jar full of money and jewels worth a hundred thousand rupees. Determined to increase his wealth, he made public announcement that if any one would tell him something he did not already know, he would give that person the jar with its contents; but any one who tried to win the jar, and failed, would have to pay him a penalty of a hundred rupees.

Many people tried to win the prize, but no matter how strange the things they told the rogue, he would always say, "Yes, I knew that long ago!" And then he would claim the penalty. Thus he grew richer every day.

However, a clever young man once came to him, saying that he wished to try his luck for the jar.

"You know my terms?" asked the rogue.

"I do," answered the young man, "and I accept them."

"Very well, then," said the rogue. "What have you to tell me which you think I do not know?"

"Only this," replied the young man, who had taken care to bring a number of witnesses with him, "that your father borrowed this jar full of money and jewels from my father and never returned it. Now that my father is dead and I am his heir, it rightfully belongs to me."

"Oh!" began the rogue with his usual answer, "I knew—" Then he halted, for he suddenly saw that if he said he had known this for a long time, he would thus admit the debt and would consequently be compelled to give up the jar to the young man.

"Why," he started in again, "I never heard—" Then he stopped a second time, for he realized that, if he acknowledged he had never before heard of this, he would be forced by his agreement to surrender the jar.

By this time the witnesses saw that the rascal had at last been caught, and with one accord they shouted out:

"Give up the jar! Give up the jar!"

He hesitated; whereupon they seized it and handed it to the young man. Then they drove the rogue out of town.

But the young man who had won the jar by his cleverness lived in great ease and comfort all the rest of his life.



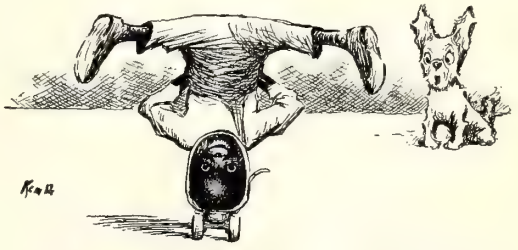
1. "I WISH DIS WUZ N'T SO HARD TER LEARN"



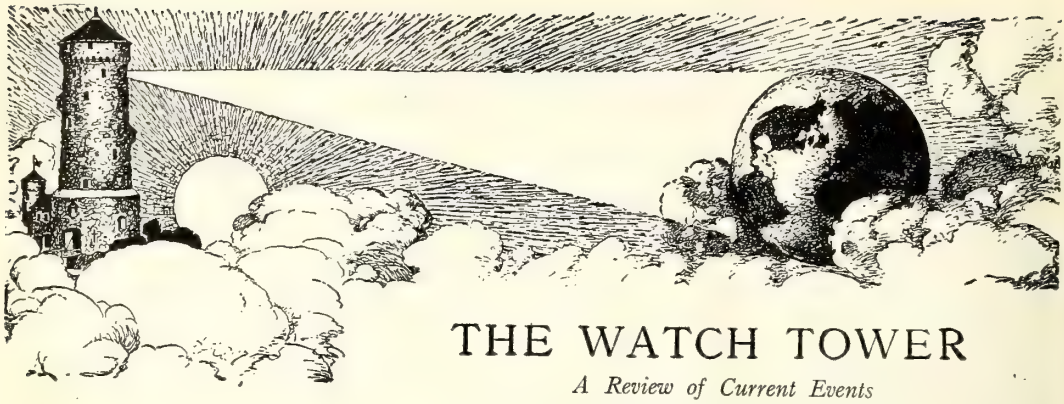
3. "DADDY DONE TOLE ME EF I WAN' TER LEARN, I MUS' USE MA HAID"



2. "DAR I GO FO' DE FO'FE TIME!"



4. AN' I JES' RECKON DADDY 'S RIGHT. THES DE WAY HE ALLUZ IS!"



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS

It would be foolish to offer you, in May, an account of President Harding's inauguration in March. But it is not too late for a review of our new President's inaugural address. If you think it is, submit yourself to this fair test: before you read another word of this article, try to write down on paper as many of the "points" of the address as you can remember. If you cannot pass the test to your own satisfaction, it will be worth while to read this "piece." If you can pass the test, it will be fun to criticize The Watch Tower.

The inaugural address of a new President of the United States of America ought to be strong and dignified, clear and simple, and packed with ideas for the American people to think about for quite a while. President Harding's address "filled the bill."

America, he said, had shared the world's sorrow; but "we contemplate our Republic unshaken, and hold our civilization secure." Law and liberty still rule in America. "In the beginning the Old World scoffed at our experiment; to-day our foundations of political and social belief stand unshaken, a precious inheritance to ourselves, an inspiring example of freedom and civilization to all mankind."

Now, there are some folks who would scoff at this sort of talk; some, even, who would call it sloppy. But it is true talk; it can be proved. Some things happen in this country that make you wonder, but then other things happen that make you regret even a moment's wavering of your faith. But we must think hard, and work hard, to keep our inheritance clean and ourselves worthy of it.

President Harding spoke about our relations with other countries. We want to be friendly, he said, and helpful; but we can "never subject our decisions to any other than our own authority." That, of course, refers to our relation to the League of Nations. We are ready to associate with other nations in trying to keep peace in the world; we will be national, not international, in our conduct. "We shall give no people just cause to make war upon us. We hold no national prejudices, we entertain no spirit of revenge, we do not hate, we do not covet, we dream of no conquest, nor boast of armed prowess."

We must practise thrift and economy, the President said. We must "charge off our losses and start afresh." We do not need a new system of government, but must get the best out of the old one. We must follow the period of destruction with one of production. We must have industrial peace. To keep up the American standard of living, Mr. Harding said, we must have protective tariffs.

And then the new President condensed the whole of his eloquent address into one single word, a word that every single one of us must make his motto: S-E-R-V-I-C-E.

THE FLURRY ON THE ISTHMUS

In 1914, Chief-Justice White, of the Supreme Court of the United States, arbitrating a boundary line dispute between Panama and Costa Rica, gave a decision which is said, through an error, to have given Costa Rica more territory than she claimed. In March of this year the dispute between the two countries was renewed, and furnished the occasion for the first international action by our State Department under the new Administration.

By the Treaty of 1903 with Panama, the United States undertook to guarantee the independence of that country. Relying on that guarantee, Panama has not kept up an army. When Mr. Hughes took office, Costa Rica had started a raid on Panama, and there had been some skirmishing.

Mr. Hughes sent a note to each of the two Governments involved, warning them that hostilities must be suspended until the case could be re-tried.

The dispute was one in which the League of Nations Council would naturally be interested. As action by the League would involve our concern for the Monroe Doctrine, the situation seemed fairly well complicated.

THOSE HYPHENS MUST GO!

AN American must be an American and nothing else. People who come here from other countries to become American citizens must not wear a hyphen. We do not want German-Americans, Irish-Americans, or any other kind of compound-Americans. A man who moves from Texas to Pennsylvania does not call himself a Texas-Pennsylvanian. You don't hear of Baptist-Presbyterians, or Yale-Princetonians, or Eighth-Grade-Boy Scouts. America welcomes all who come to her intending to be loyal citizens; but there must be no hyphens in their baggage.

There was in New York, early in March, a great meeting at which the friends of Germany and Ireland showed their readiness to put German and Irish interests ahead of American. In answer to this, another and still greater meeting was held, at which thousands of Americans had the pleasure of showing their loyalty. And back of these thousands were millions of quiet, thoughtful citizens, who are not willing to have America misrepresented to the world.

In mid-March more than seventy organizations devoted to the work of Americanization formed a National Council in which they will work together. Americanization means simply education in good citizenship. The American Legion is taking the lead in a manner worthy of the men who fought in France.

An excellent practical suggestion was made by the new commissioner-general of immigration to the effect that land be provided for new-comers, to direct them away from crowded industrial centers, where so much discontent has its beginning.



Wide World Photos

PRESIDENT HARDING AND HIS CABINET, INCLUDING VICE-PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

JAPAN'S FIRST CENSUS

THE first census of the Japanese Empire ever taken fixes the population at 77,005,112. Japan itself has 55,961,140; Korea, 17,284,207; Formosa, 3,654,000, and Saghalien, 105,765. It is interesting to compare these figures, and the area of Japan, with the figures for, say, England, New York State, Texas or California. Japan's great problem is that of finding land for all her people.

Tokio, the capital, has a population of 2,173,-162. Osaka has 1,252,972; Kobe, 608,268; Kioto, 591,305; Nagoya, 429,990. All these cities are larger than Yokohama, with 422,942. There are fourteen Japanese cities with a population of more than 100,000. There are about 125,000 more men than women in Japan.

Japan used to be more comfortable in the old days of her isolation than she is now, as a modern civilized power. The growth of her industries has made great changes in the life of the people, and her principal problem is to find room for her growing population. The Japanese are hard workers, and when they start a colony, some one is sure to feel the spur of competition.

YAP

SOUTH of Japan, east of the Philippines, north of New Guinea and Australia, and far to the southwest from San Francisco, lies the little Island of Yap. If Yap were laid out neatly in an oblong, its area would fill only a space eight miles by ten.



From the New York "Globe"

THE ISLAND OF YAP, SHOWING ITS STRATEGIC POSITION

Its bamboo, cocoa, and palm-groves, the fishing in the surrounding waters, and even the pearl-oyster beds near by are small matters, except to the less than 10,000 Malayans who live on Yap. And yet this little island has been a storm-center of international politics!

Yap is a cable station. It is the nerve-center of the Western Pacific, communicating by cable and radio with Honolulu, San Francisco, Tokio, Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Manila, and Port Darwin. This part of the Pacific was formerly under Spanish control, but after the United States acquired Guam, Germany bought the neighboring islands. A very important part of the great system of international communication passes through Guam and Yap. If the two little islands were to be sunk by an earthquake to-day, the Eastern and Western worlds would lose a tremendously valuable means of keeping in touch.

In the World War in Defense of Civilization, Japan took Kiao-chau and the Pacific islands from the Germans and occupied Yap, taking control of its cable station. The Peace Treaty gave the island into the control of the Allies. In May, 1919, the Peace Conference gave Japan a mandate in the islands, making her responsible for control of affairs in them, and in December of 1920 the Council of the League of Nations confirmed the mandate.

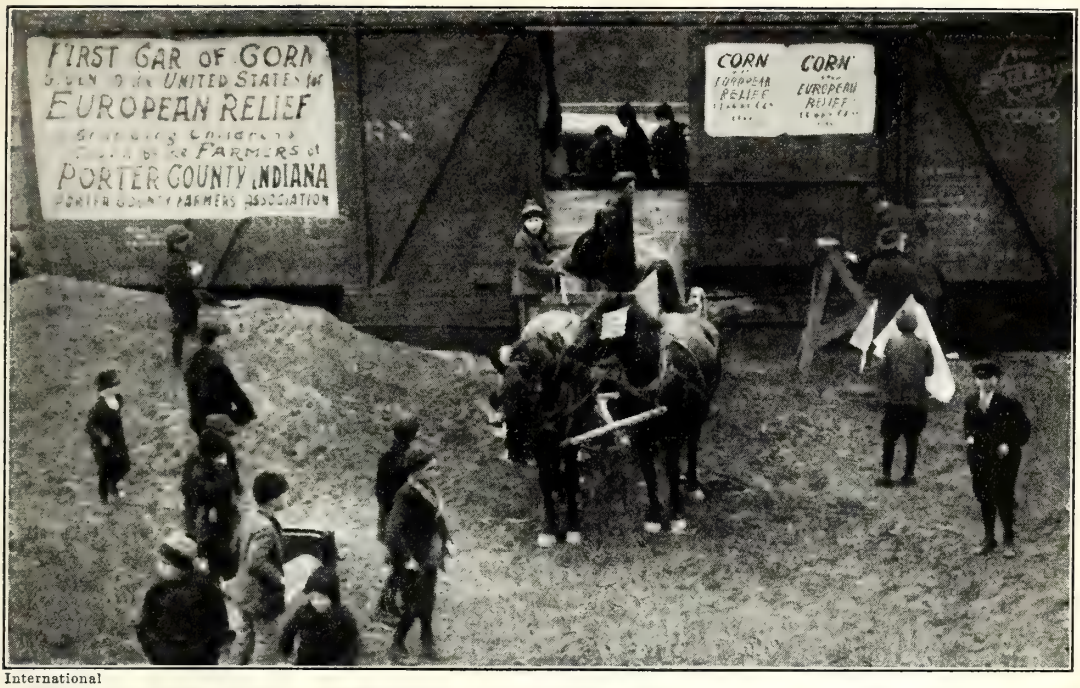
Secretary of State Colby protested against Japanese control of the Island of Yap. The United States argued that the control of the cable station should be held over for settlement by the International Communications Conference, which met at Washington in March. But the League Council replied that the placing of the mandates was done by the Allied Council; that they had given Japan the mandate over the ex-German islands north of the equator, including Yap, and that the Council of the League could only confirm this mandate and see that it was properly carried out.

The United States did not want the island, but did want to control the cable station. But—Japan would not care about the island, particularly, except for the cable control that goes with it. So there came up the question of "internationalizing" the island; and late in March, when this instalment of the WATCH TOWER was written, the problem looked as though it still might need a whole lot more of solving.

OUR "UNKNOWN SOLDIER"

NOTHING in all the news that fills the daily papers compares in interest, it seems to me, with the report, published March 16, that the new Administration had fixed next Armistice Day as the time for official national honors to The Unknown American Soldier, who will be buried at the National Cemetery at Arlington. It is said that there are nearly 2000 of our soldier dead whose bodies could not be identified. The nation can do no finer thing than to pay special honor to these men, who followed Old Glory to France, fought and died for America and Civilization, and could not even have their remains cared for by the dear ones whom they left at home.

America has always been defended by men who leave private life to learn soldiering when the Republic is in danger. Our good old regulars, the best soldiers in the world, are only typical of American manhood. Their splendid spirit is quickly caught up by their new comrades who respond when the call comes, and it means some-



International

THE FIRST CARLOAD OF THE 15,000,000 BUSHELS OF CORN GIVEN BY AMERICAN FARMERS FOR THE RELIEF OF EUROPE AND CHINA

thing when we sing "The Yanks are coming." America's army in the Great War can never lack honor while America endures, a nation of freemen; but of all the hundreds of thousands who put on Uncle Sam's uniform, none, not even the men who were left alive but permanently disabled, can *quite* equal the appeal to our emotions made by the men who fell in France, unidentified —the Unknown Dead.

The ceremonies at Arlington next November will mark a great renewal, in America, of the Spirit of Nineteen-eighteen.

RUSSIA

RUSSIAN history is written in blood. From the days of Ivan the Terrible, Russia has lived through one Reign of Terror after another. The Bolshevik chapter has been perhaps the most terrible of them all.

In March, Russian fought Russian. At Petrograd, in Moscow, and in the south the Soviet troops battled with rebels; and as usual, the rest of the world hardly knew what to make of it all. Russia has given the world a terrific object-lesson in the power of people to make themselves unhappy.

The Soviet Government and the Government of Great Britain made a trade agreement. It is hard to see what there could be in such an agreement for Great Britain. Perhaps the British Government was really, as some critics asserted, only trying to satisfy discontented labor in Great Britain. At any rate, to us in America any kind of an agreement with the Government of Lenine and Trotzky seems like poor business. As Mr. Hoover says, commodities, not gold are the support of commerce; and Russia is not producing.

Russia signed a peace treaty with Poland, and a treaty with Turkey. Perhaps a great new power is forming about the Black Sea.

IS THIS AN ENTANGLING ALLIANCE?

CHINA was hungry. America heard her call. The churches raised something like three million dollars for Chinese famine relief. Other agencies collected large sums. We have had drive after drive, but think of a land full of hungry people!

Our picture shows a freight-car loaded with corn—the first of the fifteen million bushels promised by American farmers for the relief of Europe and China.

The plea—and the answer! And an alliance which can hardly be unpleasantly "entangling."

THE TURK AND THE GREEK

ON March 12, the London Conference, called to settle the claims of Greece and Turkey, came to a close. The Supreme Council of the Allies pre-

sented a plan for a commission to investigate the situation in Smyrna and Thrace.

The Greek delegation, being called in to hear the decision, said that their National Assembly could not accept the arrangement without feeling that Greece had been called upon to surrender the "rights" gained "by endless sacrifices made by the Greek nation in common with its great Allies." The Assembly would not agree to promise to submit to any decision without knowing just how



Wide World Photos

MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA, HEAD OF THE TURKISH NATIONALISTS

it was to work out. The Greek representatives at the Conference, however, were gracious enough to say that they would forward to their Government any definite proposals the Conference might care to make.

The Turks expressed their readiness to have the commission appointed. As to the other conditions of the treaty, they hoped that the Allies would provide for "the existence of a free and independent Turkey." The Allies gently informed the Greeks and the Turks that it would be wise not to insist on details, lest the Supreme Council be made to feel that stronger measures were required.

The general opinion was that while the Near East still had a few problems left for future solution, a step forward had been taken, and the air cleared. And then—Greece and Turkey began fighting.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THE Interstate Commerce Commission reports that in 1920 it cost the railroads $93.59 out of every $100 they earned to keep the traffic moving. In 1919 the amount was $85.25.

MR. DENBY, the new secretary of the navy, wants Uncle Sam to have the best navy in the world. He does not say "the biggest navy," you will notice, but "the best navy." We can be "fit to fight and trained to the minute" and still not go around looking for a fight. Disarmament can hardly come about until all the nations agree to undertake it together; and until that happens, it will be a good thing for us to keep in training.

THERE will be, in June, a conference of prime ministers of the Governments of the countries in the British Empire to discuss relations with Japan, naval policy, and British foreign policy.

ANDREW W. MELLON, the new secretary of the treasury, says: "The country's finances are sound, but the situation calls for the utmost economy." Nothing to be downhearted about in that!

PRESIDENT HARDING'S secretary of war, Mr. Weeks, of Massachusetts, declared himself in favor of a single, central organization of the country's military forces, including the regular army, the national guard, and the reserves. Secretary Weeks made ex-Secretary Baker a Colonel in the Officers' Reserve Corps.

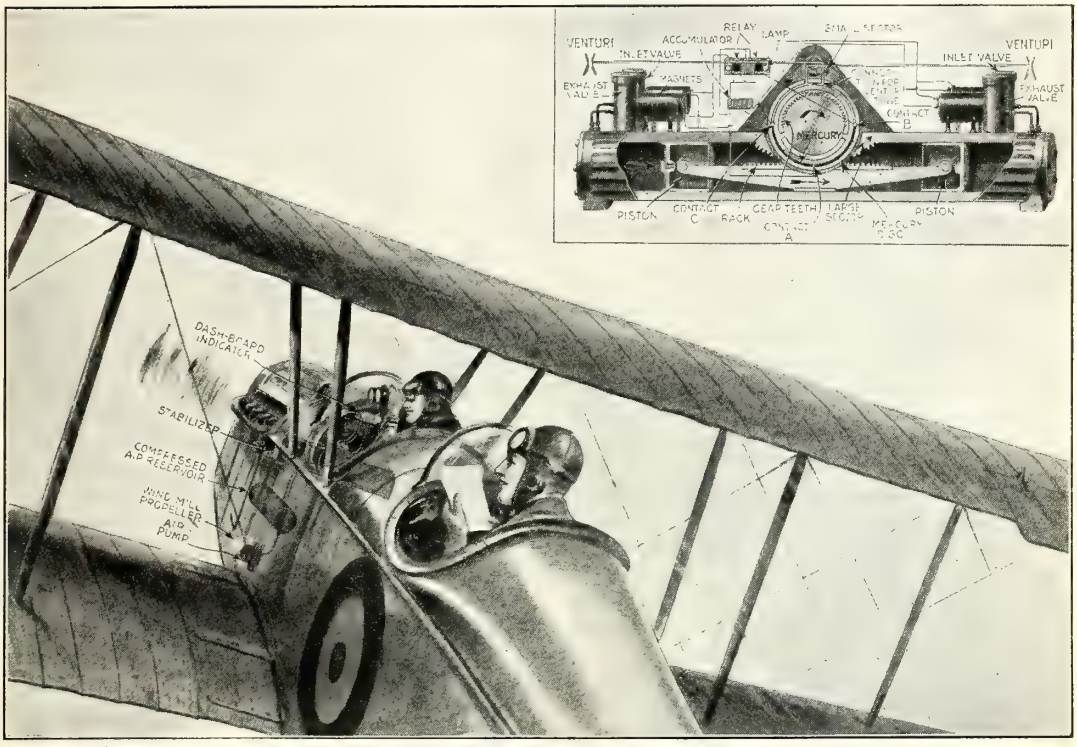
EX-VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL spoke at Cleveland soon after his retirement from office. He said: "America is the hope of the world. Let us live our democracy. Let us make America really democratic."

"WASHINGTON, MARCH 9.—Secretary Davis reached the Labor Department to-day at 7:30 o'clock, an hour ahead of the office force."

POSTMASTER-GENERAL HAYS promises to "humanize" his Department.

As Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover has tackled another war job, for the struggle for trade in the coming years will be a bitter one.

THE new secretary of agriculture, Henry C. Wallace, says: "The people must understand that our prosperity as a nation depends upon a prosperous and wholesome agriculture."



AN AËROPLANE EQUIPPED WITH THE AVELINE STABILIZER. INSET: MECHANISM OF THE STABILIZER THAT CONTROLS THE AILERONS

THE AUTOMATIC PILOT

Of course, every boy and girl knows that it is far more difficult to drive an aëroplane than to drive a motor-car, not merely because you have two steering-gears or rudders to take care of, one for sidewise and the other for up-and-down travel, but also because there are rudders in the wings of the machine which have to be worked to tip or "bank" the machine when rounding a curve or to keep it on an even keel when a side gust of wind strikes it.

It is hardly necessary to explain that when an aviator uses the word "rudder" he means only the vertical plane at the tail of his machine with which he steers sideways. The horizontal plane at the tail, with which he steers up and down, is the "elevator," and the rudders in the planes are the "ailerons."

The driver of an automobile can see clearly the road he is traveling and so can avoid bumps. Once he is in high gear, with a fairly level road ahead, he has nothing to do but to tend the steering-wheel and "step on the gas." He does not need to bank his machine at curves. In some cases the road is already banked for him, so that he can take the curve at high speed. The aviator, however, has no road built for him; and traveling as he does at very high speeds, he must tip his machine to a steep angle to make a sharp turn, and even a gradual curve calls for some banking. He never knows what is ahead of him. He may suddenly drop into a "hole," which is really a downward current of air, or he may have a bump when he strikes a rising air-current. A freaky whim of the winds may suddenly take away the support from under one of the wings, and he will lurch and dip sharply on that side.

The pilot is blind to all these pitfalls and must control his machine largely by the sense of feeling, and he also depends to a larger extent than is generally realized upon his view of the earth or of clouds beneath him. If he is enshrouded in fog or tries to sail through a heavy bank of clouds, he is quite likely to lose all sense of direction. He will not know whether he is banking or traveling on an even keel. Sometimes aviators have

come out of a cloud, and found themselves dangerously close to the earth in an awkward position—a steep bank, a side-slip, or even in a nose-dive. In some cases where the clouds were very low, they have not had time to right themselves before crashing to earth.

Before flying can become really safe, some way must be found of keeping the machine on an even keel without depending upon the eyes and the sense of equilibrium of the pilot. There have been many efforts to invent a suitable "stabilizer," as such a device is called.

The first stabilizers used a pendulum to show when the machine was level. If the airplane tipped, the pendulum would make an electric contact with the side that was down, and this would start electric motors which would set the ailerons to bring the machine back to level.

But the trouble with a pendulum, even when it is so arranged that it will not get to swinging back and forth, is that centrifugal force will make it move out of the true vertical position when the machine turns or lurches. A more successful stabilizer is one that is operated by a gyroscope, in place of a pendulum, but a gyroscope is rather heavy for a flying-machine, and it is liable to cut up and perform capers of its own when the airplane is tossing about in gusty weather.

A new stabilizer has just been invented by a Frenchman, M. Georges Aveline, which is very ingeniously worked out. Evidently it must be more than a freak invention, because the British Air Ministry is fitting twelve of its big bombing-machines with the Aveline stabilizer. With this automatic pilot installed, the aviator need have no worry at all. He can take his hands off the controls and let the machine run itself. All he has to do is to operate the rudder with his feet. The automatic pilot works the elevator and the ailerons. It takes care of "bumps" and "holes" and sees that the machine banks properly when turning. This is even simpler than running a motor-car, because one does not need to worry about speed-gears when climbing and does not have to slow down for a curve.

In our drawing, the artist has put the X-rays on the machine, so that we can look right through the walls of the fuselage and see one of the stabilizers in the cockpit and also the compressed-air tank. This stabilizer runs across the cockpit and takes care of the ailerons. There is another stabilizer, not shown in the drawing, that runs lengthwise of the machine and takes care of the elevator. The X-ray effect enables us also to see one of the pumps for filling the air reservoir. This pump is connected to a "windmill" screw or propeller, which is driven by the rush of air when the airplane is under way. There are two of these pumps, one at each side, located under the fuselage where they will get the full sweep of the wind.

In the cockpit, on the dashboard, there is an indicator consisting of three small electric lamps. When the airplane is flying on an even keel these signal lamps are dark; but a tilt to port will light the left-hand one, and a tilt to starboard, the right-hand one, while the center lamp shows whether the machine is diving.

The mechanism of the two stabilizers is very much the same. The one shown in the inset is that used for controlling the ailerons. The drawing is not a true picture of the mechanism, but a sort of diagram in which only the principal parts are shown, so as to make it easier to understand how it all works.

To start with, there is a disk which has a circular bore in it half filled with mercury. This corresponds to a pendulum; for as the airplane tilts to one side or the other, the mercury will try to keep its level, flowing out of the high side. At the bottom of the mercury tube, there is an electric contact, *A;* and just above the normal level of the mercury, there are two more electric contacts, *B* and *C*. If the machine should tip toward the left, contact *C* would be submerged in the mercury and then things would begin to happen.

Those who are sufficiently up on electricity to read a wiring diagram can trace out for themselves the electrical circuits. First, the port signal-lamp lights up, and then, through a relay, two electro-magnets on the left-hand side are energized. One of these magnets closes an exhaust-valve, and the other opens an inlet-valve, letting compressed air into the left end of a cylinder at the bottom of the stabilizer. In this cylinder, there are two pistons connected by a bar or piston-rod. On this rod there is a toothed rack which meshes with a toothed sector. When compressed air enters the left-hand end of the cylinder, the pistons are moved toward the right and the sector is turned on its axis in the direction of the arrow. Connected to this sector are the wires that run to the ailerons. This connection is at the back of the sector and so is not shown in the drawing, but it will be readily understood that the ailerons are tipped so as to bring the machine back to an even keel.

As the machine rights itself, the contact, *C*, is carried out of the mercury, breaking the electric circuit, and the inlet-valve closes, while the exhaust-valve opens. Then the pressure of the wind against the ailerons flattens them back to their normal position, carrying the pistons back to the position they started from.

This seems very simple, but there is a complication that has to be provided for. If the ailerons

were held in tilted position until the machine was on an even keel, they would make the aëroplane swing too far; it would rock over to the other side, and the machine would roll back and forth more and more violently. To bring the aëroplane back without overshooting the mark, the electric circuit must be broken before the machine returns to the level position. This is provided for by securing a small sector on the large one. This small sector meshes with a set of gear-teeth on the mercury disk so that, as the pistons move toward the right, the disk turns in the direction of the arrow, carrying the contact, *C*, out of the mercury.

Of course, if the machine should dip to the right, the valves on the right would be operated and the parts would all move as they did before, but in the opposite direction.

So far, the mercury has been used just like a pendulum, and everything works out all right while the machine is traveling straight ahead. But now let us see what would happen if the machine started to make a turn, say to the right. First of all, the mercury would be thrown toward the left by centrifugal action—that is, it would surge up on the left side, submerging contact *C*. This would operate the ailerons to raise the left side of the machine and depress the right side. In other words, the airplane would be properly banked. But after getting into this position, the ailerons must be brought back to neutral position or they would keep on tilting the machine until it stood on edge.

Here is where the real genius of the inventor shows itself. At the top of the mercury channel in the disk there is a dividing wall, and a tube runs from the left side of this wall to the right wing of the airplane and from the right side of this wall to the left wing. At the end of each tube, there is what is known as a "Venturi tube." This is a kind of suction device operated by the wind. The wind that flows through the left Venturi tube sucks the air out of the right-hand side of the mercury tube, and the right Venturi sucks air out of the left-hand side of the mercury tube. The stronger the wind, the greater the suction. Now, when making a turn to the right, the left wing must travel faster than the right wing, and so there must be more suction in the left Venturi. This produces a greater suction in the right-hand side of the mercury tube, which draws the mercury up on that side and down on the other, until the contact is broken at *C* and the ailerons are returned to neutral position.

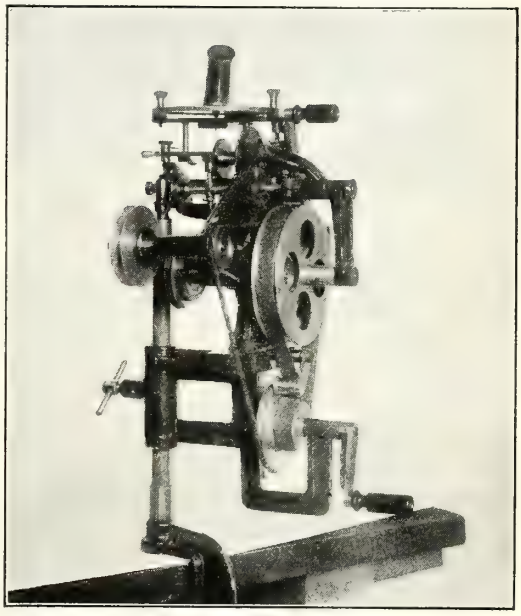
The mechanism is so arranged that the human pilot can throw out the automatic pilot instantly if anything goes wrong, or if he should wish to put his machine through special manœuvers.

The weight of the automatic pilot is about 150 pounds. In other words, it weighs as much as a human pilot. However, it is being built in lighter form for smaller machines. Even though it does weigh as much as an extra man, the extra load will not be begrudged so long as it insures perfect safety in flight.

A. Russell Bond.

THE "TALKING THREAD"

The first phonograph records were wax cylinders that had to be handled very carefully and were very bulky. Then the disk record was invented, and it proved so rugged and handy that the cylinder record had to give way to it. But disk



THE MACHINE THAT MAKES AND REPRODUCES THE "THREAD" RECORD

records are fragile and quite liable to crack if dropped.

As a substitute for the disk record, an inventor has recently brought out a "thread" record, which is so compact that a five-minute talk may be coiled in a watch case. The thread is made of a special composition, and on it the point of a recording needle cuts the record in the same way that the ordinary recording needle cuts its record on a disk or cylinder. Then the thread is run through the machine under a reproducing needle, and the thread gives back the sounds that have been recorded upon it.

One thing that has to be guarded against is twist. If the thread turns over on its side, the reproducing needle will not bear on the record; and so care must be taken to run the thread through with the record side always uppermost.

Any ordinary thread will twist, because it is made up of twisted fibers; but the inventor calls this thread "structureless"—that is, it has no twisted fibers in it, and hence it can be wound up or reeled off without showing any tendency to twist.

The advantages of this kind of a record are apparent. Instead of writing a letter to your friend, you may put your message on a thread and send it to him or her by mail.

A. Russell Bond.

THE STARS IN MAY

The constellations whose acquaintance we will make this month are ones that will be found on or near the meridian between eight and nine o'clock in the evening during the first two weeks of May. In the course of the month these star-groups will gradually shift westward, their places near the meridian being taken at the same hour by other groups of stars now in the eastern sky.

Ursa Major, the Great Bear, and Ursa Minor, the Lesser Bear, or, as they are more familiarly called, the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper, are the best known of all the constellations visible in northern latitudes. They are called circumpolar constellations, which means "around-the-pole," and above forty degrees north latitude they never set, but can be seen at all hours of the night and at all times of the year. In winter evenings they lie below the pole and near the horizon, and so are usually hidden more or less from view by trees or buildings. It is during the evenings of late spring and summer that these two constellations are seen to the best advantage high in the sky above the pole. If you look due north at the time mentioned, you will find them.

The two stars in the bowl of the Big Dipper, through which an arrow is drawn in the chart, are called the Pointers, because an imaginary line drawn through these two stars and continued a distance about equal to the length of the Big Dipper brings us to the star Polaris, or the North star, at the end of the handle of the Little Dipper, which is very close to the north pole of the heavens, the direction in which the earth's axis points. The pole lies on the line connecting the star at the bend in the handle of the Big Dipper with Polaris and is only one degree distant from the pole-star.

The distance between the Pointers is five degrees of arc, and the distance from the more northerly of these two stars to Polaris is nearly thirty degrees. We may find it useful to remember this in estimating distances between objects in the heavens.

At the equator the pole-star lies in the horizon; at the north pole of the earth it is in the zenith or directly over head. Its altitude or height above the horizon is always equal to the latitude of the place. As we travel northward from the equator toward the pole we see Polaris higher and higher in the sky. In New York the distance of Polaris from the horizon is forty degrees, which is the latitude of this city.

The Pointers indicate the direction of true North, while the height of Polaris above the horizon gives us our latitude.

These kindly stars direct us by night when we are uncertain of our bearings, whether we travel by land or sea or air. They are the friends and aids of navigators, explorers, and aviators, who often turn to them for guidance by night.

The star at the bend in the handle of the Big Dipper, called Mizar, is of special interest. If you have good eyesight, you will see close to it a faint star. This is Alcor, which is the Arabic word for "The Test." The two stars are often called the Horse and the Rider.

Mizar and Alcor form what is known as a wide double star. It is, in fact, the widest of all double stars. All stars are really suns, like ours, but many stars in the heavens that appear single to us are shown by the telescope to be double or even triple or multiple. They consist of two or more suns revolving about a common center, known as their center of gravity.

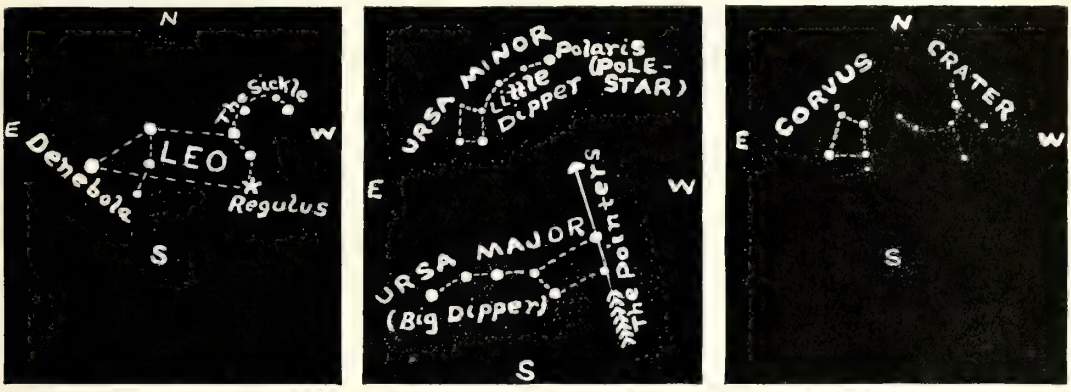
Sometimes the suns are so close together that even the most powerful telescope will not separate them. Then a most wonderful little instrument, called the spectroscope, steps in and analyzes the light of the stars and shows which are double and which are single. A star shown to be double by the spectroscope, but not by the telescope, is called a spectroscopic double star.

Mizar is of historic interest as being the first double star to be detected with the telescope. A very small telescope will split Mizar up into two stars, and these two stars, or suns, are known to be only twenty-five million miles apart. The brighter of the two is a spectroscopic double besides, which means that it is really two suns instead of one, but the distance between the two is so small that even the telescope cannot separate them. About this system of three suns which we know as the star Mizar, the faint star Alcor revolves at a distance from them equal to sixteen thousand times the distance of the earth from the sun!

Polaris also is a double star that can be easily separated into two stars by means of a small telescope, and the brighter of the two has been shown by the spectroscope to be three suns instead of one. It is now known that there are many stars in the heavens which are made up of two or more suns close together.

To complete the outline of the Great Bear, it is necessary to include faint stars to the east, which form the head of the Bear, and other faint stars to the south, which form the feet, but these are all inconspicuous and of little general interest.

If we follow the imaginary line drawn through the Pointers in a *southerly* direction about forty-five degrees, we come to Leo, the Lion, one of the zodiacal constellations through which pass the sun, moon, and planets in their circuit of the heavens.



THE CONSTELLATIONS: LEO; URSA MAJOR AND URSA MINOR; CORVUS AND CRATER. TO USE THESE CHARTS, HOLD THEM IN A HORIZONTAL POSITION ABOVE THE EYES OR OVERHEAD, WITH N POINTING TO THE NORTH

At present this constellation is particularly conspicuous through the presence in it of two brilliant planets, Jupiter and Saturn, which we do not show on the chart of Leo since they are seen within the bounds of this constellation only temporarily and will pass out of it within a few months.

Jupiter is the brightest object to be seen in the heavens at this time, far surpassing Saturn in brilliancy, as well as Regulus, the beautiful white star which marks the heart of Leo and the handle of the Sickle. This sickle-shaped group also outlines the head of the Lion.

The two planets are at this time only about nine degrees apart and a few degrees south of the line that connects Regulus with Denebola, the star that is in the tail of Leo.

Planets are dark bodies shining only by reflected light from our sun, while the stars are themselves suns, shining by their own light. Saturn and Jupiter appear brighter than the stars simply because they are, comparatively, so near to us. So much nearer are the planets than the stars that the light from them takes only a few minutes to reach us, while the light of the stars takes years. The stars are in reality moving rapidly through space, but they appear immovable for centuries because their distance from the sun and his planets is so tremendously great.

The constellations are groups of stars in the background, against which we see the comparatively near-by planets projected. The planets may appear to be *in* the constellations, but they are not *of* them. They gradually pass on to another part of the heavens as they journey around the sun; and if we watch the positions of Jupiter and Saturn from month to month, we shall see for ourselves that they are moving past the star-groups in which they appear to be temporarily located.

There should be no difficulty in finding the constellation Leo, as its peculiar sickle-shaped group of bright stars makes it distinctive from all others. At the time we have mentioned, it will lie a little to the southwest of the zenith. Leo is one of the finest of the constellations and is always associated with the spring months because it is then high in the sky in the evening.

Due south of Denebola about thirty degrees, we shall find the small star-group known as Crater, the Cup, which is composed of rather faint and inconspicuous stars. Just east of Crater is the group known as Corvus, the Crow, which forms a very characteristic little four-sided figure of stars differing very little from one another in brightness.

These two star-groups lie far to the south in our latitudes; but if we lived twenty degrees south of the equator, we should find them nearly overhead at this time of year.

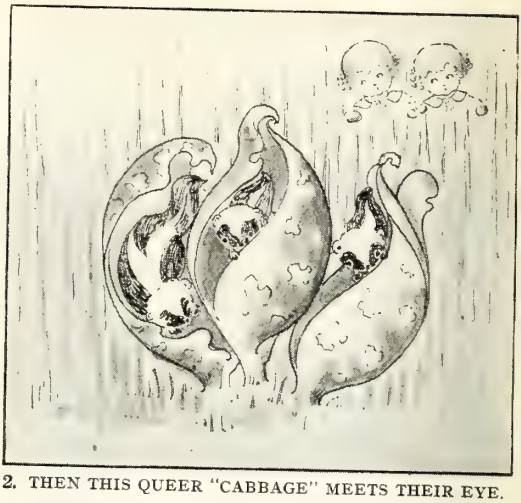
Next month we will take up the constellations that lie near the meridian during the early evening hours from the first to the middle of June. We must bear in mind, however, that we cannot become acquainted with the stars through books alone, but with our charts in hand, must go outdoors and discover for ourselves the various star-groups whose acquaintance we wish to make.

ISABEL M. LEWIS.

THE TIPTOE TWINS' FLOWER FESTIVAL



1. SOME INDIAN POKE THE TWINS ESPY;



2. THEN THIS QUEER "CABBAGE" MEETS THEIR EYE.



3. SHY LIVERWORTS ARE NOT AFRAID,



4. BUT ASK THEM TO THE FLOWER PARADE.



5. SPRING BLOSSOMS IN PROCESSION PASS,



6. TRIPPING LIGHT THROUGH THE MEADOW GRASS.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



7. JACK IN THE PULPIT GIVES A TALK,



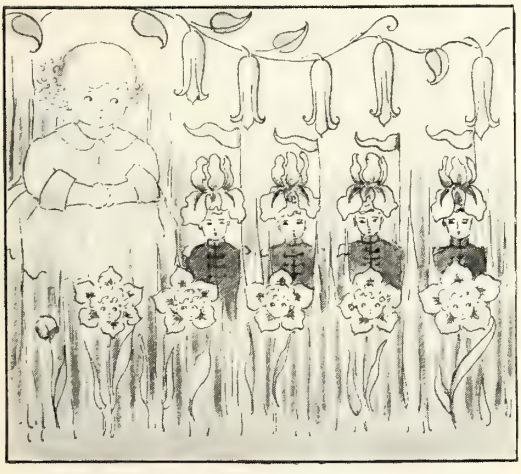
8. WHILE DANDELION TAKES A WALK.



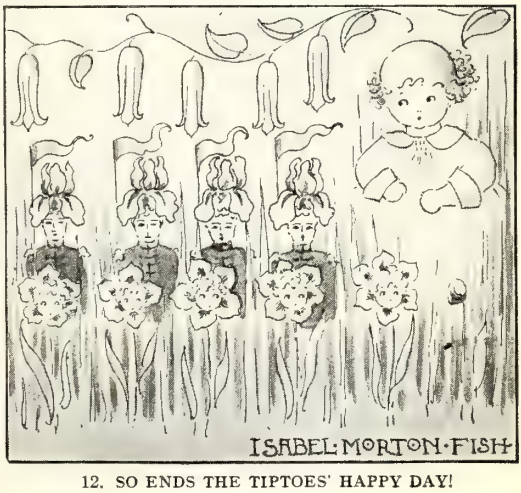
9. THE TWINS THEN DRINK OF NECTAR FINE



10. AND WATCH THE DANCE OF COLUMBINE.



11. THE BELLWORT RINGS AND BLUEFLAGS SWAY—



12. SO ENDS THE TIPTOES' HAPPY DAY!

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

OUR preface this month shrinks to a brief note because of the obvious fact that the contributions of our zealous young members have overflowed into the space usually allotted to the Introduction. But who could wish for a better Introduction to the LEAGUE than is supplied by the following admirable little essay on "The Road" and the charming spring rondel that accompanies it?

A STORY OF THE ROAD

BY ELIZABETH CLEAVELAND (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1919*)

I AM the road. Like man, I am born, I live, flourish, wither, and die. Like man, I progress with the centuries. I spring from an Indian trail, a deer path leading to a pool; I spring from a brook bed; I am crossed off; I grow until I become a thriving thoroughfare—a highway for rich and poor, good and bad, big and little. The primeval warrior made me to become a short-cut to his cave; the Egyptian put me to good use; the Greek made me beautiful; and the Roman gave me perfection.

I am the Appian Way; I am Fifth Avenue; I am the Lincoln Highway—I am everything that gives to man a route to progress and a path to experience. Lacking me, mountains would not have been crossed, deserts would remain barren, forests uncut, and buildings unbuilt. No people on this earth survive without me, excepting the Venetian. The horse would remain useless, the automobile uninvented, if it were not for me. Corduroy, street, trail, path, subway, or avenue, over mountains, stretched across measureless prairies, plains and deserts, through cities or forests—*anywhere* and *everywhere*. I am a road and lead mankind—yet I am what mankind makes me.

Yea—great is the romance of the road!

A SONG OF SPRING

A Rondel

BY ELEANOR SLATER (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

SPRINGTIME comes with her fair face glowing,—
Star-eyed Spring,—and she calls to me,
Flying, fleet, with her bright hair flowing,
Bearing dew from the shining sea,
And she sings with the birds and the breezes blowing,
Nursing the buds on a leafing tree.
Springtime comes with her fair face glowing,—
Star-eyed Spring,—and she calls to me.
So away to the fields where the flowers are growing,
To sip the dew with the droning bee;
And away to the tree-crowned hills I 'm going,
To race where the sky-born winds run free.
Springtime comes with her fair face glowing,—
Star-eyed Spring,—and she calls to me.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 254

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badges, **Anne Waldron** (age 15), California; **Elinor Welch** (age 10), Connecticut; **Elizabeth Cleaveland** (age 14), Minnesota; Silver Badges, **Mary E. Ballard** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Claire Faitoute** (age 12), New Jersey; **Paul White** (age 12), Texas; **Mary J. Folsom** (age 15), Wisconsin.

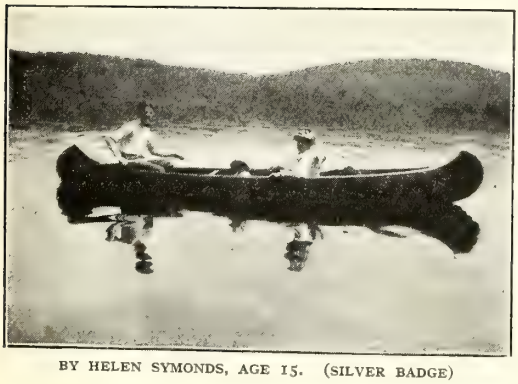
VERSE. Gold Badges, **Margaret Humphrey** (age 13), Oregon; **Margaret C. Schnidler** (age 14), Wisconsin; **Rae Verrill** (age 13), Canada; **Helen Grace Davie** (age 16), California. Silver Badges, **Ralph Sargent Bailey** (age 16), Massachusetts; **Helen R. Ohl** (age 17), Pennsylvania; **Margaret W. Hall** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Billy Carman** (age 15), Minnesota; **Dorothy Jayne** (age 15), Idaho.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badge, **Penelope Lewis** (age 12), Connecticut. Silver Badges, **Jacob Jankowitz** (age 15), New York; **Dorothy F. H. Anderson** (age 17), California; **Dorothy Van Gorder** (age 14), Colorado; **Mary Lundberg** (age 13), Pennsylvania.

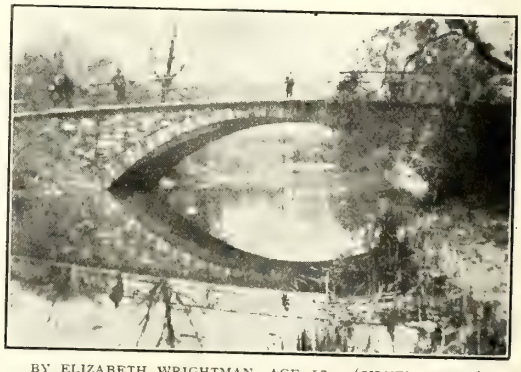
PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badge, **Erika Peters** (age 14), Texas. Silver Badges, **Alice McNeal** (age 14), Missouri; **Catherine Fox** (age 12), Wisconsin; **Elizabeth Wrightman** (age 13), New York; **Helen Symonds** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Emma Daniels** (age 15), Nebraska; **F. Ethel Fulper** (age 12), New Jersey.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold Badges, **Alice Sherburne** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Lydia A. Cutler** (age 15), Minnesota. Silver Badge, **Derexa Whitcomb Pentreath** (age 14), Indiana.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver Badge, **Dorothy Donaldson** (age 14), New York.



BY HELEN SYMONDS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)



BY ELIZABETH WRIGHTMAN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

"REFLECTIONS"

SPRING

BY RALPH SARGENT BAILEY (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

When the sorely tried commuter, in his back-yard garden plot,
Starts to wildly wield the rake and hoe and spade;
When the ever bashful lover takes the blue forget-me-not
With youthful ardor to his chosen maid;

When the portly cotton magnate grumbles at a ninety-eight,
And says his breakfast put him off his game;
When the rubber-booted angler, with his rod and reel and bait,
Splashes gravely in pursuit of fishy fame;

When the bone-begoggled student dumps his books upon the floor,
And tells the world he 's out to have his fling;
Just recall that vanquished Winter has indeed gone out the door;
Just remember, gentle reader, that it 's Spring.

A STORY OF THE ROAD

(A True Story)

BY CLAIRE FAITOUTE (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

Mother, Daddy, and I left Chicago at seven o'clock one night in midwinter, on the Overland Limited for San Francisco. We were in the observation car, which is the last one, and we had a drawing-room in the center of the car.

Two nights later we were awakened at about one-thirty by a terrible crash. Every one was startled, and as soon as possible we got up to investigate, and found that we were at the top of the Rocky Mountains in a driving blizzard, and the snow was so deep that the telegraph-wires rested on the snow! And the car was elevated ten feet with the engine of the snow-plow, which had been following us, under it, with the front of the snow-plow right through the car up to the writing-desk. We all moved into the smoking-car, and our car, called *Black Beauty*, was left with the snow-plow in the mountains.

The train had a powerful light on the end; and when questioned why he did not see this light, the engineer of the snow-plow said that he had been working for forty-eight hours without sleep and had gone to sleep in the engine.

Luckily no one was hurt except one man, who had his knee fractured.

Now Mother always looks to see if the car *Black Beauty* is on our train, because we afterward heard that that car had had many accidents, and everybody considered it an unlucky car.

ON THE ROAD

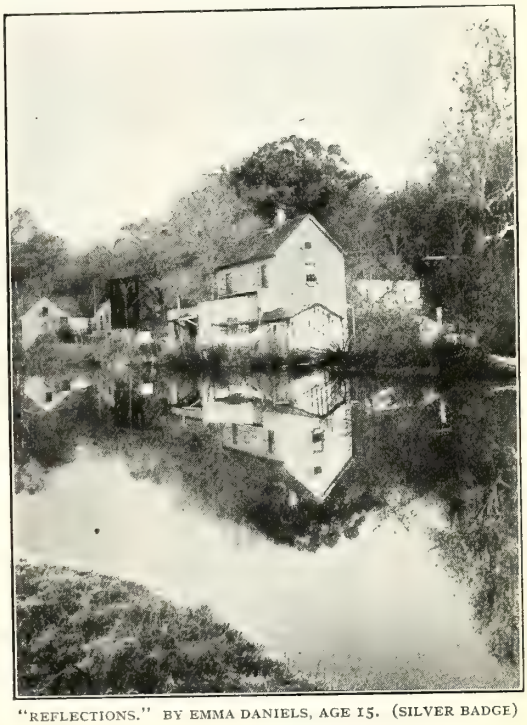
BY ANNE WALDRON (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May, 1920)

"Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. . . ."

("*As You Like It*": Act II, Scene 7)

There you have the tale entire; for that self-same school-boy creeps along another road—The Road to Learning. He ascends with more or less facility the long upward pull of grammar school. Then he reaches a door, and above it is written "Latin Grammar." O young pilgrim, the mountains grow very rough! Also there is another gate called "Algebra," from which he plunges from Latin Ridge into a slough which rivals that of the famous *Christian*. From the algebraic slough he struggles (possibly with the help of one who has passed that way before and is familiar with its twists and turns). Over History and English does he plod, looking continually up toward his goal, college credit, for to the strongest fall the fruits of battle. Latin Ridge is becoming almost level, with only a few steep places



"REFLECTIONS." BY EMMA DANIELS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

here and there. English and History are merging into a broad meadow-land.

In the next period of his pilgrimage is opened unto him "Modern Languages." Over the slopes of Chemistry, slaying the dragon Geometry with the sword Common Sense, onward and upward he climbs, till at length he passes through the portals of college. Onward he struggles and still upward, but climbing now the mountains upon which he has determined. Then at last he halts, holding in his hand his diploma, and, standing at the top, looks back—and laughs!

A SONG OF SPRING

BY HELEN R. OHL (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

Oh, springtime in the South! where at the morn
The mocking-bird trills forth a carol gay;
Where through the trees the cardinal is borne
On flaming wings. And, like a golden ray,
The wild canary glows 'mid dark-green pines;
The querulous catbird mews in fragrant haunts;
The dogwood all its whitened banners flaunts;
The dainty iris grows—its bright gold shines;
Its purple vies with neighboring violets' tints;
The trumpet-flower sends forth blood-red gleams;
The scented jasmine like the sunshine glints;
The sweet, white violet dwells by mossy streams;
The sapphire sky shades into amethyst;
Oh southern spring! with thee I 'll keep my tryst.

IN BLOSSOM TIME—AN ACROSTIC

BY MARGARET HUMPHREY (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1920*)

Is there other time so dear?
Never, throughout all the year!

Bluebells sway on slender stems,
Lilies glow—pale, pearly gems;
Orchids' opalescent hues
Shine in the swamp. Wet with spring dews
Sweet May-flowers blow in hidden places,
Or daisies fill all open spaces.
Many the cowslips 'round the spring;

The birds thro' flutt'ring petals sing.
In every land the folk love May.
Mid blossoms sweet the children play;
Ever will blossom time be gay!

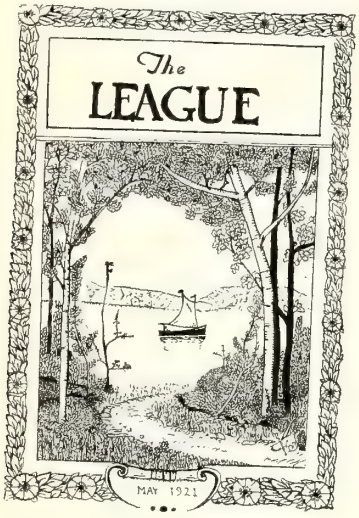
ON THE ROAD—A TRUE STORY

BY PAUL WHITE (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

Two days last summer I hauled lumber from a planing-mill in east Texas to a farm about seven miles away. It took a whole day to make a round trip, counting waiting for lumber to be planed. I had company, because four wagons were hauling the same as I.

Nothing happened the first day; but on the second, Mr. Balcom and I took a short cut home. As we came down a small sandy hill I noticed my lumber slipping forward. I tried to stop the team, but the lumber slid down upon them. They started running. What was I to do? Run into the man below, or turn into the woods? I chose the latter. I pulled my team into the thick woods. There was a hard jar—I was on the ground. The wagon had run into a stump, breaking two trace-chains, and the coupling-pole. I was unhurt.



BY JACOB JANKOWITZ, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)



BY DOROTHY H. ANDERSON, AGE 17
(SILVER BADGE)



BY DOROTHY VAN GORDER,
AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

A STORY OF THE ROAD

BY RUTH BUFFINGTON (AGE 13)

THE road that leads through Concord is a winding one, passing by many interesting places.

A little way into the town is Louisa May Alcott's home. On each side of the doorway stands a huge elm. (It used to be the custom long ago for the husband and wife each to plant a tree by the doorway.) The house is an old, brown, weather-beaten one. Set back a little way, in the woods behind the house, is Mr. Alcott's little school-house. It is very plain, quaint, and old-fashioned. Within the house we see the small attic room where Miss Alcott wrote "Little Women."

We then leave the house and again follow the twisting road, past Hawthorne's "Old Manse." It, too, is brown and weather-beaten. About a block away is a white building with bright green blinds—a true old New England home. It is where Emerson lived.

We ride on for a time, passing all the quaint, queer houses, and see on his pedestal in the middle of the street, just before the Old North Bridge, the statue of the minute-man, erected in honor of the soldiers who fell in the battle. Old North Bridge has been torn down, but the bridge built in its place is said to be much like it. What I learned of the story of the roads of Concord I shall never forget.

A SONG OF SPRING

BY MARGARET W. HALL (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

'T is heigh-ho for the blossoming spring-time
  And heigh-ho for the golden day;
'T is heigh-ho for the greening wild-woods
  And a song for the month o' May.

Oh, there 's joy all 'round about us;
  There 's joy in the babbling brook;
There 's joy in the birds' mad carol;
  Joy dwells in the woodland nook.
So heigh-ho for the birds a-mating,
  And heigh-ho for the blossoming fields,
And a song for all the pleasure
  Our joyous springtime yields.

There 's a whisper in the south-wind,
  "Oh, cast your cares away!
Come, frolic with me in the meadow;
  With me, be glad and gay!"
So heigh-ho for the blossoming springtime,
  And heigh-ho for the golden day;
Heigh-ho for the greening wild-woods
  And a song for the month o' May.



BY EVA C. STEVENS, AGE 11



BY ERIKA PETERS, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JANUARY, 1921)



BY ALICE McNEAL, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

"REFLECTIONS"

A STORY OF THE ROAD

BY MARY E. BALLARD (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

We were riding slowly up one of the steepest inclines of the Mohawk Trail when the engine suddenly stopped. Fortunately, Father was able to find the trouble, and while he repaired the break we walked on up the mountain road to "explore." We came upon a path which, from appearances, had not been used for some time, and, to our surprise, Louise seemed to grow excited. "I 've seen it at last!" she cried.

"Seen what?" we asked in amazement.

"Why, don't you know? This is the place where the road branches off and meets the trail of the Mohawk Indians!" she replied.

After we had calmed down to some extent, she told us the story.

"Every year, when the Mohawk Indians crossed from the Hudson River to the Connecticut River to catch the salmon which came up the Connecticut from the Sound, they followed this same trail.

"It happened that this trail crossed Florida Mountain and proved the easiest route of travel from one side to the other; so when a road was built, the engineers naturally followed the old trail. In some places, where it was too steep, the trail was left for a short distance; and this path is one of the places where it was too steep to follow."

"Oh!" was all that we could say. "To think of seeing a *real* Indian trail!"

"And that is n't all, either," said Louise; "for this very road passes over the Hoosac Tunnel, the longest railroad tunnel in the United States!"

We were quite startled when Father came up with the automobile, for the thought of being on an Indian trail had made us alert to all sounds.

After telling Father the story we turned our attention to "the road."

A SONG OF SPRING

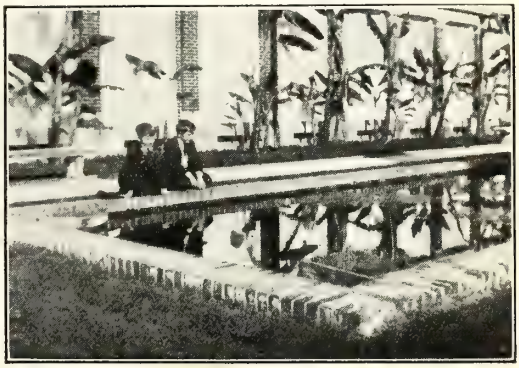
BY MARGARET C. SCHNIDLER (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1921*)

Fairyland is all awake, for I see the grasses shake
Where the little people go. Lightly dancing to and fro,
Round about the fairy ring, in the long warm nights of spring.
In the center, on the ground, Queen Titania is found,
With her consort, Oberon, who a toadstool sits upon.
Peter Pan his pipes will blow as they circling round him go.
Weirdly high and shrill pipes he for the fairy company.
When such music he will make, fairyland is all awake.

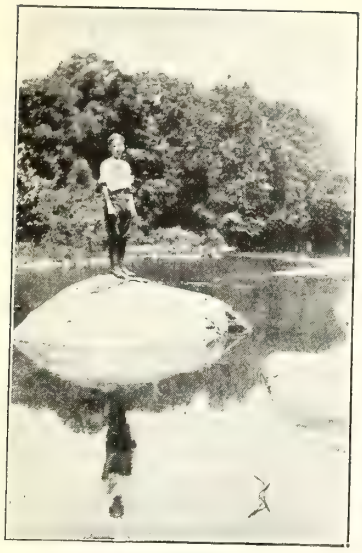


BY ALEXANDER GMELIN, AGE 13. (HONOR MEMBER)

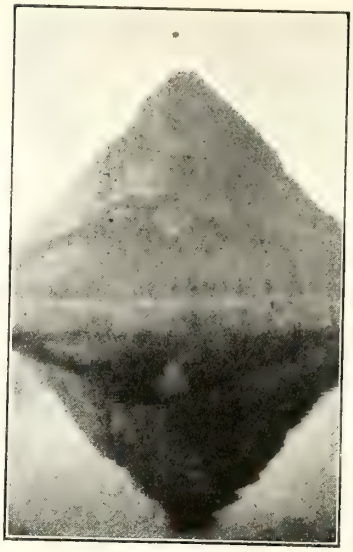


BY JESSIE F. SIMPSON, AGE 14

"REFLECTIONS"



BY F. ETHEL FULPER, AGE 12
(SILVER BADGE)



BY JOYCE PORTER, AGE 13



BY ELIZABETH A. MARSH, AGE 14

"REFLECTIONS"

IN BLOSSOM TIME

BY RAE VERRILL (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1921*)

Across the meadows garbed in green, where the wild
narcissus grow
And snowdrops peep from shady nooks, like flakes of
sparkling snow;
Where rosy petals from the trees are strewn upon the
grass,
Proserpina, Herald of Spring, will, dancing lightly, pass.
The swallowtails, in yellow coats all trimmed with
black and blue,
Will court the golden daffodils—they 're lovers fond
and true.

The little brook runs babbling on and ripples down the
hill,
Now murmuring in gladsome song and blithesome,
happy trill.
The little birds burst out in song,—for all is wondrous
gay,—
While in the pasture just ahead are little lambs at play.
The zephyrs sing their song of love and drift among the
trees;
The little white-caps on the sea are dancing in the
breeze.
The bell up there in the belfry tall peals out its joyful
chime;
It seems to say: " 'T is Spring! 't is Spring!—and this
is blossom time!"

A STORY OF THE ROAD

BY DOROTHY V. A. FULLER (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

"SEÑOR," Amelio, the squat little Mexican rider, was speaking to his thoroughbred, "Señor, the bandidos are after us! *Cielos!* And I have promised you to *el Señor* [the master] safe at Juarez by to-morrow night. *Cielos* again! They are closer, *mi Señor;* they are after *you*. *O mi Caballo!*"

A long stretch of desert lay in front of horse and rider; a longer stretch behind. A little gully and a stream bed were farther on. Amelio seemed to know the place. He dismounted there and began unsaddling Señor. As he did so, he chuckled:

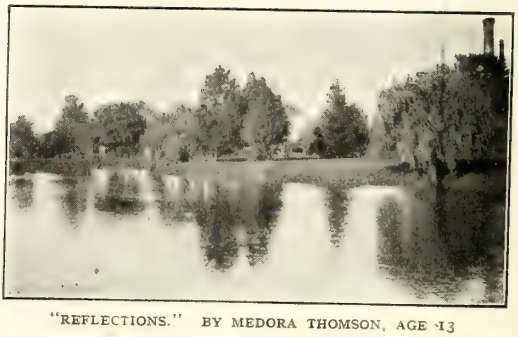
"Now for the transformation, *Novio mio! Anda!*" He led the way to the bottom of the stream bed and pointed to the mud. "Lie down!" A Mexican thoroughbred never hesitates. Down he went into the mud. "Roll!" Señor rolled. Then the keen little groom produced some shears and went to work.

Meanwhile, the ring of horses' hoofs was rapidly coming nearer. The hoof-beats echoed through the cactus aisles of the desert.

When the bandidos came up to Amelio they saw a very ragged fellow cutting wood, and an old, decrepit nag standing listlessly by. The leader addressed the peon in voluble, disrespectful Spanish. Had he seen a horse, a *fine* horse, pass that way? They had lost one—a wonderful animal. He did n't know? He was "*un bobo*" [a stupid fellow] then! And on the fierce-looking bandidos rode.

When they were out of sight, Amelio turned to the muddy, unkempt beast. "Señor," he said, in high good humor, "we are actors as good as those at *El Teatro de Méjico, no es verdad?* [Is it not true?] No, Señor, we shall not stop to wash. *Ahora!*"

And they took the road, at the pace of a thoroughbred only, toward Juarez across the desert.



"REFLECTIONS." BY MEDORA THOMSON, AGE 13

A SONG OF SPRING

BY BILLY CARMAN (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

When the sky has lost its grayness
And the sun shines bright again;
When the smell of green things growing
Seems to follow close the rain,
Then I hear the soft winds whisper,
Light as birds upon the wing,
And they murmur sweetly to me
Just the one word, "Spring!"

When the trees have gained the grandeur
That they lost with winter's snow,
And the plum-trees with their blossoms
Heavy laden, bend more low,
Then the brooklet, rushing onward,
Pausing in his course to sing,
While I listen, softly whispers
Just the one word, "Spring!"

When the robins in the orchard
Sing with joy of mating-time,
With the help of Mother Nature
Heaven and Earth are sure to rhyme.
As I sit there, musing, dreaming,
Happier than any king,
Comes a child who whispers softly
Just the one word, "Spring!"

IN BLOSSOM TIME

BY DOROTHY JAYNE (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

A breeze that was sailing through tree-tops one day
Saw an orchard asleep—'T was the middle of May.
He said with a wink, "I see 't is my duty
To awake with a kiss this old sleeping beauty"
So softly he whispered, "Wake up, my old dear;
It 's the spring of the year. Time for the blossoms is near.
I invite all the blossoms and bid them be gay."
And he gave her a kiss ere he sped on his way.

The blossoms came forth as soft as caresses,
Gaily decked out in their dear little dresses;
And the lazy brown orchard that zephyr had kissed
Was hidden as tho' by a lacy white mist.
When the breeze saw the blossoms, he made them a bow,
And they all dropped him curtsies, as blossoms know how.
Then he whistled a gay little tune, if you please,
And the blossoms all nodded and danced with the breeze.

ON THE ROAD

BY MARY J. FOLSOM (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

It was early Christmas morning in nineteen-seventeen, and over bumps and holes, Sergeant DeNyse was driving his big truck. How gloomy and wet it was! And what a beast of a place for a fellow to be, anyway! But it was war, so, trying to keep in mind the box from home which was, no doubt, awaiting him, the sergeant drove on.

"What 's this?" asked Private Ted Conroy, who was with him, straining his neck for a better view of some trucks coming toward them.

In a few minutes Sergeant DeNyse drew up alongside of the first truck, that had just been stopped by its driver.

"Fifty-first Pioneer!" announced one of the new-



"READY." BY OTHO B. BLAKE, AGE 16 (HONOR MEMBER)



"READY." BY EDWARD G. MURPHY, AGE 13. (HONOR MEMBER)

comers, and the blue-eyed sergeant's face fairly beamed.

"Oh, boy!" he breathed. "Could it be possible?"

Then, aloud, he called out:

"Private Will DeNyse happen to be in the bunch, Buddy?" and he scanned the other trucks expectantly.

"Sure thing, Art!" came a new voice.

It was n't long before the two brothers were grasping each other's hands, and Private Conroy gazed upon them with a lump in his throat.

"For the love of Mike," the sergeant was blurting out, "I 've been looking for you since spring!"

Private Will did not trust himself to answer at once, but when he did, it was rather chokily.

"On Christmas day at that, old chap," he answered. "Glory! But Mother will be glad!"

IN BLOSSOM TIME; OR, DA LANDA SPREENG

HELEN GRACE DAVIE (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May, 1920)

Da lady from da "Settlament" ees com'
An' ask eef she can tak' us out wan day—
Ma leetla brudder Angelo an' me—
For see da pretta field', an' run an' play
Off from da dirta, smala street'
W'ere birda, flower', an' tree' wan no can meet,
To nice-a land w'ere eet ees bright an' clean,
An' evra theeng ees sweet an' fresh an' green.

Da lady say: "Da Spreeng ees here—enjoy!"
We chasa den da butterfly an' bee;
We runna, laugha—ah! so free an' gay,
We ees so happy—Angelo an' me.
A birda sudden from da grass ees spreeng;
Eet fly up vera high, an' seeng an' seeng,
So warma ees da sun, so blue da sky,
So pretta all—I mos' baygeen to cry.

Da kinda lady call at las' an' say:
"Night ees com' soon—an' chil'ren home mus' be!"
But firs' we peeck da pretta buncha flower'
For our poor Mama—Angelo an' me.

Back here ees Mama seeck—da baby too;
Da room so dark, so small no sun com' thro.
Steel een my heart I hear da birda seeng—
Eet seem' to say, "Not far da Landa Spreeng!"



"REFLECTIONS." BY CATHERINE FOX, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

A STORY OF THE ROAD

BY ELINOR WELCH (AGE 10)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1921*)

ONE morning, Edith Long was out in a sleigh with her grandfather on one of the country roads near Boston. She was not in a very good humor, and as the road was both long and muddy, she began to get tired of just sitting and not getting anywhere and cried impatiently, "What a stupid road this is!"

Her grandfather smiled and said, "Well, perhaps it is. But if you knew what this road knows, you would think better of it."

"What this road knows?" Edith repeated. "What does this road know, Grandfather?" she added eagerly.

Mr. Long, glad to see Edith's good humor return, replied, "Some hundred odd years ago, Paul Revere made his famous ride over this road; many small skirmishes were fought here, and last, but not least, this road was included in one of the most important secrets of this town, for not far from here is a tremendous rock in which is a tunnel where many kegs of powder were hidden during the Revolutionary War."

"But, Grandfather," interposed Edith. "How do you know where the powder was kept? You were n't alive in the Revolution."

"Because my grandfather, who was a colonel then, told my father, and he told me," answered Mr. Long. "And now," he concluded, "would you like to go over and see the rock where the powder was kept?"

"I should think so!" replied Edith; "and I take back all I said about this being a stupid road."



"READY." (PAUL REVERE.) BY PENELOPE LEWIS, AGE 12
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1921)

A STORY OF A ROAD

BY VIRGINIA MCVAY (AGE 15)

(*The Road of the Loving Heart*)

FAR away on a little island, unimportant and remote from civilization, runs such a road as is not to be seen in the most powerful countries of the world.

Once, a Scotchman came to this island, near to death and wishing, because of the favorable climate, to spend his last days there. He bought a plantation and settled down quietly, but soon he became interested in the affairs of the natives. The two sides could not agree, and there was continual strife. It was this exile from his own land who helped them, advised them, and gave them his love, until, when warfare had ceased, both sides called him their friend.

But even when war had ceased, many chieftains were still in prison because of their political views. This Scotchman made it his work to feed them, and he worked long and patiently at his task. He saved the prisoners from death, visited them, comforted them, and pleaded for them, until at last they were released.

Now this man, whom the natives called Tusitala (Teller of Tales), had long wanted a certain road built. And the gratitude of these chieftains for what he had done for them was such that in spite of age, sickness, heat, and hundreds of other obstacles, they set themselves to building this road. In time it was finished, and they called it 'The Road of The Loving Heart,' as a present, that might endure forever.

Soon after, the Scotchman died, to be mourned sincerely by many people, but no one mourned him more sincerely than did these humble natives.

The world knows this man, whom the natives called Tusitala, as Robert Louis Stevenson, and it is because "the day was no longer than his kindness" that the story of the Road of the Loving Heart can be told.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

David D. Lloyd
Oliver Gale
Miriam Grosvenor
Bert Shapiro
Minnie Pfeferberg
Silvia A. Wunderlich
Caroline Everett
Marion Reissemveber
Constance M. Palmer
Richard Barrow
Florence Finch
Peggy Cook
Mary Hulse
Mary Vernia
Josephine Rothchild
Geraldine Goodwin
Eleanor Schlytter
Alice L. Sterling
Olive Mulford
Willard Laning, Jr.
Dorothy R. Burnett
Constance M. O'Hara
Jeanne L. Jaquith
Dorothy I. Dixon
May Wright
Evelyn L. Everitt
Margaret P. Coleman
William M. Hiester
Ruth Wilkinson
Barbara Simison
Walter Hurley

VERSE

Barbara Irish
Helen E. Waite
Birkbeck Wilson
Margaret J. McJennett
Chiyo Hirose
Catharine Stone
Francis S. Tuckerman
Elizabeth E. Clarke
Elizabeth Kingsbury
Catherine Parmenter
Margaret Mackprang
Mollie L. Craig
John I. Daniel
Rudolph Cook
Fanita Laurie
Malvina Holcombe
Mary L. Mayo
Ernest O. Knoch
Charlotte Reynolds
Mignon Rittenhouse
Betty Fulton
Eleanor F. Scott
Margaret McCulloh
Carol Kaufman
Edith Hargrave
Ruth Clevenger
Ruth Dennis
Helen Simonson
Helen L. MacLeod
Virginia H. Chapman

DRAWINGS

Frances Oler
Worthen Bradley
Dorothy C. Miller
Murl Daniels
Isabelle Haskell
Kathleen Murray
Dorothy Miner
Karla Henrich
Hester Laning
Alan Atkins
Edith Burr
Gladys Lull
Dorothy McGonigal
Veronica Irwin
Elizabeth Boyle
Theodore Hall, Jr.
Cornelia Jones
Helen S. Johnson
Lucille Duff
Helen Coyne

PHOTOGRAPHS

Katharine McAfee
Edna Bahr
Alan V. McGee
Jane Ashcraft
Edith O'D. Hunter
Wm. C. Hanna
Helen F. Bloomer
Helen Bowman
Eleanor M. Rugh
Editha Wright
Benjamin V. White, Jr.
Ruth H. Dimick
Betty Hobart
Winifred Blackwell

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Louise Hullihen
Martha E. Smith
Nelson B. Pendleton
Frances S. Holliday
Eleanor Jones
Mildred Ridley
Frances Pierson
Alyse V. Evans
Emily Hall
Mary Elmer
Florence Frear
Alice L. McCaul
Merrill Jones
Josephine Burras
Marian H. Stanwood
Emma M. McCully

DRAWINGS

Frances-Lee Purnell
Victoria Potter
Julia Polk
Beatrice Vogt
Katharine Wolfe
Shirley Behr
Francis H. Szecskay
Kate Reynolds
Shirley Strouse
Dorothy Schwendener
Kathleen Von Goutard
Albert Reader
Nancy Benoist
Katharine Eastman
Beatrice Parvin
Grace Griffin
Florence Fowler
Maureen Harrington
Amy Tatro
Richard G. Hill, Jr.
Patricia E. Smith
Marjorie I. Miller
Theron W. Butterworth
Stanley Saxton
Eunice Cooke
Sallie McKenzie
Barbara F. Smith
E. K. Graves
Jonathan H. Niles
John Curtis
Caroline M. Ashton
Katherine C. Rubens
Kathleen Haste
Nancy S. Morgan
Rhea Levy
Meryl Stateler
Rose C. Merryweather
Helen Steele
Helen MacGregor
Mary H. Bush
Virginia Mitchell
Katharine Hubbard
Robert B. Bell
Seymour Offutt
Katherine Burton
James C. Perkins, Jr.
Muriel M. Craig
Dorothy Gray
Helen C. Furer
Louise Hudson
Sylvia Cook
Frances E. Duncan
Evelyn Paxton
Hugh W. Watson
Margery E. Benedict
Endicott Hanson
Susan McBryde
Gwendolyn Randall
Frances G. Crossley
Margaret Maugis
Rachel Hammond



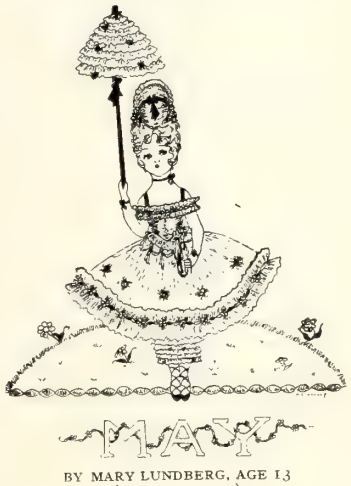
"READY." BY FRANCES CLARKE, AGE 13

PHOTOGRAPHS

Mary B. Claxton
Gladys Morton
Frank L. Heaton
Elizabeth Barton
Meyer Lisbanoff
S. E. Briggs
Mary R. Eaton
Julia F. Doughty
Josephine Rankin
Gwynne M. Dresser
Edward D. Cushing
Willard Anderson
Marian Frankenfield
Margaret Durick

VERSE

Allen S. Weller
Elizabeth Wilcox
Madeleine Girvan
Edward B. Black
Charline Raub
Catharine M. Dawson
Jessica L. Megaw
Elizabeth Brainerd
Janet B. McAfee
Carolina McCall
Anne L. New
Laura D. Petersen
Mary E. Eaves
Hope Sterling
Frederick S. Pearson
Ellen A. Frank
William Aydelotte
Emily Kingsbury
Julia Van der Veer
Barbara Maniere
Winifred Rollins
Jane E. Clover

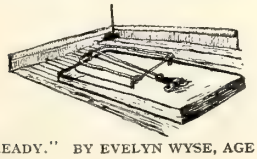


BY MARY LUNDBERG, AGE 13 (SILVER BADGE)

Cecily B. Fox
Anne Wyman
Virginia H. Miley
Caroline E. Heminway

PUZZLES

R. Thulin
Marion Kilbourn
Philip Reynolds
Eugencia Leigh
Dorothy M. Jones
Alexander B. Griswold
Jocelyn Crane
Alice R. Loyall
Robert C. Osborne, Jr.
Sarah H. Murray
Adele S. Weller
Berenice L. Lasher



"READY." BY EVELYN WYSE, AGE 15

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 258

Competition No. 258 will close June 3. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for September. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"The Harvest"** or **"Harvest Time."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"A Proud Moment."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, **"At the Corner."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"A Familiar Object"** or **"A Heading for September."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

BAYONNE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I was reading your January number the thing that interested me most was the play "I 'll Try." I showed it to my teacher who liked it as much as I did. We decided to give it at promotion time in honor of the graduating class.

It was hard work for us to get it up, for we only have one session of school, and the school building has no auditorium. Almost everybody in our class was in it, from the largest girl, who was *Mrs. Benedict*, to the smallest, who was *The Article*. I was *Caroline*.

Nobody was satisfied to have her part written out—each one must have ST. NICHOLAS. Now, a number are your readers.

We could not have elaborate costumes, but we did the best we could. The *Fairy Patience* wore a white dress, which she had, a crown, and a wand. *Queen Grammar* borrowed a costume, while *King English* just wore a crown. The parts of speech just had placards.

The day it was given we had a chorus first, then the play. It seemed as if everybody was suited to her part. The mothers were invited, and a number were there. It was a great success and everybody wanted us to repeat it. There was another chorus afterward, and that ended the program.

Our new teacher wants us to give another ST. NICHOLAS play.

Thanking you for the happy hours you have given me.

Yours affectionately,

MARY C. POPE (AGE 11).

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen the butterfly-tree at Pacific Grove which was described in the November number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Last summer I was in Truckee. One day, thousands and thousands of orange-brown butterflies, with dark markings, flew over the town. They flew from the other side of the mountain, through the woods, over the river, and toward Lake Tahoe. Sometimes some rested on trees and houses for a few minutes and then went on. They spread out for over a mile and were still flying when the sun went down.

Your devoted reader,

MARTHA MOTTRAM (AGE 8).

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every month I wait impatiently for my welcome friend, ST. NICHOLAS! The stories I enjoy and have enjoyed most are "The Crimson Patch," "The Luck of Denewood," "The Dragon's Secret," and all the short stories and poems. My little sister, who is five years old, likes to hear the things for very little folk. Whenever ST. NICHOLAS arrives, Constance (for that is her name) runs up and says, "Gladys! the Nicky 's here! The Nicky 's here!" just as if she understood all the stories and all that the wonderful magazine contains.

I have taken you for one year and this is the second. I can hardly wait for the next number to come. Even my grandmother and mother enjoy it with me.

Yours lovingly,

GLADYS POLOWETSKI (AGE 12).

EVANSTON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for only a little over a year, but it seems to have been always. I don't know how I got along without you before I got you.

I love your ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE and sometimes I try for it. I think the people that draw for it are wonders. When I try to draw with ink, it splotches and blotches so that I have to give it up.

I have a darling little brown dog and a parrot. The parrot says such funny things sometimes! He makes us all laugh very hard and joins in as heartily as any of us. He has a yellow head, that cocks and ruffles, and red tips on the wings and a tail of all kinds of colors. He talks just like a human being and not in that crazy way in which most parrots screech.

Once I found myself in a picture in ST. NICHOLAS. It was with my sister and cousins at Uncle Charlie's, when General Pershing was there. General Pershing is about the finest, bravest, kindest man I ever saw.

I have had ever so many pleasant times reading ST. NICHOLAS, and I like it better than any magazine I have ever had.

Your loving reader,

MARGARET DAWES.

TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years. You are a *dandy!* I always hurry to see you when you come from far-off America to me here in Japan.

We spend our summers in Karuizawa, Japan. It is a fine place for summer sports. We play tennis, basketball and baseball, and take walks. Karuizawa is surrounded on all sides by mountains, and it used to be a crater hundreds of thousands of years ago. It is a town of about 1500 inhabitants, mostly Japanese.

Asama, one of the greatest active volcanoes in Japan, has recently erupted. This volcano is about fifteen miles away from Karuizawa.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES REIFSNIDER, JR. (AGE 14).

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although you receive letters from many distant parts of the world, I have lately seen few from Paris. You have been a member of the family before any of the children could read, and Father used to read "For Very Little Folk" to us.

Paris is a wonderful city, but old-fashioned in many respects. They even have gas-lamps in the main thoroughfares!

The other day I climbed to the top of the Arc de Triomphe. By the time we were half-way up, our ardor started to cool. It seemed as if that dark, winding stairway would never end. At last we reached the top, and expected to see light. But we had to cross a space, and climb another flight! But the view from the top was well worth the climb. Spread out below us was the Etoile, that is, the Star, with about sixteen roads and avenues branching out from the arch like the spokes of a wheel.

Your loving friend,

ALFRED TREE (AGE 13).

IN BLOSSOM TIME

THERE is a time when the birds sing gaily,
When flowers bloom and blossom daily,
When children laugh, and sing, and shout.
Who can find the secret out?
When is this time, when all things are merry?
When children are glad and gay?
Young women go 'round with cheeks like a cherry;
For this is the month of May.

MARGUERITE BOIES (AGE 10).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Umbrella.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Where the Bible forms public opinion, a nation must be free."

ADDITIONS. Monroe. 1. M-ice. 2. O-pal. 3. N-eat. 4. R-ill. 5. O-pen. 6. E-den.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Easter. Cross-words: 1. Eggs. 2. Arts. 3. Soap. 4. Time. 5. Echo. 6. Rent.

PICTURED POEMS. Longfellow. 1. The Old Clock on the Stairs. 2. The Arrow and the Song. 3. The Lighthouse. 4. The Phantom Ship. 5. The Two Angels. 6. The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz. 7. Giotto's Tower. 8. The Harvest Moon. 9. The Broken Oar.

CHARADE. Rob-inn-hood. Robin Hood.

SOME CURIOUS PENS. 1. Pension. 2. Penitentiary. 3. Pennant or pennon. 4. Penalty. 5. Pennsylvania. 6. Penitent. 7. Pentecost. 8. Penguin. 9. Pendulum. 10. Penury. 11. Penny. 12. Pensive. 13. Pentateuch. 14. Pennyroyal. 15. Penetrate.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARES. 1. Mole. 2. Opal. 3. Lamb. 4. Elbe.

A LITERARY ACROSTIC. Initials, Romeo and Juliet. From 1 to 19, The Merchant of Venice; 20 to 29, Coriolanus; 30 to 39, The Tempest; 40 to 47, King Lear; 48 to 56, Cymbeline. Cross-words: 1. Right. 2. Ocean. 3. Mulch. 4. Epics. 5. Ovate. 6. After. 7. Noisy. 8. Drake. 9. Joint. 10. Uncle. 11. Lemon. 12. Inlet. 13. Ember. 14. Theme.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. Robin, 73-65-64-74-66. Oriole, 75-67-57-48-40-30. Sparrow, 39-38-46-56-55-47-37. Crow, 28-19-11-1. Canary, 10-2-12-20-29-21. Finch, 22-32-24-14-4. Grosbeak, 3-13-5-6-7-15-25-17. Pheasant, 8-9-18-27-35-34-42-33. Eagle, 23-31-41-51-50. Hawk, 49-59-58-68. Vulture, 76-77-69-60-70-78-79. Pigeon, 80-71-81-72-63-62. Woodpecker, 61-53-43-52-44-54-45-36-26-16.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be *mailed* not later than June 3, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were duly received from Dorothy Donaldson—Marion C. Pickard—John F. Davis—Jo L. Keener, Jr.—Dorothy Patton—Kemper Hall Chapter—Virginia Ball—Margaret E. Teall—St. Anna's Girls—Marion A. Everest—Bernard Le Frois—"Allil and Adi"—No name, Westville—Ruth T. Smith—William Pratt—Charlotte R. Cabell—H. Spencer and Henry Dormitzer—Allen T. Gifford—Helen A. Moulton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were duly received from Katharine Jones, 7—Ruth M. Willis, 7—Elizabeth Jacobus, 7—Hope Robertson, 7—Gwenfread E. Allen, 7—Bernard Kohn, 7—Margaret Gorton, 6—Frances DuBarry, 6—Jean and John Foster, 5—Edith H. Benjamin, 5—R. and E. Thulin, 5—Nina S. Skidmore, 5—Bettina Booth, 4—Eleanor Thomas, 4—Isabel Scheuber, 3—Serena Davidson, 3—Hazel Barbour, 3—H. Steele, 2—H. A. R. Doyle, 2—H. M. Bennett, 2—M. Burden, 2—R. Williams, 2—E. Tollefson, 2.

ONE ANSWER: C. M.—J. H.—B. A.—F. H. R.—M. A. N.—H. B.—E. H. A.—R. M.—K. McE.—R. S.—E. W.—H. De S. L.—L. B.—R. J.—M. C.—M. F.—R. N.—K. H.—A. H.—D. B.—M. R.—P. G.—R. W.—M. S.—B. B.—E. A. B.—M. W. C.—C. C.—C. O.—P. S.—C. V. J.—I. E. H.—A. S. M.—A. R. M. Jr.—F. W.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG

(*Gold Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. A kind of soil. 2. A noisy brawl. 3. Small insects. 4. The surname of an ex-President. 5. To "make eyes" at. 6. A Spanish-American laborer. 7. Twenty quires. 8. An author of metrical compositions. 9. Parts of circles. 10. Part of an egg.

When these words have been rightly guessed and placed as shown in the diagram, the zigzags from 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 will each name a fine city of the United States.

LYDIA A. CUTLER (age 15).

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

When Mary was asked how old her dog was, she replied, "Tippy is one third of my age. Three years ago he was one sixth of my age, and five years hence he will be one half of my age." How old was Mary and how old was Tippy?

KINGSLEY KAHLER (age 11), *League Member*.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals and my finals each name a flower.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Injury. 2. A feminine name. 3. A fruit. 4. A common prefix. 5. A small branch. 6. Within. 7. A useful mineral. 8. Among. DOROTHY WOOD (age 12), *League Member*.

A RIDDLE

One half of a word is "ps"
One third of a word is "es"
One sixth of a word is "r"
Now what is the word, if you please?

VIRGINIA KOEPPEN (age 13), *League Member*.

AN OBELISK

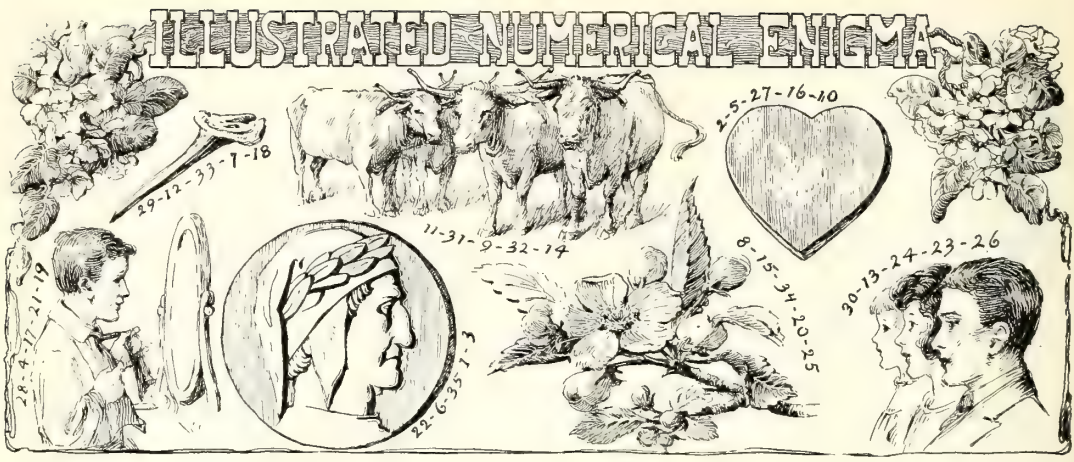
(*Gold Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. In Riddle-box. 2. A pronoun. 3. A defile between mountains. 4. Indigent. 5. A great country. 6. To waste time in idleness. 7. Harshness. 8. An Indian weapon. 9. To push or jostle, as with the elbow. 10. A simpleton. 11. Weird. 12. To take away by violence or by stealth. 13. To collect and come to order, as troops dispersed. 14. A sacred structure. 15. One who practices the black art, or magic.

When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed as shown in the diagram, two of the rows of letters, reading upward, will spell two popular names.

ALICE SHERBURNE (age 15).



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-five letters, is a quotation from Robert Browning.

CHARADE

My *first* gives orders which all must heed;
My *last* is a weight which is used for feed;
My *whole* is a wonderful city indeed.

ELIZABETH MOLLER (age 11), *League Member.*

METAMORPHOSES

The problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order.

EXAMPLE: Change *wood* to *coal* in three moves.

ANSWER: wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change *rake* to *dirt* in five moves.
2. Change *dirt* to *cart* in two moves.
3. Change *cart* to *dump* in four moves.

JEWETTE MAY SCOTT (age 11), *League Member.*

PI

Yam halls keam het drowl neaw,
Gledon nus dan verils wed,
Noyme, dentim ni het kys,
Halls het sharte wen grentsam yub.

ADELE GOODMAN (age 10), *League Member.*

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

EXAMPLE: Triply behead and triply curtail adversaries, and leave a number. ANSWER: opp-one-nts.

1. Triply behead and triply curtail easily affected, and leave to perch.
2. Triply behead and triply curtail fading, and leave a pronoun.
3. Triply behead and triply curtail unprejudiced, and leave acquired dexterity.
4. Triply behead and triply curtail derisively and leave relatives.
5. Triply behead and triply curtail threatening, and leave termination.
6. Triply behead and triply curtail arrogant, and leave the full amount.
7. Triply behead and triply curtail a comrade, and leave a kitchen utensil.
8. Triply behead and triply curtail to break into, and leave to be mistaken.
9. Triply behead and triply curtail benefit, and leave an emmet.
10. Triply behead and triply curtail to make known by formal announcement, and leave a measure of length.
11. Triply behead and triply curtail grudgingly permitted, and leave epoch.

When these words have been correctly guessed, beheaded and curtailed, the initials of the eleven three-letter words remaining will spell the surname of a famous person.

DEREXA WHITCOMB PENTREATH (age 14).

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE

1 T	2 N	3 E	4 O	5 I	6 M	7 Y	8 S	9 Y
10 H	11 E	12 S	13 I	14 P	15 N	16 T	17 T	18 R
19 E	20 E	21 R	22 R	23 D	24 A	25 R	26 A	27 E
28 I	29 C	30 G	31 P	32 E	33 E	34 S	35 F	36 P
37 M	38 R	39 I	40 P	41 E	42 E	43 O	44 I	45 D
46 N	47 S	48 L	49 R	50 I	51 U	52 L	53 S	54 E
55 O	56 P	57 S	58 E	59 H	60 L	61 H	62 G	63 U
64 T	65 A	66 H	67 T	68 M	69 S	70 A	71 U	72 S
73 C	74 H	75 T	76 N	77 A	78 A	79 E	80 T	81 A

Begin at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess) until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been correctly made, the name of a writer and three stories by this writer may be spelled out. The path from one letter to another is continuous.

SUSAN E. LYMAN (age 14), *League Member.*

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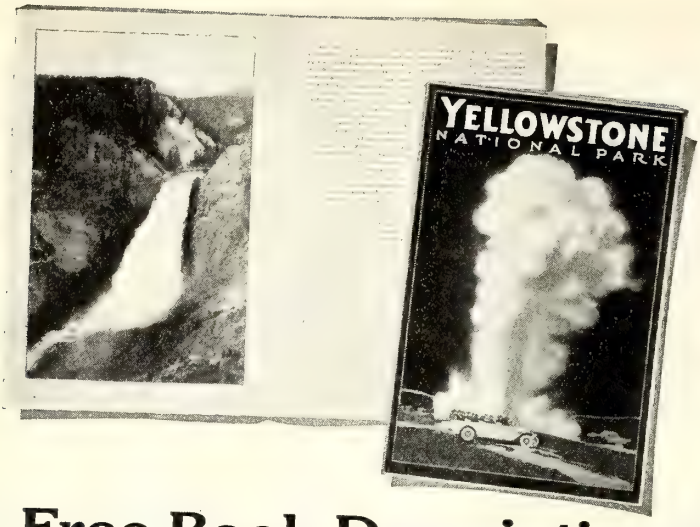
Beech-Nut Jams and Jellies

Jams
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Loganberry
Red Raspberry
Damson Plum
Peach
Strawberry

Jellies
Apple (Spitzenburg)
Crabapple
Quince
Black Currant
Grape
Red Currant

Marmalades
Orange
Grapefruit

Preserves
Cherry
Pineapple



A Free Book Descriptive *of* Yellowstone National Park

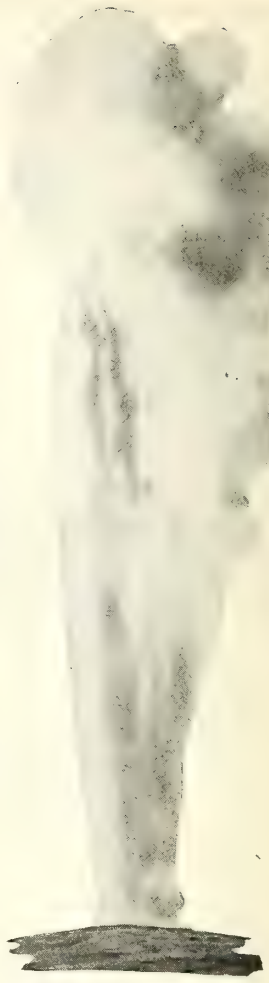
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All—in connection with your trip to Yellowstone.



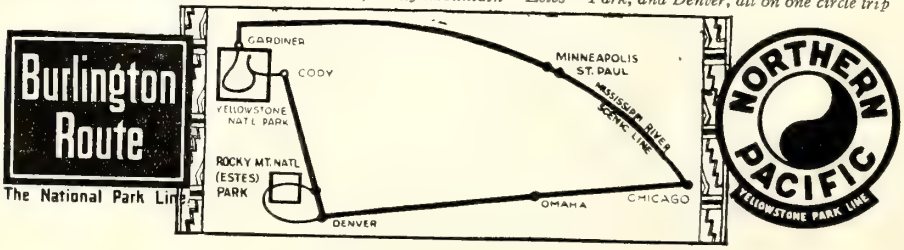
Old Faithful Geyser

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Passenger Traffic Manager
Northern Pacific Railway
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After a long hike—

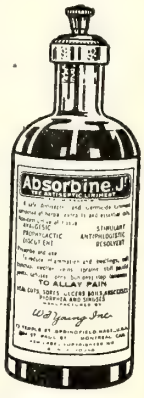
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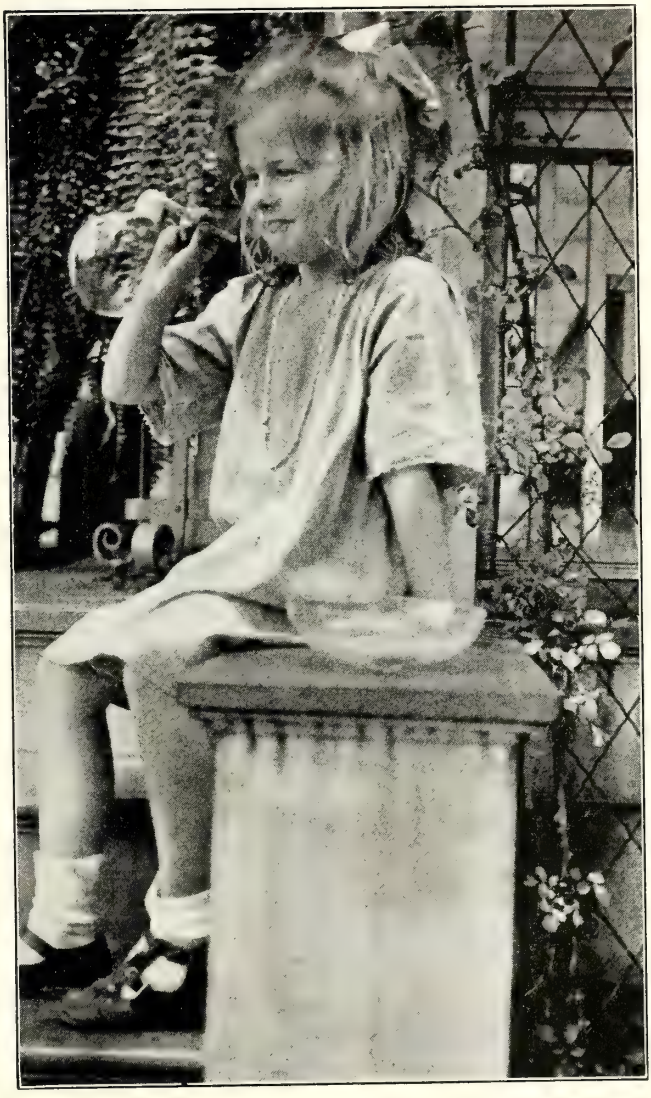
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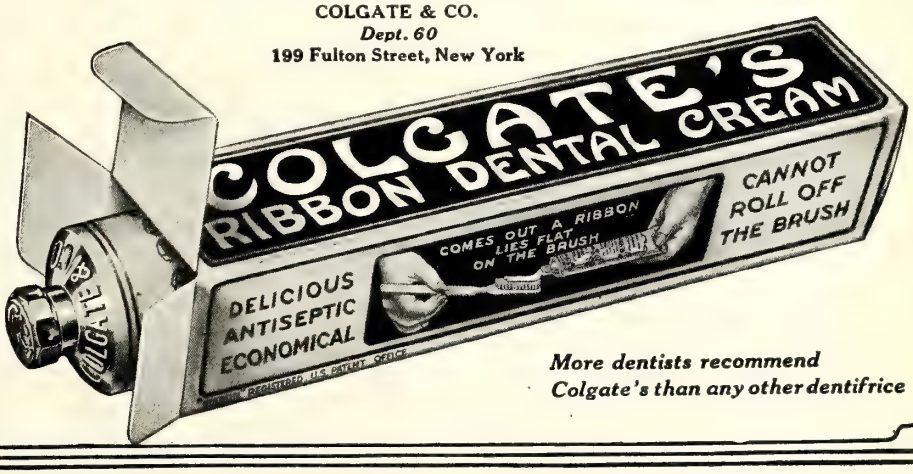


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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW JAPANESE STAMPS

SOME time ago one of our readers from California sent us the first copy we had seen of the new Japanese stamp used to commemorate the taking of the census. At that time, space did not permit us to illustrate the stamp. We do this now. The design is simple and pleasing. We know of no other stamp which at all resembles it. There are only two stamps in the issue. In the center is a figure seated in a chair, his left foot resting upon his right knee. In the upper left corner of the central design is the Imperial Chrysanthemum, with the regulation sixteen petals. (A genuine Japanese stamp always has sixteen petals in the chrysanthemum; a stamp showing more than sixteen, or less, is a counterfeit.) We do



JAPAN'S "CENSUS" STAMP AND "THE EMPEROR'S SHRINE"

not know the translation of the inscription at the sides of the design. In very fine type at the bottom of the right column is the figure of value, 1½ sen on the purple, 3 sen on the carmine stamps. We also illustrate what we think is one of the dearest little stamps ever issued. It is called "The Emperor's Shrine," and pictures a small Japanese temple in a grove of pine-trees. There are two values in this issue also, carmine and purple. The design is so dainty and delicate that no illustration can do justice to it. It needs the clearness and coloring of the original to bring out the beauty of it all. But we know every reader of STAMP PAGE will be indeed pleased when he becomes the owner of one of these stamps. And we think the girls will admire it even more than the boys.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶WE have been surprised at the number of letters which have come to us asking for information of one kind or another about the Pilgrim Stamps. Not a few have written to call our attention to the fact that the words "United States Postage" do not appear upon the stamps. One and all they seem to think that this is an "error"—that ever-fascinating thing to the stamp-collector. In this we do not agree with them. So far as we know, there is nothing in the laws of our country which makes the insertion of these words upon its postage-stamps obligatory. Certainly there is nothing in international law. No name has ever appeared upon any of the stamps of Great Britain. While the present agitation in Ireland may suggest to us a good reason for the omission, the stamps are legal without it. And so is this Pilgrim issue of ours. We do not think there is any idea of a change to remedy the omission. A change would certainly mean entirely new designs, for the present ones are already severely criticized for "overcrowding." With varieties of minor importance, come three other questions regarding this issue: How many are there in the set? Where may they be obtained? Why are they not used exclusively instead of stamps of the old designs? There are three stamps in the set—one cent, green; two cent, carmine; and five cent, blue. These stamps may be purchased at any of the larger post-offices throughout the United States, and doubtless also at many of the smaller ones. But those who desire the Pilgrim stamps must ask specifically for them. If one goes to any post-office and asks for stamps, he will be given those of the regular issue, not the commemorative Pilgrim issue. One reason, perhaps the main reason, is that the Pilgrim stamps are printed in sheets of seventy, instead of one hundred as are the regular stamps. It is therefore much easier for the postal clerk to keep account with the old kind; so unless he is asked for the other, he passes out the regular issue. This is probably one of the reasons why more of the "Pilgrims" are not seen upon letters. It saves time for both the postal clerks and the senders of letters to use the old kind of stamps. If any of our readers are not able to get the Pilgrim stamps from their own post-offices, they can easily obtain a well-centered, carefully-selected set from their favorite stamp-dealer, who will gladly help them out at a small premium over the face value. Next time you write to your dealer, why not ask him what he will charge you for a set in perfect condition. In some ways this is the wisest course, because not all the postal clerks, even if they have the stamps, will take the time to pick out a good set—a set good enough to please the critical stamp-collector. ¶If our readers will look in any large atlas, they will find, snuggled down in the Pyrenees Mountains between France and Spain, one of the smallest of the many nations of the world. It is the tiny Republic of Andorra. Every now and then one of our stamp-collecting readers writes us asking what kind of stamps are used in Andorra; there is no place for such stamps in his album, no mention of them in his catalogue. Why not? he asks. Andorra has no stamps of its own. It is really too small for such important things as stamps. It does not send out very many letters at best. What it does send out are divided into two piles, those going south into Spain, those going north into France or beyond. One portion is taken by carriers into some Spanish post-office and there franked with Spanish stamps to its destination; the other is taken to a French post-office and receives French stamps. ¶In another article on this page we describe two stamps of Japan. There will be many of our readers who will wish to own these stamps, but we wish to say again that ST. NICHOLAS does not have these nor any other stamps for sale. Nor do we know which of our advertisers in the Stamp Directory may happen to have them, nor the price which is asked for them. For such information we must refer each of our readers to the ST. NICHOLAS Stamp Directory. Look over the lists of advertisements that appear there. Pick out two or three of those which appeal to you most and write to the dealers for the information you desire about price. Do not forget to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelop for reply. After a little while, each reader will find some one whom he will install as his favorite dealer, and from whom he will be able to procure most of the stamps he may wish to purchase.

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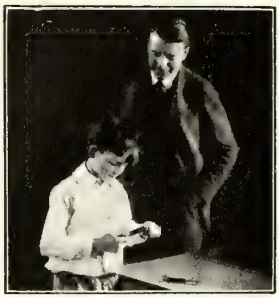
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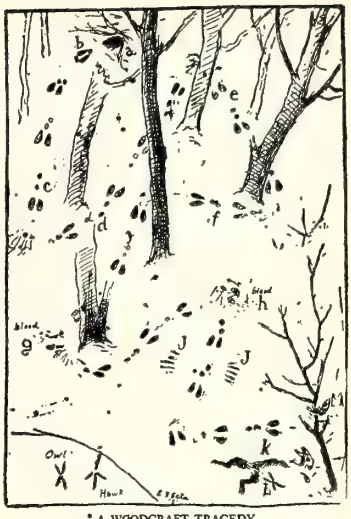


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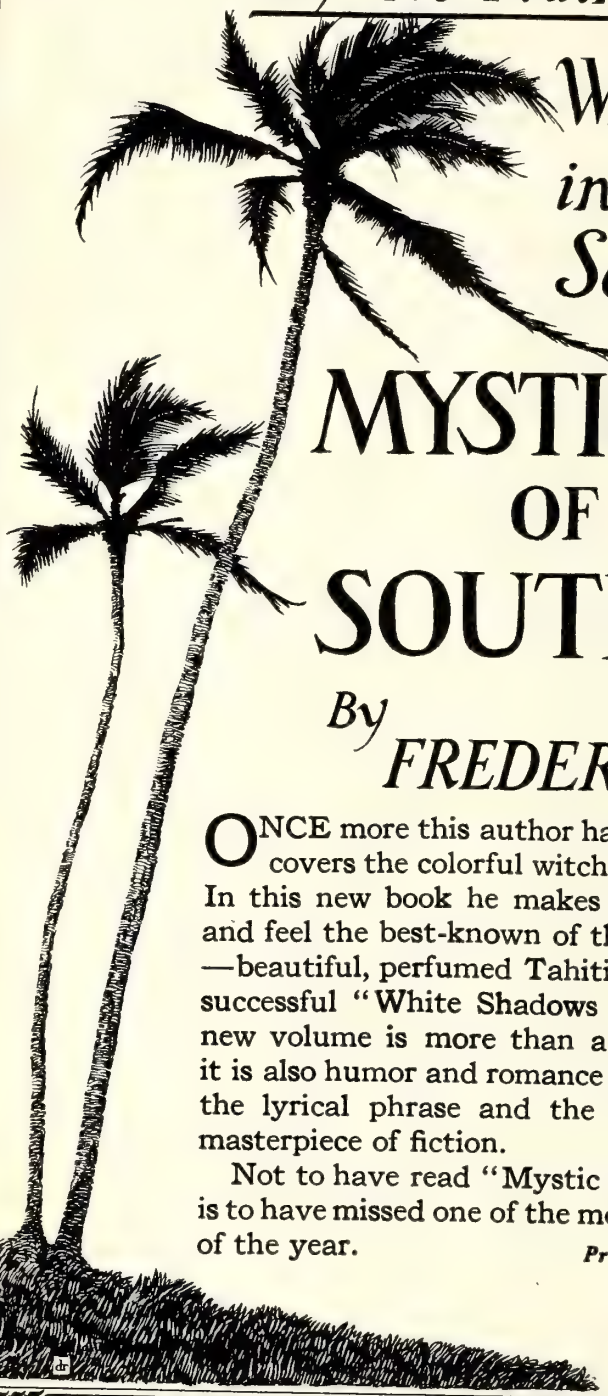
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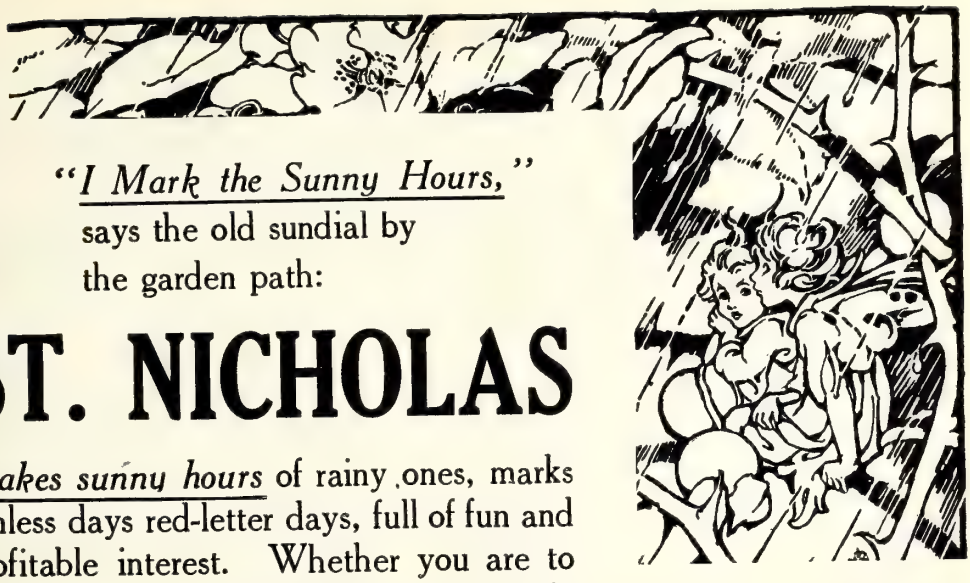
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BICYCLE TIRES

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The Roaring Robbers (Part I)

Chapter V.

OUR tale now shifts, as stories must, off to the robber's cave, for we must tell how robber men of certain kinds behave. These special robbers were the worst that mortal man had seen; not only were they *robbers,* but out-*rage*-ously u n c l e a n. Their whiskers were as black as ink, their faces dark with crime, their hands and coat tails and their hats were caked with mud and grime. And furthermore, these wretched men made naughty



plans on *Sunday* to dirty up the drying clothes that mothers washed on *Monday.*

It was one Tuesday, bright and clear, on which our story falls. Those robbers had been out all night to make some cruel calls. They'd stripped a score of clotheslines and had made a snowy pile of dainty gowns and aprons white, and frocks of every style. Those roaring robbers danced and pranced about that pile with glee, their horrid yells were bad to hear, their grins were bad to see. But what was worse, they took those clothes, all clean and spotless white, and threw them into pools of mud, then poked them out of sight. The last and daintiest petticoat had just gone in the mire, and those bad robbers stood about with chortless grim



and dire; when *suddenly* they heard a sound, a buzzing in the sky, a whirling and a snorting that might surely terrify most anybody, and those rogues just trembled in their boots, and half a dozen ran away with terror stricken hoots. Down swooped a DRAGON, snorting fire, and, tucked from wing to wing, were thirty-seven tots whose shouts just made the welkin ring. Behind them, with a graceful curve, came IVORY aeroplane which through the mists of morning left a shining IVORY train.

"Unload," cried Gnif, "there's work to do. We're not a bit too soon. We must completely conquer all these robber men by noon. Jump to the earth, ye heroes brave, no robber men can cope with heroes such as you, my dears, well armed with IVORY SOAP."

Thus spake brave Gnif, that dauntless Gnome —but little Readers, wait until next month, I have indeed strange doings to relate.

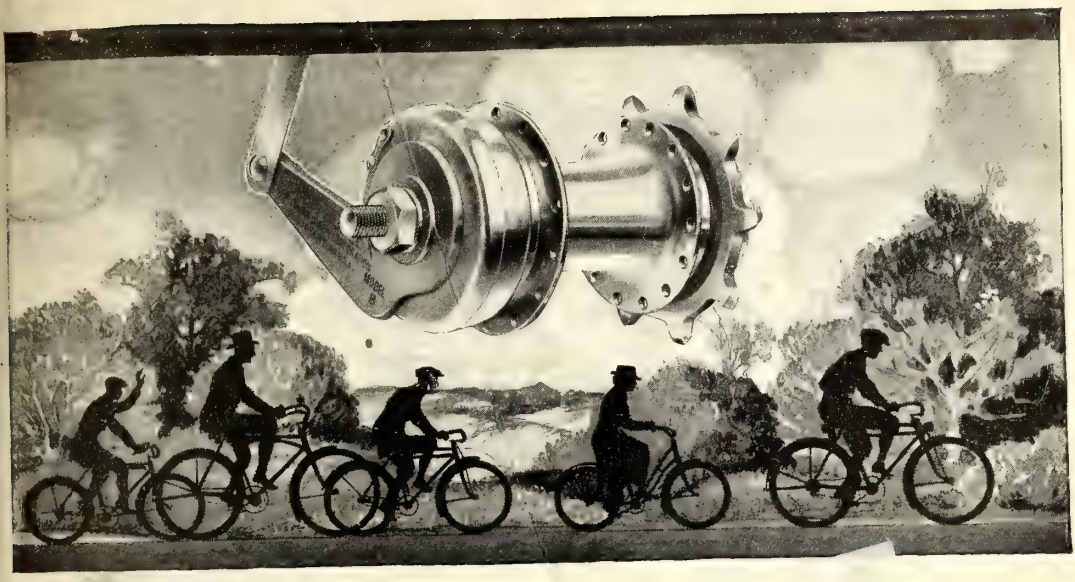
(To be continued.)

Those naughty robbers will soon get
A thoroughgoing drubbing,
For IVORY SOAP can master them
As well as Mother's scrubbing.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837 -

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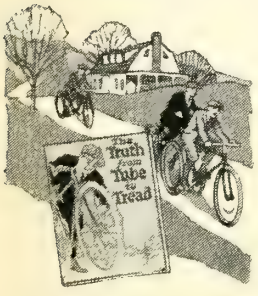
"Yep—Honest Injun! And Dad says I'm a real business man because the Vitalics cost me only a little more than the cheap tires, but I save a nice $1.50 or more on each Vitalic I buy, for the reason that a Vitalic lasts more than *twice* as long as *two* ordinary tires."

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The Black Sheep's Coat — CORNELIA MEIGS

A black sheep, sign of ill luck, and a stowaway, who becomes a scapegoat for the *Mayflower* passengers, prove that black wool makes a good coat, and that a man's courage can be found in a boy's heart.

John O' Birds — MABEL ANSLEY MURPHY

A beautifully-written tribute to John Burroughs, lover of, and beloved by, the wild-folk, and friend as well to boys and girls.

Nerve in the Pinch — WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2nd

Tells of the tense moments in big tennis matches where skill and sportsmanship are backed up by a flash of spirit and nerve, sufficient to clinch victory. The second of a splendid series (the first of which is in this number) by the world's champion.

The Mightiest Eagle — J. HORACE LYTLE

For ages past great birds have winged their way out of the North in autumn and back again in spring, but this story tells of the flight of a bird that knows no seasons, which first spread its mighty wings in our own century, and here pushes its way into hitherto unexplored spaces of the sky.

Knights of the Wild-Fire — MARY C. DU BOIS

Did you know that as long ago as the days of Queen Elizabeth, fire-works were used in celebrations? And that they did just as much damage as they do on our own "Fourth"? Two boys prove themselves enthusiastic "warriors" and energetic fire-fighters, and are rewarded by "Good Queen Bess."

A Glimpse of Our Country's Heirlooms — WILBUR GASS

In our State Department at Washington, there are some priceless papers and relics, which are exhibited on rare occasions. Some high-school boys and girls who live in the capital city had the privilege recently of seeing them, and one of the students—a boy of 16—has described the visit in a very interesting short article.



A young George Sisler



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Summer

WITH June days here, and school days over, we 're on our way to a summer of outdoors, of health and happiness. Vacation—two full months of it in the open—where early to bed and early to rise means doing the very thing we ourselves want to do.



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There are friends to be made in woods and fields, and with rod and line there 's to be the thrill of a "big fella" that pulls to match your own strength.

There 's a sunrise over the mountains or out of the sea. There 's a full moon making a rippling path of silver on the lake. There 's pine and salt in the air and the exhilaration of physical joy.

And friends we shall make that we are happy to have. We 're going to forget self-consciousness and timidity, and learn self-reliance and initiative. The word "fear" we 'll discard forever.

Wait until some day on a hike we learn how to make a fire and cook our own food, or follow a trail, or know the trees! Then troublesome algebra and Caesar's Wars in Gaul will be left behind, while we fill our lungs with sweet-smelling, life-giving breezes. And as we go off to sleep, perhaps on fragrant balsam, there 'll come the singing wind in the trees.



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A voice has gone out to East, West and South, over all the land, crying, "Come, girls of the far cities! Come, now, to Teela-Wooket, your summer home among the Green Mountains. Here wait many friends to bring you joy and laughter. Here are woodsy trails, the sweet music of happy birds, the song of tumbling water. Here are flowers and luscious fruits awaiting your hands. Here are blue sky and fleecy clouds of summer days; here the star-decked spaces of night, the call of whip-poor-wills where moonlight steals along the forest edges."

This is the call of the mountains. It speaks of wide distances, the open country. It brings memories of glorious days on horseback along the forest trails. It hints of camping trips, out where wind and sun and the clean sweet air of fields and mountain-sides bring forgetfulness of months spent in school-rooms and crowded city streets. It calls to life, to hours of glorious comradeship, to the jolliest days of the year.

So, in a few short weeks many of us shall meet at Teela-Wooket. Spotty, Major, Smuggler and all the other horses in the famous Teela-Wooket stables will be waiting for old pals and new friends. The swimming pond will be alive with girls. The hills will echo with the shouts and laughter of care-free hikers. The smoke of camp-fires will go up from Kowshicum and Chop-and-Saw. In all the land there will be no happier place than there at our summer home, Teela-Wooket.

This is the last time we shall talk to all our friends before we see you at Teela-Wooket. If you want to be among the merry girls there this summer you must let us know at once. If you haven't received one of our booklets showing many pictures of this fairyland and the joyful girls who live here during the summer, we will send you one. Do not delay in writing us.

We wish you could all join our happy family this year. There are so many good times coming to us this summer that we want every one of our St. Nicholas friends to enjoy them with us. We wish for your brothers, too, a splendid time at Camp Idlewild. We do not say goodbye but "au revoir" since we will meet you in a few weeks at Teela-Wooket.

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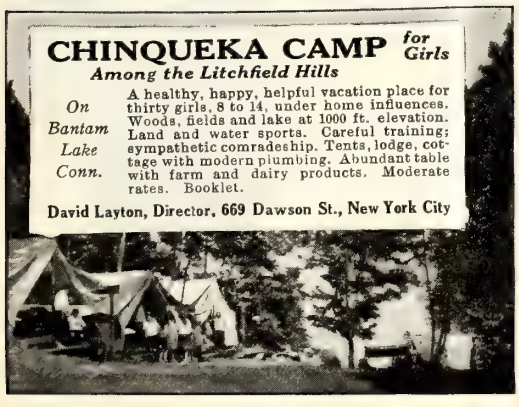
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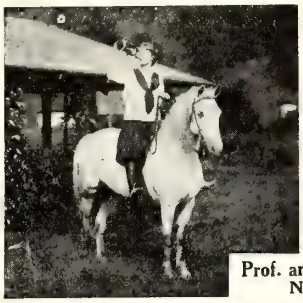
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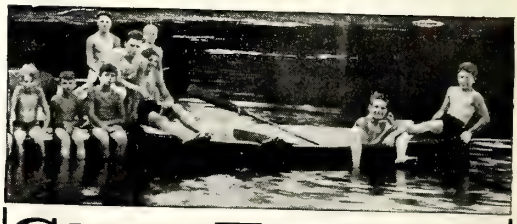
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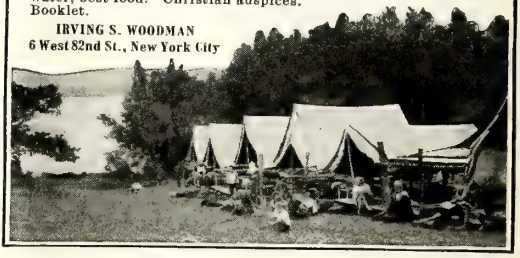
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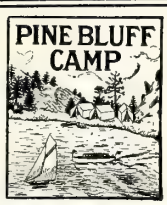
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Before us all are months of vacation and play, in which to enjoy camp, seashore or wherever we may be. During this time school plans for next year must be made; and those plans are most important.



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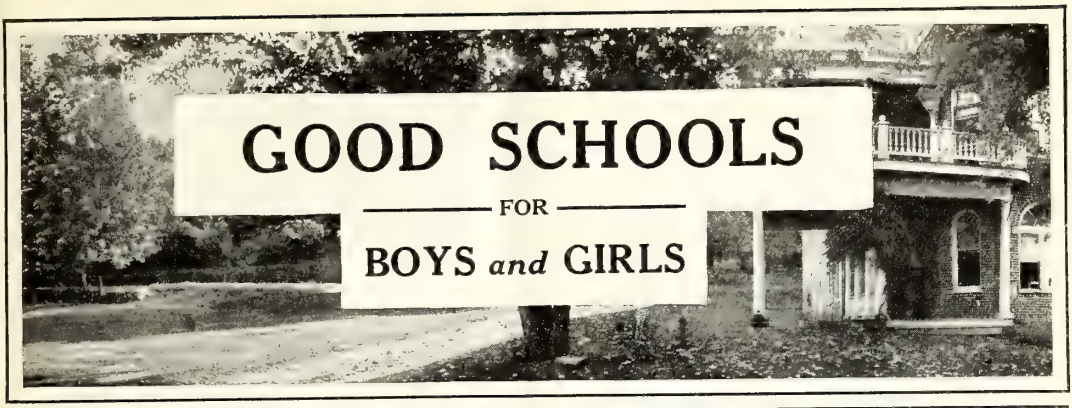
We feel that every boy or girl likes to help choose the things that pertain to themselves, whether clothes, books, camps or school. We also feel that many, many times their opinions are extremely valuable, and go far in helping parents to arrive at a happy solution of the school problem.

ST. NICHOLAS is carrying in its School Department splendid schools — where every boy or girl will find things they like. These schools advertise in "your own magazine" because they know how important is the approval of you boys and girls.

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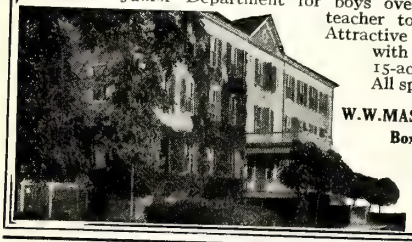
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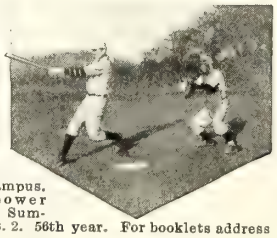
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of ST. NICHOLAS

published monthly *at* Concord, N. H.,

For April 1st, 1921

COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss.
STATE OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a *Notary Public* in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared W. MORGAN SHUSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the *President* of The Century Co., publisher of ST. NICHOLAS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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MARY E. TAYLOR,
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(Seal)

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PUTTING THE STARS ON THE FIRST FLAG (SEE PAGE 730)

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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVIII JUNE, 1921 No 8

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SPORTSMANSHIP IN TENNIS

By WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2D

World's Champion Tennis Player

THE American amateur athlete is above all else a clean sportsman. It is one of his characteristics and the underlying principle of our scholastic and intercollegiate athletic system. Good sportsmanship is also inherent in American manhood.

Now this whole question of good and bad sportsmanship is essential. A nation whose men have been trained to the practices of honesty, generosity, and fair play is bound to have a policy of broad-minded liberality in all its international dealings. The opposite is likewise true. It has been found that following the doctrine of "Might is Right" in sport results in giving an entire people the same point of view.

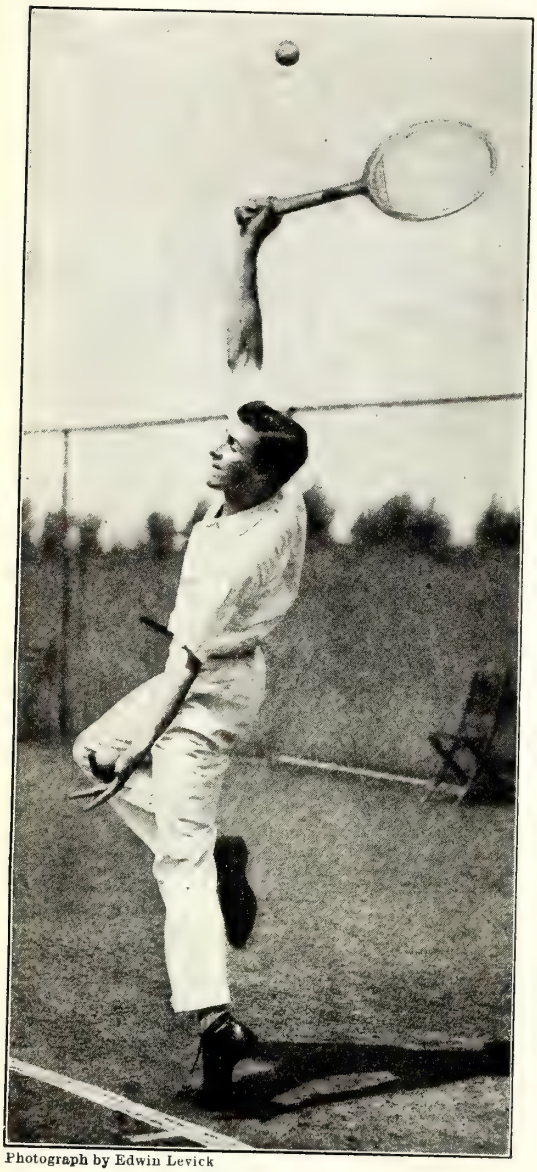
There is just this difference between amateur and professional sport: the former insists upon honesty, generosity, and fair play among its followers; but although there is a desire to maintain an equally high standard in professional athletics, it has been found that, when money is a consideration, fair play is apt to make a hasty exit from the scene. For this reason, the games of golf and tennis grip their followers in such a manner that all are loyal to the sport itself and to all the high standards sportsmanship signifies. (Can we say the same of organized baseball?) Indeed, it is the inherent honesty of these two games that above all else grips their players and holds them with a steadfastness that the highest-salaried stars of the diamond rarely, if ever, feel.

I am a tennis player. At least, for years I have striven to be one. When I was fourteen I was fully convinced of this and freely admitted it. As the years passed and my career became spotted with many defeats, my conviction was shaken, but hope grew ever stronger within me. Now I know how far I was at that time from being a tennis player. One does not always realize, when quite young, that there is more to the game than winning and losing, than in playing strokes well and even brilliantly. That high sense of sportsmanship inherent to the game — its most outstanding feature—is a needed asset in tennis if one is either to enjoy it or to go far.

Tennis always held an appeal for me when I was a boy. It seemed to reflect the glamor of romance in the spirit of sportsmanship that was ever present on the courts and the genial good fellowship that existed among its players. "Gee!" I used to say to myself, "these chaps must be regular fellows. I wish I knew them all."

Time went on, and with the passage of the years and the discipline of innumerable defeats and ignominious disasters, I gradually attained a skill that brought me within that select circle of my boyhood dreams—the real tennis players of America. I then began to play in various tournaments here and there and to meet, both on and off the courts, the men who had been the heroes of my boyhood days: Beals C. Wright, William A. Larned, Holcomb Ward, William J. Clothier, R. Norris Williams, 2d, and Maurice E. McLoughlin. Although the latter two were more nearly my own age and at the top, I had to be content to be the

leading member of the species dub. It seemed queer to me, after I knew them as Beals, and Billy, and Holcomb, and Dick, and Maury, to recall all that these older stars meant to me in my boyhood. As a matter of fact, most of our boyish



Photograph by Edwin Levick

WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2D

ideals as to idols are shattered when one meets them face to face, but this was not so with mine, for in these men, who represented the leading types of tennis experts, I found that same honesty, generosity, and fair play that I had always worshipped as a boy. In short, they were true American sportsmen.

Is it the men who make the game, or the game that makes the men? In my own opinion, it is the combination of the two that has placed tennis where it is to-day. What a strange contrast it offers to most other sports! Take the matter of officials. There is no paid umpire to render decisions. In fact, the men who act as umpires and linesmen in the biggest tournaments are there only to relieve the contestants themselves from the strain of watching the ball. Their purpose is not to enforce law and order. And the unwritten code of the game is that, in case of doubt on any decision, you must give your opponent the benefit of that doubt by yielding him the point. This quality is so ingrained in tennis players that should one enter the field who does not hold to this generous attitude, he must either adopt it very quickly or find his position so insecure and uncomfortable that he retires from the contest.

I recall a certain youngster from the eastern section of the United States, who, unfortunately, was the perfect example of all that was undesirable in this respect. A poor loser, a boastful winner, a wild, high-stepping, unreliable competitor, yet a great player at that. In his first season as a tournament player, he gained a prominent position not only as a competitor, but as to reputation as well. The latter was by no means to be envied. The following season he began playing along the same lines—tactics not to be permitted. Thus he quickly found it advisable to retire from the sport. Now, after five years have passed, he is forgotten, his name never referred to. He has gone to the place where all poor sportsmen go—the discard.

Let me, for the moment, turn to more pleasing examples to show you to what type of men tennis calls, the world over.

It is a law of the game of tennis that the word of a linesman or umpire is final; it cannot be questioned. Their decisions end the matter. Consequently, there has grown up a fine, clean spirit of sportsmanship, an unwritten law, to the effect that no matter how flagrant the error may be on the part of one of these officials, if it be against you, no thought of questioning it may arise. It 's a law of the game never to take anything that is not due you. This unwritten code transcends the written one to such an extent that when one profits by a mistake on the part of an official he takes the law into his own hands and gives justice to his opponent. Naturally, this demands a rare courage, for you are seemingly discourteous to the umpire or linesman, as the case may be, yet only by so doing can you hold your self-respect. It is the recognized method of returning to your opponent that which is justly his due.

Let me explain by citing several historic incidents. Some years ago, in a famous Davis Cup

match in which England was pitted against Australasia, those two great sportsmen and wonderful exponents of tennis, J. C. Parke, of England, and Norman E. Brookes, of Australia, were fighting out a match that would prove the turning-point of the tie. Parke was at his best, an occasion when he was playing superbly. It seemed apparent to all that he had Brookes beaten. He was leading two sets to one and match point for the third. Then it was that he drove Brookes far out of court with a deep drive, and immediately followed in to the net. Brookes lobbed, but he lobbed short. It meant the match for England if Parke won the point; quite possibly, it meant the Davis Cup as well. Parke swung hard into the ball and drove it through Brookes's court for a kill. But his racket, following through in a long downward flight, touched the net so very slightly that none of the officials saw it.

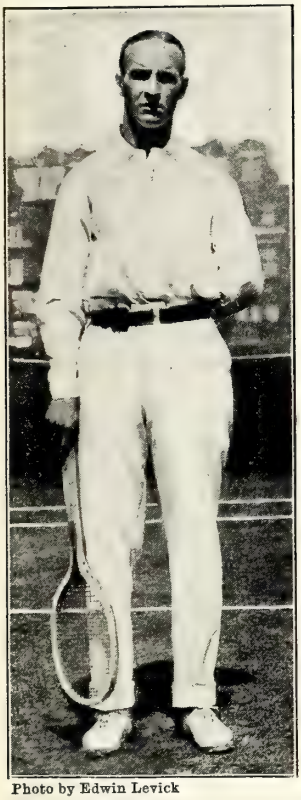


Photo by Edwin Levick

J. C. PARKE

"Game, set, match, Parke!" called the umpire.

Brookes came forward, smiling, hand extended in congratulation. Parke remained where he had hit the ball, his face turned to the umpire.

"Mr. Umpire," he said, "I hit the net."

"You are sure, Mr. Parke?" came the reply.

"Quite," he answered.

Brookes stood silent, still ready with congratulations.

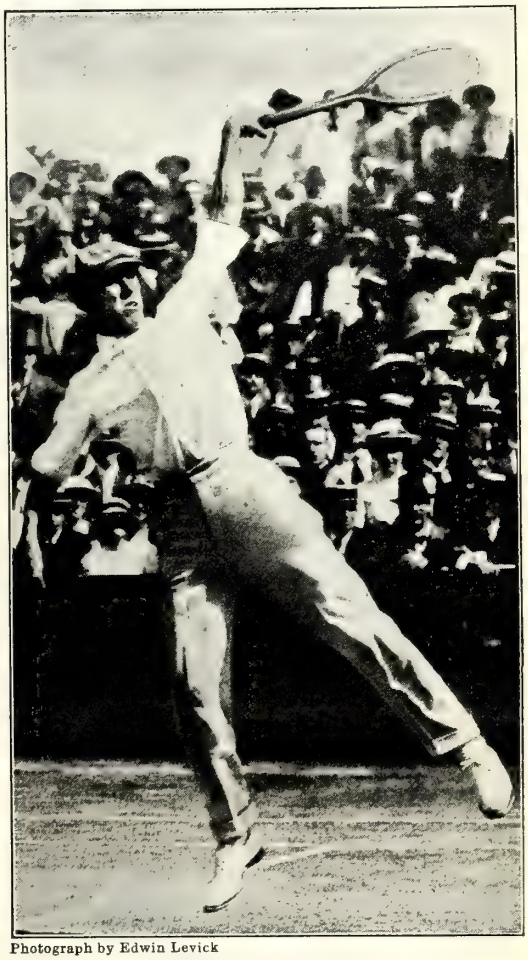
"The point is Mr. Brookes's. Deuce!" called the umpire.

Play recommenced. Parke lost that game. Brookes, quick to seize his last chance, could not be stopped. The match, and ultimately the coveted Davis Cup, went to Australia.

Was it wrong for Parke to speak? That question was rather freely discussed at the time. Tennis men all know it was not, that Parke lived up to the traditions of the sport, just as all of us hope and trust we shall do when such occasions arise.

Let me further illustrate this spirit of fair play by an incident that occurred at the Merion Cricket Club in 1914, during the intercollegiate championships.

That was the year when Norman E. Brookes and Anthony F. Wilding, notwithstanding their winning of the Davis Cup for Australasia, had fallen before the miraculous tennis of Maurice Evans McLoughlin. "Red Mac" or "The California Comet," as he was called, was conceded to be the world's premier player when, like a bolt from a clear sky, R. Norris Williams, 2d, who but two short weeks before had gone down to defeat



Photograph by Edwin Levick

NORMAN E. BROOKES

before both Brookes and Wilding, actually swept McLoughlin off the court in the final round for the United States singles championship.

Then came the intercollegiates. Williams, the newly crowned national champion, playing for Harvard, was an entrant, as was George Myers

Church, of Princeton. These two men were old and intimate friends. Fate ordained they should meet in the final round of this fixture. The result seemed a foregone conclusion. Every one admitted that Church had not the vestige of a chance.

Then came the unexpected, to cap the climax



Photograph by Edwin Levick

MAURICE EVANS McLOUGHLIN

of this weird season of upsets. Church was at the top of his form, a master of all his strokes. Williams was stale and careless. Thus Church led at two sets to one and three games to four on Williams's service. Church then went to a 5–3 lead in games and stood 30–40 on points when, during a close rally, one of Williams's shots touched the net and fell good on Church's court. At least, so it seemed to all. Mr. A. L. Hoskins, of Philadelphia, was in the umpire's chair and immediately ruled the ball good. That made the score deuce in points. But Williams immediately spoke up.

"Mr. Hoskins, my shot went through the net," he said, pointing to a hole at that point.

The latter turned to Church and asked him what he thought. Now, Church had not seen. He had been running, and the whole incident was doubtful in his mind. But he answered immediately, "Williams's shot was quite good. It went over the net."

Thus stood two players, the point in doubt quite possibly meaning the championship. It certainly meant it to Church, and to Williams it meant another chance. Yet both agreed that the point belonged to the other, because there was an element of doubt in the mind of each regarding it. Here was a case of the cleanest kind of sportsmanship that I have ever known.

To mete justice to both of them after that incident was impossible, for both could not win. As it turned out, Mr. Hoskins ruled the point a "let," and called it to be played over again. Williams lost it, and a moment later, George Myers Church gained the intercollegiate title and a national champion had lost it to him.

This final round of the intercollegiate championship seems destined for unusual displays of both sportsmanship and temperament. Not so many years ago a University of Pennsylvania player was pitted against a famous young collegian from California in the finals. A team-mate of the latter was one of the linesmen selected for the match. I happened to be seated behind him, so I had a clear view of the particular line he was judging. Like all those splendid fellows from California, he was both a fine sportsman and an impartial judge. On the other hand, the competitor from his home State, while a marvel as a player, was also very hot-headed. The personality of his opponent, also, was certainly upsetting him, for the Pennsylvanian was one of the craftiest and coolest court generals in the country, a man who could worry any opponent, a regular sphinx. However, the Californian was well in the lead, two sets to one, five–two in games and match point at 40–30 when he drove down the side line along which I was sitting. The ball stirred up a cloud of chalk, but fell outside the line.

"Out!" called the linesman, his team-mate.

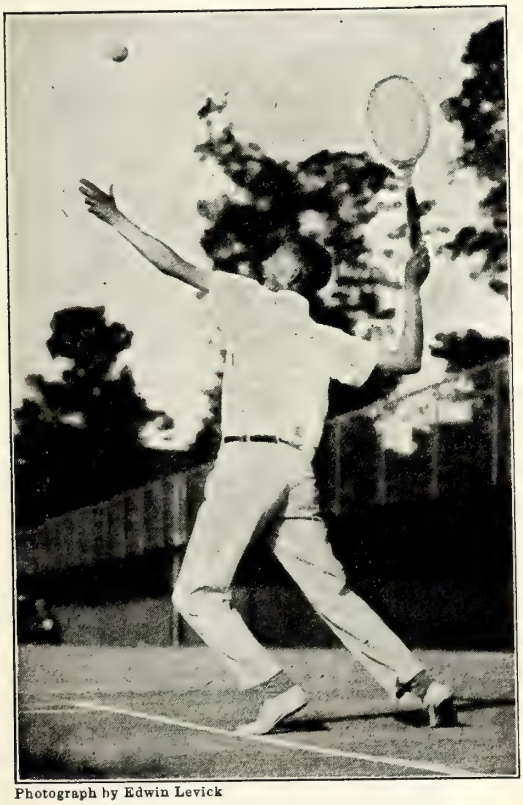
The crowd, and also the young Californian, having seen the chalk dust, believed the ball had struck good. Therefore, the spectators gasped. But the player lost his head and promptly exploded. The strain of the match had proved too great. He foolishly believed he had been robbed, and raved around the court. When finally induced to play, his whole game collapsed. He threw away the set, and the match as well, in a brush of childish temper, of which he was only too ashamed when he grew cooler.

That was a case of playing the poor sportsman on the part of a man who had hitherto proved

himself to be a good one. Brought on by nerves, it cost him the match, the least of his losses. There is no doubt that had he accepted the decision in a sportsmanlike manner and thus kept his temper, he would have won that title with very good grace. Moreover, he failed to remember that his opponent would not have accepted the decision unless he had believed it was correct. That is one thing always to be relied upon, for it is the spirit of the game.

Hardly a great match goes by without some incident that shows the true sportsmanship of tennis players. And these incidents are not ostentatiously paraded. Rather, they are treated as a matter of course, as though nothing else was ever to be considered.

During the Davis Cup matches last year, Brookes deliberately gave me a point by hitting a ball out because he knew the linesman had made an error against me on the previous point. Such



Photograph by Edwin Levick

GEORGE MYERS CHURCH

a condition he was unwilling to accept. It was not tennis, that was all there was to it, in his mind.

Good sportsmanship on the courts is more than merely seeing that justice is done. It is generosity and, I might say, hospitality to your opponent. By all means be glad to play him and let him know that you are glad. Enjoy the battle. If you win, win with modesty. If you lose, lose graciously, without the too frequent excuses of the poor loser, or the gloomy countenance of the grouch. Remember, when beaten, that a better



Photograph by Edwin Levick

R. NORRIS WILLIAMS, 2D

player has won. Do not begrudge him his victory, but plan to defeat him, in turn, when next you meet. It is this spirit of come-back that characterizes a great sportsman. It is the full possession of it that endears J. C. Parke and Norman E. Brookes to the men they face.

I was fortunate enough to defeat Parke in the championships of England last season. His congratulations were both hearty and sincere, and his expressed wish was that he might play me again and do better in the Davis Cup.

I met Brookes first in the U. S. Championships in 1919, and defeated him in four sets. Brookes enjoyed the match, although the loser. He set out to beat me from that moment. We met again last year in the finals of the Davis Cup. This time he almost turned the trick, but that "almost"

has not satisfied him. Always he enjoys pitting his game against mine. Twice more we met—Brookes always working for victory, not with a desire to exult, but merely for the joy of outplaying me, and his appreciation of the high regard in which I hold his sportsmanship. He did not succeed either time, but I am looking forward with keen pleasure to our next meeting, if fate should so ordain it occur in the Davis Cup finals again this year. My great ambition, should he overcome me, is to prove as fine a sportsman as he has been, and to say, as he does, "I 'll come back after you."

A true sportsman really gives of his best at all times. He recognizes the debt he owes the public that honors him by coming to see him play. For that reason, he must give all he has in his matches. To shirk in exhibition matches because there is nothing at stake is the policy of the quitter, never of the sportsman.

American boys are the finest type of sportsmen. I know many of them with ideals that grown-up players may well emulate. It is this inherent sense of sportsmanship to which tennis appeals and which, in turn, is the cause of tennis becoming such an important factor in scholastic athletics.

Tennis also takes nerve, and as much as, if not more than, any game I know. Let me tell you the story of a boy who has gained a high place among men by virtue of the nerve he developed in tennis.

In New Jersey, some years ago, a lad who had been ill for years made up his mind he would play tennis. His trouble was a tubercular hip. His ambition seemed hopeless. Nevertheless, he set out to realize it. First he submitted to a series of serious treatments that finally brought the results he was hoping for. Then he began for the first time to walk without a limp. Soon he started playing tennis. As he knew nothing about the game, he made it a point to attend near-by tournaments in which fine players were entered, in order to study their style and form. Eventually, his progress was rapid and, as a member of the team of his city, he went to Philadelphia to play. There I met him. Pitted against a youngster more experienced than himself, and one far stronger, it was not long before he tired out. Then came back the old limp. I was fortunate enough to be watching this match. I saw the stronger boy slowly gain his advantage and begin to press it home, and I recognized the reason for it. Suddenly a determined expression came over the face of the Jersey boy. Slowly he fought back to even terms, and finally he forced his way to victory. When that was gained he collapsed from sheer exhaustion.

Not only had he won the match, but, with it, by his magnificent exhibition of nerve and the clean sportsmanship he had shown throughout the struggle, the respect and admiration of all those present.

Was it all in the boy? I 've often asked myself, or does some of the credit belong to the game which calls forth such sterling qualities? Personally, I think tennis has quite a little to do with all these incidents that I have set down here. It seems to me that there is a tradition of sportsmanship about it that one instinctively feels, once he begins playing the game.

It is my sincere belief that tennis is a great power for good among the boys of this country, for it is not only a game demanding perfect physical condition, but a mental keenness, fine nerve-control, and, by no means least, the highest spirit of sportsmanship.

For it is always to be remembered that tennis and good sportsmanship have been, are, and will be synonymous.



CONGRATULATIONS AGAIN, OLD MAN


FAERY·MAGIC
BY HENRY·C·PITZ
I KNOW a little twisted path
That climbs toward the skies,
To where the elves have hatched a plot
To trick the worldly wise.
There, seven tapered poplar-trees,
Like leafy minarets,
Weave their leaves against the sky
In changing silhouettes.
The solemn-eyed and sceptical,
See only seven trees,
Whose crooning song and leafy laugh
"Can only be the breeze."
But we who love the faery ways,
Know that here arrayed,
Are seven faery princesses,
In leafy masquerade.
H·C·PITZ

MARY LOU'S MEDAL

By MARGARET E. CURTIS

"JUST the same, Betty deserves the medal!"

There was a chorus of protest from most of the girls sitting on the bench under the old Lancaster Oak and on the wide limb that flung itself out parallel with the ground.

"I don't see how you make that out, Miggsy."

"No," broke in another, "to-day Mary Lou did every single stunt a little better."

"But Betty had been up since five studying for that awful history exam, and one of Miss Sadler's exams would make any one forget how to walk, let alone jump."

"Well, of course *I* don't care who gets it, since the faculty won't give it to me for my herculean labors—"

There was a laugh at this. Lucile Goodspeed was a fair-haired girl who managed to get herself into every possible difficulty on the gymnasium floor. She explained it by insisting that she had a many-sided nature, and that each side wanted to do something different.

"Oh, of course, Lucile, you 're the only possible candidate! Just what was your idea in wandering across the floor this morning, when we were marching?"

"I am afraid you will never understand." Lucile threw a pathetic quiver into her voice. "You see, I came to Lancaster to develop originality—personality—individuality—"

"If she has n't been reading the prospectus!" struck in Martha Whitehill. "Skip the rest of it and go on!"

"I *said* you would n't understand! Anyhow, I came to Lancaster—and what do I find?" She struck a tragic pose and nearly knocked little Dolly Miller from the oak limb. "Yes—what?"

"A spider," said Martha, flicking one from Lucile's shoulder.

"I find that I am undone!"

"You look all right to me," said Martha.

Lucile paid no attention to these remarks. "I have to wear low-heeled shoes, like every one else. I have to get up at six-forty-five, like the rest of you—or at least, I get up when the breakfast bell rings, like the rest of you. I tie my tie as I fall downstairs—like the rest of you. I go to class and sit on the same kind of chairs and don't know my lessons; I race to the dining-room and devour enormous quantities of food—just like every one else. But I have now solved the problem. I will live up to the prospectus and develop my individuality, my—"

"Skip that part. How will you do it?"

"Why, in gym. Did n't you hear Miss Nacken tell me I was the most original marcher she had ever seen? But see here, Miggsy, just why are you so anxious for Betty to take the medal? Every one thinks Mary Lou will win."

"I know it. But this is Betty's last year, and she 's worked for the Anthony medal ever since she was a freshman. She 's been out for basketball and hockey, faithfully. I know Mary Lou has set her heart on it, too, but she has another year to try for it. I can't help wishing something would happen so that Mary Lou would lose."

"I had n't thought of it just that way," said Martha. "Can't we drop a hint somehow?"

"Afraid not," said Miggsy. "They have n't been very good friends this year."

"You might try Rosaria Lucia Maria Tonini's stunt," suggested Lucile.

The older girls laughed, but the younger ones demanded what Rosaria Etcetera's stunt had been.

Lucile told the tale. "Rosaria came from Ecuador, and her father was president or something. She used to get jealous of her friends and want r-r-re-venge on her enemies. Every one knew that year that Gertrude Wynn would win the medal, and Rosaria got jealous and rearranged things in her own sweet way. First, Gertrude could n't find her gym shoes. Of course, every one had to have a pair, and absolutely the only ones she could get belonged to Florence O'Neill."

"I 'll never forget Gertrude jumping in those number elevens," laughed Martha.

"That was bad enough," Lucile continued; "but Rosaria got hold of the underwaist Gertrude wore in gym and cut all the buttons down to a mere thread!"

"My word!" gasped Dolly Miller, who was English. "What happened?"

"Nothing, luckily, for Gertrude got to playing tag in the dressing-room and pop! off went two buttons! She would n't have noticed anything even then, but the teacher saw it and made her see that they were all on tight. Four of us sewed on those buttons, while the audience waited, and we sewed Gertrude in to make sure!"

"There 's the mail-cart," drawled Martha, jumping from her perch, "and if I don't get a letter from some member of my family to-day, I 'll cut them off with a dime."

"You won't be able to do even that unless your allowance comes," called her room-mate, as they all followed Martha to the school.

The old Lancaster Oak was quiet again.

But it was not deserted. For from the honeysuckle arbor, a short distance off, came Mary Lou Milford, Betty Garfield's rival for the Anthony medal. She slowly climbed into the welcoming arms of the big oak which had watched and comforted more than fifty years of Lancaster girls.

The Lancaster Oak whispered and swayed, and Mary Lou watched the shifting green and gold lights above her.

"Betty has been working for the medal four years, and you 've only worked for three," the old oak seemed to say.

"But I have as much right as she has," Mary



"'I WILL LIVE UP TO THE PROSPECTUS AND DEVELOP MY INDIVIDUALITY'"

Mary Lou had n't intended to eavesdrop. She had been curled up in the arbor studying her Cicero when Lucile's nonsense had attracted her attention; and who would n't listen to Lucile? Then it had startled her so to hear Miggsy's reasons for wanting Betty to win that she could n't have moved. Dear Miggsy—if ever a girl deserved to be president of her class, Margaret Burton did. But why did Betty have a better right to the medal than she did? It was n't a question of it being your last year; it was a question of who was the best gymnast; and as for working for it, Betty had n't worked one bit harder than she had, she thought resentfully. It was just a case of the best man winning. Besides, her brother had promised her the dearest little wrist-watch in New York if she won the medal.

Lou thought. "Besides, it was n't right for her to room with Marian after she said she 'd room with me."

"So that 's the trouble!" her thoughts made the oak say. "You 've kept that vexation warm all this time. Seniors are supposed to room with seniors, are n't they? Is that why you 're so anxious to win?"

"No, I don't think it is," she answered. "Maybe that is part of it, but I honestly do want that medal more than anything else in the world. And something might happen so that I would n't have a chance next year. Anyhow, there 's no way out. The best one just has to win," then she laughed at the thought of Rosaria Lucia's plan, "unless—unless I should *try* to lose!"

"Mary Lou-oo! Letter for you-oo!"

The girls were returning. By the time they had reached the oak her resolve had been made, and she felt that it must show in her face. Dolly Miller threw Mary Lou her letter and she noticed that it was from her mother; but before she had time to read it, Miggsy swept her away to a class meeting and she dropped the letter into her Cicero.

It was not until she was sitting in her pretty, round-necked white dress, waiting for the dinner-gong to sound, that she remembered it. The letter told of the usual family affairs, the latest funny escapade of her little brother. But the last page—she felt a lump rise in her throat as she read:

And now, my dear little girl, I rather dread breaking some news to you. Your father finds it necessary to spend next year in Southern California, and we may go there 'for keeps.' We have talked it all over, and we can see no other way, with the family expenses what they are and Bruce in college, than for you to leave Lancaster. You may decide to stay out a year and go back to graduate. There is a bare possibility—



"THERE WERE AUDIBLE COMMENTS, NOW FOR MARY LOU, NOW FOR BETTY"

Mary Lou laid the letter down, almost in tears. Leave Lancaster! She could n't. Come back and graduate? All the girls that really counted would be gone. It was n't fair to ask it!

The gong sounded, and gulping down the lump in her throat, she went down, trying her best to seem as gay as the rest of the chattering, prettily dressed girls.

After dinner she flung a scarf around her and slipped out to the old oak. She watched the girls on the lawn; she heard the jokes and comments they called back and forth. Then the seniors came out from a class meeting and began to play "Senior games"—such as "London Bridge" and "Go Up and Down the Valley." Oh, how could she leave it all! No other school would ever be like it; no other girls could be like the girls in her class. Suddenly a new thought came to torment her.

"If this is my last year, too," she said aloud, "there 's no reason why I should n't try my hardest for the medal. I can get that much, at any rate."

The last ten days of school, with the examinations, the school picnic, the festivities for the seniors, seemed ten years to Mary Lou. Somehow it seemed worse to have to leave before graduation—to leave without the privileges that went with graduation; to have to say good-by before your class and have them forget you; never to have the right to wear the little Lancaster pearl-and-gold pin! And Mary Lou's usually radiant face showed sorrow as a pool reflects the changes in the sky.

"What 's the matter with Mary Louise Milford?" Miss Trueblood, the head of the school, asked Miss Nacken.

"Her room-mate says the poor child is worrying over not coming back next year. I, for one, will miss her."

"What 's this?" demanded Miss Trueblood. "Why don't these youngsters sometimes come to me with their troubles? I don't suppose Mary Lou ever heard of scholarships."

"Is she a good enough student for that?" Miss Nacken asked in some surprise.

"Well, I 'll admit that Mary Lou is n't our most shining scholar. But she has never failed in a subject. Besides, she could be one of the leaders of the class if she 'd put some of her gymnastic energy into her other work. I should think she 'd have a chance for the Porter scholarship."

"I wish she could," agreed Miss Nacken.

"Well, then, you go and drop her a hint that she apply for one." Miss Trueblood's eyes twinkled.

Hoping against hope, Mary Lou made her application for a scholarship. Her father wrote that if she was given the scholarship, he could arrange to have her stay at Lancaster. If! It seemed to Mary Lou that every unprepared recitation, every school rule broken, rose up before her. She remembered how Miss Trueblood had looked when the juniors had "borrowed" the ice-cream from the sophomore baby-party, and she was sure that Miss Trueblood would never recommend her.

At last came the gymnastic exhibition, with the Anthony medal contest. Every girl was fairly palpitating with excitement, for while it was fairly certain that either Mary Lou Milford or Betty Garfield would take the medal, there were two or three others who were almost as good. Besides, there were second and third prizes to be won.

In her dressing-room, Mary Lou bent low over the lacing of her high white shoes, for she feared that Martha, who shared the room, would see that something was wrong. In the next room she could hear Betty saying excitedly, "Unfasten the cuff of my middy, quick; I can't get my hand through! Now, where is that tie?" It was strange that Betty should be so nervous. Then the whistle blew, and the girls fell in for the march into the big gymnasium, whose galleries and stage were packed with spectators. As she entered the familiar place, Mary Lou lost her nervousness.

She wondered if Betty had.

They went through the well-known marching drill without a mistake; even Lucile managed to curb her passion for originality. Then came the folk-dancing, then the Swedish exercises. She wondered who the judges were, and looked up to see old Colonel Hillhouse, her father's friend, in the seat of honor next to Miss Trueblood. She did n't know who the other judge was. Then came the Indian clubs and dumb-bell drill, and last came the apparatus work.

This was the event that every Lancaster girl loved. It was like a game of follow-my-leader, as the girls swung down the flying rings, jumped, vaulted, walked the balance-beams, swung along the traveling-boom, turned somersaults over the bars, and finished with the swinging jump with the ropes. Betty and Mary Lou were leading, and one by one the other girls missed in some part of the work, or were dropped out for failure to keep the proper form. At last, Betty and Mary Lou, with two others, were left at the swinging jump.

Now this was not the most difficult of the feats that had been performed, but it showed the finish with which the performer worked and was as useful as any other in eliminating contestants. Grasping the great ropes, up which a short time ago they had been climbing, the girls stepped back, then ran forward, sliding their hands up the ropes and swinging up and over a cord stretched in front of them.



"'I DID N'T DO ANYTHING,' SAID MARY LOU, DEFIANTLY"
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

Again and again they jumped. Peggy Carter failed to make it. Among the girls sitting along the sides of the gymnasium, there were audible comments, now for Mary Lou, now for Betty. Then Mary Lambert missed.

Suddenly Betty asked, "How high are we jumping now?"

"Five-feet-four."

Betty, who was short, had rarely been known to jump more than five-feet-five. She watched while the cord was put up, then seized the ropes, ran forward, and, though she made a perfect landing on the mat—the cord was down.

"Jump again, Betty," said Miss Nacken and Mary Lou together, but there was the same result.

Mary Lou wanted to jump with delight. Then she too advanced to the ropes, and swung up and up—and brought down the cord.

"What 's the matter, girls?" said Miss Nacken,

briskly. "You 've both often jumped higher than this. Susy made a mistake; the cord is only at five-feet-four now."

Betty and Mary Lou looked at each other. Both were quite white. Then Betty walked quietly to the ropes—and missed. Mary Lou did the same thing. It seemed to her that every one in the gymnasium was watching her, that every one was whispering something about her. Suddenly Miss Nacken blew her whistle. Her lips tightly set.

"Fall in!" she called, and in a moment the girls, some excitedly talking, some tired and silent with the long strain, were in the dressing-rooms.

Mary Lou dressed slowly and silently, unwilling to go out and hear the congratulations and commiserations of the others. At last the dressing-room was quiet. Then there came a knock at the door. Betty came in, in her crisp white dress. Neither said anything for a moment or two.

"Miss Nacken 's vexed," Betty said.

"Is she?"

"She says nobody ought to have the medal."

Another pause. "Mary Lou," said Betty, softly, "why did you do it?"

"I did n't do anything," said Mary Lou, defiantly. "Besides, every one knows you can jump five-feet-four easily."

"Did you do it on purpose?" Betty asked.

"Did you?" asked Mary Lou.

Then they both began to laugh, and a moment later walked out arm in arm, still laughing.

The next day was commencement, and from the breakfast given by the juniors to the seniors, all through the morning, Mary Lou had no time to think. At last, after Mary Lou, armed with her long white staff, had fluttered everywhere, it seemed to her, ushering, she dropped into her seat with the other juniors. Finally, the program began and proceeded to the real business of the day—the giving of the diplomas, the awarding of the prizes. The Anthony medal was always kept until the last.

Colonel Hillhouse arose.

"It is my great pleasure," he began with tantalizing slowness, "to award the Anthony medal, which I am assured is the honor most prized by Lancaster girls. Yesterday, most of us watched a very close contest. There was an apparent tie between Elizabeth Garfield and Mary Louise Milford. The judges went into a long session, finally calling in Miss Trueblood and Miss Nacken to assist them. At last they decided, in view of Miss Garfield's interest in sports and the fact that she is a senior, to award the Anthony medal to her."

There was a roar of applause. Mary Lou, clapping with the rest, suddenly found that she did n't care, that she was glad Betty had the medal.

But then Miss Trueblood rose to her feet. "One moment," she said. "It seems that there were peculiar circumstances connected with the exhibition. There is reason to believe that one girl deliberately set herself to lose for the sake of the other." Betty among the seniors sent a guilty look at Mary Lou among the juniors. "She would probably have succeeded—had it not been that the other girl tried the same trick!"

After the laughter had died down, she went on: "Now, because Lancaster has always stood for unselfishness, for loyalty to friends, as well as for sportsmanship, the judges decided to have a duplicate medal engraved with the name of Mary Louise Milford, who is also the winner of the Porter scholarship for the coming year."

How they clapped! How the exercises closed, Mary Lou never quite knew. Somehow they were out on the lawn and the girls were singing—first to Miss Trueblood and then to Betty and then to her:

"God bless her, we love her!
Oh, here 's to Mary Milford,
Who 's with us to-day!"

Betty and Mary Lou stood together, fingering the twin medals, when Miss Nacken came toward them.

"But, Miss Nacken," Betty said, "how did they know that Mary Lou—that I—that we—" she stopped in confusion.

Miss Nacken smiled. It might almost have been called a grin.

"You girls never will remember that anything said in the dressing-rooms is heard all over the gym. Your explanations after the exhibition added proof to a little suspicion I had, and the judges did the rest. And I think their decision was fair enough."



AESOP'S FABLES

RETOLD IN VERSE BY OLIVER HERFORD

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THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A LITTLE Mouse, who chanced to stray
Near where a sleeping Lion lay,
Forgetting all that prudence taught,
Ventured too rashly—and was caught!
"O Lion! spare my life, I pray!"
Pleaded the Mouse; "I will repay
Your kindness without fail." And so
The Lion laughed and let him go.
The Mouse, soon after this mishap,
Came on the Lion in a trap,
Bound by strong ropes; without ado
He set to work and gnawed them through.
"A thousand thanks!" the Lion cried.
"You 've saved my life, and shamed my pride.
For though it 's true I am a King,
Position is not everything.
I owe my life to your quick wit!"
"Pray," said the Mouse, "don't mention it!"



THE FOX THAT LOST HIS TAIL

A Fox, once in a trap caught fast,
Managed, by tugging hard, at last
To free himself, only to find
He 'd left his precious tail behind.
Here was a pretty state of things!
Exposed to all the shafts and stings
Of ridicule and malice, too,
What in the world was he to do?
One day he hit upon a plan.
Calling a meeting of the clan,
He made a speech and thus began:



"Dear fellow-Foxes! I regret
To see that you are wearing yet
That relic of antiquity—
The tail. In good society
It is no longer *comme il faut;*
Human Beings long ago
Discarded it. 'T is an offense
Both against style and common sense.
Take my advice: don't hesitate;
Cut off your tails before too late!"
'Mid cries of "Foolish!" "Mad!" "Absurd!"
Rose an old Fox. "I beg to state,"
Said he, "we should attach more weight
To your advanced and lofty views
Had you yourself a tail to lose!"



THE LION AND THE FOX

A LION that had grown too weak
With age to leave his den and seek
For food, foreseeing now that he
Must get his meals by strategy,
Lay down, pretending to be sick.
The beasts, not dreaming 't was a trick
And thinking one so near his end
No harm could possibly intend,
Flocked to condole—alas! to learn
The truth too late, as each in turn
Was gobbled up. The Fox, less prone
To trust appearances, alone
Saw through the trick and stayed outside.
"Come in, I beg!" the Lion cried.
"Thanks," said the Fox, "but I prefer
To stay without. I notice, Sir,
That all the footprints hereabout
Go toward your den, and none come out!"

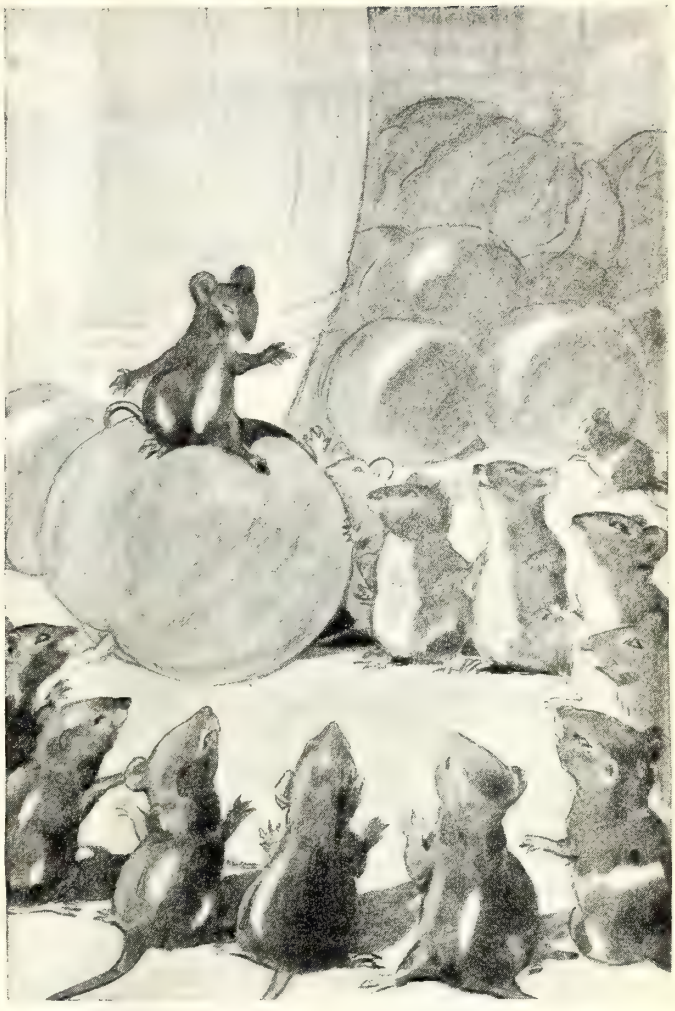
THE CROW AND THE WATER-JAR

A THIRSTY Crow once found a jar
That held some water, but 't was far
Too narrow necked, and much too low
The water was for Master Crow,
With his short neck, to get a drink.
The Crow then set himself to think.
At last upon a plan he hit.
"Since I cannot reach down to it,
I must invent some way," said he,
"To make the water rise to me."
With little pebbles, one by one,
He filled the jar; as this was done
The water rose and rose, until
The thirsty Crow could drink his fill.



THE MICE IN COUNCIL

ONCE, in the absence of the Cat,
The Mice in solemn council sat,
Some plan of action to discuss
To curb her practice odious
Of prying into their affairs
And pouncing on them unawares.
After much talk, the plan that met
With most approval was to get
A piece of cord and hang thereby
To Pussy's neck, upon the sly,
A bell that would not fail to ring,
When Pussy was about to spring,
And so announce her fell intention.
Truly, a wonderful invention!
The Mice delightedly agreed;
"Now," said the Chairman, "all we need
Is some one to attach the bell."
At this an awful silence fell
Upon the meeting; no one spoke.
At length, a voice the stillness broke;
"I move, since no one seems to yearn
To bell the Cat, that we adjourn."



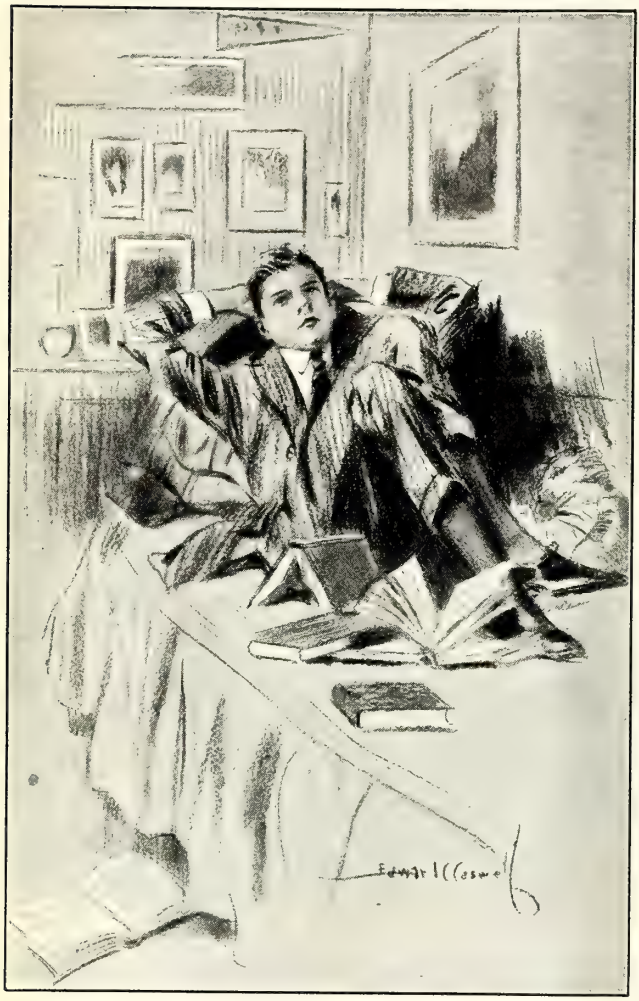
THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

A HARE one day a Tortoise chaffed
On her slow gait. The Tortoise laughed.
"'T is true I 'm slowest of the slow,
And you 're the fastest thing I know;



Yet notwithstanding your swift pace,"
Said she, "I 'll beat you in a race."
The Hare consented, half in jest,
To put the matter to the test,
And off they started. Like a flash,
Half round the course in one swift dash,
Bounded the Hare; then, feeling sure
That victory was now secure,
Sat down to rest—and fell asleep.
Meanwhile, his Rival, creep, creep, creep,
Came slowly on, caught up, and passed,
Creep-creep, creep-creep, until at last
The Hare, awaking, rubbed his eyes
And saw, to his intense surprise,
The Tortoise, faithful to her boast,
Was waiting at the winning-post.

THE MacDONALD GRIT; OR, THE BORROWERS



"'IF I JUST HAD BACKBONE ENOUGH TO REFUSE ONCE!'"

THE hands of the big clock in the upper corridor were creeping toward the half-hour, and a strange, almost uncanny, stillness had settled down over Encina Hall. On the stroke of six, the boys had scattered in a headlong rush across the campus wherever appetite, or pocketbook, directed—to the Count's, to Stickey's, or The Inn.

Dexter MacDonald, in room 230, had not joined the noisy exodus, for a reason. He discovered *the reason* after he had—with more hope than success—turned his pockets inside out, one by one; the reason was a lone penny!

The boy's healthy young appetite had already begun to assert itself. What could a fellow do to secure a meal when he had n't any money? There were not many ways of earning money at Stanford, with over two thousand boys watching every chance in the small university town. All sorts of wild schemes daringly presented themselves to his notice, but were quickly rejected as impracticable, since the present crisis demanded immediate tangible results.

The thought suddenly occurred to him, "Borrow." And then the silence of the big room was broken by a mirthless laugh. Why, that was exactly what the other boys had been doing all along—"Pepper" Grein and "Swede" Ryder and "Tubby" Wells! They had borrowed from him, with the result that he was now "flat broke" and hungry; and his check from home was already two days overdue.

It was n't the plucky little mother's fault—of that, Dexter was certain. She was n't the kind that forgets. Something had happened that prevented her sending the check as usual.

The boy's eyes grew misty as he recalled a time, a few months before, when it had been a hard pull for his mother to send the monthly check. The butcher had failed to pay for the calves on time, and the expected first payment on the prune crop had been delayed, she wrote. Dexter never knew who advanced the money that month; but it came. And only three days late!

He had offered then to return home, to give up his engineering course at the university, though the cold chills ran over him at the mere thought of it; but the little mother would have none of it. Dexter recalled every word of her reply:

No, indeed! I don't want you to think of leaving Stanford! We 'll manage some way. Call on the MacDonald grit. Your father never let it fail him as long as he lived; and you must "carry on." You 'll find it oftentimes requires more courage to face ridicule than it would to plunge into real, physical danger.

But cheer up, Sonny! Better times are coming. Just think how much you 'll be making when you 're a full-fledged civil engineer.

Thank goodness, you have enough clothes to last through the college year!

"Clothes!" the boy muttered half under his breath. "Yes, but what good can they do me?" And then, as the humor of the situation dawned upon him, a grin broke slowly over his set lips.

"If only Mother and Uncle Henry were here!" he said. "They cautioned me so carefully against

borrowing,—and I never have,—but they did n't say a word about *lending*."

This explanation cleared the situation in his mind, but did not make it a comfortable one. It was n't that the boys were dishonest. They were simply careless; and, having plenty themselves, did not realize how hard pressed Dexter was sometimes to get through the month on a none-too-large allowance. They always paid back what they borrowed,—sometime,—when it was most convenient to themselves.

"If I just had backbone enough to refuse once!" Dexter groaned, as he lay on the bed staring blankly up at the ceiling. "They 're good old scouts, all of 'em, but dog-goned thoughtless, I 'll say!"

Not only was money borrowed, but personal belongings as well; and when these "came home" at all, they were decidedly the worse for wear. But then, look at the honor! Why, his best scarf-pin was accorded the supreme privilege of hobnobbing with the dignified upper-classmen at a senior party! and his new tennis-racket took a prominent part in the annual tournament against the University of California. His white bow-tie and his lone pair of gloves attended the junior prom in state; while his "uke" was a regular attendant at Encina orchestra practice; and many a night—while Dexter was sleeping soundly—had its soft tinkle serenaded some fair co-ed in one of the women's sorority houses along THE ROW, usually spoken in capitals. Yes, there was no doubt of it, Dexter MacDonald's belongings were most popular. "If the fellows could only be made to see the other side of it," the boy mused.

Then the solution of the problem burst upon him full-fledged, and at first fairly staggered him. Oh, it would never do! The boys would cut him cold, and their friendship had meant so much in this, his first college year! And then as a realization of his present predicament forced itself upon him, he drew his lips down into a firm, straight line and knitted his brows determinedly.

It would take some starch out of his pride, perhaps, but the boys must be made to realize that a two-bit piece when he actually needed it was worth more than a dollar at any other time. And if the thing was to be done, he would do it thoroughly and make a clean sweep. The boys would have to take things seriously some time, and the time had come! A desperate disease required a desperate cure.

Now that his decision was made, Dexter's fighting spirit, long dormant, was thoroughly aroused. He sprang up and, opening a drawer in his chiffonier, drew out a bunch of blank cards. At first he wrote rapidly upon the cards; then more slowly, stopping occasionally to search the chiffonier drawers or the trunk. Then, with a nod and a grin, the scribbling proceeded.

When the job was completed, Dexter was appalled at the number of cards he held in his hand. "Gosh!" he muttered. "I had no idea it was so bad as this." Then snapping a rubber band around the pack, he thrust it into his pocket and puckered his lips into a hopeful whistle.

ROBERT SCOTT, Dexter's room-mate, flung wide the door of room 230.

"Where did you go, Dex, old scout? I did n't see you at the Count's."

"No—I did n't go there for supper," the other hedged. "Did you stop at the post-office?"

"Yes, and not a blessed thing did either of us get! Expecting a letter, Dex?"

"Well—er—no. Have you seen Pepper and Tubby and the rest of the fellows since supper, Scotty?"

"No. Why?"

"Oh, I just wanted to see the gang to-night. Wonder if you could round 'em up?"

"Sure!" And as Bob Scott traversed the long hallway he muttered to himself, "Good old Dex! I 'll bet his mother has sent him another box from home." And his mouth watered for a taste of the big fruit-cake, the salted almonds, and figs that experience had taught him would fill the box.

But his room-mate, left alone with his own troubled thoughts, was tantalizing his hunger with a vision of that last breakfast at home—the flavor of the pink ham, the crisp tenderness of the waffles—their holes brimming over with syrupy deliciousness. "Yum, yum! I can fairly taste 'em now!" he sighed, in ecstasy; "only I can't," he added, ruefully.

Room 230 was fairly bulging with the crowd that gathered. The mystic words 'a box from home' always hold an irresistible appeal to college boys, and they now crowded the window-sills, the two beds, and the chair arms. But boylike, they were growing a bit impatient. Where was the box? They could n't catch a glimpse of it anywhere about the room. Mrs. MacDonald's boxes from the ranch had been generously shared with all those present; and since the gang was all there now, what was Dex waiting for?

There he stood, looking a bit nervous. There was something about the boy's frank, good-natured face that had from the first made a quick appeal. Perhaps it was the humorous little twist of his mouth when he smiled; or the friendliness of the big brown eyes.

Some one suggestively began to sing "The Gang 's All Here," and received a pillow sent with an unerring aim. The affair was rapidly resolving itself into a full-fledged rush.

"Remember what we did to you fellows in the last frosh-soph rush!" panted Tubby Wells, a freshman whose avoirdupois greatly hampered his movements in close quarters.

"Yes, but just recall the tubbing and drubbing you frosh got at the annual poster fight!" exulted his soph opponent, with a superior swagger.

"Quit your ragging!" warned Swede Ryder, the big blond sophomore. "Tubby, if you could only see yourself at this minute! You 'd make an abalone giggle. You 're a sort of false alarm, anyway, son. Forget it!"

"Gentlemen!" began Dexter, desperately. How he wished he could crawl through a hole and pull the hole along after him. How could he ever go through with this farce! Oh, if he had never thought of it! He had no idea it would be so hard. His morale had sunk almost to the zero point.

But a glimpse of his scarf-pin perched jauntily in Pepper Grein's flashy new four-in-hand brought him up with a snap. He pulled himself together. He 'd go through with the thing if it took a leg! It was the MacDonald grit that he was calling upon now. He was within his rights, and his conscience ceased to trouble him.

"Gentlemen," he repeated, with an air of mock seriousness, "whenever the merchant becomes overstocked he advertises a 'special,' and you fellows all rush in to grab the stuff. I concluded that the idea might be used to advantage in my own case. I 've accumulated such a lot of things, and I can't use 'em, nor wear 'em, nor even keep track of 'em. So I 'm going to stage an auction; and somebody 's going to walk off with some rare bargains."

His restless fingers encountered the pack of little cards and he drew it out. The boys looked at each other wonderingly. No one seemed to know quite what to say. What sort of game could this be, anyway?

"I 've listed the things I can get along perfectly well without." Dexter snapped the rubber band from the cards. "First, there 's my white vest. I have n't seen it since the junior prom, so it may be a little under the weather. But then," he continued, confidently, "it 's perfectly all right; only a little matter of a cleaner's bill that won't amount to more than six bits. I think the vest could be found in Shorty's room, if you want to examine it."

"Ouch!" whistled that individual. And as all eyes were focused upon him he reddened defensively. Well, what was all the fuss about? The thing had just slipped his mind, that was all.

"Then there 's my number fifteen collar of the newest cut. I 've only worn it once, but it 's mighty comfortable—as Alex probably can testify. It 's good as new, and three cents will launder it. My tennis-racket is of no use to me. I last saw it in the Stanford-California tournament. Possibly needs restringing or may be a little warped, but a good racket, nevertheless," he grinned cheerfully.

Swede Ryder's conscience wriggled uncomfortably. A hot shame clutched at his throat and crimsoned his face. Weeks had passed since the tournament, and he had not even put the borrowed racket into its press, as he knew he should have done.

Dexter hastily sketched through the remainder of the cards: the uke, the gloves, a dollar that Tubby Wells has borrowed three weeks before, a dollar and a half for concert tickets to tide Shorty Bishop over a temporary embarrassment and to save his pride from breaking a "date," and so on to the end.

The self-appointed auctioneer mounted his trunk and proceeded in a crisp, businesslike tone —outwardly and ostensibly calm, but with an inward sense of dread. The cards were his sole "visible assets," so he would auction off the cards.

"Scotty, I appoint you clerk. Now we 'll proceed. Gentlemen, what am I bid for a perfectly good collar?" And he held up the card on which the item was listed. "Do I hear a bid? Thank you kindly. The gentleman on my right bids fifteen cents. Do I hear another? Don't all speak at once. Fifteen I 'm bid! Who 'll make it twenty? Last chance—going—going—gone at fifteen cents!

"Now for my opal scarf-pin. You can see it, if you wish, in Pepper's tie. Use your lorgnettes, gentlemen! You 'll see a handsome stone that always brings its wearer good luck. What am I bid for this solid gold scarf-pin?"

The boys seemed paralyzed. Not a word came from them.

"Three dollars. Thank you." Dexter nodded to an imaginary bidder. "Three dollars I 'm bid, who 'll make it four. Three I 'm bid. Step right up, gentlemen, and examine the pin. Three I 'm—"

But the auctioneer was addressing empty space. The boys with one accord had fled.

Dexter's head felt queer, someway, and a lump kept catching in his throat. It was this that he had feared. The boys had deserted him! They had n't taken the thing as he had meant it, and he had lost their respect. Then right on the heels of this reflection there came a shrewd suspicion even more mortifying:—that the boys knew he was down to rock bottom and thought he was trying to work some sort of graft.

"Oh, why did I ever think of it!" he groaned, miserably.



"'GENTLEMEN, WHAT AM I BID FOR A PERFECTLY GOOD COLLAR?'"

The big hall outside was noisy with hoarse whispers:

"Gimme four bits, quick! I 'll pay it back tomorrow, sure!"



"THEN WITH A WILD WHOOP, THE AVALANCHE DESCENDED UPON HIM"

"All right, see that you do! I 'm not Dex MacDonald, I 'll have you know."

"Good old Dex! Have n't we been the limit, though? Let 's take up a collection," a freshman suggested sympathetically.

But a soph, in his superior wisdom, laughed him to scorn. "Every month or so you have a good idea, son, but don't let it excite you. 'Take up a collection!' " he mocked. "Little do you know old Dex!"

"You frosh can't help *thinking* rot, maybe, but you need n't let so much of it escape," scoffed another soph. "The kind of 'collection' we 'll take up is a 'collection' of Dex's own things that we 've all borrowed and failed to return. Now, that includes borrowed money, too! Dig it up someway, every last one of you, and bring the stuff here within five minutes!"

Dexter was wearily untying his shoes. "Might as well go to bed," he said, huskily.

Then, with a wild whoop, the avalanche descended upon him. His possessions rained down in a heavy shower. There was silver, too, in a careless heap on the table. But Dexter saw none of it. He was eagerly searching the faces of his friends and his heart was singing with happiness. The fellows had stood the test! He knew, too, that this demonstration was only the outward symbol of an inward reformation; and the assurance heartened him.

With an unsteady laugh, he grabbed Shorty's arm. "You old alligator!" he said affectionately, "I don't want that white vest. Never did like it anyway. You keep it!"

"Not on your tintype! It 's sort of mussed, but you 'll find the price of laundering it in one of the pockets." A sheepish grin overspread Shorty's freckled face.

Dexter tried not to laugh as he noted the miscellaneous collection upon the bed—but his lips betrayed him. And soon the room was in a roar.

"Reminds me of 'Roughs' Day' that pile o' clothes," a soph grinned, reminiscently.

"Quite enough there for a 'true-so' for old Dex," suggested a frosh brother.

"Look here, fellows, you know you did n't borrow all that money," and Dexter eyed the heap of coins suspiciously.

"On the square, we did! Some of those loans are so old they 've grown whiskers. We ought to pay interest on 'em!"

"If some one will form a club, imposing heavy fines on borrowers—" placidly suggested Tubby Wells, seated in the one rocking-chair.

"Hear! Hear! Wells!" shouted the others.

"I don't care! We 've been a bunch o' pikers. And I for one—"

But Dexter was eager to change the subject. "Then you fellows did n't—" he began.

"Of course not! Nothing to get sore about. We had it coming to us. And now I propose three rousing old cheers—"

He was interrupted by a quick, sharp rap at the door. Dexter glanced at the heap of silver upon the table and the thought flashed into his mind, "I 'll drop Mother a card not to bother about sending my check."

And then he rubbed his unbelieving eyes. She stood before him, her cheeks glowing from her long climb up the stairs and the weight of a heavy box she was carrying.

Her glance swept the room. "Why—what 's all this?"

Swede Ryder was spokesman for the crowd. "Oh, Dexter was just revealing the contents of his—er—'hope' less chest, Mrs. MacDonald. We 're just going."

"Better stay!" she advised. "I 've brought a box from the ranch. Of course you 've all had your supper, but maybe—"

"We 'll try pretty hard, Mother," laughed Dexter, a little unsteadily. "Come on, fellows; don't be bashful."

A. May Holaday.

ROSES

(*A Quadruple Acrostic*)

Roses! Close to our back door, red ones grow, four kinds—fouR.
On nice June days I like to go out there to gather some, and O
Such big ones! My Sister Bess spends her time with them, I guesS.
Even when her friend is there, Elbridge Orville Smith St. ClarE.
Sister sits with him for hours, simply looking at those flowerS.

James Rowe.



"IS N'T A JUNE WEDDING JUST LOVELY?"

THE DRAGON'S SECRET

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Sapphire Signet," "The Slipper Point Mystery," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

It has been a strange series of mysteries centering about the closed-for-the-season bungalow on the seashore, Curlew's Nest, that led up to the night of the great hurricane. Leslie Crane, in a bungalow next door, and Phyllis Kelvin, in one farther down the beach, have discovered many curious things about it, chief of which is a strange bronze box in a burlap bag that Leslie's dog has dug up from the sand in front of the place. They could not get the box open, but they have hidden it in Leslie's bungalow, and in its place they have buried an old jewel-box of the same size and sewed up in a similar burlap bag. There is also a young English girl in the village whose acquaintance they have made, Eileen Ramsay, who seems to have some strange connection with this bungalow, though just what, they have been unable to discover. They suspect that somehow Phyllis's brother Ted is also involved in the mystery. One more curious character seems to be concerned in the affair, a man who once seemed to limp; but later they saw him fishing on the beach, and his limp had disappeared.

Then, the great hurricane arrives, lashing the ocean up almost to their doors. Out of the storm, who should come to them but Eileen Ramsay, saying she has lost her way while coming in her car from the hospital where she has been to see her sick grandfather. While looking out at the storm, they suddenly see two dark figures circling about the old log where the false box is buried, and Eileen unexpectedly calls out, "Oh, Ted, be careful!"

Phyllis turns on Eileen and asks if her brother Ted is one of the figures and if he is in danger. Eileen timidly acknowledges that this is the case. They all rush out, with Rags the dog, and he attacks Ted's assailant. It is only then that they recognize this other person as the man with the former limp. He is very indignant and declares that the object they were struggling for has been stolen from them by some third person, who sneaked upon them in the dark. He goes in pursuit of this person, and the others return to Leslie's bungalow.

Here they have a general explanation of the mysteries, chiefly by Eileen. She tells how her grandfather, the Hon. Arthur Ramsay, who occupied Curlew's Nest the past summer, has had his life threatened by a great Chinese official because he refuses to give up some letters of international importance that he has in his possession. These letters he always kept by him in a little bronze box with a secret spring. Finally he entrusted this box to be hidden by his man Geoffrey Gaines at the now deserted summer bungalow, Curlew's Nest, where he thinks it will be safe. Geoffrey goes to execute this commission, but, strangely enough, never returns, and they fear something has happened to him. Then the grandfather falls ill, and Eileen, to assist him, offers to try and find out whether the box is really hidden at Curlew's Nest. In this she is discovered and assisted by Ted, who warns her that the two girls are trying to fathom her secret. Just when Ted thinks he has found it and is struggling for it, a third unknown rushes in, snatches it, and gets away. At this moment there is a knock at the door and in walks the man who had a while before been wrestling with Ted in the storm. He discloses his badge of the New York police force, and he says that the person he followed got away on a train to the city with the burlap bag and its contents.

CHAPTER XX

THE DRAGON GIVES UP HIS SECRET

The man also started back at the sight of all four of them together. And Rags, who had been drying himself quietly by the fire, rose with a snarl and leaped toward his enemy of the earlier part of the evening.

"Heavens! don't let that animal loose on me again!" cried the man, backing off. "I 've just been down to the village doctor and had my arm cauterized, as it is. I stopped in to tell you something you 'd better know. Probably you have n't noticed it, if you have n't looked out recently. The water is rising rapidly and will soon be very nearly up to your bungalow. You may want to get out before it sweeps under it!"

With a cry of alarm, they all leaped toward the door, Ted grasping Rags firmly by the collar. It was even as the man had said. Peering through the darkness, they could see the water spreading inward from a recent breaker, only about twenty-five feet from the veranda. And the next breaker spread in even a few inches further.

"What *shall* we do?" cried Leslie. "Aunt Marcia will be frightened to death if she knows it, and how I 'm to get her out of here in this howling storm, or where I can take her, I can't imagine!"

But Ted had been critically examining the weather. "Don't worry, Leslie!" he soothed her. "The wind is shifting. I noticed just now that it seemed to be around to the north and is getting farther west also. That means the storm is almost over. And the tide ought to turn in ten minutes or so. It 's practically at its highest now. Ten chances to one it won't rise more than a foot or two further. But we 'll keep watch, and if it does, we 'll get your aunt out of here in Eileen's car, which is just down the road, and take her either to our place or to the village. Our bungalow is n't likely to be damaged, as it 's farther up the dune than these. Don't worry!"

Thus encouraged, Leslie turned indoors again, and the man, who was still lingering on the porch, remarked:

"If it is n't too much trouble, friends, I 'd like to come in for a minute or two and ask you folks a few questions about that little fracas this

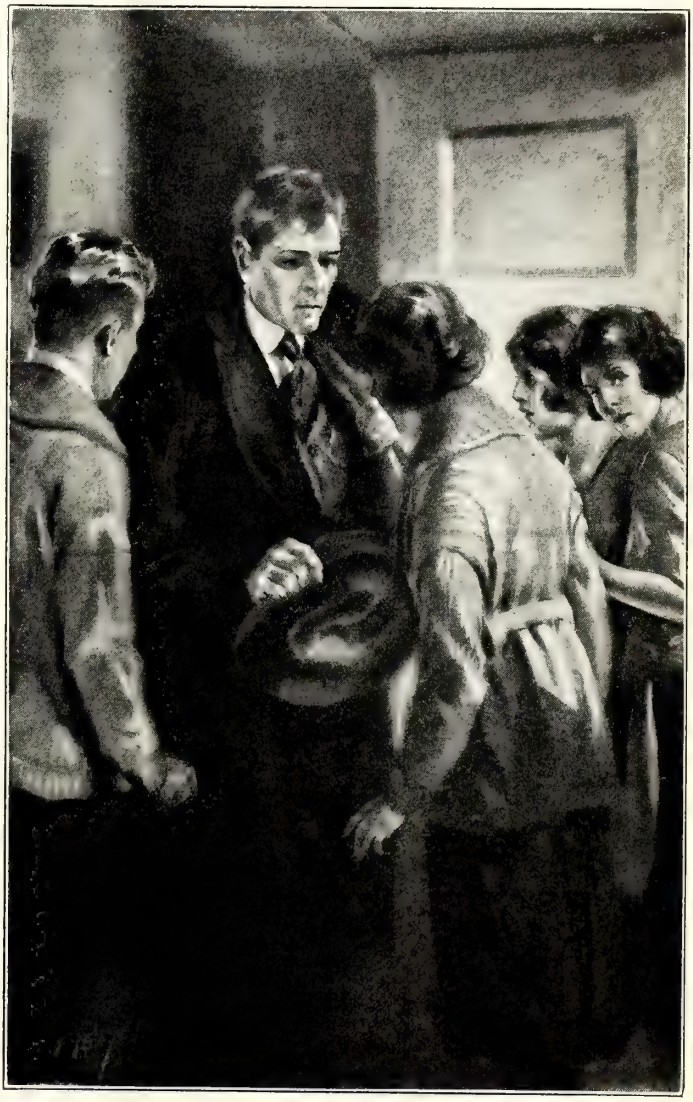
evening and how you came to be mixed up in it. It 's all right and perfectly proper!" he hastened to add, seeing their startled glances. "I can show you my credentials." He opened his coat and exhibited a shield on his vest—the shield of a detective of the New York police force!

So amazed were they that they could scarcely reply, but the man took matters in his own hands and walked into the house. And Leslie never even thought to warn him to speak softly because of Aunt Marcia!

Unconsciously they grouped themselves about him at the open fire. And Rags, now that the obnoxious stranger had been admitted to the house on a hospitable footing, made no further demonstrations of enmity.

"My name is Barnes—Detective Barnes of the New York force," he began, "and I 'd like to clear up one or two little puzzles here before I go on with this business. It 's a rather peculiar one. I heard this young gentleman refer to a car that was standing in the road near here and say it belonged to one of you young ladies named Eileen. I 'd like to inform Miss Eileen that the party who got that little article we were all scrapping for to-night jumped into her car when he got to the road, tore like mad in it to the station, left it there, and caught the express for New York. I was just in time to see him disappearing in it, but of course *I* had to walk to the village. I suspected what he was going to do, though, and I went straight to the station and found the car standing there. So I took the liberty of getting in it, driving myself to the village doctor, and then back out here. You will find your car, Miss Eileen, standing just where you left it, but I thought you 'd like to know it had had the little adventure!"

Eileen opened her mouth to reply, but the man gave her no chance, turning immediately to Ted. "And as for you, young man, I suppose you thought you were doing a wonderful stunt when you landed into me to-night, just as I 'd unearthed the thing I 've been on the trail of for a week; but I 'll have to tell you that you 've spoiled one of the prettiest little pieces of detective work I 've undertaken for several years, and may have helped to precipitate a bit of international trouble, besides. I don't know what your motive was,



"HE OPENED HIS COAT AND EXHIBITED THE SHIELD OF A DETECTIVE"

—I suppose you thought me a burglar,—but—

"Just a moment!" cried Eileen, springing forward. "Tell me, why are you concerned in this? My name is Ramsay and I have a right to ask!"

Detective Barnes was visibly startled. "Are you a relative of the Honorable Arthur Ramsay?" he demanded; and when she had told him, he exclaimed, "Then you must know all about Geoffrey Gaines and how he disappeared!"

"I 've known him since I was a baby," she answered; "but how he disappeared is still an

awful mystery to us. My grandfather is very ill in the Branchville hospital, you know."

"But did n't he receive my letter?" cried Mr. Barnes. "I sent it two days ago!"

"He has been too ill to read any mail for the last two days," replied Eileen, "and, of course, I have not opened it."

"Well, that explains why I have n't heard from him!" the man exclaimed, with a sigh of relief. "Then I guess you will be interested to hear that Gaines is alive and well, but kept a close prisoner by some 'heathen Chinees' in a house on a west side street in New York."

"But how— Why— Did it happen the—the night he—came down here?" she ventured.

"I see you 're pretty well informed about the matter," he remarked cautiously. "And if these others are equally so, I guess it 's safe for me to go on and give you a history of the thing."

Eileen nodded, and he went on:

"Gaines and I used to know each other in England, years before he entered your grandfather's service. In fact, we had been schoolmates together. Then I came over to this country and entered the detective service, and he went into another walk of life. But we kept in touch with each other by writing occasionally. A week or so ago I was astonished to receive a letter from him, written on all sorts of odds and ends of paper and in an envelop plainly manufactured by himself. It contained some very singular news.

"It gave me first the history of those letters and how anxious your grandfather was to keep hold of them. Then it told how he (Gaines) had taken the box down here that night and tried first to conceal it in the bungalow. But no place in the house seemed safe enough to him. He tried to dig up a brick in the fireplace and bury it there, but gave it up after he had broken his knife in the attempt. Then he had the inspiration to bury it in the sand somewhere outside, and he described where he *did* locate it, right by that log. If Gaines had known much about the tides here, he would n't have thought that a very good scheme. He did n't, though, and thought he 'd found an excellent place. He then turned to walk back to the hotel, but had n't gone more than a mile (it was storming hard, if you remember) when a terrific blow on the back of the head knocked him senseless. He never knew another thing until he came to, after what must have been a number of days, to find himself a prisoner in a house he judged to be somewhere in New York. And from his description I 've located it about West Sixty-first Street."

"He appeared to be in the keeping of a Chinaman who dressed American fashion and spoke good English. He was told that he was a prisoner and that it was hopeless to try to communicate with any one until he had reported exactly where and how those letters had been concealed. He begged for a day or two to consider the matter and was granted it, but told that if he did not comply with their wishes he would disappear for good and no one would ever be the wiser.

"In the meantime, he managed to get together a few scraps of paper, and with the stub of a pencil he happened to have about him, he wrote this letter to me, describing the location of the letters and how he had hidden them in a bronze box wrapped in a burlap bag. He urged me to go and get them at once, and then, later, he could safely describe to his captors where he had hidden them. Perhaps you wonder how he expected to get this letter to me, since he was so carefully guarded. He said that he was on the third floor, front, of the house, near a corner where he could see a post-box. He happened to have a solitary stamp in his pocket, which he put on the letter. Then, at some hour when he thought his captors were busy elsewhere, he expected to attract the attention of some children playing in the street and offer to throw them some money if they would mail the letter in the near-by box. As I received the letter, no doubt his plan worked successfully. At any rate, I got it a week ago and started on the trail immediately.

"I landed out here one morning while it was still dark, and dug all around the spot mentioned, but could n't find a trace of the bag or box."

"Oh, I saw you that morning!" cried Leslie, "But when you walked away you seemed to stoop and had a bad limp! I don't understand!"

"I know you saw me," he smiled, "or, at least, that *some* one did, for as I happened to glance back at this house, it was growing just light enough for me to realize there was some one watching at the window. So I adopted that stoop and limp as I walked away, just so you would not be likely to recognize me if you saw me again. It is a ruse I 've often practised."

"But it did n't work *that* time," laughed Leslie, "for I recognized you again this afternoon by the way you dusted the sand off your hands and threw away the stick!"

"Well, you are certainly a more observing person than most people!" he answered gravely. "But to go on. Of course, I was very much disappointed but I remained here, staying at the village hotel, and kept as close a watch on the place as was possible, pretending all the time that I was here on a fishing excursion. I tried very hard to keep out of sight of these bungalows, in the daytime, anyway. The day you all went off on the auto ride the coast seemed clear, and I went through the place. But I had n't been out of it

long and walked down to the beach, when I saw the two men drive up in a car and enter the bungalow also, and later come out to dig by that old log. Of course, they did n't see me about! I took care of that. And I knew, beyond a doubt, that they were Gaines's Chinamen, come to find the booty.

"Of course they did n't find it, any more than I had, and I felt sure they would go back and make it hot for Gaines. I went back to my hotel that night to think it all over and make further plans, and did n't visit the bungalow again till next evening, when I found to my astonishment a queer note, type-written, on the table there—a warning that the article stolen from its hiding-place had better be returned. And under it, a reply, printed in lead-pencil, saying it would be returned."

"I could n't make head or tail of the business. I judged the type-written part to have been left by the Chinese. But who had scribbled the other was a dark-brown mystery. At any rate, I concluded that to-night would probably be the crucial time, and determined to get in ahead of every one else. The storm was a piece of good fortune to me, as it concealed things so well, and about nine o'clock I was on the spot, proceeding to dig down by the old log. Pretty soon I realized, though, that there was some one else around. And just as I 'd unearthed the bag, which *had* been mysteriously returned to its hiding-place, you appeared out of somewhere, young man, fell on me like a thousand of brick, and we had a grand old tussle. I 'll give you credit for being *some* wrestler, but I was getting the best of it when along came you others with that terrible beast and did the business for me!

"I thought all along, though, that you, Mr. Ted, were one of the Chinamen. But that person must have been on the scene also, probably lurking in the shelter of the bungalow and watching the fracas. And when your electric light blazed on the scene, Miss," he turned to Phyllis, "he no doubt saw the bag in my hand. Then, when the light went out for a moment, he rushed in and grabbed the prize and was off while we two were so busy with one another!

"It was a losing game all around. While I was in the village, I 'phoned my department in New York to meet his train when it got in and arrest him, if they could find him, and search him at once. But after I 'd been to the doctor's (I had a long session there) I 'phoned them again and heard that the train had been met but no one answering such a description as I could give had got off. No doubt he left the train at some station short of New York

"Well, the prize is lost for this time, but perhaps we can pick up the trail again. At any rate, Gaines is probably free, for they promised to release him as soon as the letters were obtained."

When he had ceased speaking, Leslie got up from her chair and disappeared into the kitchen. When she returned, she laid a dark bundle in the lap of Eileen.

"I guess the prize was found some time ago!" she remarked quietly. "Suppose you open that bag and see, Eileen!"

And amid an astounded silence, Eileen's fingers managed to unloose the fastening of the bag and insert themselves in its depths. Then with a little cry of joy, she drew out and held up, for all to view, the bronze box that had caused all the disturbance—the Dragon's Secret!

THE complicated explanations were all over at last, and the curious, fragmentary story was pieced together. Detective Barnes took up the little bronze box and examined it carefully, experimenting, as they all had done, to find a way of opening it—and, of course, unsuccessfully.

"There 's one thing that puzzles me, though," remarked Ted, "about that queer type-written note. How and why and by whom was it left originally?"

"It was written on thin, foreign-looking paper," replied the detective, "and I can only guess that the foreigners left it there, though probably not on their first trip that afternoon. No doubt they either went to the village, or, more likely, returned to the city to talk it over, perhaps with Gaines. And he, supposing I had long since captured the prize, and to put them off the scent, suggested that some one near by may have been meddling with the matter and that they leave a warning for them. I feel rather certain he must have done this to gain time, for he knew that if I had found the thing, I would immediately set about having him released, and he must have wondered why I had n't done so. Perhaps he thought I was having difficulty locating the house where they had him hidden. But, Great Scott!—that makes me think! They must by this time have discovered the trick you played, Miss Phyllis, and be jumping mad over having been so fooled. Perhaps they think Gaines is responsible for it, and they 'll certainly be making it hot for *him!* I must get to the city immediately and get him out of that hole. Ought n't to waste another minute. If you can spare your car, Miss Eileen, I 'd like to run up to the city with it, as I know there are no more trains to-night. I 'll guarantee to fetch it and Gaines both back in the morning!"

"You certainly may have it," replied Eileen, "and you may take me with you and leave me at the hospital, on the way. Grandfather must

know of this at once. I 'm positive he 'll recover now, since the worry is all over. But first, would n't you all like to see something? I happen to know the secret of opening this box. Grandfather showed it to me when I was a little girl, and he used to let me play with it."

She took a pin from her dress, inserted into the carved eye of the dragon and pressed it in a certain fashion—and the lid of the bronze box flew up! They all pressed forward eagerly and gazed in. There lay the packet of foreign letters, safe and sound. Eileen lifted them and looked curiously underneath. Nothing else was in the box except some strange, thin bits of yellow, foreign paper covered with vague pictures and curious Chinese characters. They seemed to be so thin and old as to be almost falling to pieces.

"I don't know what *these* things are," she remarked, "but they probably have nothing to do with this affair, anyway. Grandfather was always picking up queer old things on his travels. But he must have thought them interesting, or he never would have kept them in here. But we must go now," she ended, closing the box. "And I 'll see all you dear people to-morrow. This has surely been a wonderful night!"

But just as she was ready to go, she said, "Do show me the dusty shelf where this was hidden, please!" and then, as she stood gazing up at it, she exclaimed, "To think that it lay here behind those worn-out old kitchen things all the time we were so madly hunting for it! But perhaps it was the safest place, after all!"

The two girls escorted Eileen and Mr. Barnes to the door, Ted offering to see them to the car.

As Leslie and Phyllis returned to the room, they were startled to see Aunt Marcia, in a dressing-gown, peering out of the door of her room and blinking sleepily.

"What on earth are you two girls doing up at this unearthly hour?" she inquired. "I woke and thought I heard voices and came out to see!"

"Oh, we 've been talking and watching the storm!" laughed Leslie. "It 's all over now, and the stars are shining. You 'd better go back to bed, Aunt Marcia. The fire 's out and it 's cold."

And as the good lady turned back into her room Leslie whispered to Phyllis, "And she slept through all *that*—and never knew! How can I be thankful enough!"

CHAPTER XXI

THE BIGGEST SURPRISE OF ALL

"PHYLLIS! I 've got a nibble, Phyllis! I believe I can land him, too. And it will be the first I 've really managed to catch!" Leslie began to play her line, her hands trembling with excitement.

The two girls and Ted stood at the ocean's edge, almost directly in front of the bungalows, whiling away a glorious, crisp afternoon in striving to induce reluctant fish to bite. For some reason or other, they seemed remarkably shy that day. Leslie's nibble had been the first suggestion of possible luck. Just as she was cautiously beginning to reel in her line, a pair of hands was clasped over her eyes, and a gay voice laughed, "Guess who!"

"Eileen!" cried Leslie, joyfully, forgetting all about her nibble. "Oh, but it 's good to see you! We 've missed you so since you left. Where *did* you come from?"

"Grandfather and I motored down to-day," replied Eileen, as they all crowded round her, "to stay over night at Aunt Sally's in the village. He 's going to drive out here a little later, with Geoffrey at the wheel, because he wants to see you people. You know, we sail for England on Saturday, and he says he does n't intend to leave before he has a chance to greet the friends who did so much for him. You 've no idea how much better he is! He began to pick up the moment I told him the news that night; and in the two weeks since, he 's become like another person. But he hates it in New York and it does n't agree with him, and he just wanted to come down here once more before we left."

"But how did *you* get here, if he 's coming later in the car?" demanded Phyllis.

"Oh, I *walked*, of course! It was a glorious day for it. Aunt Sally wondered so, to see me taking the air in anything but that car! What a dear she is! And how scandalously I had to treat her when I stayed there before. But the dear lady never suspected that I was in an agony of worry and suspense all the time, and did n't dare to be nice to her for fear I 'd just be tempted to give way and tell the whole secret. I used to long to throw myself in her lap and boo-hoo on her shoulder! I 've made it all up with her since, though! There 's Grandfather now! Come up to the veranda, all of you, because he 's not strong enough yet to walk on the sand."

They hurried up to the house and got there in time for Eileen to make the introductions. They were all deeply attracted to the tall, stooping, gray-haired, pleasant-mannered gentleman who greeted them so cordially—as if they were old and valued friends instead of such recent acquaintances.

"I 'm going to ask you to let me sit awhile on your front veranda," he said. "I want to get a last impression of this lovely spot to carry away with me to England. Also, I would like to have a chat with you young folks and tell you how much I appreciate what you all did for us."

Rather embarrassed by his suggestion that there was anything to thank them for, Leslie led him through the house to the veranda facing the ocean. Here Aunt Marcia sat, wrapped to the eyes, enjoying the late October sunshine, the



"'THIS LITTLE BOX HAS HAD SOME STRANGE ADVENTURES IN ITS DAY'"

invigorating salt air, and the indescribable beauty of the changeful ocean. Leslie had long since, very cautiously and gradually, revealed to her the story of their adventure at Curlew's Nest. So carefully had she done so that any possible alarm Miss Marcia might have experienced was swallowed up in wonder at the marvelous way in which it had all turned out.

Leslie now introduced Mr. Ramsay, and they all gathered around him as he settled himself to enjoy the view. He chatted awhile with Miss Marcia, compared notes with her on the effect of the climate on her health and his own, then turned to the young folks.

"It is quite useless for me," he began, "to try to express my appreciation of all you people have done for Eileen and myself in the little matter of the bronze box."

"But we must tell you," interrupted Phyllis, eagerly, "that we are n't going to sail under any false colors! We found that little box,—or rather, Rags here found it!—and we did n't have a notion, of course, whom it could belong to, and we were just wild to get it open and see what was in it. When we could n't manage that, we hid it away in the safest place we could think of, to wait for what would happen. I 'm afraid we did n't make any very desperate hunt for the owner, and when we suspected that Eileen might have something to do with it, I 'm ashamed to say that we would n't give it up to her—at first—because we were annoyed at the way she acted. We did n't understand, of course, but that does n't excuse it!"

"All that you say may be true," smiled Mr. Ramsay, "but that does not alter the fact that you delivered it up the moment you discovered the rightful owner. And Miss Phyllis's clever little ruse of burying the false box probably saved Geoffrey a bad time. For if those fellows had n't found *something* there that night, they would certainly have made it hot for him. As it was, it gained us so much time that Detective Barnes had a chance to get my man out of their clutches before they had done him any damage, though they were furious at being duped. They 're all safely in jail now, and there is nothing more to fear from them. Of course the principal who hired them is safe over in China, but he did n't gain *his* point—and that 's the main

thing! As for the letters, I concluded that, after all, my ideas as to how to keep them safely were out of date, and they have long since been forwarded to Washington, in the care of Barnes, and are now in the hands of my country's representative there. I shall not concern myself any further about their security!"

He put his hand in his pocket and drew out the little bronze casket. Then he went on,—

"This little box has had some strange adventures in its day, but nothing stranger than the one it has just passed through. It has, however, something else in it, that I thought might be of interest to you, and so I have brought it along and will explain about it." He opened the box in the same way as Eileen had done and revealed to their curious gaze the fragile old bits of paper they had seen on that eventful night. He took them out, fingered them thoughtfully, and handed one to each of the four young folks.

"There is a strange little adventure connected with these that perhaps you may be interested to hear," he continued. "It happened when I was passing through the city of Peking, some years ago, during their revolution. There was a good deal of lawlessness rife at the time, and bands of natives were running about, pillaging and looting anything they thought it safe to tamper with. One day, in one of the open places of the city, I happened along just in time to see ten or a dozen lawless natives pulling from its pedestal a great bronze idol, hideous as they make 'em, that had stood there probably for uncounted centuries. When they got it to the ground, they found it to be hollow inside, as most of the really ancient ones are, and filled with all manner of articles representing the sacrifices that had been made to it, through the ages, and placed inside it by their priests. These articles included everything from real jewels of undoubted value to papier-mâché imitations of food—a device the Chinese often use in sacrificing to the idols.

"Of course, the mob made an immediate grab for the jewels, but it had begun to make my blood boil to see them making off with so much unlawful booty. So, almost without thinking, I snatched out my revolver, placed myself in front of the pile, and shouted to them that I would shoot the first one who laid a finger on the stuff. And in the same breath I sent Geoffrey hurrying to find some of the city authorities to come and rescue what would probably be some thousands of dollars' worth of gems.

"Fortunately, I was armed with an effective weapon and they were not. So I managed to hold the fort till Geoffrey returned with the authorities, and on seeing them, the mob promptly melted away. The mandarin wanted to present me with some of the jewels, in gratitude for my services, but I had no wish for them and only asked permission to take with me a few of these little scraps of paper, which had been among the medley of articles in the idol's interior. Of course they assented, deeming me, no doubt, a very stupid 'foreign devil' to be so easily satisfied! I have carried them about with me for several years, and now I am going to give them to you young folks—one to each of you, as a little token of my gratitude for your invaluable help!"

He sat back in his chair, smiling benignly, while he watched the bewilderment on all their faces. Ted, Phyllis, and Leslie were striving to hide this under a polite assumption of intense gratitude, though they were a bit puzzled as to why he should choose *them*, of all people, who had no very profound interest in such things, as recipients of this special gift. But his own granddaughter was under less compulsion to assume what she did not feel.

"This is awfully good of you, Granddaddy!" she cried, "but I don't honestly see what the big idea is! I think that story of yours was ripping, but I don't exactly know what to do with this little bit of paper. It seems so old and frail, too, that I 'm almost afraid a breath will blow it to pieces. I really think it will be safer in your care."

He was still smiling indulgently. "I suspected that the outspoken Eileen would voice the general opinion of this gift! I don't mind it in the least, and I don't blame you a bit for feeling a trifle bewildered about the matter. But I have n't told you the whole story yet. To continue. As I said before, I carried these bits of paper around with me for a number of years, simply because they reminded me of my little adventure. Then, one day early this past summer, on the steamer coming across the Pacific, I chanced to meet a man connected with the British Museum, whom I soon discovered to be one of the principal experts on Chinese antiquities. And it occurred to me to show him these bits of paper and ask if he could imagine what they were. He examined them carefully and then came to me in great delight, declaring that they certainly were, beyond a shadow of doubt, the oldest existing specimens of Chinese *paper money!*

"And he added, moreover, that the British Museum had no specimens in its possession as old as these, and declared that he believed the authorities would be delighted to buy them, probably for three or four hundred pounds apiece!"

The listening four gasped and stared at him incredulously, but he went on undisturbed. "I said I would think the matter over and decide when I reached England. But meantime, for

reasons which I have already enlarged upon, I have decided instead to give them to you, as a little testimonial of my deep gratitude. If, by any chance, *you* should decide that you would prefer to have the money, I will attempt to negotiate the sale for you when I reach London and—"

He got no farther for, with a whoop of joy, Ted sprang forward and handed his bit to Mr. Ramsay; the others followed his example, striving inadequately to express their wonder and delight.

But he interrupted them, smilingly. "I should like to inquire what form of investment each one of you expects to make with the sum you receive? Don't think me too inquisitive, please. It 's just an old man's curiosity!"

"I 've decided already!" cried Eileen. "I 'm going to spend mine on another trip over here in the spring to visit you girls, and I 'm going to bring Mother with me. I would n't have got here this time if it had n't been for Grandfather, for Daddy simply put his foot down and said he could n't afford it. And next year Grandfather may be in Timbuctoo, and I would n't have a chance. But I 've just *got* to see you all again soon, for you 're the best friends I ever made."

"And I 'm going to save mine for some extra expensive courses in chemical engineering in college that I never supposed I could afford to take," declared Ted. "I expected I 'd have to go into business after I graduated, for a year or two, till I earned enough, but now I can go on."

"Of course, I 'll get my music now," cried Phyllis, "and I 'm the happiest girl alive!"

"Now little Ralph will have his chance to be strong and well, like other boys," murmured Leslie, tears of joy standing in her eyes.

Then, to ease the tension of the almost too happy strain, Mr. Ramsay continued:

"But there is another member of this party that it would not do to forget!" He drew from his pocket a handsome leather-and-silver dog-collar, called Rags over to him, and, as the dog ambled up, gravely addressed him:

"Kindly accept this token of my immense gratitude and allow me to clasp it about your neck!" Rags submitted gravely while his old collar was removed and the new one put in place, and then began to make frantic efforts to get it off over his head! Mr. Ramsay only laughed and held up a bank-note, adding:

"I realize that you do not entirely appreciate this gift at present. In fact, I sympathize with you in thinking it a decided nuisance! But here is something else that may soothe your sorrow—a five-dollar bill, to be devoted exclusively to the purchase of luscious steaks, tender chops, and juicy bones for your solitary delectation!"

Amid the general laughter that followed, he added: "And now, may I ask that you escort me over to the veranda of Curlew's Nest? I have a great desire to walk up and down on that porch for a few moments and think of all the strange adventures of that delightful little bungalow!"

And, accompanied by Rags, still striving madly to scrape off his new collar by rubbing it in the sand, they escorted their guest to Curlew's Nest!

THE END

THE MERRY RAIN

By JOSIE EPPERT

To-day the merry rain came down
  Aslant the misty air;
With long, cool fingers washed my face
  And wet my braided hair.

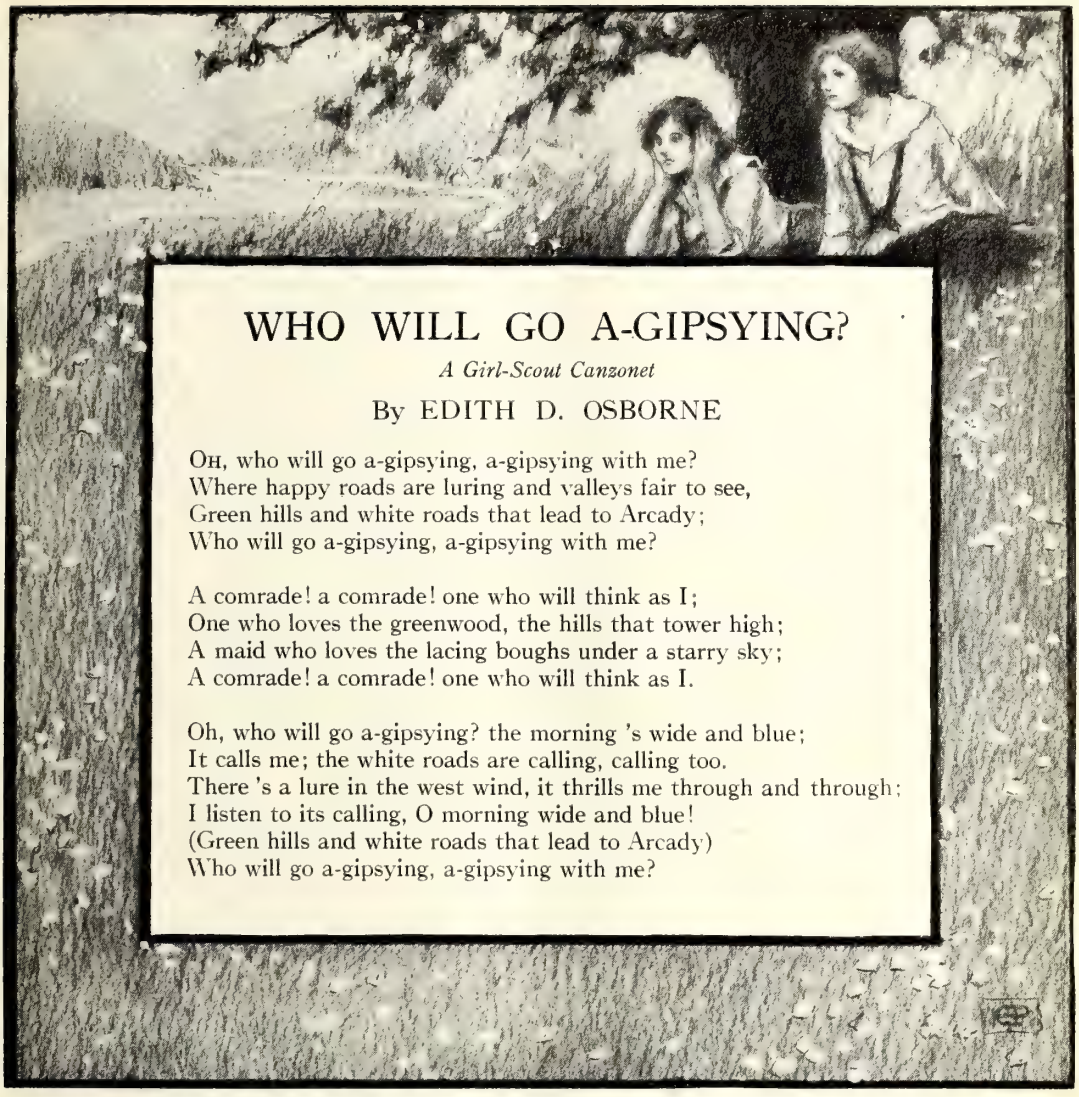
I watched it fill the ditches up
  And spatter in the pool,
As slowly through the silvery shower
  I homeward trudged from school.

It sang a busy, humming song
  To greet the fragment grass,
And tinkled tiny raindrop tunes
  To please a little lass.





"OH WHO WILL GO A-GIPSYING? THE MORNING 'S WIDE AND BLUE"



WHO WILL GO A-GIPSYING?

A Girl-Scout Canzonet

By EDITH D. OSBORNE

Oh, who will go a-gipsying, a-gipsying with me?
Where happy roads are luring and valleys fair to see,
Green hills and white roads that lead to Arcady;
Who will go a-gipsying, a-gipsying with me?

A comrade! a comrade! one who will think as I;
One who loves the greenwood, the hills that tower high;
A maid who loves the lacing boughs under a starry sky;
A comrade! a comrade! one who will think as I.

Oh, who will go a-gipsying? the morning 's wide and blue;
It calls me; the white roads are calling, calling too.
There 's a lure in the west wind, it thrills me through and through;
I listen to its calling, O morning wide and blue!
(Green hills and white roads that lead to Arcady)
Who will go a-gipsying, a-gipsying with me?

A SUMMER GOWN

The meadow is a gown of green.
  Sing ho, for grasses short and tall!
The meadow is a gown of green—
A gown of sunny, silken sheen,
And rich as that of any queen.
  Sing ho, the gown of green, O!
The little brook 's a ribbon gay.
  Sing ho, the winding, twisting stream!
The little brook 's a ribbon gay,
The girdle of the gown, I say,
Around, about it loops away—
  Sing ho, the gown of green, O!

The daisies are the buttons round.
  Sing ho, for yellow ones and white!
The daisies are the buttons round,
And never in straight rows they 're found,
But, hit or miss, they dot the ground.
  Sing ho, the gown of green, O!
Queen Anne's lace is the trimming white.
  Sing ho, for fluffy, soft rosettes!
Queen Anne's lace is the trimming white.
It makes the gown a lovely sight,
Because it adds a touch so light.
  Sing ho, the gown of green, O!

Blanche Elizabeth Wade.

BOY HUNTERS IN DEMERARA

By GEORGE INNESS HARTLEY

CHAPTER XVII

THAT GIANT ARMADILLO

A SECOND week slipped by. The entire party was discouraged over the scarcity of armadillos. The jungle was quartered from morning till sundown. It seemed as if the expedition was doomed to failure. Except for the single glimpse of one, which was accredited to Jack and Walee, and a few old tracks seen by the Indians, the giant armadillo appeared to be as extinct as its former associate, the giant sloth.

Paul, Fred, and Wa'na formed a close corporation—at least the boys did, making Wa'na their chief aide—which they called the "Giant-Armadillo-or-Bust Corporation," and set out "scientifically" to find the secretive *"yesi."* In spite of the pertinacious name of their organization and their unremitting efforts to justify its title, they were willing at the end of the second week to give up in despair. The time seemed approaching when the corporation would pass into the hands of a receiver.

At length came a day when, in the throes of desperation, they took a solemn vow not to return without the object of their quest. Jack smiled at their fierce earnestness and savage gestures and bade them be gone with the Indian.

As every yard of the jungle for several miles around had been searched, they decided to walk ten miles straight away from camp before deploying for the hunt. Their progress was slow, owing to the hilly contour of the land, but several hours later they entered a country entirely new.

From the low mountain ridge which they could see ten miles to the northward, the foothills jutted like promontories into the sea—the sea in this case being the jungle. The party walked through a maze of ridges and gullies which, without their compasses and the sun, would soon have caused them to lose all sense of direction. Even Wa'na was troubled by the bewildering labyrinth of ravines and marked their trail with special care.

Slightly fatigued by the continual mounting and descending, they rested on a large rock. The forest was as heavy as ever. So far as the hunters could see, it was in no way different from that on the lower Mazaruni. They leaned back and utterly relaxed.

About fifty feet away lay another stone slab, surrounded by sparse undergrowth. The Indian had rested his eyes on this for some moments, when the boys felt him start and whisper: "Watch rock. Somet'ing happen soon!"

They stared at the smooth slab, but it remained as it had been a moment before. Both heard a peculiar cry from the bushes in its vicinity, there came a flutter of wings, and a bird about the size of a small bantam hen appeared on the stone. Its entire body, except for the tip of its tail and the black wing primaries, was clothed in ruddy orange, so brilliant that it glowed like fire, and its head held a crest of the same color, which curved forward, almost covering the short bill.

It was not the gorgeous body which fascinated the watchers, so much as the antics through which the bird went. It uttered a strange, guttural note, bobbed its tail, and commenced to dance. Up and down flicked the tail-feathers, and out stretched its wings. It scratched at the bare rock and jumped straight into the air, to the accompaniment of the voices of a dozen others which had collected to watch the performance. Again and again it repeated its scratching and leaping, its jerking and bobbing, then, tiring, it hopped to the bushes, while a second took its place.

"What are they?" whispered Paul.

"Cock of the rock," replied his chum. "Watch 'em. Only the males are dancing."

True enough, the three or four females, lighter and of less brilliant hue than their suitors, took no part in the dance, but were satisfied to add their cries of encouragement. Unfortunately, at this moment Fred sneezed; the birds took fright, and disappeared among the tree-tops as fast as they could wing their way upward.

Luck seemed with the hunters that day, for half an hour later Wa'na paused beside a brook which flowed into a palm-grown swamp, and, eagerly pointing toward the ground, exclaimed:

"*Mowoorima* tracks dar!"

Dashing forward, the boys bent to examine the spoor. A single indentation showed, engraved deeply in the mud. It was as large as one of their outspread hands and evidently fresh, the water not yet having finished seeping into it. There could be no doubt of its identity; no creature could boast of such a foot but the giant armadillo!

Greatly excited by this find so early in the day, the small party separated to hunt. They sought the burrow, not the beast itself, for once having found this, they could be certain the armadillo would not be far off. Indeed, the chances were

that the creature would be at home, for its feeding habits are more than half nocturnal.

To Paul fell the honor of finding the tunnel, but in a strange manner. He had come to a more level stretch of forest, where there were fewer projecting rocks and the soil was of a clay-like texture. He tramped along, eying the ground carefully, examining the scars caused by uprooted trees, and poking into bushy hollows. Presently he was aware of the shadowy, gray form of a foxlike thing, which trotted parallel to him about a hundred feet distant. Without pausing to think, he fired.

The animal, a forest jackal, gave a startled yelp, and, with its tail almost dragging on the ground, turned and scuttled off. The boy uttered an exclamation of chagrin at having missed and stared after the departing creature. To his surprise, it seemed to disappear into the side of a low bank a few yards farther on.

His mind leaped at the thought: could this be the hole he was seeking? He rushed to the spot, and sure enough, there was the mouth of a small tunnel leading into the hillside! His heart sank; if the crab-dog had gone in, the armadillo certainly could not be there.

Several seconds later he was disabused of that idea, however, for a howl resounded from the depths of the earth, and as he leaned over the hole, something that whined with fear tore by, flinging the dirt in his face as it passed on its mad flight. That poor forest jackal was certainly having some terrifying experiences that day!

Much cheered by this performance, and not a little startled, Paul fired in quick succession three shots into the air, which was the signal agreed upon if the burrow was discovered. Wa'na appeared as the sound of the last shot died away, and five minutes later Fred joined them.

"Here it is!" shouted the discoverer, dancing a few steps of a shuffle as he caught sight of the Indian. "Right here in the bank!"

Wa'na examined the opening and grunted, then, pointing to some trampled earth which Paul had overlooked, said:

"Dar tracks all right. Crab-dog, too."

Paul related his experience and the Indian smiled.

"Armadillo, he dar in hole. Crab-dog, he much coward and run away."

When Fred arrived they investigated the immediate neighborhood and discovered a second opening fifty feet distant. It was as large as the first and had been recently used. Evidently these were the only entrances, for a careful search revealed no others.

Satisfied that this was the case, the hunters held a council of war. Wa'na argued that they should return to camp for suitable implements, such as shovels and traps for capturing the beast, but both boys urged otherwise.

"By the time we get back to the creek it 'll be afternoon," Fred exclaimed, "and then Jack 'll wait until to-morrow! In the meantime, the old armadillo 'll change its den or be gone when we get back here. No; there 's no use taking chances. I vote we get after him now."

In this he was backed up by his chum.

"Think of the victory we 'll gain over Jack if we get one before he does!" was his argument.

Between them, they finally warmed the Indian to their way of thinking. Wa'na, now that he had given in, became as eager as the others. Plans were quickly formulated. A fire was to be built over the lower hole to permit the smoke, caught by an upward draught through the tunnel, to enter the den and drive the armadillo from the upper entrance. This was agreed to be the most sensible, as it was the most rapid, method of getting at the creature.

The Indian had never seen a giant armadillo, or perhaps he would have suggested amendments to the original plan. He had heard them described, and recognized their tracks from a similarity to those of lesser armadillos, but the beast itself was as new to him as it was to his companions.

In a few minutes a fire blazed before the lower entrance; but to their chagrin, the smoke failed to enter the burrow as they had expected. From Paul came the suggestion that they build an awning over the mouth of the tunnel with green palm-leaves, and, having smudged the fire down with damp moss, place it under this shelter. They followed his idea, and presently were delighted to see the fumes drift inward.

All was excitement. Wa'na stayed near the fire, fanning and blowing, while the boys went to the other hole. They laid their guns beside them and knelt in front of the entrance in order to seize the armadillo when it rushed forth. It was their intention to take the creature alive, if possible, so as not to mar its body by a charge of shot.

"It ought to be a cinch!" declared Fred, authoritatively. "I 've caught lots of the smaller ones with my hands. As soon as they feel you grabbing for their tails, they curl up like a possum and play dead. You stand in front, Fat, to head him off, and I 'll grab as he goes by. If he gets away, he can't run very fast, and then we 'll shoot him."

Five minutes later they saw thin frills of smoke floating from the tunnel.

"Get ready!" shouted Fred. "He 'll be out in a minute!"

At that instant the armadillo did come out!

It came with a rush, and the unfortunate Paul was bowled over as if struck by an express-train. Fred made an ineffectual grasp at the tail and sprawled full upon the back of the antediluvian beast. He was dragged along for twenty feet and finally was scraped off by a thicket of thorny bushes, aided by a low running vine which caught under his throat. Before either hunter could regain his scattered senses the creature had disappeared.

"I thought he ran like a turtle and played possum when you touched him!" moaned Paul, reproachfully, rolling to a sitting position and gingerly rubbing his bruises.

"He did n't act like most armadillos!" Fred lamented from his thicket. "Ouch! He almost wrecked me!"

He painfully extracted himself and advanced toward his friend. His shirt was torn in a dozen places, his breeches had a huge rent down one leg, and his freckled face bore a three-inch scratch where a thorn had grazed it. Altogether he was a very woebegone and dilapidated bit of humanity.

The disgruntled hunters turned toward camp with bitterness in their hearts. All chance of again seeing the armadillo was gone; it would never return to the den where it had received such rough treatment. Perhaps it would be weeks before they had another such chance. The Giant-Armadillo-or-Bust Corporation had suffered another serious setback. What rotten luck!

CHAPTER XVIII

A FIGHT WITH A WOUNDED JAGUAR

GRADUALLY the forest grew dark. A storm was brewing. The hunters, redoubling their speed, pressed forward, but within ten minutes found it necessary to crouch beneath projecting roots and fallen logs to escape the deluge.

The storm struck.

First fell a few enormous drops, then the tree-tops swung forward through an arc of many degrees, and were held in that position for a full minute by the rush of the elements. The air became full of flying leaves; entire branches were torn off and crashed downward; trunks swayed and creaked; roots groaned painfully and tugged against the ground which held them. The downpour came and changed the forest into a horde of twisting, struggling, unshapely monsters. It became impossible to see beyond a few yards.

The tree behind which Paul crouched gave a sudden lurch. He felt the earth quiver and saw a large root part at the surface of the ground. Leaping aside, he was barely in time to escape being crushed by its trunk as it lunged over. Wa'na and Fred had hidden some distance away to the windward and were safe.

After the first prolonged gust the wind passed on. The trees straightened and the jungle was shaken only by the roar of the deluge. This died down in time to a gentle drizzle, then ceased altogether; but the leaves continued dripping for many minutes.

More despondent than ever, the company continued its journey toward camp. Even the elements had turned against them. And as they soon found out, there was worse to come.

Wa'na was advancing over the vague trail of broken twigs which they had left that morning, when the boys saw him suddenly raise his gun and fire. At the same instant, both caught sight of a large spotted cat, a jaguar, trotting off through the undergrowth. As the Indian fired, the cat gave a snarl and sprang behind the base of a tree.

Immediately all three spread out, Wa'na in one direction and the two boys in another, to surround the tree. They advanced with extreme caution, watching for the slightest movement of bushes and with their guns ready for instant use. The tree was reached, but the jaguar was gone.

The Indian explored the ground closely and at length discovered a drop of blood. A second lay a few feet distant, showing the beast had gone in that direction.

Following this trail was an easy matter, and a hundred yards farther on they halted before a dense tangle of dead brush and vines.

"Tiger, me t'ink he in dar," whispered Wa'na. "You stay here. Me go see."

He had hardly covered twenty feet when he stopped with a yell and fired both barrels of his gun. Uttering another shout for them to look out, he leaped to one side as a great body launched itself from the bushes. As quick as thought, the boys fired, then jumped for safety.

The cat fell exactly upon the spot where the Indian had been, but that wary individual, after his lightning leap, had crawled away on all fours. The wounded jaguar swayed unsteadily for a few seconds, then, catching sight of the creeping figure but half a dozen feet away, started toward it, snarling. The Indian increased his speed and made an attempt to regain his feet, but tripped and went down again.

The immense jaguar was almost upon him, when both Fred and Paul rushed forward and poured their remaining barrels into the beast. There came a throaty sigh, and the cat slumped over on its side with a ragged gap in its head and a large hole behind its shoulder.

"Wow, we 've got a jaguar anyway!" Fred shouted, when they had made sure the beast was



"BEFORE EITHER HUNTER COULD REGAIN HIS SCATTERED SENSES THE ARMADILLO DISAPPEARED"

dead. "This has n't been such a bad day, after all! Who wants an old armadillo if he can get a cat like that, I 'd like to know?"

"That 's what I say," chimed in his gleeful chum. "No use bothering about such things as giant armadillos when there are jaguars around. Whew! I 'm shaking yet!"

"How about it, Wa'na? It looks pretty good, does n't it?" Fred had placed one foot on the body and struck a pose. "Wish we had a camera."

The Indian said nothing, but remained on the ground where he had been all the time and rubbed his left ankle.

"What 's the matter, Wa'na?" Paul asked, suddenly noticing the action. The Indian shrugged his shoulders and replied:

"Me hurt ankle. No can walk. Wa'na t'anks marsters for saving life. Wa'na, he stay here by tiger and marsters go back to camp to get help."

"Not if we know it, we won't!" both boys shouted together. "What 's the matter with the ankle, anyway?"

An examination showed that it was either badly sprained or broken; owing to their inexperience they were unable to determine which. But whatever the injury was, the Indian could not walk. It was out of the question for him to use a crutch that afternoon—it would have been dark before he could have hobbled a mile through that uneven country. There was nothing to do but wait for the morrow.

Somewhat dashed in spirits, they prepared a camp. A quantity of palm-leaves had been collected and a shelter partially constructed when Fred suddenly paused in his work to say:

"I 'd forgotten all about Jack. He 'll be worried to death if we don't turn up to-night. Why don't you trot on back to camp, Fat, to let 'em know what the trouble is? I 'll stay here with Wa'na."

"Nothing doing! I 'll stay and you go. Jack ought to be warned, all right."

Immediately followed a discussion in which phrases like "You go," "I 'd like to stay," "Oh, the trail 'll be easy enough to follow," "It 's not like that at all," predominated. The Indian listened with a smile on his face. Finally he suggested, "You draw long stick for it."

"That 's a good idea!" declared Fred. "We 'll match for it! How about it, Fat?" He drew a coin from his pocket and tossed it in the air. "Heads you go, tails I go."

Heads came uppermost and Paul prepared to depart.

"I 'll be back the first thing in the morning," he said. "We 'll bring a hammock and carry Wa'na back."

"Be careful to follow those broken twigs," his friend shouted after him, "and be sure to bring plenty of men to carry that hammock."

But by noon the next day neither Paul nor the hammock had appeared!

CHAPTER XIX

LOST!

TOWARD sundown the elder Milton began to grow uneasy. Wa'na and the boys should have returned an hour before. Now there were only a few minutes left of daylight; and if they did not arrive by the fall of darkness, he knew he would not see them that night.

Darkness arrived and no hunters returned.

Jack consoled himself with the thought that Wa'na was with them, and, with the determination not to worry, made ready for the night. He had not taken seriously their declaration not to return without an armadillo, but they might have been more in earnest than he thought.

It had been a disappointing day for him, too. No further sign of the armadillo he had glimpsed had been forthcoming. Nearly two weeks had passed since their arrival, and the fulfilment of their quest was as far off as ever. And now the boys were gone. He could not deny that he was troubled about them, though perhaps they had only misjudged the distance back to camp and had been overtaken by darkness. Mid-morning would probably find them back.

But on the following day, noon came without their return. Jack was badly worried; something serious had occurred, of that he was sure.

When he had made up his mind that this was the case he dispatched the two remaining Indians to search, and himself set out alone, leaving the Boviander in charge of the camp. It was nearly three o'clock when he struck the train of broken twigs and met Walee on the same errand. They hurried on together, for to the Indian that trail was simple reading.

An hour later they came upon Fred and Wa'na, the latter hobbling on a rude crutch manufactured from the fork of a sapling. Over the shoulder of the boy was slung the hide of the jaguar.

"Well, you 're fine ones!" shouted the small chap, reproachfully, when he caught sight of his brother. "Where 's that hammock? Here you 've made Wa'na walk pretty near five miles on his crippled foot!"

"What are you talking about, Fred? What hammock do you mean? What 's the matter with Wa'na?"

"He 's in pretty bad shape, thanks to you!"

"Here, here; let 's get to the bottom of this. What happened? Where 's Paul?"

"Did n't he get back to camp?" Fred demanded, slightly taken aback by this question. "Did n't he tell you to bring a hammock? Where is he?"

"I 'm sure I don't know," replied his brother. "We have n't seen him since you left yesterday morning. Now tell me what happened."

But Fred ignored this request and exclaimed:

"Then he 's lost! He left us yesterday afternoon to tell you where we were. Are you *sure* you have n't seen him, Jack?"

His voice was pleading, and he looked badly frightened. Upon receiving a negative answer, he shouted desperately:

"Come on! I 'm goin' to hunt for him! Come on; we 've got to hurry!"

He flung the jaguar skin into the bushes and started off. Jack sprang after him and grasped his arm, shaking him vigorously to bring him to his senses.

"Steady, old chap," he said quietly to the excited boy; "let 's talk this over first and not start off on a wild-goose chase. We 'll find Fat, don't worry about that. Now let 's have it all."

WHEN Paul left the others building a camp, he retraced his way to the spot where they had first seen the jaguar. He easily picked up their broken trail where it had been left, and followed the line of bent twigs for a mile. Here the path became extremely winding, owing to the rugged nature of the country, and he had much trouble to keep to its twists and turns. Here, too, the marking became vague; the Indian had blazed only the angles, just sufficient for his own sharp eyes to recognize the way.

Hastening along as rapidly as he could in order to reach camp before nightfall, the boy suddenly discovered that he had missed one of the turns. For the past hundred yards not a single misplaced twig had caught his eye. Untroubled by this he faced about and returned over the route he imagined he had come; it was only a slight mistake.

But two hundred yards in that direction failed to bring him back to the path. Evidently he had recrossed it. Turning once more, he retraced his steps, only to become convinced a few minutes later that the trail was lost. Still undaunted, he searched his pockets for his compass. If he could not use the path back to camp, he could at least strike the creek higher up and follow it down.

Something like an electric shock thrilled through his body. *Where was that compass?* It had

been in his pocket when they started. Perhaps it was in the other one. A search proved it was not there. He might have made a mistake. Again he hunted through his clothing, turning the pockets inside out, but the compass was gone!

The sun! Perhaps he could use that. But when he looked skyward he discovered the orb was blotted out by a dense bank of clouds.

Paul was frightened now. The trail was his last remaining hope. He raced back frantically, and then around in a big circle, but the broken bushes still eluded him. Determined not to give way to panic, he seated himself on a log. The sun *might* come out from behind those clouds.

Ten minutes later he was on his feet again, glancing wildly about—he felt sure he had been seated an hour, and the cloud-bank was heavier than ever. It had spread over the whole sky.

At last the boy gave way to the panic which he had dreaded. He *must* find the trail, and find it quickly! Away he dashed, running this time, scarcely noting where he went. A quarter of a mile farther on he turned abruptly to the left, thinking in a confused way that the new direction might lead him to it. If he had only known it, he had been running in a circle, and the new turn had set him on the path directly away from the trail. But at that time he was too bewildered to think clearly about anything.

A half-hour of running left him lying exhausted on a rock where he had fallen. He was in a kind of coma of despair. As his breath returned, however, so was his reason restored. He stared about him in amazement. Three miles must have been covered in that half-hour of madness, and he had entered an entirely different country. He was still in the jungle, but everywhere were rocks, small ones and big ones, some as large as a house. He stood in a maze of steep gullies and rugged ravines, some of which were choked with undergrowth and running vines, impossible to penetrate. He was in the heart of the foothills.

The rocks were alive with lizards, which scampered about the lichened surfaces or basked in the waning beams of the sun, which, having broken through its wall of cloud, lingered low in the west, close to the tree-tops. The reptiles were of many colors, but chiefly combinations of blue and green, and even purple. Paul noticed one which was pure pea-green, with vertical shields rising from the ridge of its back. It scuttled off at the approach of a larger member of the same family, a giant iguana. This was a small one of its kind, hardly three feet long, dark gray, spotted with white and green, and with the same upright plates on its back.

The boy gave scant thought to the lizards. He was more interested in his own predicament. He realized that the camp lay somewhere directly beneath the sinking sun, and started off in that direction.

The going was extremely rough and arduous and caused him to wonder how he had penetrated that far without a broken neck. The way was full of pitfalls, and several times he paused abruptly to prevent a tumble down a steep bank or over some sheer drop of twenty feet. The walls of the ravine hid the sun from view and caused him considerable extra labor. Several times he was compelled to climb their rough sides to obtain his bearings and then drop back to continue his march.

It was discouraging work and very slow. Presently he gave it up as a bad job and prepared to camp for the night. The sun had sunk below the trees.

As Paul made up his mind to halt, his ear caught a low grunt resembling the hollow *boom* of a bass-drum. The sound changed to a *chick, chick*, repeated slowly many times. He smiled to himself. Trumpeters! Here at any rate was meat for his supper.

Advancing cautiously, he caught sight of several birds moving on the ground. Mere forms they were, for their purples and grays blended so with the shadows that only their outlines could be seen as they stalked past on their thin, stiltlike legs. The next instant one fell before his gun and the others flew squawking and rumbling into the trees, where they hid themselves in the upper branches.

After building a rough shelter against a convenient rock, he examined his trophy. Its body was about the size of a white Leghorn hen, but there the resemblance stopped. The small head was mounted on a long, thin neck, such as is found on a curlew, but with a short bill. The legs were long and heron-like, causing the trumpeter to stand about eighteen inches above the ground. Though purely a forest-living bird, with no love for the marshes or water, it is really an aberrant stork.

That evening the lost boy roasted the trumpeter over a fire and pronounced it excellent. As he had no blanket, he accumulated a large store of wood against the coolness of the night, and lay down on his bed of leaves. Presently, tired as he was, he slept.

He was awakened some hours later by the baying of a hound close by. Hurriedly tossing some wood on the fire, he seized his gun and crouched by the blaze.

Again came the resonant sound, and was echoed from all about him. Paul set his jaws together and made ready for the attack. Evidently a full pack was running and would be upon him directly.

More fuel was added to the blaze, causing the light to spread many yards through the jungle. He could hear the hissing of bats and the swishing of their wings outside the circle of light, but was bothered little by them. From far off came a muffled serenade by howlers. But it was the wild echoes around him which caused the roots of his hair to tingle.

The baying continued, but drew no closer. He was relieved by this, but kept an active watch.

Suddenly a howl came from overhead! What was *that?* The hounds up a tree? Impossible! Perhaps it came from the top of the rock. No; it was in that sapling by the fire.

He drew a sigh of relief. It could n't be dogs if that was the case. But they must be some other kind of terrible animal, cats probably! That was even worse.

For an hour the noise continued, sometimes approaching, sometimes receding, all but the animals in the sapling, and they maintained a continuous uproar.

Emboldened at length by their evident fear of the fire, Paul determined to discover what they were. He cast another armful of wood on the blaze, and, when that had ignited well, advanced toward the sapling, holding his gun ready.

To his astonishment, there was nothing in the little tree. He could see its entire outline in the firelight. There was no dark mass crouching among its small branches, and no yellow eyes gleamed down at him. But the creature was there; he could hear it!

With a hesitating movement he grasped a low branch and drew the sapling down. As its leafy head neared the ground, a tiny object fell from it and hopped toward the fire. An instant later he held it in his hands. *It was a frog!*

By nine o'clock the sun had risen high enough for Paul to use it again as a guide. Refreshed by his sleep, he set forth in high spirits. It would not take long to reach camp now.

An hour of travel brought him to a stream down which he blithely turned. This, no doubt, would lead him to the creek and thence to the bateau. He would explain how matters stood with Fred and the crippled Indian, and a hammock would be sent at once.

The sun crept slowly to its meridian and passed toward the west. Doubts commenced to enter the boy's mind. Why had he not come to the creek? Surely he had traveled far enough. Moreover, he was hungry. Two hours more of the stream and he sat down, disheartened. There could be no dodging the question now; the brook did *not* lead to the creek!

Paul was dismayed, but not panic-stricken as on the previous day. He apparently was lost beyond recovery, but took the matter philosophically, and cast about for ways to extricate himself. For the past five hours his direction had been about due west. Why he had not come upon the creek, which ran north and south, he could not understand. But the fact remained that he had not; and now what was he to do?

Of a certainty the camp was aroused by this time and all were searching for the missing hunters. He had little worry concerning the welfare of Fred and his companion; Jack or one of the Indians would pick up Wa'na's trail and soon locate them. As for himself it was a different matter; he had left no trail. *But why had he not?*

The boy snapped his fingers in vexation with himself. If he had blazed his way as he came, one of the Indians sooner or later was bound to have run across it. His mind was made up. He would remain where he was, build himself a camp, and run trails out in several directions on the chance that they would be discovered by the searchers.

An accounting of his ammunition showed that he still had twelve cartridges left, sufficient to last several days. He had matches and a hunting-knife. So it was with a comparatively light heart that he constructed a shelter in a cleared space on the bank of the stream.

When that was completed, it was nearly four o'clock, and he felt more hungry than ever. His last meal had consisted of a meager breakfast on the remnants of the trumpeter. A hunt for food was in order, and he set out with the idea of walking for an hour directly away from camp, and then back over the same trail. As may be judged, his path was closely marked every few feet with broken twigs and uprooted bushes. He could take no chances of getting lost again.

As fortune would have it, he saw no game worthy of his limited supply of ammunition until the return journey. He was passing beneath a tree heavily draped with fig-vines, when a loud roar, like the bellow of a bull, greeted him from its branches. Hastily looking up, he was greeted by a strange sight. Two male howling monkeys were in the throes of battle on a lower limb.

Fascinated, Paul watched them for the space of five minutes. Then hunger recalled him to action, and not waiting to see the outcome of the battle, he fired.

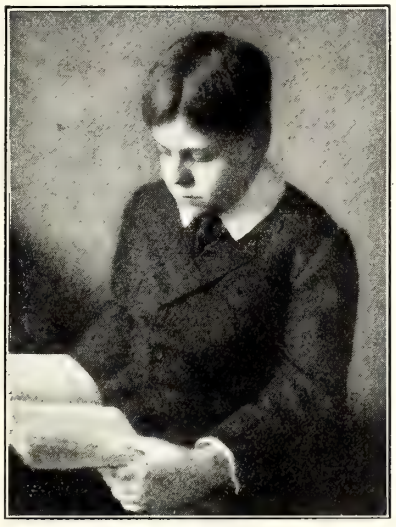
One of the combatants fell, and staggering under its weight, Paul soon reached his camp. That night he tasted roast monkey for the first time and enjoyed its sweetish flavor.

(To be concluded)

EVERYTHING FAILED

EARLY one morning in our house in Jamaica I was awakened by a loud "*Meow! meow!*" I looked out of my window. There, on the tall tree which grows in the back yard, was a cat.

I left for college and thought nothing about it. When I returned, however, the tree was surrounded by all of the women of the neighborhood, who were trying to lure the cat down with pans of milk and vain cries of "Kitty, kitty!" And at intervals came that loud wail, "*Meow! meow!*"



EDWARD ROCHIE HARDY

Three days of suffering passed. Finally, I was chosen to go to the authorities and have them bring down that cat. I went to the society with the long name—the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. After I had told my story, the official said, "Fill out this form in triplicate." It was a very long form, but I patiently filled it out.

Then he asked, "Has it affected your nerves?"

"Yes, it 's affected the nerves of the whole neighborhood!"

"Then you have come to the wrong place. Go to the board of health."

I went to the board of health. Again I was asked if my nerves had been affected.

"Well, call it that, if you want to; anything to get the cat down."

"Fill out this form in duplicate, then take one copy to the fire department and they 'll send over a man with a ladder."

Then I betook myself to a fire department station. The first man to whom I gave my paper looked at it from all sides and then handed it over to his superior.

"Oh," he said, "you 've made a mistake. You should take this to the —th precinct police station."

I went to the —th precinct police station. They told me that I must go to the station of my own precinct, two miles away. I went there. After I had filled out another form, they said they would send over a workman.

Three hours later a great big burly Irishman arrived with a ladder and a pistol and said the police had sent him over to shoot the cat. That was n't what I wanted, but the cat had better be shot than die of starvation. I showed the Irishman into the back yard.

He placed his ladder against the tree and was about to mount when he saw that the cat was black.

"Begorra," he said, "if I kill that cat, it 'll haunt me for seven years." I was in despair.

Just then the cat slowly walked down the tree and disappeared.

Edward Rochie Hardy.

FANCY FREE—THE AVIATOR'S TRIBUTE

By BERNARD CLARKE

ABOVE the busy world I go,
My wings flash in the sun,
The cross-wires whistle in the breeze—
My plane and I are one.

We pass a home-bound flock of geese—
They swerve to let us by;
We laugh to see men toil below,
My sturdy "ship" and I.

In all the seasons of the year
We frisk about the skyway;
While man runs out his meager race
Below, on dusty highway.

Up, up, my good bird soars aloft!
For altitude she 's frantic!
While in the distance far I see
The heaving old Atlantic.

Above the busy world I 'll go,
A daring race I 'll run.
Till the grim Reaper calls to me,
My plane and I are one.

"THE BLUE BYKE"

By DAVID Q. HAMMOND

"GEORGE USHER! How many times must I tell you to stop that mournful whistle? You will drive me insane!"

"Oh, Mother, can't I even whistle? I can't have a wheel; I can't have anything!"

"Don't say that, son. Father and I try very hard to give you all we can. The necessities cost so much nowadays that we have very little left to buy such things, much as we should like to do so."

"Dad had a wheel when he was my age."

"I know it, son," said Mrs. Usher, rubbing her hand through his tousled hair. "I wish with all my heart that you could have one, too, but I don't see how you can. Did you fill the wood-box?"

"Yes, Mother."

George ran out of the house and threw himself on the ground beneath the big pippin-tree, back of the house. Tears of disappointment welled up in his eyes in spite of all he could do. His heart had been set on a brand-new blue "byke" that stood in the window of the hardware store. It was a perfect beauty, with its motor-cycle handle-bars, its stripped mud-guards, an electric headlight, and a baggage-carrier in the rear. Father said that the fifty dollars it cost was more than he could afford. If only George could earn the money himself! But it did seem like a great deal when you thought of earning it.

George had no appetite for supper, but Mother shook her head when Father was about to question him. Uncle John, his mother's brother, dropped in to see them in the evening, as he wanted to talk business with Mr. Usher. George sat in one corner of the living-room with his history before him, but his mind was on the window of the hardware store.

"What was the best business proposition you ever had, John?" Mr. Usher asked after awhile.

Uncle John laughed. "The very best was when I was George's age."

George looked up all attention on hearing his name mentioned.

"We had a small chicken-house in the back yard, but no chickens. One day I asked Father if I might have some, and he agreed. That was my first and best venture, for I could n't lose. Father bought the chickens, paid for the feed, paid me for the eggs, and I ate them. Now you can't beat that, can you?"

"No, I can't," laughed Mr. Usher; "but did n't your father soon tire of that?"

"Yes—he did. But not until after I was well started. Then I was able to buy my own feed with what I received from the eggs and chickens I sold. I took all the extra ones to the store. I made real money from them. Every week I put a little more in my bank, and eggs were cheap in those days, too."

"Dad, may I keep chickens?" George broke in, all excitement. "We have a place for them, and I 'll take care of them and tend the garden, too. You 'll never have to show me the weeds, either, if only you 'll let me keep chickens."

"We 'll see, son. It means a great deal of work, and we must n't start something we are not going to finish. I 'll let you know next Monday, George."

George knew what his father said was final; and although he was too excited for sleep that night, he did n't mention the subject again. On Saturday, however, he spent most of the day in the chicken-house, cleaning and scrubbing and whitewashing.

When he came home from school on Monday, his father met him at the gate.

"Come out back, son," he said, leading the way to the little house. He opened the door, and there, scratching away in the straw, were ten of the purest white, white-Leghorn pullets you ever saw. George was beside himself with delight.

"Oh, Dad, thank you ever so much! Oh, Mother!" he called.

But his mother was right behind him and answered, "Come and see what we have in the kitchen."

He ran on ahead. As he opened the kitchen door the *cheep-cheep-cheep* that greeted him told him that baby chicks were there. Sure enough, in a big cardboard carton behind the stove were an even hundred fluffy little yellow balls. He was speechless with excitement; but when Father opened the book of instructions for the amateur poultryman, which had been sent by the hatchery from which the chicks had been bought, George turned to look over his father's shoulder. As they studied the book together, it was hard to decide which was the bigger boy, and the mother was as interested as they.

Hovers for the youngsters were easily and quickly made from cheese-boxes by cutting a little door at the bottom, so that they might run in and out. Three nails were driven in the side of each box about three inches from the bottom, and wire hoops were made to fit the inside of the box and rest on these nails.



"GEORGE WITH HIS HISTORY BEFORE HIM, BUT HIS MIND ON THE WINDOW OF THE HARDWARE STORE"

"Now, Mother, if you will sew some old flannel on the hoops for us, so that it will drop down on the backs of the little fellows, we will keep them snug and warm."

"Will that keep them warm, Father?"

"Yes. The heat of their bodies against each other will be enough, for we will bring them into the kitchen at night."

George did not need to be called in the morning. He was the first one up, and glad indeed to find that the chicks had passed the night successfully. After breakfast he gave them some hard-boiled egg, chopped fine, and bread-crumbs, and plenty of sour milk to drink. It was a joy to watch the little fellows tap away at the food and stand around the saucers of milk, throwing their little heads far back as they drank. As it was best to feed them every three hours, Mother volunteered to tend them while George was at school. I really think she enjoyed them quite as much as George and Father. In fact, I am sure she did.

One afternoon, George was delighted to find an egg in one of the nests. The next day he found three, then two, and the next, six. From then on, not a day passed that he did not have some eggs to mark down in the ledger Father had given him for his accounts.

School was soon over, and George was delighted with the prospect of having more time to spend with his pets. Nor did he forget his promise to his father about caring for the large family garden. It was fun to dig in the garden with his flock of little chickens around him as they followed his hoe along the rows, picking up the bugs and worms. Never before had the garden been so well kept. They had far more vegetables than they could use themselves, and one day his father told him that he might sell the extra vegetables and have the money for his bank.

Gradually his savings grew. Nearer and nearer seemed that wheel that Father and Mother thought he had forgotten. With the ten-dollar gold-piece Uncle John had given him for Christmas, he had nineteen dollars in the bank—nearly half enough!

One morning, as he was coming back from an errand for Mother, he met Uncle John.

"Will you give your mother this birthday gift for me?" he said, holding out a small package.

"Is this Mother's birthday?"

"It sure is. Did n't you know it?"

"I 'd forgotten, Uncle John. Of course I will give it to her. When are you coming over to see my chickens again?"

"I 'll be over soon," said his uncle, as he nodded a good-by.

On his way home, George thought of all the help his mother had given him in caring for his chickens and how neatly she had arranged the vegetables for him. "Mother has been awfully good to me," he said. "I wonder if it would please her if I bought a birthday gift for her." Automatically, his footsteps turned toward the hardware store. "I guess I 'll ask Mr. Elting



"HERE IS THE YOUNG MAN WHO GREW THAT TOMATO" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

what Mother might like," he thought, as he gazed longingly at the blue byke.

As he entered the store Mr. Elting smiled from behind the counter and said, "Well, young man, do you want that bicycle?"

"Yes, I want it some day, but not now, Mr. Elting. This is Mother's birthday, and I want something for her. I wonder what she 'd like?"

"Here is a nice fireless cooker that she has always admired, George," the storekeeper said laughingly, enjoying his joke immensely; "or would you prefer a nice bread-knife?"

"How much is the cooker?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"D-d-did Mother say she would like one?"

"Yes, George, she was admiring it only yesterday. But don't think about it, my boy; it 's too expensive. I was only joking. We have some dandy new bread-knives that are just the thing."

George took a long, lingering look at the blue byke and then turned to Mr. Elting. "Will you send up that cooker this afternoon?" he said. "I 'll come right back with the money." And he ran out of the store before Mr. Elting had recovered from his astonishment.

After taking the necessary money from his bank, George ran back to the store. It was a proud boy who passed the window, with head up, saying to himself, "I don't want the old wheel, anyway!" He laid his money on the counter; nor could he resist telling Mr. Elting, as he pocketed his receipt, "I earned part of that myself."

Mother was the proud one that night, but George could not understand why she cried when she met Father at the door.

A few days later, his father asked George to come out into the garden with him. As they were walking up and down the rows, Mr. Usher noticed an enormous tomato on one of the vines.

"What have you here, son?"

"Is n't that a beauty, Father? And have you noticed the cauliflower?"

"Why, no, I have n't," Mr. Usher replied. Later, when they had finished inspecting the garden he said, "You 've done well, son. Chickens and a garden make a good combination. We have never had one like this before. We must place an exhibit in the garden show next week."

With his father's help George placed his entries in the show—a fine sight it was, too, made up of his best specimens. All the town was there, and many were the cries of wonderment bestowed on the mammoth tomato. Great was his delight when he learned that the blue ribbon of first prize had been awarded to his exhibit.

While he was gathering up his produce after

the show was over he heard a voice behind him say, "Here is the young man who grew that tomato."

George turned. There was Mr. Elting and a strange gentleman beside him. "This is Mr. Castle, the seed man, George," he said.

George shook hands heartily, but acknowledged Mr. Castle's compliments to him on his success with some embarrassment.

"Young man, that is the handsomest tomato I have ever seen. As it is our business to obtain such prizes for our stock, it gives me great pleasure to offer you fifty dollars for that splendid specimen, and all the seed you can use next year."

"Do you mean that you are offering me five dollars for one tomato?" stammered George, who thought he had misunderstood the sum named.

"Not five, but fifty. It will be worth more than that to us for advertising, as Mr. Elting tells me it was grown from our seed."

George was speechless for a moment, but, at Mr. Elting's suggestion, gladly accepted the offer. With fifty dollars in his pocket, he ran straight for the hardware store. All his longing for the bicycle had returned in full force; his face glowed in anticipation. As he neared the store he strained his eyes at the window. It was empty! With a sinking heart, he entered the store and asked the clerk for the wheel.

"Mr. Elting sold it this morning, George; I 'm awfully sorry. But we have others just as good."

"I don't want any just as good," said George, unable to conceal his disappointment. No wonder, after waiting so long without being able to buy it; and now, when he had the money, the wheel was gone! He walked slowly home. What good was the money in his pocket? It would not buy him the one thing he wanted.

As he came into the house, his mother called, "Is that you, George?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Did you feed the chickens?"

"No, Mother."

"It will soon be dark. You had better hurry."

He walked slowly out the back door, his eyes dejectedly on the ground. When he finally looked up he gave a whoop of joy. What was that leaning against the chicken-house? It was the blue byke! On a tag, tied to the handle-bars, was written,

"To the son of whom we are so proud.
With love from Mother and Father."



"WHAT WAS THAT LEANING AGAINST THE CHICKEN-HOUSE? IT WAS THE BLUE BYKE!"

KIT, PAT AND A FEW BOYS

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Author of "Cinderella's Granddaughter"

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALMENT

WHEN Mother was summoned to Bermuda on account of Aunt Isabelle's health, what was Katherine Embury to do? Father was in Alaska on business, Don was summering on a ranch in Wyoming, and Mother refused to leave Katherine at home alone with the servants. There was nowhere to go but to Great-aunt Marcia's and no time to wait for a return telegram. But Great-aunt Marcia was known not to have slept out of her own house in twenty years. Yet when Katherine arrived the house was closed, Aunt Marcia in Seattle, and Patricia Ward picking roses in the garden. Pat took pretty, aristocratic Katherine home and introduced her to her big lively family, on the very eve, as it chanced, of their departure for the Ward camp in Vermont. And Katherine Embury did n't look in the least like the sort of girl who would have a good time roughing it. So, without letting Katherine know they had expected to go with the others, Pat and her mother decide to stay at home, at least temporarily, with their unexpected guest.

CHAPTER IV

KATHERINE DOES N'T CARE

To Katherine Embury, Mrs. Ward's invitation presented a simple and natural solution of her difficulty, and she accepted it without scruple. Girls had stayed at her mother's on as slight acquaintance. She was conscious of thinking, in the bustle of departure the next morning, it was lucky for her the entire household was not going.

Standing a bit aloof under the vines, as became a stranger, she heard Phil say to Pat, "Now don't you forget what I told you, old lady. Previous engagement and all that sort of thing. It 's up to you to manage somehow." And Pat had replied: "Oh, I 'll try. You know I 'll do my best, Phil."

This was Greek to Katherine, who, nevertheless, quietly moved a step or two farther away; but she could not help seeing Nick dash up with a silky brown puppy, which he bundled unceremoniously into his sister's arms, nor help hearing a few words: "—homesick at Stone's—you see to him. Take him back when—you know, if—"

Then Marian and Aunt Ida came out, and everybody kissed Mrs. Ward, and Marian clung to her in a seesaw of tears and expectancy, while Mr. Ward's deep voice adjured, "Hurry up, people; trains wait for no man—or woman, either." "Never go into the water unless Father or Aunt Ida says you may," Katherine heard Mrs. Ward counsel. "Do just as Aunt Ida says, dear, and be sure to write me everything that happens. Now run along, sweetheart. She 's coming, Father." There they went, streaming helter-skelter down the path and out into the street, turning half-way to the corner to wave at the figures they had left. It was all very intimate and warm and important, curiously important, somehow. Turning quickly, Katherine surprised Pat's eyes full of tears.

Pat caught the astonished glance, blushed, covered her tears with a wry little smile, and dropped, puppy in hand, to the veranda steps.

"Come, let 's play with him."

Katherine sank down beside her. "You care a lot about their going, don't you?"

"Why, of course," said Pat. "I 'm daffy over the boys. You know how it is. You have a brother yourself."

Katherine remembered the unconcern with which she and Don viewed each other's movements, and Pat went on:

"I remember him as an awfully nice boy. Pretty bossy with the goats, but I guess you have to be bossy with goats. You must hate to have him 'way out there in Wyoming."

"Of course, it is rather far," Katherine acknowledged.

"And when they are away 'most all the year in college, the way the boys are—Don 's in college, is n't he?"

"A sophomore—no, a junior, since last week."

"Phil 's a junior, too. It nearly killed me the first year. He and I had always been such chums. And to have him away— Then last year Fred went too. When Nick goes, I don't know what I shall do. He has one more year in high, thank goodness. Is Don as nice as he used to be?"

"Oh yes."

"He was a good-looking *little* boy."

"I think you would call him good-looking now."

"Tall?"

"Six feet, one and a half."

"Jolly! I like 'em tall."

"He is broad, too. Plays football, you know. Made his letter last year. They put him in for four minutes of play in the last game."

"I know how you felt. Proud! Well rather! Were you there yourself?"

"Oh no, I— He did n't tell us he was going to play."

"Modest. That 's good, too. Do you know, you 're a wonderful girl, Katherine Embury."

"I wonder what you mean by that."

"You 're modest, too. If I were telling somebody about Phil— Well!"

A faint flush mounted in the guest's cheeks.

Pat's tongue raced on. "But then, of course, I have three, so I have a right to be three times as proud, and maybe it 's excusable when you are three times a thing to show it a little. Only I know if I had just Phil, I 'd never be able to act modest about him. But there! I can't sit here all the morning, can you? I simply must do something strenuous."

"Anything you like."

"Tennis?"

"Very jolly, thank you."

"Good! There 's a court on the next street. You like a rather heavy racket, don't you?"

"Fairly heavy."

"I thought so."

On the way to the closet under the stairs to choose rackets they passed the room where Mrs. Ward sat at a desk.

"I am writing your mother, Katherine," she called softly. "I am asking her to trust me with her daughter."

Katherine smiled into the strong, gentle face. "I know she will." Then she leaned forward and her gray eyes looked straight into the dark ones. "Please do not let my coming be a nuisance. I noticed Patricia doing things for you, helping about the house. Won't you let me do things, too?"

"Indeed I will." Pat's mother bent swiftly and kissed the delicate cheek. "I shall feel that I have two daughters at home now."

"Oh, thank you!" The girl's face warmed under the caress. "We were going to play tennis, but—"

"I am glad of that. It will help Pat forget for a while how much she is missing her brothers."

Thoughtfully Katherine joined Pat in the hall.

"Here are the boys'," said Pat, "and Father's racket, and mine. Which will you have? I can use one of the boys' just as well if you like mine best."

"So can I," said Katherine, testing the rackets.

Thereupon they proceeded to the tennis-court on the next street, and the ache at Pat's heart rapidly diminished under the necessity of putting all her strength and skill into the game.

"I shall get to be rather fancy if I play much with you," she told Katherine, after the set. "Nick's game is n't much better than mine, but Phil is a crackerjack, and Fred plays almost as well. I did n't have them till a week ago to pull up my play. Now what shall we do this afternoon?"

"Oh, anything. It won't matter."

"Don't say that. Of course it matters."

"Does it?" Katherine regarded the other girl smilingly. "How excited you get over things!"

"I know it," ruefully. "But I 'd rather get excited than not care— Honestly, does n't it matter to you what we do this afternoon?"

"No. Does it to you—really?"

"Most certainly it does. It matters tremendously to me every minute of the day what I do. I expect you 're like that, too. You meant, did n't you, that you had n't decided yet what to want to do? You were waiting for me to suggest something. Or perhaps you were just being polite."

An impulse stirred Katherine, the impulse to explore, to question. "I meant what I said," she told Pat, simply. "I like well enough to do a great many things. I liked to play tennis this morning. I should have liked equally well to do something else. Is n't that, after all, the way you feel?"

Pat's laugh bubbled to her lips. "Oh, dear no! Of course I know I exaggerate more or less when I talk, but, making all possible allowances, that description would n't fit me at all."

"Do you really love tennis?"

"Well, yes, I do. Not, of course, as I love Nick— But, yes, I love it. And I loathe croquet. That 's the difference. Of course, everybody has choices."

"Have they?" Katherine meditated.

"How do you put it when you want something terribly?" Pat inquired.

"Why, I don't. Do you?"

Incredulity looked out of the brown face. "I beg your pardon, but you can't possibly have meant what you said."

It was Katherine's turn to be surprised. "I don't think I understand you. Most girls have stopped 'wanting things terribly' when they get to be as old as we are."

"None of the girls I know have stopped. I can think of a dozen things this minute—well, half a dozen anyway, one in particular—that I want terribly."

"Really? That 's funny, is n't it!"

"Don't you want anything—enough to cry for it?" The question pushed in astonished wonder past Pat's lips.

"No," said Katherine, still smiling.

Under the scrutiny of the gray eyes, the wonder in Pat's face changed to horror; the horror, to something else, faint and indefinable, that Katherine could not name.

"Did n't you *ever?*" Pat persisted, regardless of manners.

Katherine wrinkled her delicate brows in an effort to remember. She had an odd feeling that her self-respect was at stake, without at all understanding why it should be so.

"Not since I was eight," she said, "and there was a doll that I could not have. It belonged to

another little girl, and Mother could not find its double."

"Then you did n't want the right things," Pat said, with conviction, "or else you got them all."

"Oh yes, I got them."

"Oh, you poor dear! I 'm so sorry."

The indefinable thing was quite clear now, shining compassionately out of Pat's liquid brown eyes. Katherine recognized it at last with a start of incredulity. Pity! A strange feeling swept over the girl, a faint wave of repugnance. Pity? Why should any one pity her? Bewildered resentment stirred in Katherine's heart.

"Oh, I *am* so *sorry*," Pat's warm friendly voice was saying. "It must be perfectly dreadful to feel that way—not to care about things. Why I —I would n't want to be alive if I could n't care. It 's glorious to want a thing so much that you fairly ache with wanting it, to hope and plan and dream and contrive and then to have it come true— Oh, it 's glorious! To want a thing so hard that it seems as though you might die of wanting, even if you don't get it—that 's not so glorious, but I don't believe I 'd be willing to miss it. It must be so *dull* not to want things!" The words came out with a little explosive spurt.

"Perhaps it is dull," Katherine acknowledged. She had never thought of her life in such terms, but, in contrast with this vivid experience, her own sensations seemed colorless and drab. "I had thought all girls were like that. If not, I must be queer."

The conversation, punctuated by frequent halts, had brought them at last to the home gate. Now, as they turned, a girl's voice hailed them. "Why, Pat Ward! You 're the last person I expected to see. What in the world are you doing here? I thought you had started for camp."

"Oh, that was the boys, Carlotta," said Pat, quickly, falling a step behind Katherine and gesticulating frantically for silence. "They went off with Father this morning. Did you know Katherine Embury when she used to visit Miss Brunt? Carlotta Hyde lives on the same street as your aunt, Katherine, three or four houses away."

All of a sudden Pat had become tremendously concerned to keep Katherine from discovering what had happened.

"Do you know, Mother," she explained that night, "for all Katherine is so pretty and sweet and has such lovely clothes and beautiful manners and such a fascinating voice, I don't believe she is very happy."

"She has n't the appearance of an unhappy girl, Pat."

"Not unhappy, exactly—just not happy. Anyway, I 'd hate to have her find out she had interrupted our summer."

CHAPTER V

THE DISCOVERY

It was inevitable that the slip should occur. Afterward, Katherine looked back on a score of significant happenings, and blamed herself for her blindness not to have seen their meaning. That the inevitable did not happen for three days reflects credit on Pat's precautionary measures.

Then there was a garden-party. The fact that it was a garden-party is insignificant; as far as the disaster was concerned, it might as easily have been a sewing-bee or a luncheon or even a prayer-meeting. "Look after her while I 'm serving," Pat had warned Carlotta, "and don't let anybody talk to her about our summer camp. From that they would be sure to go on to asking if she knew when Mother and I are going up and why we did n't go when the rest went."

But who could avert Daphne Vane's happy shout? Daphne, motoring through the town that had been her home a year ago, had been swept into the garden-party, and Daphne had one of those clear, distinct voices that lift the lightest word above a buzz of speech or clatter of china.

"Oh, there 's Pat Ward!" she cried. "I did n't expect to see her. She wrote me they were all going to camp last Friday. Oh Pat, Pat, *darling!*"

The soft words carried straight to Katherine's ears. She saw Pat's eyes meet Daphne's, and into her face flash welcoming gladness. She heard Pat's joyous, "*Daphne!* What are you doing? Motoring? It 's perfectly grand to see you!"

Katherine turned to Carlotta Hyde.

"*You* were surprised to see Patricia the morning I first met you."

"Was I?"

"A few other people have been less surprised since then. Now that I think of it, Pat has always managed to shut them off as she shut off Miss Vane a moment ago. Were Mrs. Ward and Pat planning to go to camp with the others?"

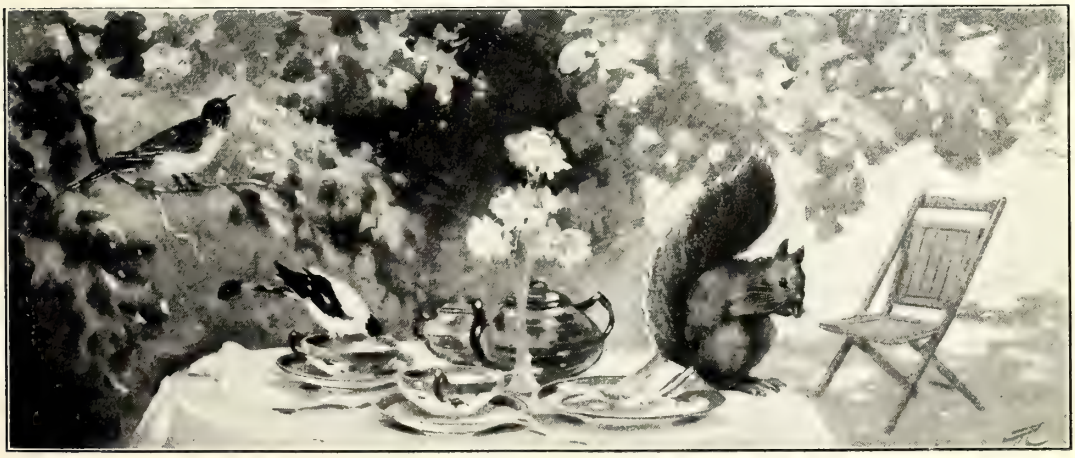
"Since you ask me," answered Carlotta, gravely, "they were."

It was then, automatically, that Katherine began to remember. Happenings, allusions, reticences, unnoticed when they took place, flashed back into the girl's consciousness. Words and actions that had had no significance for her at the time now fell into position like pieces of a picture-puzzle when a missing part is supplied. In one swift moment of insight she perceived what it was that she had done. A hurt, shamed feeling took her by the throat and choked her.

"Thank you," she told Carlotta, quietly. "I have been very stupid." But she was not quiet within when Pat found her.



"'WHY DID N'T YOU TELL ME YOU WERE GOING AWAY,' SAID KATHERINE"



"I don't want to hurry you away," began Pat.

"You are not doing so. I am quite ready to go."

They passed through a sheltering hedge into the street before either spoke. Then Pat said, "Carlotta told me."

Katherine did not look at the other girl. She found it difficult to speak. "Why did n't you tell me you were going away?"

"Because we wanted you to stay with us."

"In that case you might have asked me to go too."

"We thought of it, but Mother said it would be taking an unfair advantage of you."

"I don't understand."

"You don't know our camp."

"It would n't have hurt me to learn."

"Oh, but it might. You might n't have liked it a bit."

"I can't see that whether I liked or disliked it makes any difference."

"Maybe not to you. It would have made a difference to us, if we had asked you."

"What is the matter with your camp?"

"There 's nothing the matter with it." Pat grew blunt in her turn. "The matter is with you. It is just a camp like all camps. You don't know anything about camps."

"I should have preferred learning, to having been the cause of delaying you and your mother. However, it has been only for a few days. I am going away to-morrow."

Pat stopped short. "But you can't."

"Yes, I can. If nowhere else, I can go home."

"Your mother would n't like that. She thinks you are with us for the summer. Or she will think so when she gets Mother's letter."

"She would like less to have me interfering with all your plans."

"You are n't. I mean, I like to have you interfere."

"What was the thing that you wanted more than anything else in the world, that you wanted enough to cry for it?" The question challenged like a glove in the face.

Pat's color mounted.

"That was three days ago."

"Was n't it to go to camp with your brothers?"

"Yes, it was, if you must know. But I tell you that was three days ago, and—"

"You will be free to start to-morrow."

"Oh, Katherine!" Pat stole a glance at the stern young face beside her. "Don't talk so. I 'd hate to go that way. And what about *my* mother?"

"*Your* mother?"

"Do you think she would have an easy minute if you went off the way you 're talking about doing now?"

Katherine frowned. "No," she conceded, "I suppose not. I don't see but you will have to take me to camp."

"Our camp," Pat told her, "is thirty miles from anything bigger than a village. We sleep on boughs and we eat off wooden plates and we wear our oldest clothes. We take turns cooking and getting up in the morning to go for the milk. And we never dress up, except to put on a clean jumper."

"That does n't scare me."

"But don't you see how different everything is from all the ways you 've ever lived before?"

"And don't *you* see," Katherine retorted, "that what I have learned this afternoon has made my position here intolerable?"

Mrs. Ward, rocking on the deep veranda, noted the faces of the girls coming up the path, Pat's, excited and troubled, Katherine's, unwontedly flushed and stern.

"Mother, Katherine thinks we might take her to camp."

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Ward, pleasantly. "We will go down town to-morrow morning and help her purchase her outfit. I had just been thinking that we three might go up in a day or two and surprise the camp."

"But—but what if she hates it?" Pat gasped.

"What if I do?" Katherine returned coolly. "I am really rather curious to see."

But with every hour, Pat's fears mounted. "If I did n't love it so myself," she confided to her mother the night before they were to start, "I should n't care so much. Oh, *do* you suppose she will like it?"

"I can't tell, dear," answered her mother tranquilly. "But I have seen enough of her to be certain of one thing—if Katherine does n't like camp, we shall never know it."

CHAPTER VI

INTRODUCING BIRCH CAMP

A TWO-SEATED wagon containing four people, with a steamer-trunk strapped on at the back, drove into a clearing in the woods that clothed three sides of a Vermont lake. The hour was five o'clock, and the lake, as far as the eye could see, was deserted. Deserted, too, was the camp that huddled in the clearing, two connecting tents, the larger facing the charred circle of a camp-fire, and, at right angles to these, a row of three, also looking out on the camp-fire and beyond it across the length of the lake. On either side of the level space where the camp was pitched, trees and bushes pushed down a gentle slope to the water's edge. On a smooth crescent of beach a flat-bottomed boat was drawn up; two birch canoes lay overturned on the sand above the water-line.

Directly behind the dingy canvas of the tents towered a fir-dark bulk.

"Oh, we have surprised them!" cried Pat, jumping out over the wheel. "How jolly! Look, Mother, our beds are made!"

Katherine, at Pat's elbow, viewed the interior of one of the three tents curiously. Saplings at front and back supported the ridge-pole; a cord stretched between the two served both as clothes closet and to divide the tent. On one side lay what looked like four long, narrow heaps of twigs piled to varying heights; on the other, at the foot of the green oblongs, nearest the entrance, stood a chestlike box and a trunk surrounded by a motley collection of rubber boots and tennis-shoes. Beyond the first loomed a second, larger trunk.

"Is that a bed?" Katherine's eye was on the rectangle nearest her. It appeared to be about two inches thick and was bounded by slender poles. At the head lay a roll, and a pillow in a dark green cover.

"Beautiful beds!" Pat sniffed joyously. "Spruce! The best kind of bedding. These two are Aunt Ida's and Marian's. You can tell by the thickness, they 're crushed down so. I expect they were as high as those others before they were slept on. The boys will make you one. The last tent in this row is their and Father's sleeping-tent. The one between," she waved a hand toward the big tent "is the dining-room and also living-room on rainy days. Now come down to the lake, quick!"

She drew Katherine down beside her and plunged Katherine's hand, with hers, into the cool water. "Birch Lake, this is my friend, Katherine Embury. And oh, I do hope you will like each other. Now let 's get into our camp things. Then we shall feel at home."

The driver of the wagon had unstrapped the steamer-trunk and set it in place against the side of the sleeping-tent. Katherine produced a key and unlocked it, while Pat threw up the lid of the big trunk beside it and began recklessly tumbling out shoes, skirts, and middies. "We 'll put away our good clothes and never look at them again till the day we go home. I 'll lay out your things, Mater. High boots to-night or sneakers?



"'I 'VE BEEN PINING TO SEE HOW IT WOULD LOOK THAT WAY,' SAID PAT"
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

"High boots, thank you. Mosquitos like me too well for tennis-shoes."

Plainly, Pat was ecstatically happy. Katherine watched her quick movements and deftly, silently, followed her example. Modish hat and suit, gloves, blouse, and stockings retired into oblivion at the bottom of the steamer-trunk. On came stout boots—Katherine decided she would not yet try conclusions with mosquitos—and a white cotton middy. Pat had taken down her curly hair, swept the pins into a tray of the trunk, and now was brushing and braiding it in two fat

little tails. The ends she proceeded to tie with big bows of red ribbon, before pinning up the braids.

"The ribbon is a concession to the fact that we are fresh from civilization," she explained glibly. "Generally I just use a rubber band. Handier for the woods. Does n't catch on the underbrush."

Katherine, lacing her boots, thought how like a little girl Pat looked, with her curly head and bright cheeks. Then she took down her own hair, and, calmly sitting on the lid of her trunk, without even a glance at the mirror, parted it in the middle and began to braid.

Pat stopped, half-way into an ancient brown skirt. "You old sport! I 've been pining ever since I first saw you to see how it would look that way."

"How does it look?"

"Lovely! It 's so long and there 's so much in each braid. They 're perfect ropes, for all they 're so silky. Does n't Katherine look sweet, Mother?"

"Very sweet, dear, and, like you, about half as old as she actually is."

Pat tossed two blue ribbons to the girl on the trunk. "They 're Marian's. She won't mind. I *feel* half as old, Mother. I feel—skittish."

Her mother laughed. "Perhaps you would better go out and gallop it off."

"When Katherine is ready. I always act like a colt just let into the pasture when I get to camp. Oh, they 're coming!" Pat cried suddenly. "Let 's hide, and then all three of us burst out at once and 'boo' at them." She flattened herself against the side of the tent, her eye to the opening.

Katherine had a sensation of a swift approach; a long dingy length shot by, basket in hand, in a noiseless stride toward the kitchen. An impression of black hair, black eyes, a dark, mobile face, familiar, yet unfamiliar, persisted in the girl's mind. After the first, in long leaps, bounded a second nondescript figure; others were framed by the open flies. It was an excited group, for everybody was talking at once, opening baskets, and gesticulating. Into the midst bounded Nick, scales in hand, and Phil followed. Mr. Ward took the scales, if dignified, scholarly Mr. Ward could have turned into this bronzed, flannel-shirted woodsman.

"Squabble over which has the heaviest fish," Pat explained in Katherine's ear. "Let 's put Mother in the middle. Now then, in just a minute. Won't they jump, though! *Now!*"

"Boo!" "Boo!" "Boo!"

Hand in hand, they burst triumphantly out of the tent, Pat's gipsy face aglow with love and mischief, Mrs. Ward's twinkling merrily, even Katherine's smilingly expectant.

A shout went up. Fish and scales fell together. Before Katherine's eyes, the picture broke, cinema-wise, into rapid motion. The whole group leaped for the new-comers, Phil in the lead. A hand shot out, thrust Phil aside, and Mrs. Ward, tall woman though she was, disappeared into the woodsman's arms. Marian clung around her mother's neck, threatening to strangle her, was picked off, and one of the boys gathered his mother into a great bear-hug. A vivid red bow was all that was to be seen of Pat.

"Welcome to Birch Camp, Miss Katherine."

It was the khaki woodsman, and now there was no mistaking Mr. Ward's kindly, quizzical eyes.

"We are *so* glad to see you!" Sincerity rang in Aunt Ida's voice. "This has made Birch Camp quite perfect."

Nor was there any discounting the fervor of Phil's utterance: "I say, bully for you! You 're a trump, all right."

Katherine felt herself magically drawn within the circle of friendliness and welcome.

"Cooks to the kitchen," ordered Mr. Ward, crisply. "Fred, help me fix another bed before supper. Or perhaps we would better set up the cot."

"Not for me," interposed Katherine, swiftly.

"No trouble at all. We keep a cot-bed among the stores and often set it up for visitors."

"I really prefer to try the boughs, thank you."

"Katherine may have my bed to-night, Father."

"Bless you, Pat, the mattress is all cut. Now, then, boys, work first and talk afterward."

"Let 's watch them," whispered Pat.

The two girls perched on Pat's trunk while under their eyes, skilfully laid, the soft pile of green twigs grew higher. Then Fred produced rubber blankets and what looked to Katherine like an astonishing amount of bedding for the three unoccupied "beds," and Katherine took her first lesson in camp custom. The rubber blanket was spread down over the spruce boughs; the woolen blankets and "comfortables" laid on it, and the whole made into a shapely roll at the head.

It was very curious, the girl thought, but she wondered how one would sleep. However, she had no attention to spare for forecasting. The immediate surroundings were too absorbing. They ate at a rough pine table covered with oil-cloth, and their napkins were of paper. They had wooden plates and rather heavy white cups and plated forks and spoons, and manners that, for intrinsic courtesy, Katherine had never seen bettered at her mother's table, shining with silver and glass. The cooks came in and ate with the family and took turns in jumping up to replenish empty dishes or to pass the water-pitcher, and their cookery melted in the girl's mouth. She let Mr.

Ward put another trout on her plate, and hoped that nobody remembered how many she had had before.

"I actually had forgotten, Phil," said his mother, "how deliciously you cook trout. Many boys are very good cooks," Mrs. Ward explained. "As a rule, I think they like to cook and do it well."

"All our boys cook," said Pat. "Does n't Don?"

"I never knew him to do anything of the kind."

"You must n't think," persisted teasing Pat, "that Phil makes everything taste as good as he does trout. When it 's our turn to cook, we always play up our strong points. That is why we have such good eats in camp. Everybody makes what he can make best."

Katherine wondered whether her turn would come with the rest, and, if so, what she could do with it.

"Leave the plates," Phil remarked, when the meal was ended. "I 'll burn 'em. This way to the dish-pan."

Everybody rose, picked up his cup, knife, fork, and spoon, and proceeded in single file by a winding, fern-grown path to the lake. A boat was drawn up on the shore, one end in the water. One by one the campers ran out into the stern of the boat, rinsed cup and silver in the water, scrubbed knife and fork with a wad of grass, and wiped them on towels hanging from the bushes near.

Unerringly Katherine followed their example.

"Honestly, have n't you ever camped before?" Pat questioned, as the two took their way back up the trail. "You seem to know just what to do."

Katherine wrinkled her nose, whimsically. "I copy just as fast as I can."

"Really? I 'll tell you something. We don't generally wash our dishes in the lake. Phil, bad boy, started this to see if he could get a rise out of you."

"He did n't, did he?" said Katherine, demurely.

The girls set their cups and silver on one end of the dining-table.

"Our library." Pat waved a hand at a narrow box of books set shelf-wise on two sapling supports. Katherine ran over the titles—"Don Quixote," "Little Women," "Tom Brown's School-Days," "Life of John Hay," Shakespeare in three volumes, "Pride and Prejudice," "The Journal" of Maurice de Guérin, "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," "The Great Hunger," "David Copperfield," Lamb's Essays, "The Education of Henry Adams," "Lorna Doone."

"We mostly take different ones every year," Pat explained. "But Marian won't be separated from 'Little Women' and Mother always brings Shakespeare. It 's grand to read 'As You Like It' or 'Midsummer Night's Dream' in the woods. We each put in the books we want to read most, you know, and, having so few, we really do it. This summer I am going to read 'Anthony and Cleopatra' and 'Henry V' and 'The Life of John Hay.' Then, if I have time, I 'll treat myself again to 'Lorna Doone.' What do you want first?"

"I always meant to read 'Pride and Prejudice,'" Katherine acknowledged, wondering a little at Pat's list and how she had come to choose it.

"This is your chance, then. Aunt Ida put it in, but nobody is reading it now. We try not to poach on each other's book preserves. It is horrid to have to hide a book if you want to finish it without waiting. We 'd better put on our sweaters," Pat continued. "It will be cold soon. The camp-fire toasts our faces while our backs freeze."

As the girls emerged from their sleeping-tent, Nick began closing the flaps tightly. At a little distance Phil and Fred were stuffing ferns into an old tin boiler.

"The smudge," Pat explained. "It drives away the mosquitos, you know."

"I don't know." Katherine walked over to the boys and the rusty boiler. "How does it drive them away?"

"By acting up to its name," Fred told her.

A dense smoke and a villainous smell were issuing from the boiler. The girl sniffed and coughed. "Fearfully choky."

Phil stuffed in more ferns and, snatching up the boiler, darted into the first sleeping-tent, whence he swiftly emerged, tying the flaps behind him.

"Lovely odor, don't you think so? Fine to sleep in. Gives a person jolly dreams."

Katherine gave back to the impish black eyes look for look as she replied:

"You certainly manage to make bedtime sound alluring."

"Can't make her turn a hair, can you?" jeered Fred, as the brothers repaired to the wood-pile for the evening's supply of fire-wood.

"That girl is a dead game sport," said Phil. "Gee, you could have knocked me over with a shaving when I first saw her!"

"Me, too. Hair down her back like any kid. But I 'll bet you she don't think highly of this turn-out, just the same."

"Huh, that 's all you know," said his brother. "She don't think yet. She 's just sizing us up. When in Rome—that 's as far as she 's got. But she is the quickest to get that far of any tenderfoot I ever saw."

Six hours later Birch Camp was very still.

(To be continued)

THE MAKING OF THE FLAG

A Patriotic Masque

By H. B. ALEXANDER

One of the most beautiful and appropriate ways of celebrating a national festival, such as the Fourth of July or Flag Day, is by presenting a pageant or a masque in which the meaning of the day shall be made clear through the coöperation of the talents and enthusiasm of a whole neighborhood. Almost any community or school can prepare such a celebration. There must be some one to take charge who can organize the committees and block out the performance, deciding who shall train the singers, who shall select the actors, who is to prepare the costumes, who shall supervise the staging, conduct the music, attend to all the little forgetable things that somebody must be responsible for; and there must be, too, a general good will, a desire to work for the good of all, based upon the determination that this particular event is to put its community upon the neighborhood map. Granted these two things, initiative and spirit, the talent for a capital performance is bound to appear, and the folk who undertake the celebration will delight themselves as well as others with what they succeed in doing.

It is comparatively easy to produce effects that appeal to our patriotic sentiment. For one thing, the national symbols, the flags, the uniforms, the names of great Americans, the names of the States themselves, are known to every one, and every one knows something about the events of our national history. In the right situation a single name is enough to provoke a hurrah, and when there is plenty of music, color, light, and motion, the public responds fluently to the patriotic play. It is just the occasion for making the meaning of America, as a country worth loving, evident to all through symbolism and history; for the right use of a Fourth of July is not noise and jubilation, but the impression of a stronger gratitude to those who made the nation free and of a deeper determination to keep it worthy of freedom. Every holiday should be recognized as, in some sense, a day of consecration.

The masque which is here suggested as appropriate for either the Fourth or for Flag Day is composed of three parts or acts. The first and last are symbolic, with singing and dancing and attractive stage pictures. The middle part is a dramatic scene, to be acted as if upon the stage. The symbolic parts may be varied in many ways, both as to the number of people participating and the manner of presentation, features being added or taken away at will, without impairing the general effect.

For example, as given on one occasion, "The Making of the Flag" was made the American scene in a pageant devoted to all the western allies in the late war. A kind of history of freedom was shown, each of the allies depicting its own contribution to this great human cause. That of England was the granting of the Magna Charta; ours was the creation, in the Revolution, of a new nation and a new national standard; that of France was the French Revolution; Italy's was the Garibaldian struggle for a united Italy; and Belgium was given the place of honor as the standard-bearer in the world's last great effort to maintain the rights of men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The performance itself may be indoors or outdoors, but the latter is always to be preferred in the summer-time if the conditions are at all favorable. No fixed stage is needed. There should be, however, a level green with a background of greenery, which is always easy to make by reinforcing clumps of natural bushes with cuttings brought fresh on the day of the performance. Entrances may be half concealed by greenery or bunting; but it is well to bear in mind that audiences, especially for out-of-door performances, pay very little attention to how the performers get on or off the stage; the thing that is remembered is the completed picture and the significant action that goes with it; if that is well done, success is assured.

For the presentation of parts requiring the suggestion of scenery, like the interior of *Betsy Ross's* house in "The Making of the Flag," a capital device consists in large portable screens, like great banners, representing the wings and back-drop of a stage. The screens may be made of burlap or canvas, mounted on bamboo or other light poles, and held in place by boys in Colonial uniforms. The cloth should be painted a neutral green, to harmonize with the background. The wing screens may readily be adorned with an emblem in the national colors. When the screens are in place, attendants enter with the few articles of furniture needed. If the performance is at night, the light will, of course, be concentrated upon the improvised stage. A brief musical prelude should introduce the action.

Almost without exception, the best effects are produced by evening performances. People are perhaps more in the mood for poetic appreciation at this time, but in any case the light is less garish and the illusion more effective. Of course, the evening performance calls for skilled use of illumination, and is only to be made successful when there is a good man at the spot-light and the lantern. Another feature which is attractive for an evening performance is the use of projected pictures in place of living-pictures or tableaux. The effective use of lantern-slides calls for a lantern with a long projection and a powerful light; but where these can be obtained, it will be found that many subjects give better results in this fashion than in any other. This is partly due, no doubt, to the fact that the figures can be made of heroic size, and out-of-doors this is a matter of importance. In this masque two such pictures are called for in the first part: one the well-known "Spirit of 1776" and the other the "Signing of the Declaration." Either or both of these may be given as a tableau, but there is gain, especially for the "Signing," in the lantern projection; and its effect will be greatly increased if the portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, and others are immediately afterward thrown upon the screen. While pictures are shown, there should, of course, be music, or music accompanying the proper recitation. In the matter of recitation, it is important not to give too much. One ought never read the whole of the Declaration of Independence; a few sentences or phrases is enough to suggest the meaning of the whole, and that is all that is wanted.

PART I

THE DECLARATION

SCENE: A greensward, with greenery background.

ROLL OF DRUMS. Music of fife and drums playing "Yankee Doodle." The fifer and drummers enter—the "Spirit of 1776," symbolizing that love of liberty and justice in which the United States of America came into being as one of the world's great nations. Fifer and drummers pass out.

COLUMBIA and the THIRTEEN COLONIES enter to the music of "Hail, Columbia!" played by band or orchestra. Led by *Columbia*, the *Colonies* group and separate. They are joined by an equal number of youths in the uniform of the Revolution. With these they dance the Colonial Dances, to the music of the instruments.

A blare of bugles announces the coming of the STATES, dressed in star-adorned robes, who enter in groups and move in starry squadrons to *Columbia*, and range themselves with the *Colonies* and their attendants to form the chorus. While they are performing these evolutions, the music played should be a good patriotic medley.

SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. A screen falls and upon it is projected the picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence by the delegates of the Colonies. As the picture is shown, *Columbia* advances and reads:

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them. . . .

"We, therefore, declare: That these United Colonies are and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States. . . ."

[If the performance is in the daytime, this scene should be treated as a tableau, and Thomas Jefferson should be given the reading.]

THE PICTURE VANISHES. The "Spirit of 1776" appears once more in the central background. The Colonies, the Revolutionary Soldiers, the Starry States, surge forward and sing:

GOD OF OUR FATHERS, WHOSE ALMIGHTY HAND

(*Music by George W. Warren*)

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor thro' the skies,
Our grateful songs before thy thrones arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay;
Thy word, our law; Thy paths, our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defense;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever Thine.

Daniel C. Roberts.

or, "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies," by Katherine Lee Bates (*Music by Samuel A. Ward*), beginning:

O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain!
America! America! God shed His grace on thee.
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea!

or, "O Lord Our God, Thy Mighty Hand," by Henry Van Dyke (*Music by Walter O. Wilkinson*), beginning:

O Lord our God, Thy mighty hand hath made our country free;
From all her broad and happy land may worship rise to Thee;
Fulfil the promise of her youth, her liberty defend;
By law and order, love and truth, America befriend!

END OF PART I

PART II

THE MAKING OF THE FLAG

CHARACTERS

Bettikins, a ten-year-old. *Betsy Ross, her mother.*
General Washington. *Robert Morris.* *Major Ross.*

SCENE: The front room of the home of Betsy Ross, upholsteress, Philadelphia, May, 1777. A large window (right) overlooks the street; a door (left rear) to the interior of the house; another door (left fore) to the street. Between the two doors is a wardrobe, door ajar, within it the bright colors of upholsterer's stuffs. To right of inner door is a tall clock, and beyond this, center, is a colonial sofa, above which hangs the portrait of a soldier of the Revolution, a saber suspended beneath. To the right, before the window, is Betsy Ross's work-table—sewing materials and stuffs upon it and a pitcher filled with poppies. At the extreme right is a long mirror. Two or three chairs of plain pattern complete the furniture. Over one of the chairs hangs a piece of upholstering cloth upon which the arms of Washington—the stars and bands—has been appliquéd. On the bare floor are scraps of cloth and thread-waste. The time is morning, and the sunlight streams in through the window on the poppies.

(*The tall clock strikes eight, as the curtain rises. The door from within, left rear, is pushed slowly open, and the bright, inquisitive face of Mistress Bettikins peers from behind it. After a second's hesitation, she enters.*)

BETTIKINS (*curtsying to the clock*). Good morrow, Gran'sire Clock! (*Retreating slightly, with a wave of the hand and another curtsy:*) Good morrow! (*She turns gaily toward the window and the sun-brightened poppies.*) Good morrow, Flowers! Good morrow, Day! Good morrow, you, Sir Sun! (*She turns to the portrait above the sofa and blows a kiss:*) And good morrow to my dear, dear soldier father, gone so long, so long to the cruel war! Ah, when wilt thou come again to Mumsy and thy little Bettikins? 'T will be many a day and many a day, our Mumsy says,—and she weepeth saying it,—for our good General Washington hath need of thee. But oh, Father mine, the day will be a merry one when thou 'rt come again! (*She faces about and catches a glimpse of her own reflection in the tall mirror. She greets it with an arch gesture; then saucily curtsies and playfully postures before it, all with a childish affectation.*) Good morrow and fair day, sweet Mistress Ross! Thou 'rt

early come a-calling. (*Earnestly.*) But oh, wilt thou not be early when thy dear father is come from the wars! And make thyself fine, fine! (*Seized with a fancy, she snatches a piece of gay stuff from the table and drapes it about herself, surveying the result in the mirror. She begins to sing, keeping time with body and arms.*)

Yankee Doodle rode to town
Upon a little pony,

(*She takes one of the poppies and thrusts it in her hair.*)

Stuck a feather in his cap,
And called him macaroni!

(*Dancing.*)

Yankee Doodle, doodle, do,
Yankee Doodle dandy—

(*She stops suddenly and throws aside the gay mantle.*) Nay, but I will be no gay macaroni until my soldier father be come again and Mumsy weepeth no more. (*She goes to the wardrobe and, taking a piece of blue cloth, wraps this about her.*) 'T is better! I shall be rather the Lady of the Stars, which are the fair guardians of them that sleep afield. (*She takes from the table her mother's yardstick, which she holds aloft, like a wand.*) And this shall be my staff of magic wherewith to light them—all the fair stars of heaven that they may shine brightly, there where the soldiers lie in the open!

(*Bettikins stands with her staff upraised. The door from within opens wider, and Betsy Ross appears. She smiles, seeing the blue-robed maiden, who has not yet seen her.*)

BETSY. And who is this Lady o' the Blue, in Betsy Ross's parlor?

BETTIKINS (*half startled*). Oh, Mumsy! (*Recovering her posture.*) To-day I am the Fairy Cerulea, thou hast told me of. This is my robe of blue, like the blue, blue sky. And this is my wand, wherewith I light the lanterns of the stars each night, to shine while men do sleep. But oh, Mumsy, there should be a shining star on the wand's end, and I know not how to make one!

BETSY (*catching up Bettikins and kissing her*). Methinks 't is no great trick. I 'll show thee, maiden mine. And then Cerulea will be quite complete,—and may her good star bless her always!

(*She seats herself beside the table, Bettikins at her knee. She takes the shears and cuts a square of silver-white silk. This she folds, once and twice and five times, each fold after the first making the angle of the point of a star.*) See, 't is so it must be done—a fold, first in the middle; then here where is our star's first point, and so for the others, each in order. And then thou hast but this little wedge of cloth—and then—(*She takes the shears and cuts through the folded cloth.*) Lo, in one simple stroke thou hast a fair five-pointed star, fit for any fairy's wand, is 't not, sweet one?

BETTIKINS (*delightedly*). Oh, thou magic Mumsy!

(*Betsy deftly fastens the star to the end of the yardstick, flattening out the points; while Bettikins holds up the cloth from which the star has been cut.*)

BETTIKINS. And oh, Mumsy, in the cloth is left the very form of the star, like a fairy window formed all for starlight, five-pointed!

BETSY (*holding up the star on the wand*). And thou shouldst know, sweetheart mine, that each of the five points hath its meaning and its lesson. Whereof the first point, which is this one, like a right hand to all, is the image of Justice. And this, which cometh next below and is like a good strong foot to stand upon, is the sign of Courage. And the second foot is named Loyalty, which meaneth the pledged troth of a stout soul unto all that is right and fair. And the arm that reacheth above, and is the shield arm of a warrior, is the protecting arm of Faith. And that which is above and is the peak and head of all, pointing upright to the zenith, is the token of Hope, which is the true illumination of every star. Such is the lesson of thy wand, my bright Cerulea.

BETTIKINS (*taking the wand reverently*). Dearest Mumsy, doth my star indeed mean all that? And doth my soldier father and do all those that be soldiers of General Washington, when they lie afield o' nights, through all the heavens see bright flames of hope, which are the shining stars?

BETSY (*bravely sad*). Yea, daughter; on all that sleep above and o'er many that sleep beneath the sod the bright stars shine—and shall shine! for the light of hope dieth never.

BETTIKINS (*telling over the points with delicate gestures*). Justice, which is like a lifted arm; and Courage, which is a foot stepped out; and Loyalty, and Faith, and Hope. Indeed, Mother, 't is like good *Christian* in the "Pilgrim's Progress"—and hath it not a meaning over all, and holding all the points in one, like the man that is armed with good armor?

BETSY. Truly, daughter, there is such a meaning—for the name of the whole star is Liberty. Without Liberty, all the other virtues die away—Faith and Loyalty and Courage and Justice, and Hope dies too, Hope, last of all, when Liberty is taken away.

BETTIKINS (*still upholding the wand*). Oh, Mumsy, now I know why my dear soldier father is gone to fight for General Washington. It is for Liberty, and for all that the stars mean, shining up yonder, where God lives! (*She goes to the window, pointing to the sky. As she does so, her eye catches sight of something in the street.*) Oh, Mumsy! It *is* General Washington! Here in our street! And dear Uncle Morris is with him! And oh, Mumsy, they 're coming into our very own house!

BETSY (*rising quickly and glancing out of the window*). 'T is so; 't is so! Thou hast sharp eyes, Bettikins mine, who hast seen the general no more than twice in thy life! (*She turns excitedly to the mirror, giving a touch to hair and jaunty cap. The knocker sounds.*) Hie thee to the door, child, and admit the gentlemen.

(*Bettikins goes to the door, left fore, while Betsy continues before the mirror. She turns to greet her guests as Robert Morris, clothed as a colonial gentleman, enters with Washington, in uniform.*)

MORRIS (*robustly*). Good morrow to thee, Betsy. I bring a guest whose face all know. General Washington, 't is Mistress Betsy Ross.

(*Betsy curtsies, and Washington gravely bows.*)

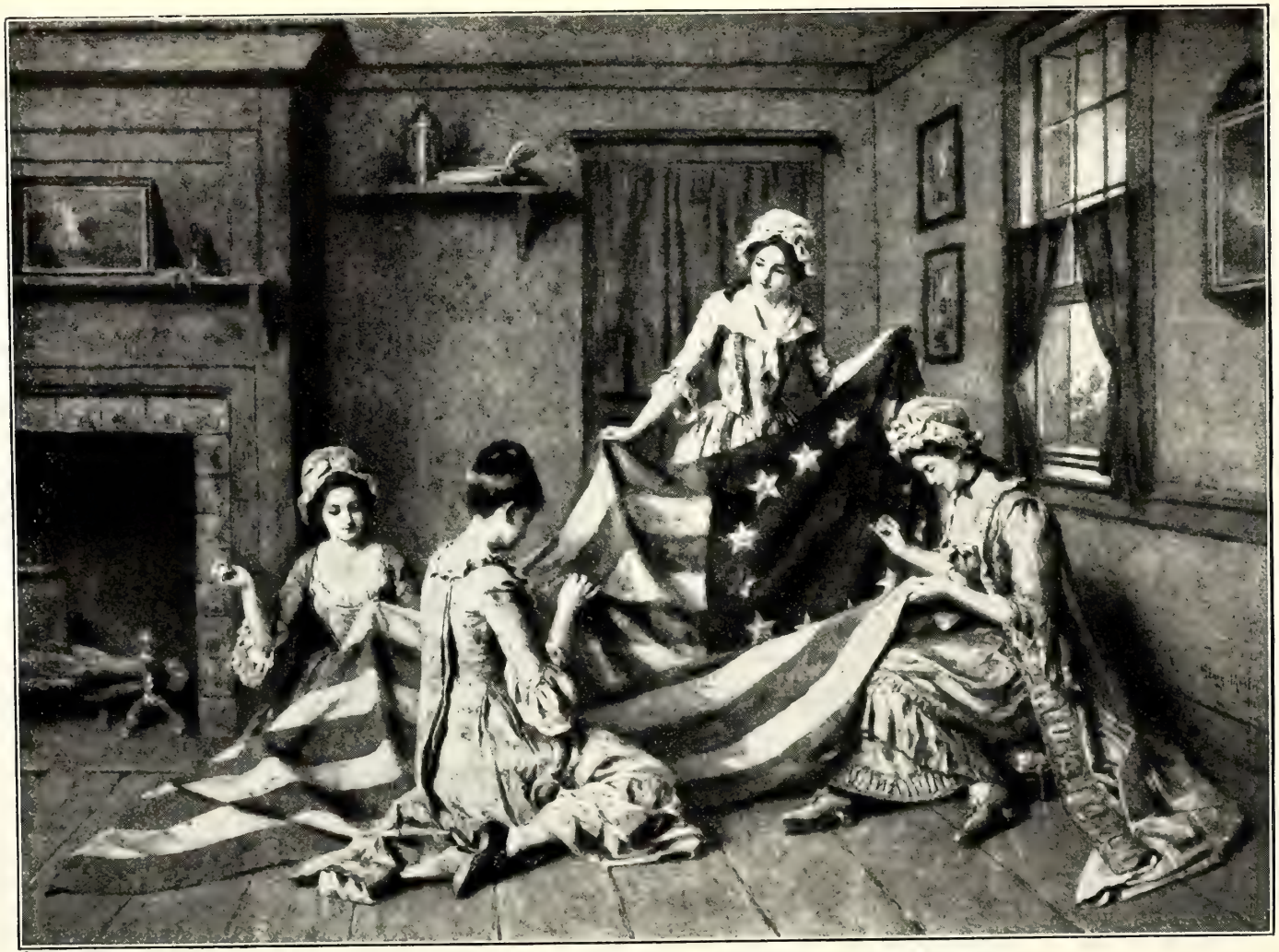
WASHINGTON. I am pleased, indeed, to greet friend Morris's friend—and the widow of a valiant soldier.

BETSY. Ye are welcome to my house. Ye do me honor.

WASHINGTON. I trust the hour is not against us. 'T is early, but our affair is early.

MORRIS. Rest you as to that, General. Mistress Betsy is up with the sun—or, if I mistake not (*turning to Bettikins, whom he roundly kisses*), she hath here a bluebird to waken her! Miss Bettikins, thou shouldst know the great general.

(*Bettikins curtsies gravely to Washington, who, smiling, takes her hand and kisses it in courtly fashion.*)



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BETSY ROSS AND HER COMPANIONS COMPLETING THE FIRST FLAG

PAINTED BY HENRY MOSLER

WASHINGTON. A soldier's daughter in the soldier's blue (*with feeling*). Ah, I know well, well, thou 'rt precious to thy mother. . . .

BETTIKINS (*with childish dignity*). I am the fairy Cerulea; and every night, with my wand, I light the stars that shine fair and bright on all the fields where soldiers lie. My father is a soldier.

WASHINGTON. A fairy, in sooth, thou art. Yes, yes, 't is just such fairies that do light the stars that brighten soldiers' nights—the blessedest of fairies!

BETSY (*offering chairs*). Prithee, be seated, General.

(*Washington seats himself, Bettikins drawing near his chair. Morris approaches the table, where Betsy takes up the piece worked with the Washington arms to show him. He dons his spectacles and examines it.*)

BETSY (*to Morris*). 'T is ready for the chair, just as you did command, if so be it suit.

MORRIS (*admiringly*). What think you, General—the stars and bars of the arms of Washington for the council chair. Is 't not a fair piece of work, and worthy the skill of Mistress Ross? Nay, Betsy, I never saw any better work.

WASHINGTON. And I never saw the mullets better done, out of England or the Continent. You do me honor, Mistress Ross.

BETSY (*curtsying, with obvious pleasure*). Which every American must ever do—with the best that is in him. I do but give my best.

MORRIS. Ah, General, I told you Betsy Ross is the very woman for our need. Betsy, 't is another business we come upon to-day—more in meaning than even the working of our general's heraldry. (*He adjusts his glasses, pulls a paper from his pocket, and steps forward.*) The Colonies are now the United States of America—as our great Declaration and the Liberty Bell proclaimed, nigh a year ago. Such a nation as we now are must have a flag, symbolizing its union and its parts, thirteen States in one. Here (*he hands a sketch to Betsy*) is its design, drawn by the very hand of our general. And here is the description, in the resolution made to be presented to Congress. (*He reads.*) "That the flag of the thirteen united States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the union be thirteen stars, white, in blue field, representing a new constellation." So it reads, Betsy, and so lies the plan. 'T is you must make the flag, a task, I believe, that will cause your name to be honored in our country as long as this banner shall float above it.

BETSY (*who has been studying the design*). Nay, I have never made a flag. I don't know whether I can; but I 'll try.

WASHINGTON (*smiling*). And with that spirit and with such skill as we have seen, we doubt not the outcome.

MORRIS. Not a bit, not a bit! Trust Betsy for it.

BETTIKINS. Oh, Mumsy can make anything—just as easy! And I 'll help, too!

WASHINGTON. Indeed thou wilt, by thy very smiling presence. Cerulea shall be the fairy godmother of the flag—heaven-blest in her blue.

BETSY (*at the wardrobe, drawing forth a piece of red and white banded cloth*). Here is a piece of stripe that should make the foundation. (*She throws it over the back of the sofa, which she wheels out from the wall, so arranging the cloth that it shows the thirteen stripes of the flag. Morris stands at one side, adjusting his glasses to observe. Washington moves his chair to see to better advantage. The sofa is thus the center of the picture. Betsy drapes a piece of blue for the field.*)

BETSY. 'T is thus the union should lie (*she glances at the diagram*), breaking the stripes, seven of the short and six of the long. (*She pins on the blue.*)

BETTIKINS (*running to the table, whence she picks up the piece of silk from which the star has been cut*). And I know how the stars must be cut, all in one stroke! (*She returns to where Washington is seated, folding the cloth to show him. Betsy meantime is deftly cutting stars from the white cloth and pinning them in a circle on the blue field, Morris watching her.*) 'T is folded so, and so, and so; and then 't is cut here, and the star falls out and leaves a star's window—see! (*She opens the cloth, showing the star-shaped hole; then lays this on Washington's knee.*) And I know the meaning of the star, too, and of all its points!

WASHINGTON (*smiling down at her*). Who should know it better than the fairy Cerulea? And what is the meaning?

BETTIKINS. This is the arm of Justice, and these two, which are like feet, are Courage and Loyalty, and the other arm is Faith, and the head is Hope, looking upward. (*She looks up into Washington's face.*) And the whole star is a soldier, like my father, and it means Liberty.

WASHINGTON (*thoughtfully*). Aye, child, it means Liberty—and sacrifice for Liberty.

BETTIKINS (*indicating the portrait*). That is my soldier father, in the picture up there. Oh, Mumsy, the flag is all done! Stars and Stripes and a blue sky for the stars to shine in! Oh, it is beautiful! (*She runs to her mother, who stands back awaiting the judgment of her guests.*)

MORRIS. There it is, General; done in a trice. And who can vie with our Betsy Ross?

WASHINGTON (*rising*). Aye, it is a flag to move men's hearts. Its stars are indeed a new constellation, a very crown of heaven, shining at the zenith of Hope. Its bars are the staves of a new song, musical with the cheers which brave men give when they make of their bodies the bulwark of their country's right. Under the folds of this flag America will fight her way to freedom, and under its folds, in good time, God willing, she will fight for and win the freedom of other men in other lands, so long as tyrants rise to curse this world. (*He turns toward Betsy, with Bettikins beside her, changing in manner from the austere to the gentle.*) But best of all, I like the poetry this little maid hath put into the meaning of the flag. She is, in truth, the fairy godmother of her country's standard, lighting its stars with Faith and Hope and making them to shine for Freedom. (*He advances toward Betsy and takes her hand.*) Nor to you, Mistress Ross, can I deny a slender ray of this bright hope—even though its disappointment must make your grief more bitter. Major Ross is long reported among the lost—even among the identified and buried. But mistakes occur. There had seemed to be no doubt; but yesterday word came of the attempted escape of a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, apparently an officer, of the name of Ross. It is uncertain rumor; but (*indicating the flag*)—the stars bid us hope.

BETSY (*bravely*). He gave himself, General, freely, and I him freely gave—for freedom. But, oh, I have never denied myself the right to hope!—I and my Bettikins! (*She clasps Bettikins. Morris wipes his glasses. Washington turns meditatively. The moment's silence is broken by the sound of rapid hoof-beats drawing near, and slowing abruptly as they approach. Bettikins breaks from her mother and runs to the window.*)

BETTIKINS. Oh, Mumsy! It is a soldier! It is

my soldier father! (*The door opens violently, and a soldier in tattered buff and blue enters.*)

WASHINGTON (*advancing and seizing his hand*). Major Ross!

ROSS. General! (*Then seizing Betsy and Bettikins in one embrace.*) Betsy! Bettikins! *Free* at last! *Home* at last!

(*Washington raises his hand in military salute. A great American flag is lowered taking the place of the usual curtain to the scene. The orchestra strikes up "The Star-spangled Banner!"*)

END OF PART II

THERE is a word that should be said about the use of history in masques and pageants. It is seldom possible to follow the historic events precisely as they are recorded. It is necessary to modify them so as to give a good picture or a telling drama. For example, in "The Making of the Flag," the officer kinsman of Betsy Ross is represented as her husband returned from captivity after he had been thought dead, whereas tradition tells us that Betsy Ross was really a widow. Of course, too, there is a kind of anachronism in representing the making of the flag immediately after the signing of the Declaration, for the former event came in May, 1777, nearly a year after the latter. These things, however, are not real perversions of what is historically significant. The flag was a natural consequence of the Declaration, and it is the spirit of Betsy Ross that is the thing we wish impressed upon our imaginations. Wherever history is memorable, it is because of some inner and lasting meaning of the event, and it is just for the sake of the meaning, as we have said, that celebrations are observed.

PART III

OLD GLORY

SCENE: A greensward, with greenery background. MUSICAL PRELUDE, to which there enters the Chorus—Youths in uniform, Maidens in the symbolic costumes of the States. They sing:

Onward, comrades! Onward, brothers!
Onward, men, who own the name!
Kindle ye the fires of freedom
That your sons may guard the flame!

Strike the tinder! Touch the faggot!
Let the blaze be tempest-fanned,
Till the wonder-light upleaping
Shine in splendor o'er the land!

Lord of Battles! King, Redeemer!
Master of the lives of men!
Lift the banners of the righteous
That thy Law prevail again!

Thou command them! Thou sustain them!
Through the years that are to be,
Till as glass their souls be molten
In the love of liberty!

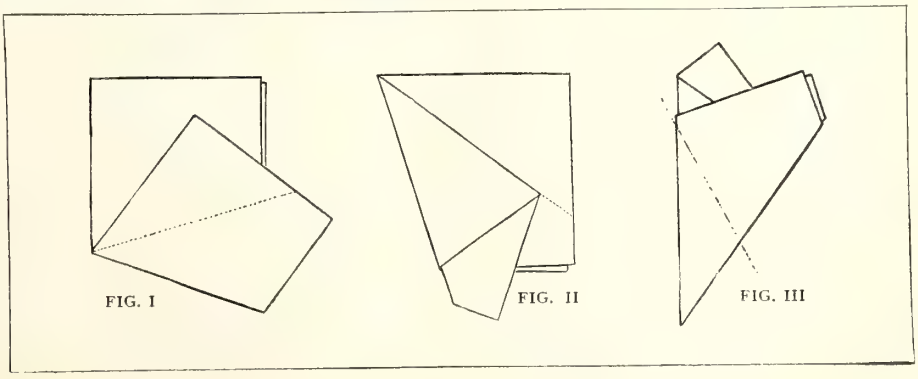
FLAG DANCE. Streams of youthful dancers enter, each alternate stream in red or white, interweaving in figures suggestive of rippling stripes. They part, and from the center there enters the blue—children in fluffy blue dresses, large bows of white indicating the stars. In the semicircle formed by the bands of red and white, they dance their star dance. Then, to graver music, all form in a tableau, the Flag.

THE END

HOW TO MAKE THE FIVE-POINTED STAR

Take a square piece of paper or cloth and fold it in half; then fold it again so that it will resemble Fig. I. Fold it again on the dotted line so that, when folded, it will be as in Fig. II. Fold it over once more, again on the dotted line; when it should have the shape of Fig. III. Then cut it as shown in the dotted line in Fig. III, and you will have a symmetrical five-pointed star.

Betsy Ross's little house is standing to-day. Everything around it has changed—even the name of the street itself is different. Tall, five-story buildings look down on both sides upon the little two-storied structure, with its shingled roof and dormer-window, which is now cared for by the American-Flag House and Betsy Ross Memorial Association. The front room is used for the sale of small flags and other souvenirs, the proceeds of which are devoted to the work of the Association, and the room back of this, in which the first flag was made, has been restored to the general appearance it must have presented during the lifetime of Betsy Ross.



CLOTHES

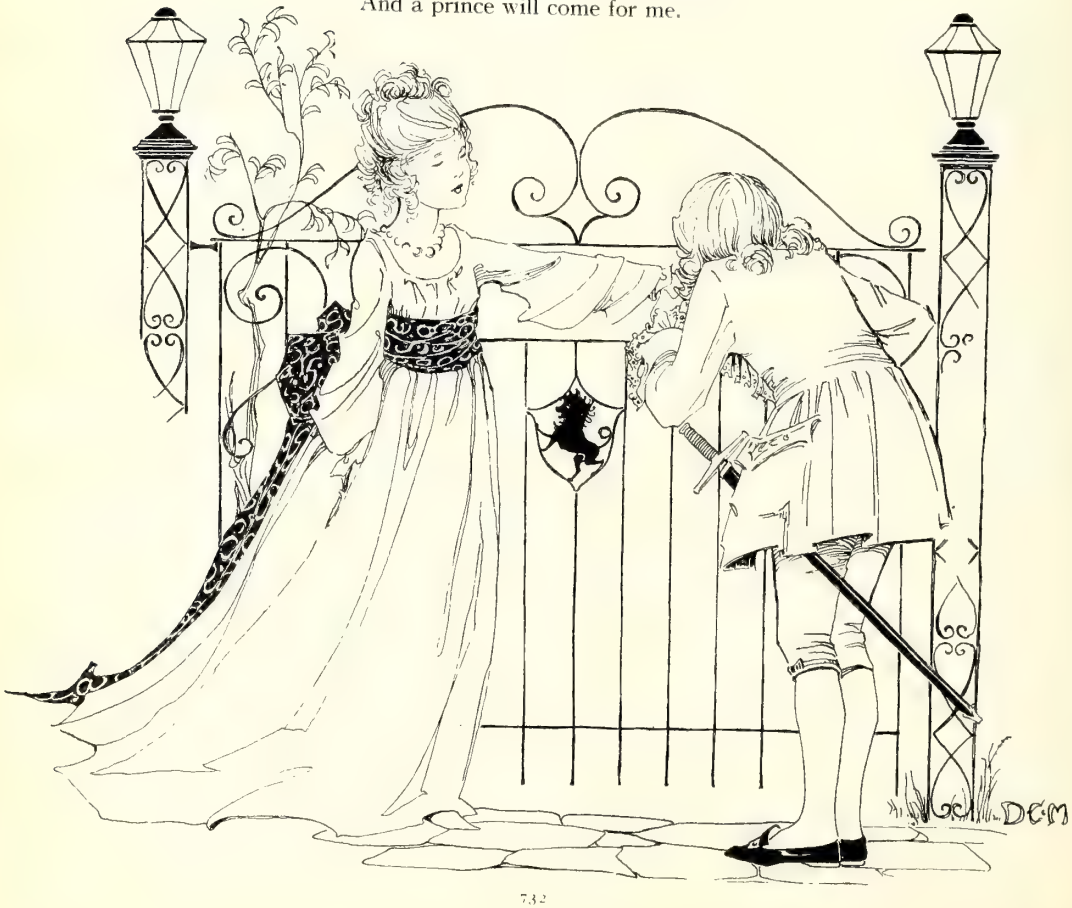
By JANE BROWN

PEGGY says that, when she 's grown,
She 'll have a dress, her very own,
Like thistle-down; and every night
Will dance with feet so fairy light.
All the boys will like her, too.
That is what Peg says *she* 'll do.

Kath'rine says her first ball-gown
Will be the prettiest in town.
She 'll choose her colors from the sky
When the sun 's about to die;
Dainty pink and palest blue,
Rose and green and purple, too.

When I am old and have my way,
I 'll have no colors of the day,
But a dress of thin gold light,
Like the moon we saw last night;
Pile my hair up on my head
Grandly— They 'll forget it 's red.

Mine 's the finest gown, you 'll see;
And a prince will come for me.

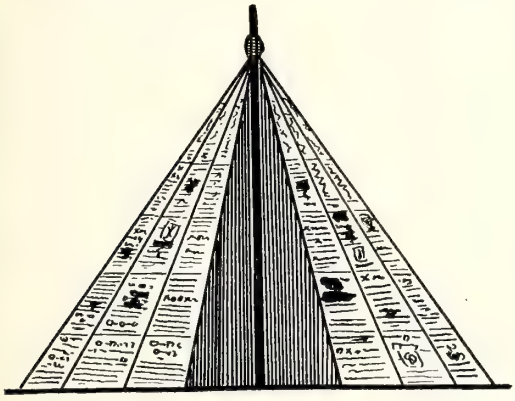


SOME HINTS FOR CAMPERS

By S. LEONARD BASTIN

A TENT OF NEWSPAPER

It is possible to make quite a useful little tent out of newspapers. Secure a pole that is six or seven feet long; a piece of bamboo will do well. Near the upper part of this, wrap several thick-



nesses of stout twine. Then from this part run lengths of twine. These should be carried out in tent fashion, and at the end they are fixed to wooden pegs driven into the ground. In all, there might be eight or ten of these lengths. Cut the newspapers into pieces of a suitable size, and with paste, fasten them over the twine. One border of the paper should be turned round the twine, the edge of the next bit being stuck just over the part that is turned round. An open space should be left to act as a doorway to the tent. To make the paper waterproof, go over it with a brush dipped in linseed-oil. The paper will then stand quite a fair amount of rain.

It is easy to gather up the tent by taking out the central pole and loosening the pegs. The paper then falls around the pole, something like a giant umbrella, and it is easily set up again.

WATERPROOF MATCHES

One of the commonest experiences of the camper is that of finding that the matches are so damp that they will not strike. All this trouble may be avoided by providing oneself with waterproof matches. These are easily made in the following way. Melt a few lumps of candle-wax in an old can on the stove. Allow this to cool a little and then, before it has set, dip the matches in, one at a time. Treat the heads and about half of the wooden part. Place the matches on one side to cool. Matches treated in this simple manner have been soaked in water for many hours, and they have ignited as readily as those which were perfectly dry. The only difference is that, in striking, it is needful to do so a trifle more firmly so as to get through the thin film of wax surrounding the head. When once the flame starts, the match burns very readily, owing to the wax which had adhered to the wood. Any ordinary matches can be treated in the manner described.

MAKING A FIRE OF SMALL STUFF

Now and again, when camping out, it is not possible to get a sufficiency of large pieces of wood to make a good fire. An excellent plan, by means of which a fine fire may be made out of small brushwood or even leaves, is shown in the pictures.

In the first place, a stout upright is driven a little way into the ground. This might be four or five feet in height. At the base of this is placed a similar piece of wood, lying in a horizontal position along the ground, see figure 1. Then start to pile up the stuff for the fire around the stakes in the manner indicated in figure 2. Take special care to press the material down well, as the closer it is packed, the longer the fire will last and the better it will be. When the heap is completed, both stakes are carefully pulled out. There will then be an air passage right through the heart of the mass.

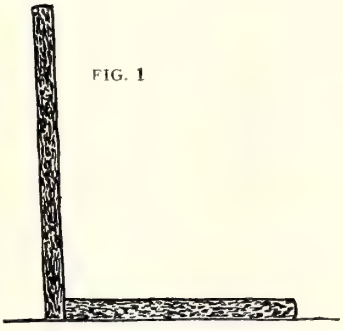


FIG. 1

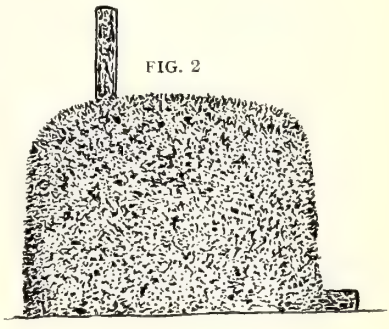


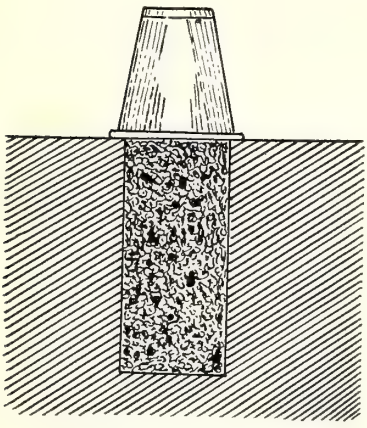
FIG. 2

To set the fire going, it is only needful to place some lighted paper, or any dry material, at the lower opening. At once the flames start to roar

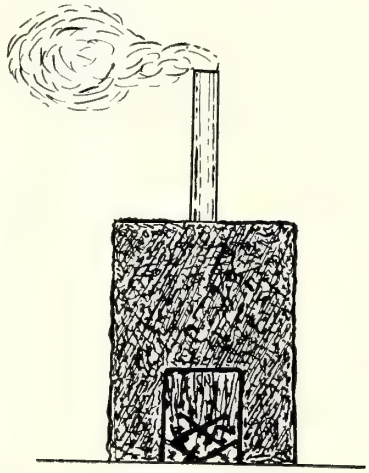
up through it in a vigorous style, and the fire gradually spreads until the whole mass is glowing red with heat.

A STOVE FOR THE TENT

WHEN the weather is bad, campers often find that the tent is none too warm. This is especially the case at night. Here is a good way of heating a tent which is well worth following. Open up in the ground a hole which is slightly less in diameter than an old metal pail which will be used to fit over the top. Let the hole go down to the depth of about two feet. At the end of the day, gather all the glowing embers from the camp-fire and put them into this hole that has been made, pressing down well. Then invert the pail and place it over the hole. A few sods of earth placed round the part where the pail rests on the ground will keep in all smoke and fumes. In a few moments the bucket will start to radiate heat, and this will be maintained for many hours. The next night the hole may be cleared out and filled up again with glowing material.



A STOVE FOR THE TENT



A CAMPING-STOVE

A CAMPING-STOVE

IF you want a good stove for your camp, this is easy to make with simple materials. First get a barrel or a box that will stand three or four feet in height. In the bottom of this cut an opening about a foot wide, and a little more than this from top to bottom. At the upper part of the barrel make a hole, into which a chimney is to be fixed. This chimney could be made out of a piece of sheet-iron bent round, or even a number of tomato-cans would do. These can be fitted together if the tops and bottoms are melted away on a fire. To make one fit into the other, open out each tin a little at the lower part with a pair of pliers.

When you have your barrel or box set up, you should plaster it all over with clay. If you cannot get good clay, mix earth with water or use mud from the river bottom. In any case, cover the box completely with the substance, putting it on eight or ten inches thick all over. When the whole surface is covered, light a fire of dry stuff in the box. Make a good blaze and keep this going for some hours. Of course, quite soon the barrel or box burns away, and the fierce heat then bakes the clay or mud into a hard coating. Your stove will then be finished and you will find it extremely useful. You can toast anything at the opening, and it is a fine place to cook fish or similar food. On a cool evening it is pleasant to sit around the stove, as it gives out a great deal of heat.

MAKING A FIRE OUTDOORS

IT is not always easy to get a fire to burn well in the open, especially if there is a strong wind blowing. Under such conditions it is a good plan to build up a special fireplace such as you see in the sketch. Cut some sods of earth and pile these on the top of each other at the back and on either side of a space which is just about the width of your pan or kettle. When you have built up to the height of about a foot, or a little more, place two or three bars of iron from side to side across the top opening. It always pays to take these bars with you when you are camping out. Add one more sod all around, and your fireplace is ready for use.

Gather together the material for the fire and put it in the opening, then place the kettle or the pan in position, and set a match to the stuff. Soon you will have a splendid little fire going that will roar away no matter how windy the position may be. If you want to make the fire extra



A GOOD FIREPLACE FOR A WINDY DAY

strong, hold a piece of board, or even newspaper in front of the opening, so that it is nearly covered, save for a little crack at the bottom. The draught you will then get is tremendous, and you can soon have a fire that is almost as hot as a blacksmith's. These little fires are splendid for roasting potatoes, and indeed for cooking almost anything that you would be likely to have on a picnic. If you cannot get sods of earth, you can make use of stones in very much the same way.

A CAMP BAROMETER

A HANDY little weather-teller, which may be taken into camp, is made in the following way. Get a glass jar with a tight-fitting cork. Then obtain a test-tube which is about the same length as the height of the jar. In the center of the cork make a hole in which the test-tube will fit upside down. Color some water by adding red ink, and almost fill the jar. Then fill the tube to about a third of its capacity. Now insert the open end of the tube in the water in the jar without the admission of any air. This can be done by holding the finger over the tube and not taking it away until the end is immersed. Bore a few holes in the cork, and the barometer is complete.



The atmosphere pressing on the water in the jar will affect the height of the fluid in the tube. When the air is dry and heavy, the water in the tube mounts upward; if it is moist and light, the opposite happens. In the first case, fine weather is to be expected; in the latter instance, unsettled conditions are to be looked for. To see the position of the fluid in the tube from day to day, an india-rubber ring may be employed. If this is not available, a piece of cotton could be tied round the glass tube to mark the level of the barometer from time to time.

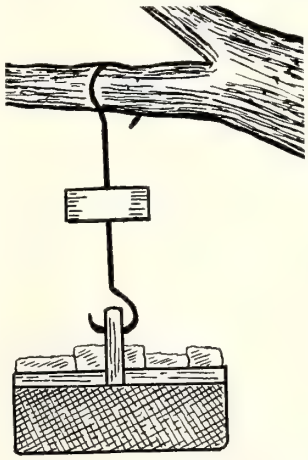
This home-made weather-teller will be found to be very reliable. It is only needful to keep it in an upright position to have it in good working order. If at any time the water should be spilled, the jar can be refilled with plain water. The coloring of the liquid is only to make it more easy to observe the level of the fluid.

AN EMERGENCY DARK-ROOM

HAVE you ever been outdoors and wanted to change your plates, or something has gone wrong inside the camera and you have felt that you would give almost anything to be able to use a dark-room? Yet there may not be a house within many miles. If you have an overcoat or a rain-coat, there is no need to worry, for by following this plan, you can with safety do almost anything you find necessary. Sit down on the ground and spread the coat, outside up, over your legs. Tuck the borders of the coat under the legs at the sides and also beneath the feet. Put the camera or the dark slide under the coat, about as far down as the knees. Then insert the hands in the outer ends of the sleeves and push them inward. Tuck the collar end of the coat about the middle of the body, and bend slightly forward, so as to exclude all the light. You will then find that you can carry on any operations you wish in perfect safety. Of course, the whole thing must be done by touch, but a photographer soon grows clever with his fingers. He knows by the "feel" which is the side of the plate bearing the emulsion. As well, too, he is familiar with the workings of the inside of his camera, and can usually right matters without actually using his eyes. At any rate the plan mentioned above is worth trying when a sudden emergency arises.

KEEPING INSECTS FROM THE PICNIC BASKET

WHEN baskets containing food are placed on the ground, all kinds of creeping insects soon make their way to the eatables. By using a simple device, this trouble may be entirely prevented. Get a tin can that is not less than two inches deep. The lower part of an empty salmon or fruit can would do very well. In the bottom of this bore a hole through which a long piece of wire is thrust. This wire is fixed into place and the can made water tight by applying a little solder where it enters the hole. Bend the wire at both ends into the form of hooks. Fill the can with water and hang the device from the branch of a tree as shown in the picture. Attach the food basket to the lower hook. No creeping insects of any kind can reach the inside of the basket, which is perfectly protected by the barrier of water in the can.



A WELL PROTECTED BASKET

THE LUCK OF DENEWOOD

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Vive la France!" etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

PEG TRAVERS, joint heir with her brother Jack to the estate of Denewood, in Germantown, which they are too poor to keep up and have rented as a school for girls, receives a letter from her brother, an officer with the A. E. F., saying that a relative of the family, a French girl named Béatrice de Soulange, has come to him asking for assistance, and he has thought it best to send her to America. Her brother, Louis de Soulange, an officer in the French army, in an aëroplane flight over the lines, has disappeared and is "missing." Peg, who lives with her aunt in the lodge at Denewood, is talking this news over with her cousin, Betty Powell, when the French girl unexpectedly arrives—a girl of their own age, deeply interested in the Denewood books and the history of their house. Her first desire is to see the lucky sixpence, their family talisman, and when she is told that it has been lost for a century she is astounded at the girls' indifference and declares her belief that with it was lost the luck of Denewood. Full of gratitude for their whole-hearted hospitality, she determines to find the sixpence and restore the luck of the house. Béatrice plans to hunt for it, and, to that end, is anxious to become a pupil at Maple Hall, as the school at Denewood is called. On her admission to the school Béatrice begins her search for the sixpence. Miss Maple discovering this and thinking it a waste of time forbids day-scholars to go above the first floor of Maple Hall. Peg is vastly excited by a letter from Jack asking for a description of the Soulange ring and warning her to stand guard over Bé lest unauthorized news of her brother rouse false hopes. Shortly after, a young man, who announces himself as Captain Badger of the British Army, calls, saying that he has news of Louis which he will give to no one but Bé. With Jack's letter in her mind, Peg refuses to let him see Bé. The next day Betty, from the living-room, sees him return to the lodge. He mistakes her for Bé, and Peg persuades her, in order to obtain news of Louis, to impersonate her cousin and, seated outside the spring-house, hear what he has to say, while Peg, concealed inside, could also find out what the stranger proposed. The two girls learn that Captain Badger is in search of three hundred thousand francs to ransom Louis de Soulange, whom he declares to be held by a band of robbers in France. He assumes that Bé can supply this money from a hidden strong-box. Betty, posing as Bé, insists upon having time for consideration. He finally gives her till the next day, and Peg tries to consult Mr. Powell, but finds he is ill. Meanwhile, Bé, ignorant of this crisis in her affairs, has gone to search the spring-house for the entrance to a secret passage she believes may be there. She unexpectedly discovers it, and, hearing some one coming, conceals herself in it. She examines the passage and finds it blocked by a solid partition at the other end. Then, retracing her steps, she tries to reënter the spring-house, but the trap-door refuses to open.

CHAPTER XVII

MISS HITTY GORGAS

IT was for a moment only that despair took possession of Béatrice when she found herself trapped in the passage under the spring-house.

"There mus' be some way out," she said to herself, and lifted her head bravely.

She was not the sort of a girl to become panic-stricken and so to lose her wits as to be helpless. Her experiences during the grim days of the conflict in France had made her self-reliant. On many occasions she had been the one person in the old château who had remained calm when rumors of the approach of the Germans threatened to demoralize the entire household. Not until the walls had begun to tumble about their ears under a vicious bombardment, did Béatrice lose control of those about her. Four years of war had strengthened in her the courage traditional in the Soulange family, and the circumstances of her present position served to stimulate her into quickly setting about the task of freeing herself.

"There mus' be some way out," she repeated, more positively than before, and once again pushed vainly on the little door above her head. Then she collected herself and tried to reason out a possible explanation of her predicament. How could it be that the trap, which opened so easily from above, seemed absolutely immovable from below?

"There mus' be a secret lock," she concluded, and with this thought in mind, she passed her hand over the under surface of the flooring, but her fingers could not even find the cracks in the masonry where the square block of stone fitted into the opening.

"If I am to get out, it mus' be at the other end," she murmured, and scrambled down to the bottom of the passage.

She made her way back through the tunnel, climbed the narrow stair, and stood once more before the shadowy barrier. With all her strength she pressed against the heavy planking, but it resisted her utmost efforts. Satisfied that nothing could be gained by this method, she again sought a handle which she might turn; but as before, her fingers found nothing of the sort, and fear crept into her heart as the conviction grew that this was not a door, but a stout partition.

For a moment or two Bé was near to giving up; but with a determined shake of her head, she repeated to herself the words that had given her courage before.

"There mus' be some way out," she murmured, and again set herself to finding a means of escape.

High above her, and quite beyond reach, was a narrow slit in the masonry, which admitted a pale, uncertain light. Béatrice looked up at it, but could see no hope in that direction. It might serve as a vent to the sound of her voice if she called for help; but the girl, as yet, had no intention of seeking aid and by so doing betray the secret of the passage.

"I shall 'ave to be very hungry before I shout," she told herself determinedly.

Her thoughts turned back to the square trap leading into the spring-house, and she made a half-involuntary movement as if to go back there to try once more to open it; but although she felt sure that a means had been provided for an exit at that point, she was certain that, without a light, her efforts would be futile.

This led her to a speculation as to why the passage had been built at all. Of course, there had been a purpose behind its construction. It was not meant as a place for children to play in nor an interesting and mysterious tunnel used only to surprise people. Probably it had been planned originally as a means of sending a messenger to secure assistance in case the house was attacked by Indians.

But an enemy having discovered the entrance through the spring-house, it became necessary to put up a barrier in the passageway itself. Yet it was equally necessary that a friend should have a clear road into the house, or the tunnel would be of little service.

So arguing to herself, Béatrice arrived at the conclusion that a means of getting through the solid planking must exist, and she tried to remember all she had read of the passage in the Denewood books.

"My great ancestress called it the 'Mouse's Hole'" she said half aloud, then chuckled softly to herself as a new idea entered her mind: it was a little toad that had showed her the way in; perhaps a mouse would show her the way out.

"If I sit very still, per'aps one will come," she thought, but after a few moments of silence she grew restless. "What should I do if I were a mouse?" she asked herself, and then answered her own question: "I should find a crack under the door."

She knelt and felt along the bottom of the planking. Yes, there was an inch or more of space between it and the top step. "But I am too big a mouse to get out there," she told herself; yet at that moment she made a discovery.

This top step was considerably wider than the others and, instead of being stone, was wood.

"Now why is that?" Béatrice asked herself, realizing that here was a significant fact that encouraged investigation.

Eagerly she felt along the edge just underneath the barrier, and presently her fingers came in contact with what, after a moment or two, she concluded must be hinges. For an instant she was puzzled, then with a cry of surprise and delight, she seized the front of the step and pulled upward. With astonishing ease it lifted and, like the lid of a box, folded back against the heavy planking that barred her way.

"Ah, now per'aps the hole is big enough for such a mouse as I," Béatrice said excitedly, and started to crawl under.

But, to her surprise, she found another step leading down and, after that, still another, so that, by bending a little, she was able to pass beneath the heavy planks; and in a pace or two she again found stone steps going up.

"Had I not thought of what a mouse would do, I should still be trapped," Béatrice murmured as she looked ahead, where she was relieved to find that there was more light. And, with a feeling that her path was now clear, she hurried on rapidly, conscious that she was safely inside the walls of the big house and ascending to the second floor.

Again the passage grew dark, and presently she stood on a level space. In front of her was a wall of blackness, and she stopped, putting forth her hands before she took a hesitating step. Then suddenly she halted abruptly, for, with extraordinary clearness, the sound of girls' voices came to her.

"My dear, I did n't have your algebra," one said; and another answered rather pettishly, "Well, somebody has it!"

"It 's probably downstairs in the study," the first girl replied. "Come on. The dormitory is no place for your books anyhow, my child."

Béatrice heard the girls go out of the room, and then all was silent again.

"I am behind that fireplace," she said to herself. The sound of human voices had brought her a sense of being back in the world again, and the anxiety she had felt in the passage was gone. She smiled as she took another step forward. It would be a great tale to tell Peg.

"But I 'm not out yet," Béatrice reminded herself, and at that moment her outstretched hand came in contact with another barrier.

But this time she had no difficulty. At her first pressure, the door opened and let in a broad beam of light. Béatrice, blinking, looked into the dormitory, which had been the nursery in the old days of Denewood.

Her first impulse was to dart out of the passage with a deep breath of thankfulness; but an instant's reflection showed her that it would be wise not to appear too abruptly. If there were any girls in

the room she would probably frighten them into hysterics and at the same time betray her secret.

She listened and, hearing nothing, peeped into the room. It was empty and, pulling the door tight shut behind her, she stepped through the fireplace. She was free!

But she was now face to face with another difficulty. If she met any of the teachers, she would seemingly stand convicted of disobeying Miss Maple's rule that no day-scholars should go upstairs in Maple Hall; while if she ran hastily down to the big hall, the girls there could not fail to see her and draw the same inference.

For a moment she hesitated, then, forgetting that Miss Maple had gone to town, she determined to go to her at once, plead guilty of having broken the rule and take the consequences.

With this in mind, she crossed the corridor to the door of Miss Maple's sitting-room and knocked.

A voice bade her come in and she entered, expecting to see the schoolmistress.

Instead, a round-faced, red-haired little woman was standing in front of a skirt-board set on the backs of two chairs, sponging a dress that was spread out upon it. She nodded brightly at the sight of Béatrice.

"Looking for Miss Maple, honey?" she asked briskly. "My, but you 're dusty! You 'd better let me brush you off." She picked up a whisk and started to work without waiting for consent. "Now about Miss Maple—thank goodness she ain't here. She 's a good woman. There ain't a mite of doubt she 's the salt of the earth, but she does fidget me terrible. My land, I 'm just as much an old maid as she is, and I 've got just as good a right to be a fuss-budget. What was it you wanted, anyway? Maybe I can find it for you. Miss Maple ain't coming back till after dinner. I know, because she paid me before she left. I 'm Hitty Gorgas. Good old family, but come down in the world. I do sewin' by the day. 'T won't be a mite of trouble to get you anything you 're looking for."



"BÉ GAVE A GASP AND ALMOST DROPPED THE FRAME"

Hitty Gorgas was known all over Germantown as a fine worker, with a tongue that was hung in the middle and wagged both ways. In fact, it was openly said that if she had no one to listen to her, she talked to herself rather than be silent. And Hitty would have been the last to deny this.

Bé had never heard of Hitty, but her words had started a new train of thought in the girl's mind. Instantly her determination was taken and she entered the room, closing the door behind her.

This was her chance to search for the sixpence

in Miss Maple's own stronghold, and she meant to seize it, no matter what penalty she incurred.

"I am Béatrice de Soulange," she began abruptly. "A cousin to this house."

"Land sakes!" Miss Hitty put in, "I am glad to see you. I know all about you. I know all about every family in Germantown. The Wisters and the Darraghs and the Gummeys and the Morrises and the Carpenters and the Chews and everybody. I can tell you all about them from way back—which was Tories in the Revolution and how they 've stood in every war since then."

"In such case," said Bé, "you know how the luck of this house was los'. I do not need to tell you. But you do not know how much I want to find it, for when I do, I think my cousins come to their own 'ome to live, per'aps."

Miss Hitty interrupted again.

"You came to ask Miss Maple to let you look for it?" she asked; then, without waiting for an answer: "I see. Go right ahead, my dear. It won't do anybody a mite of harm."

Bé hesitated for a moment, then she shook her head.

"No," she said firmly, "I did not come to ask. Already Miss Maple 'ave say it is a nonsense and forbid that we come up the stairs; but now I am here, I mean to hunt, because she is not at 'ome to stop me. And you must not tell me that I may, so that it is all my own blame."

Miss Hitty looked at the girl with dancing eyes.

"I like your grit," she said. "And I can tell you this much—I can feel for those who ain't so rich as they once was. I 'd a heap sight rather see the Traverses back in this place than have the school here, even though the school does put plums in my pudding."

With which words she set busily to work at her task of cleaning Miss Maple's gowns, and Bé started her inspection of the room.

It was not large, for Denewood, but it was pleasant and cosy. The walls were wainscoted to a height of four feet in white painted wood. Above this hung sconces, several samplers, two silhouettes, and a miniature in wax. The furniture was chintz-covered mahogany. There was a card-table, a desk, a sofa, and various book-cases. The floor was made of narrow oak planks, with a pattern around the edge fashioned from the same wood laid at a different angle.

She pressed her hands down into the space between the back and the seat of the sofa, while Miss Hitty looked up in the air speculatively.

"The chairs and that sofa have sure been done over a lot of times," she remarked. "It don't do a mite of harm to look at it; but I can't think there 's much left of the old piece 'cept the woodwork. That portrait you 're looking at, they say was little Marjory Travers. Peg always seemed to me to favor her."

"It *does* look like Paig," Bé asserted. She had taken the wax miniature from its hook and carried it to the light, where she thoroughly examined it. "It is very pretty."

She hung it up again and went over to a sampler. The verse embroidered on it was:

> When I was young and in my Prime
> You see how well I spent my Time,
> And by my sampler you may see
> What care my Mother took of me

This was surmounted by a number of fearsome animals and signed, "Marjory Travers, her work," while beneath the signature were bands made of various intricate stitches and patterns.

"I can embroider a little, but not so well as this," Bé said.

"And the child who made that was probably half your age," Miss Hitty told her. "For my part, I 'm thankful that samplers had gone out of style before my day. Seein' that I have to spend most of my time now prickin' my fingers with a needle, it 's just as well I did n't learn to hate it before I had to. That other sampler is sort of interestin'." She nodded toward a darker corner. "I never could make out why she took to working samplers at her age, unless it was to teach one of the grand-babies."

Bé took from its nail the frame Miss Hitty had indicated and walked to the window with it. Its square of linen canvas was elaborately worked with exquisitely fine stitches of silk in a design that came up solidly to a central wreath or vine, supported at the top by two doves and enclosing the following verse:

> You 'll seek and find To-morrow is your cry.
> In what far country doth To-morrow lie?
> Your treasure here is safe beneath your eye,
> So blame not John while Jack goes blindly by.
> Beatrice Travers, 1818.

Bé gave a gasp and almost dropped the frame.

"What is it, child dear?" asked Miss Hitty, startled. "Do be careful. You came near lettin' that slip, and then a howl would have gone up! Though to be sure that sampler does belong to the family and not to the school."

"But I 'ave foun' that sixpence!" cried Bé, breathlessly, beginning to dance with excitement.

CHAPTER XVIII

PEG PLEADS WITH BETTY

THE discovery that Mr. Powell was down with influenza disturbed Peg profoundly. Back of all her schemes to cope with the wiles of Captain Badger was the thought that, if the worst came to the worst, her Cousin Bart could take the mat-

ter up and thrash it out with the British officer man to man. The fact that the captain had mistaken the identity of Betty had been hailed by Peg as a favorable opportunity to elicit information upon which a wiser head than hers could act. Yet now that the information had been gained, there was no one to whom she could go for advice.

Unlike Betty, Peg was more and more inclined to the belief that the basis of Badger's tale was true, namely that Louis de Soulange was alive and was being held for ransom. Otherwise, the circumstances of his death would have been known by this time, for he had not fallen in a great battle where one man might perish unobserved. Nor could the Germans have anything to gain by keeping him a secret prisoner. Indeed, the more she thought of it, the more the complete silence following Louis's disappearance seemed to prove the truth of Badger's explanation. This growing conviction gave Peg a realization of the seriousness of the problem she faced. A false step might doom Bé's brother. The captain's actions were sufficiently significant, and to go contrary to his command for silence might force him to take desperate measures to guard his own safety.

Peg walked slowly into the living-room and sat down again almost mechanically, entirely absorbed in the perplexities of the situation. In the hall, Betty telephoned to her home in Chestnut Hill, and presently followed Peg in with the latest news of the invalids.

"Aunt Polly says that everything is going as well as can be expected and that we are each to take six pills of pulsatilla," she announced, sitting down on the sofa disconsolately.

"I guess Aunt Polly is the only one who is enjoying it over there. She 'd rather take your temperature than go to a party. How 's Cousin Bart?" Peg ended.

"The doctor has been in to see him and says there 's no doubt he has the flu," Betty replied. "He is n't to be disturbed about anything."

"Of course not," Peg agreed. She had n't deluded herself by any false hopes in that direction.

"I 'm not sure I ought n't to go home and help nurse the family," Betty went on.

"They don't want you," said Peg. "If they did, they 'd have sent for you."

"I know, but I think I ought to go anyhow," Betty half insisted. "It does n't seem right that I should n't have anything to do, while—"

"You would be just one more person for Cousin Elizabeth to worry about," Peg pointed out sensibly. "And besides," she added significantly, "you have something to do here!"

"You mean Captain Badger," Betty remarked, preparing for a struggle.

"I certainly do!" Peg's tone was incisive.

"Well, I 'm through with him," Betty announced positively. "You can't expect me to talk to a brigand all alone again. It was all very well when I did n't know; but now, I don't think Father and Mother would approve."

"I don't believe they would, either," Peg agreed, "not under ordinary circumstances, anyway; but that 's something we can't find out, and these circumstances are so far from ordinary that I think they 'd say, 'Go.' You simply *must* meet him. I 'll be in the spring-house to protect you."

This one thing, at least, Peg had determined upon: the appointment with Captain Badger must be kept; and if possible, he must be persuaded to give them more time.

"You would n't be any protection from a brigand!" Betty said scornfully.

"He is n't going to brigand you," Peg replied irritably. "Have some sense, Betty. He 's bound to be the polite English captain if he expects to get anything out of you. The last thing he 'll do is to be disagreeable."

"But what shall I tell him?" Betty argued.

"I have n't thought of that yet," Peg confessed; "but there 's one thing we have to do—we must find some way of convincing him that we need a few more days' time."

"He won't give them to us," Betty protested.

"He 'll have to," Peg asserted, with more confidence than she felt. "Don't you see, Betty, if we 're right in our guess that he wants money for himself, he 'll stay as long as he thinks there 's a chance of getting it? All we have to do is to let him believe that sooner or later we 'll give in and tell him what he wants to know."

"But we can't do it," Betty reiterated. "So what 's the use of pretending?"

"If I could pretend as well as you can, I 'd love the chance," Peg said sweetly.

"You can't flatter me into giving you your own way," Betty insisted. "Besides, we should n't have anything to do with him. From what you said yourself, he can't be trusted. If we knew, we would n't tell him where that strong-box is."

"Oh, yes, we would," Peg retorted.

"But if you think he 's the man who kidnapped Louis de Soulange, he should n't have a cent!" Betty protested warmly. "He 's a robber, yet you talk of giving him just what he wants."

"Of course I do!" Peg answered impatiently. "He may be anything you like, but if he 's the only person who knows where Louis is, we 'll have to deal with him, won't we, no matter how many times a brigand he is?"

"It would n't be right," Betty maintained.

"It would n't be right to let Louis de Soulange die, would it?" Peg questioned.

"I think we should send for the police," Betty returned half-heartedly.

"You know as well as I do that we dare n't do any such thing," Peg asserted. "What 's the use of talking like that? Suppose something happened that this man Badger did n't like and he disappeared? Then where should we be?"

"I don't believe anything he says, anyway," Betty replied.

"I believe some of it," Peg insisted.

"I believe he wants money," Betty agreed with a mocking laugh. "All the rest of the story is just made up; I know it is."

"Are you so sure of that that you are willing to tell Bé you just let him go?" Peg demanded. "Do you feel that we dare run the risk of letting something happen to Louis de Soulange just because we think Captain Badger is n't telling the truth? I guess not!"

"I don't know what to do," said Betty, helplessly; "I don't know where the Soulange strongbox is, if there is one, and—and—oh, I think we 're in an awful mess!"

"Oh, forget about us!" Peg cried angrily. "I 'm thinking of Bé and her brother."

"Then why don't you tell her?" demanded Betty.

"I 'm afraid of the shock. You know as well as I do the risk to her," Peg explained soberly. "I guess we 'll have to tell her sooner or later, only I 'd like to make sure it 's necessary first. It would be an awful thing to raise her hopes, and then nothing come of it. If I were just *sure*, one way or the other! I believe I 'll go with you tomorrow, when you see this captain, and tell him we don't trust him, and then see what he does. As a last resort, we can explain that you are not Bé, then he 'll stay till he sees the real Bé. That 's what we 'll do, Betty," Peg went on as this new thought took shape; "we won't say that we don't believe him, but just the truth, that, when we found how terribly serious it was, we were worried —and we 'll be awfully sympathetic, and—"

"Of course, we don't know that he is n't just what he says he is," Betty remarked thoughtfully, as this sudden enthusiasm of Peg's impressed itself upon her. "And he 's awfully handsome."

"There 's no doubt of that!" agreed Peg, whole-heartedly. "And he has lovely manners, and—and—and—that 's what we 'll do! He may be a little cross; but when he sees how sorry we are, he 'll just have to be nice, and we 'll promise not to say a word to anybody, and then we 'll take Bé to see him, if we have to, but we 'll have gained that much time. Cousin Bart might be better even. So that 's settled, is n't it?"

"I think so," Betty said, nodding, "although I don't know how he 'll take it."

"Oh, he 'll take it all right," Peg insisted, jumping up. "And now let 's find Bé. She 'll think we 're lost. And be careful. Not a word to her yet."

"I wonder where she is," Betty remarked, as they hurried out of the room.

CHAPTER XIX

A STRANGE HIDING-PLACE

In Miss Maple's sitting-room, Bé's announcement and her evident excitement stirred Miss Hitty's curiosity.

"Land sakes, child! what are you talking about?" she cried, running to the girl's side. "Do be careful of that sampler! If you drop it, there will be trouble. Stop dancing and be sensible."

With a great effort, Bé controlled herself, at least enough to stand still.

"But I 'ave found a piece of the sixpence," she repeated ecstatically. "You will see—here!" She held the framed sampler in front of Miss Hitty's face, but the old lady, after a near-sighted glance at it, looked up at Bé.

"Say, there ain't nothing wrong with your head, is there?" she asked a trifle anxiously.

"In my 'ead, wrong?" Bé repeated, not understanding Miss Hitty's idiom. "It is not in my 'ead, but in the sampler. Look!" Again the seamstress gazed at the worked linen in Bé's hand, while the girl with trembling fingers pointed to the embroidered wreath under the glass.

"Do you not see it?" she went on excitedly. "There, among the stitches, is the chain. I catch the sparkle of it as I take it to the window. You *do* see, eh?"

"Land sakes, I believe I do!" said Miss Hitty, growing animated. "Why it 's all worked in among those leaves! My, ain't you the clever child? And there 's the bit of sixpence made to look like a flower. Say, that old Beatrice Travers was smart—I must say it. She was smart!"

"We mus' take it out at once," Béatrice declared. "Where can I break the glass?"

She was looking around for a suitable place to put her threat into execution when Miss Hitty grasped her arm.

"Softly, child! softly!" she admonished, "I don't know as we ought to do such a thing. Maybe the Traverses won't like our ripping up that pretty old sampler. But anyhow, we don't have to break anything. We can open up the back."

"More than anything do the Travers want their sixpence," declared Bé, positively. "It mus' come out! to bring back the luck of the 'ouse some one of the family mus' wear it. That you know."

"I know a lot of things," Miss Hitty conceded;

"but give me that frame before you smash it. Perhaps we can take the coin out without ruining everything." She took the frame from Bé's rather reluctant hand, and turning it over, she deftly removed with her scissors the small nails holding the back. Then she slipped the old sampler out and laid it on the table. Two heads bent over it anxiously to examine the ancient treasure more closely.

Suddenly Miss Hitty raised an excited face to Bé. "I 'm blest if I don't believe you 're right, child!" she exclaimed. "The old lady that did this did n't intend that it should stay here forever. She 's fixed it so we can take the chain out, and the sampler won't be a mite the worse."

With careful fingers old Miss Hitty unfastened the clasp holding the two ends of the chain together and then considered the matter carefully.

"I guess she meant to have it pulled from this end right through like a drawing-string," she went on, talking half to herself; "but after all these years, the silk may n't be none too strong. I 'm going to take my time over it."

She sat down at the table and, with great deliberation, began to draw the chain through the silken loops, while Bé watched her with breathless interest. Suddenly Miss Hitty uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What is it that it is?" demanded Bé, translating literally in her excitement.

"Wonders will never cease!" cried Miss Hitty. "Old Lady Travers was a foxy one, all right. Who 'd have thought of such a thing! Look, honey; under the real chain she 's embroidered one, so that when we 've drawn the gold one clear, it will never be missed."

It took half an hour, but at the end of that time the sampler was back in its frame and hanging on the wall, and Miss Hitty and Bé looked at each other with sparkling eyes.

"Let me put it on you, child," said the old seamstress. "That 's the safest place for it. You don't want to lose it now you 've found it again."

"Indeed no!" cried Bé, and bent her head while Miss Hitty fastened the clasps securely at the back of her slender neck.

"Now I mus' run and tell Paig!" Bé exclaimed. "She will so wish to know about it and learn that the luck has come back. Oh, thank you so much, Miss Hitty Gorgas."

"Land sakes, child! you don't have to thank me," said the other. "I would n't have missed this last half-hour for a farm. And say," she went on, a little more seriously, "I ain't much on superstitions, though there 's some of them it 's well to be careful of. But what I was thinking was this: maybe the Travers' bad luck has been on account of that sixpence being lost,—I should n't wonder if that was so,—but I 've always thought there was a heap of luck in a pretty face, and you 've brought that to them, honey. Good-by, my dear, I 'm glad you came in."

"Good-by," answered Bé, and hurried out into the hall, intent upon returning to the lodge in the shortest possible time.

It was only as she turned the corner of the corridor and was about to run down the stairs that once more Béatrice came to a realization of the fact that she was on the forbidden second floor of Maple Hall, and in the great hall below her, walking toward the stairs with one of the girls, was Miss Thomas, Miss Maple's second in command. Quick as thought, Bé turned back and instinctively sought a hiding-place in the dormitory. More than ever she must guard the secret of the passage and the explanation of her being on the prohibited floor.

The dormitory was deserted, and she waited at the edge of the fireplace for a moment, hoping that Miss Thomas would pass; but in this she was disappointed. She heard footsteps stop and turn into the room, and moved back softly into the passage, half closing the door in front of her.

"My dear," Miss Thomas began, as they came in, "we 're absolutely alone here, and you can talk to me quite unreservedly."

"I 'd just die if the other girls found out," a tearful voice said; and Béatrice, who had no wish to overhear so secret a confidence, was in a quandary. For an instant she was in half a mind to go out boldly. She was not at all afraid of Miss Thomas, or of Miss Maple, for that matter; but on calling to mind all the facts connected with the recovery of the sixpence, she did not feel sure what the result might be if she made a clean breast of it to the head of the school. Of one thing, however, she felt certain: Miss Maple would not be inclined to deal leniently with one whom she did not like. And suppose she should insist that the sixpence be restored to its place in the sampler, as part of the rented furnishings.

"*Non!* I shall not go back and get caught!" On that point Bé was resolved, even if she had to wait in the passage indefinitely.

This time she was not at all afraid. She could, of course, come out whenever she wished. After an instant she turned and tiptoed to the top of the steep stair, then, descending, she passed under the barrier where she had almost given up in despair. She stood there a moment, annoyed at being held back from running to Peg, and reflecting that for a considerable time there was no chance of getting out through the dormitory unseen.

"I go again and push that trap-door," she said to herself, impatient at the delay, and searching about in her mind for a means of escape. It

would do no harm to try. But first she carefully replaced the step before she hurried down.

Going in this direction, the light was all ahead of her until she entered the underground passage. She felt she was on familiar ground, and in spite of the darkness, she went forward quickly. In the lower passage, where the dusk deepened, she slackened her pace and began to grope ahead, expecting to encounter the first of the short flight of steps leading up to the spring-house, and at length her foot struck a projection.

Feeling her way cautiously, she mounted until her hair touched the top, then she raised her hands to lift the trap.

"It will be no use, I suppose," she said to herself; but to her great joy and surprise, the square door above her head moved easily, and a moment more she was out in the light again, looking down at the closed trap in wonder.

"Now how is that?" she wondered. "Before it would not open. Now—" She shrugged her shoulders in the French fashion, then a light entered her mind, "*Comme je suis bête!*" ["How stupid I am!"] she said; "it is the lucky sixpence, of course!" and turned to leave the house. As she did so, her eye lit upon the little toad looking up at her.

"Ah, Monsieur Crapaud, you are still there. I 'ave to thank you a thousand times!" she said.

Outside the door she nearly collided with a man who was standing and hurriedly poking about in the grass near one of the benches with a walking-stick.

With a slight exclamation of surprise she halted, and the intruder looked up and saw her. It was Captain Badger, and Bé recognized him at once as the English officer she had passed one afternoon on her way to the lodge.

(*To be continued*)

THE LAND CALL

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE



Off swung I with a song on my lip,
Down to great waters a-seeking a ship;
My eyes to the west and my stick in my hand,
So I beheld her a-coming to land.

The wind in her tops'ls, the foam at her bow
(Ah, I remember the look of her, now!),
Beating up handily into the bay,
Casting my soul in a spell that day.

Years upon years can I now look back
On the wandering thread of a sea-blown track;
Round the Horn and across the Line,
In the black gale's teeth or the hot star-shine.

Oh, the taut shrouds' tune and the halyards' creak,
And the cry of the sails when the northers speak,
And the voice of the sea on a hurrying keel,
Ever and ever my heart shall feel.

Yet—when we drop past the shores of Clyde,
Slipping in with the evening tide,
When the sheep bells blow on the landward air,
And the dusk is come, and the moon hangs fair,

When the harbor lights shine out so still,
My eyes turn back against my will
To the windy top of Ardrossan Hill—
The hill where I stood with a song on my lip,
Before that I plighted myself to a ship.

THE BIGGEST FAMILY IN NEW YORK'S EXECUTIVE MANSION

By HAROLD G. McCOY

CHILDREN crowd the famous executive mansion in Albany, New York's home for its governor, now that Governor Nathan L. Miller has taken possession.

All records as to the number of children in the stately old Governor's residence have been broken, and they will be shattered still further when Governor Miller can induce his first grandchild to visit him in the big house on the hill in Albany.



CONSTANCE AND LOUISE MILLER AND THEIR DOG SCOUT

There are seven children in the Miller family, from youngsters to grown-ups—more than ever before made their home there. They are a mighty proud lot, now that they have moved from the big old English home in Syracuse, with its wonderful lawns and gardens, to the "first home in the State."

It was long before Governor Miller was nominated for the governorship,—in fact, when he was asserting that he would not accept the nomination,—that some one tried to reach him by telephone and found him away on his vacation. One of the Miller youngsters answered, and when the inquirer had learned where Judge Miller and Mrs. Miller were staying, he persisted with this query:

"How would you like to go down to Albany and live in the big executive mansion and have your father governor?"

There was a bit of hesitation, and then Louise, one of the famous Miller twins answered:

"Oo-oo-oh, would n't that be w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l!"

Well, it has come true, and Louise, one of the outdoor youngsters who scampered by day all over James Street hill in Syracuse, is now living in the big executive mansion at Albany and has her father for governor. Of course, it 's "wonderful!"

If there ever was a healthy lot of outdoor youngsters, these Miller children are they. From Constance, the baby of the family, to Mildred, the oldest, now married, with a baby of her own, they are conspicuous examples of what outdoor life means to a child.

A lively troop of children they are! After their father had been nominated for governor last summer, photographers began to descend on the Miller home for pictures of the nominee and his family. A day for them was fixed, and the family gathered together. It was some job, for the children were playing all over the neighborhood.

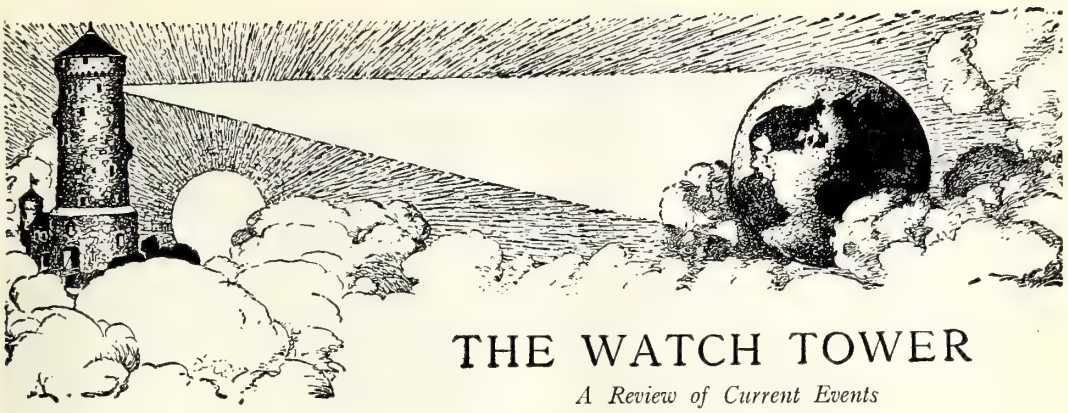
Movie men set up their ponderous cameras, and newspaper photographers scurried back and forth across the lawns, peering into the ground glass of their cameras, trying to catch the children at play. It was no use! They were too active, and in the end Judge Miller had to gather his flock around him. Marshalling them as a movie director handles action, he put his family through their stunts and turned them out as finished movie actors.

He marched them across the big lawns while the movie men ground out hundreds of feet of film and the "still" photographers snapped their camera-shutters until their plate cases were empty.

But there was one of his "actors" Judge Miller could not control. It was Scout, the new canine lord of the executive mansion grounds, a rangy police-dog who is the particular pet of the Miller children. Only once would Scout consent to pose for his picture, and then his mind was somewhere else, for his eyes were not on the lens, but far away. This posing does bore one! Especially, when one is to be the lord high keeper of the big grounds at the executive mansion.

There has often been a large family of children in the executive mansion—six when Colonel Roosevelt was governor, and five during the recent administration of Governor Smith. But to-day there are seven, Constance, the youngest, then the twins, Eleanor and Louise, Elizabeth, Margaret, and Marian. The oldest, Mildred, is now Mrs. D. P. McCarthy, wife of a soldier of the second division of the A. E. F.

A happy, healthy family they are, watched over by their mother, a fine, old-fashioned American mother.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

WHEN THE LINE MOVES UP

ONCE more Young America is saddened by the approach of the end of a year of school. Soon are to begin the dreary days of nothing-to-do except swim and go fishin', play tennis or baseball, and wait for September to come.

The line moves up.

The Very Little Folk say good-by to the kindergarten, the grammar-school boys and girls begin to think of the weighty responsibilities of high school, and the high-school folks prepare to go to college to be freshmen all over again.

The line moves up.

Everybody is making progress. Everybody is looking ahead. Everybody has something to hope and work for. A hitching-post can stand still, but the horse that wants oats must keep moving.

"Onward and upward" used to be the motto of the Sunday-school books. It is n't fashionable, nowadays, to talk like that; and yet the old phrase has a helpful suggestion. It 's cheerful! When you 're moving onward and upward, you 're alive, you 're in the race, you count!

Commencement time is a good time to take a look backward, to see how much you 've gained in the last year; and a look forward, to see what 's ahead. Keep in step, don't straggle, when—

The line moves up.

FACTS ABOUT THE CENSUS

THE first national census was taken in 1790, and since then the count has been made every ten years. The first census, in 1790, gave a total population of less than 4,000,000. The fourteenth, last year, gives a total of more than 105,000,000. It cost more than $23,000,000 to take it.

Five States now have populations larger than that of the nation in 1790: Texas, with 4,663,228; Ohio, 5,759,395; Illinois, 6,485,280; Pennsylvania, 8,720,017, and New York, 10,384,829. New York City now has a million or so more inhabitants than the whole Union had 130 years ago.

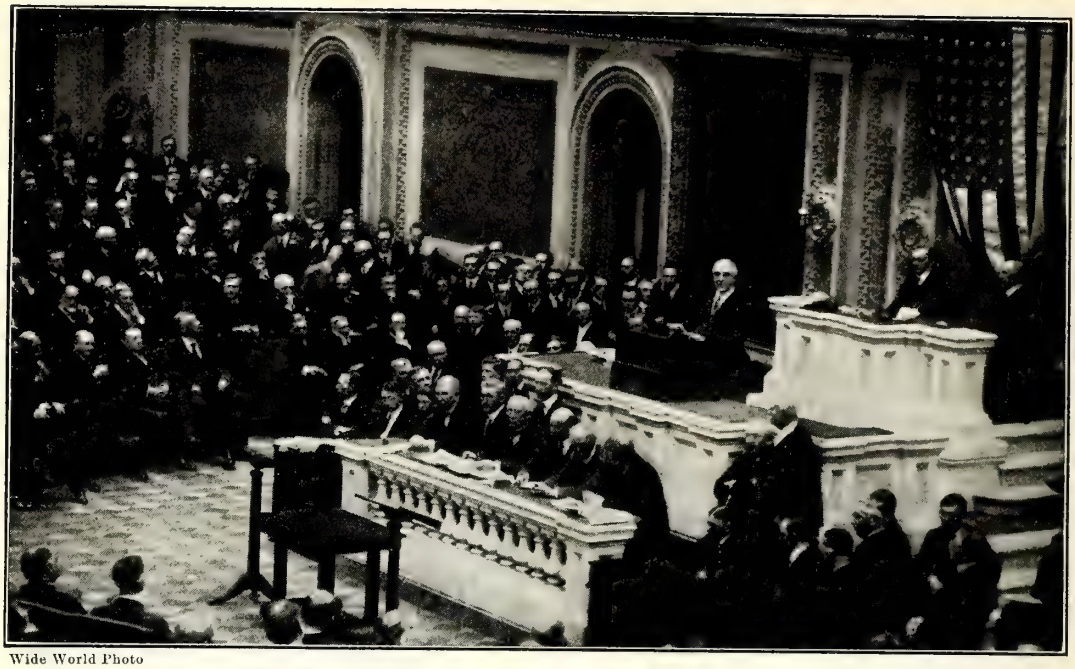
The census is more than a mere counting of individuals. Many large volumes are needed for it. The population is divided into groups by age, by race and color, and by occupation. It establishes the basis of representation in Congress, and is used in calculating taxes, in the draft for the army in the war, and by insurance, banking, and other companies in managing their business.

PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS

THE very thing that makes it hard to write THE WATCH TOWER, the long interval between the writing and the publication of the articles, ought to make these pages only the better worth reading. THE WATCH TOWER is a review, and it gives you the advantage of seeing recent events from two angles. As this article is written, President Harding's first message to Congress is a matter of the day's news. When you read it, you will be able to check up its "points" with actual performances.

On Tuesday, April 12, President Harding appeared in person before the Senators and Representatives, and read his message. The President explained that the special session had been called because of the existence of problems, domestic and international, "too pressing to be long neglected." He urged that the home problems be taken up first in the program of legislation.

Economy, President Harding said, was the watchword; but it must be made more than that, it must become a reality. The nation's expenditures must be cut down to fit the nation's income. The payment of the war debt must be arranged in a businesslike way, so that the amount may be reduced steadily, year by year. Current expenses must be cut down; all the government departments had been ordered to organize their



Wide World Photo

PRESIDENT HARDING READING HIS FIRST MESSAGE TO CONGRESS

work in the most economical way possible. Further, President Harding advised that the system of taxation be overhauled, and urged early adoption of a protective tariff, and a reduction of the high cost of government. "I have said to the people," he remarked, "that we mean to have less of government in business and more business in the Government."

Taking up the matter of the railroads, the President urged Congress to lower the rates of transportation. "Freight-carrying charges," he said, "have mounted higher and higher, until commerce is halted and production lowered. Railway rates and costs of operation must be reduced."

Another problem is that of the public highways. Transportation by auto-truck helps lighten the burden of the railroads, but it cannot be developed as it ought to be unless and until we have better roads. "I know of nothing," said the President, "more shocking than the millions of public funds wasted in improved highways—wasted because there is no policy of maintenance."

Our Chief Magistrate asked Congress to consider ways and means of developing American ownership of wireless plants and cables; of improving and expanding our commercial and military facilities for air navigation; for taking care of disabled veterans of the A. E. F., and for instituting a National Department of Public Welfare, to supervise the work of education, health protection, and child welfare. The regulation of these matters is now distributed among a number of bureaus in separate departments.

Taking up our foreign relations, the President outlined a policy whereby America would definitely "reject" the League of Nations as now constituted, and undertake only to coöperate with Europe on recognition of our war-won rights. He urged Congress to pass, at once, a resolution declaring us at peace with Germany.

As you read this, in June, it will be interesting to see just how far Congress has been able to go toward realization of this program.

THE "GENERAL STRIKE" IN ENGLAND

THE attempt by a part of British labor to bring about a stoppage of all industry showed perhaps even more startlingly than the story of communism in Russia the danger of trying to cancel the laws of nature in regard to human life. Such a state of affairs in England comes nearer home to us than the horrors of Bolshevism in Russia.

Men have equal opportunity, so far as their relation to the State is concerned. But men do not have equal abilities. Laws that permit the industrious man to prosper are good laws. Laws that permit unscrupulous men to take advantage of honest men are bad laws.

Bad laws can be killed, and good ones passed in their place. But when any one part of the population tries to dictate how the government shall

be run, the result is lawlessness. Foolish labor-leaders who threaten to put a stop to all productive industry and public service are a danger to the whole State. They would destroy what they could not replace.

Thank heaven for the good practical sense of American workers! We are all workers. We must be careful to keep our love of fair play and square dealing all round.

JOHN BURROUGHS

On his way home from the West to celebrate his eighty-fourth birthday, John Burroughs died, and his funeral was held on the day for which the birthday observance had been planned. The friend and student of Nature was buried in the place where he had spent many happy hours searching out the secrets of bird and tree life.

John Burroughs pursued his studies in an outdoor laboratory. You cannot imagine him devoting a lifetime to chemical analyses or scientific formulas. He was interested in life and its meaning. The birds and the bees, the flowers and the fishes, were all bearers of a message that he tried to read. In many, many books he told the Story of Nature as it unfolded before him. To thousands of readers his writings brought knowledge and inspiration to study.

The studies of John Burroughs, and the writings in which he reported them and presented their results to the public, were a very important contribution to our American civilization, which strives to make the world a safe and happy one to live in.

PROGRESS IN THE BALTIC STATES

Dr. Rudolf Holsti, Finland's Minister of Foreign Affairs, said in an interview that the Baltic States had made remarkable progress since the war. "The Russians," he said, "carried away all they could; the Germans took what little the Russians had left; and then the Reds smashed up what could not be moved."

Five new states were brought into being in northeastern Europe. Since the war, they have all been productively engaged, and in contrast to Russia, they have endeavored to take a place in the world's work of reconstruction. Their workmen may not be as happy as angels, but they are doing pretty well and are not inclined to follow the Russian example.

These new states stand between Russia and the route of commerce out through the Baltic, but they do not close that route to any future development of Russian trading. Dr. Holsti regards the dispute between Finland and the Aland Islands as only a passing difficulty, and believes that Lithuania and the Poles will be able to "get along." The mere fact that a Baltic statesman chooses to say these things is an encouraging sign for the future of the old Baltic kingdoms and the new Baltic republics.

A FRIENDLY CRITIC GETS A FRIENDLY ANSWER

This letter has been received, read with careful attention, and set aside for notice in The Watch Tower because it presents an honest criticism that concerns us all:

Lincoln University, Pa.
April 2, 1921.

Editor of St. Nicholas;
Dear Sir:

It seems to me a pity that the writer of The Watch Tower should miss an opportunity to make for the ending of war and inter-racial enmity in the remarks he makes concerning certain countries. We certainly do not wish a war with Japan, and a good many of us want to see a new Germany.

Why, then, keep before the younger generation, who were in no way responsible, the hatefulness, the crime, and the savagery of the late war? He says: "Sympathy for Germany is like sympathy for a man who has deliberately set fire to a house and is not even sorry for the destruction of life and property he has caused." Granted. But does it follow that the children and the grandchildren of the man who burned the house and the man whose house was burned are to swear eternal enmity?

It seems to me that The Watch Tower is losing an opportunity of restoring peace and good will among the men and women of the morrow. The hatred of North and South would have died out sooner if the grown-ups had not deliberately passed on their prejudices and enmities to the children.

In saying this I am no Germanophile, nor do I forget any of Germany's crimes, but I do not think it necessary either for justice or for patriotism to train children to hate other children because of the crimes of the fathers.

Very truly,
George Johnson.

The question here brought up is a difficult one. The Watch Tower preaches no Gospel of Hate. No reader of it can fairly affirm that it has ever spoken in a spirit of revenge, or that it has intentionally encouraged "inter-racial enmity." And we do not believe that our articles fail to embody quite accurately our intention, which is: to get at the facts, even if it hurts, when there is something good to be gained in the end.

A nation is made up of all its citizens. The nation is a personality composed of millions of personal units. You who read this are a part of America; so am I who write it. So are more than a hundred million other persons—old and young, rich and poor, good and bad, wise and foolish. We are all parts of a great nation which has to deal with other nations just as individual persons have to deal with one another.

A person who does not pay his bills is a bad

factor in the community. He makes other people pay for his wrong-doing. A person who is reckless with a gun endangers the lives of others, who are not on guard against such perils. In a community of individuals, of states, or of nations, each one must make his conduct, where it affects others, fit the rules adopted by the community for its protection. Failing to do so, he must be brought to book: first, for his own good; second, for the protection of other individuals; third, for the preservation of civilization, which is nothing more or less than the organization of communities for the common welfare, in contrast with the life of savages, where it 's every one for himself.



Wide World Photo

AMBASSADOR JULES JUSSERAND AND SPECIAL ENVOY RENÉ VIVIANI LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE AFTER CALLING UPON PRESIDENT HARDING

"Losing an opportunity of restoring peace and good will?" The WATCH TOWER man would shed every drop of ink in his veins to accomplish that restoration! THE WATCH TOWER boys and girls have given time, work, and money for every work of relief and reconstruction.

We don't think there is any danger at all of a war with Japan. We want to see Germany cured and worthy again of respect and confidence. But we believe the way to avoid war with Japan is to discuss freely and openly the difficulties that undeniably do exist. We do not believe that they can be removed by shutting our eyes to them. And, ready and anxious as we are to see signs of an honest intention on the part of Germany to do the right thing, we are not going to let ourselves be betrayed. Germany must keep her word, even if she has to be forced to it. We should like nothing better than to see Young Germany take hold and make good; but it has n't happened yet.

Meanwhile, THE WATCH TOWER will continue to be, as it always has been, American through and through; not "training children to hate other children because of the crimes of the fathers," but teaching children to think for themselves, to stand for the two-sided square deal, and to be Americans with backbone.

OUR FRIEND, FRANCE

AMBASSADOR JUSSERAND, who represents France in this country, and M. René Viviani, former prime minister, sent to us on a special mission, have assured Americans, in the most unreserved manner, that France is this country's friend. M. Viviani was greeted at New York with great enthusiasm by an audience that packed Carnegie Hall, and in a most eloquent address he promised that the countrymen of Lafayette would always be ready to help defend American freedom against attack.

Coming from the French Government's official representative, these assurances have great authority. It is pleasant to know that the nations back of the two Governments share this friendly feeling.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THE Committee on Election Laws of the Massachusetts Legislature drew up, in April, a bill providing a penalty to be imposed upon qualified voters who neglect to cast a ballot in a city, state, or national election. The bill, as the committee proposed to submit it, fixed a fine of five dollars for such offense. We often speak of the right to vote or the privilege of voting, and forget that voting is a duty. The community has a right to require every qualified voter to express his preference. The election is supposed and intended to embody the desires of all citizens with voting power, and every absentee from the polls weakens the representative quality of the balloting. Would the idea of compulsory voting be popular? It would greatly increase the cost and work of holding elections.

THE veteran suffrage leader, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, made a stirring appeal to women to "do something" to put an end to war forever. "It seems to me," she said, "that God is giving a



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THE STUDENT FIRE-DEPARTMENT OF STEPHENS COLLEGE, COLUMBIA, MISSOURI, OUT FOR A PRACTICE RUN

call to the women of the world to come forward and say, 'You shall no longer slay your fellowmen.'" Mrs. Catt's eloquent appeal commands almost universal sympathy, but most of us are inclined to give President Harding a *little* more time before accusing his Administration of being "stolid and inactive." The National League of Women Voters appealed to Congress to take the lead in a program of disarmament.

In the last week of March and the first half of April, in Japan, more than 6,000 houses were destroyed in three fires, two in Tokio and one in Hakodate. The first conflagration in Tokio threatened to destroy the whole city.

In the first three months of this year, it is reported, 42,000 persons emigrated from Italy to the United States, and 29,000 to various countries in South America.

Ex-President Taft said recently: "I believe that legislation may be more or less helpful in increasing among men equality of opportunity, but the question is: Have men the courage, character, and foresight individually to improve that equality of opportunity?" Mr. Taft, in the same address, criticized labor for lack of interest in its tasks. With utmost respect for the great army of faithful workers to whom such criticism does not apply, we must say that it does seem that a great many people fail to meet the earn-your-living problem in just the right spirit. Whether there are more such in this age than there have been in other ages, we leave to the judgment of others.

The New York State Senate passed, by a vote of 38 to 7, a bill requiring public-school teachers to pass loyalty tests. Two kinds of teachers would object to these tests: those who are most loyal, and those who are disloyal. Opposition to the bill was based on the good old American plan of letting citizens take care of some things themselves, instead of having the Government do it. But such personal freedom requires very high quality in those who enjoy the privilege! In one way or another, we *must* make sure that the school-teachers of all our land are 100 per cent. American.

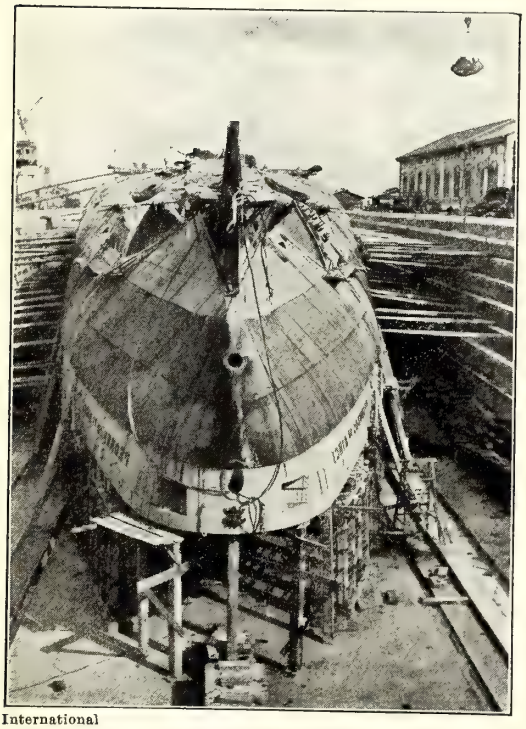
The students at Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri, a junior college for girls, have a self-governing board which not only includes executive, legislative and judicial departments, but also includes an organized fire-department. The fire-chief is elected by the student body at the beginning of each school year. The chief has complete control of the appointments, selecting captains in the various dormitories and lieutenants for each floor in each dormitory. Fire-drills are held from time to time, and the organization has become so efficient that the buildings are entirely emptied within three minutes after the alarm is sounded.

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK

ROLLING OVER A CAPSIZED BATTLE-SHIP

AMERICAN engineers have accomplished so many wonderful things that we are apt to overlook the fact that other nations also possess engineers capable of performing marvelous achievements. Most of our readers probably do not realize that the Italians are remarkably ingenious and daring, particularly in aëronautic and marine engineering. They probably inherit some of the genius that made the old Romans the greatest engineers of their day.

Italian engineers were recently faced with a



International

THE "LEONARDO DA VINCI" IN DRY-DOCK

vexing problem, which they solved in a wonderfully neat and original manner.

It was in August, 1916, that a terrific explosion was heard in the harbor of Taranto, and the dreadnought *Leonardo da Vinci* was seen to settle down by the stern and turn turtle. The after magazines had exploded, tearing a large hole in the hull of the vessel. Immediately, the water poured in and weighted down one side of the vessel, so that it rolled over and sank, bottom upward. It all happened within ten minutes and 249 officers and men were killed. At the point where the accident occurred, the water was only six fathoms (thirty-six feet) deep, and the bottom of the vessel projected above water-level.

The *Leonardo da Vinci* was one of the most important vessels in the Italian Navy. She was 650 feet long and had a displacement of 22,380 tons. She was fitted with thirteen 12-inch guns, eighteen 4.7-inch guns, and eighteen 3-inch guns, besides three torpedo-tubes. The sinking of this vessel was a serious loss, and it was particularly tantalizing to have the boat lying helpless right there in the harbor in plain sight. Immediately, engineers set about the task of righting the vessel. The first plan was to construct a large floating dock which would lift up the boat and permit of repairing it in the open, but the pressure of the war was such that neither money, men, nor material could be spared, and the Italians, realizing that probably the vessel could not be salvaged and put back into service before the end of the war, proceeded in more leisurely way to work out a plan of operations. The first thing they did was to build large models of the ship, to study out just why it capsized and just how it could be righted again. It was finally decided to raise the vessel bottom upward, and then tow it into a dry-dock, where repairs could be completed, after which would come the task of righting it.

The dry-dock at Taranto is only forty feet deep, and the vessel could not enter it keel upward without having the funnels, gun-turrets, and all superstructures above the forecastle deck removed. This proved to be a very difficult task, because the wreck had sunk deep into the muddy bottom. The plan was first to make temporary repairs of the holes that had been torn in the hull, and then to pump air into the hull until it floated. Men would then enter the hull through air-locks and cut away the superstructure. The bulkheads and decks had to be strengthened, so as to stand the air-pressure. All this was very tedious work, particularly that of cutting away the rivets that held the funnels in place. Then quantities of coal and ammunition were removed, and finally the hull was ready to be raised on a cushion of air. Not only was air pumped into the hull, but eight air cylinders, each seventy feet long and sixteen feet in diameter, were lashed to the hull. Everything worked out according to calculations and at last, in the autumn of 1919, the hull, still bottom



International

THE "LEONARDO DA VINCI" IN TARANTO HARBOR, RIGHTING ITSELF

up, was floated and towed into the dry-dock. Here repairs were fully completed and the hull was made as good as new.

But then came the problem of turning the hull over. Had it been a small boat, it might have been turned over by means of cables and steam-winches, but the Italian engineers decided to use a more ingenious scheme. If water flowing into the hull had so unbalanced the vessel that it capsized, why could n't water again capsize the capsized hull and turn it right side up? They studied the matter with their models of the boat and found out just how to do it. By letting the water flow into certain compartments, they could make the model turn over just as they wanted it to. And so the hull of the *Leonardo da Vinci* was prepared with proper compartments for air and water, and 400 tons of solid ballast were added. Finally, on January 24 of this year, the dry-dock was flooded and the vessel was towed out to open water, where a deep basin had been dredged out. The valves were opened to let the sea-water flood the compartments, and slowly the vessel began to roll over. Then the motion increased, and all hands got clear of the ship. The hull righted itself and the momentum carried it far over to the opposite side. But there was no fear of its going over too far and capsizing again. This had been guarded against by placing ballast which gave it a list in the opposite direction.

The spectacle was witnessed by government officials from an airship that hovered over the vessel and as soon as the hull was righted the Italian flag was automatically run up to signalize the triumph of the Italian engineers. When the vessel was in dry-dock, a motto by the great Italian for whom the vessel was named was painted in large letters across the deck, and when the vessel righted itself spectators read:

"*Ogni torto si dirizza*"—"Every wrong rights itself."

A. Russell Bond.

THE CONSTELLATIONS FOR JUNE

The two star-groups that occupy the center of the celestial stage in mid-latitudes of the northern hemisphere during the early evening hours of June are Boötes (Bō-ō′-tez), called the Hunter, although the word means the herdsman or the shouter, which will be found overhead at this time, and Virgo, the Maiden, largest of the zodiacal constellations, lying nearly due south.

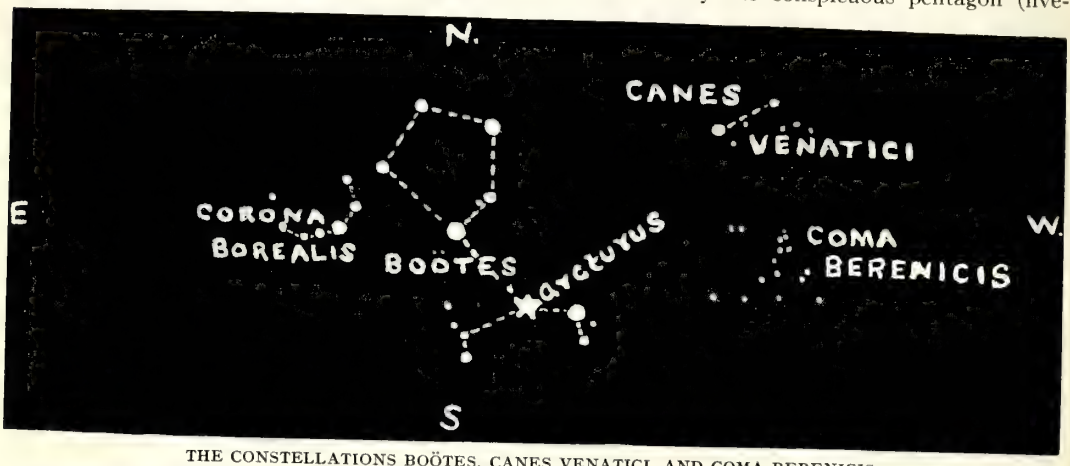
The gorgeous orange-hued Arcturus in Boötes and the beautiful bluish-white Spica, like a diamond in its sparkling radiance, form with Denebola (De-neb′-o-la), which we identified last month, a huge equal-sided triangle that is always associated with the spring and early summer months.

To the west of Boötes, below the handle of the Big Dipper, is a region where there are few conspicuous stars. Here will be found Canes Venatici (the Hunting Dogs with which Boötes is supposed to be pursuing the Great Bear around the north pole), and, farther south, Coma Berenicis (Berenice's Hair).

The brighter of the two Hunting Dogs, which is also the brightest star in the entire region covered by these two constellations, appears as a beautiful blue-and-yellow double star in the telescope. It was named Cor Caroli (Heart of Charles) by the astronomer Halley in honor of Charles II of England, at the suggestion of the court physician, who imagined it shone more brightly than usual

the night before the return of Charles to London. Of more interest to astronomers is the magnificent spiral nebula in this constellation, known as the "Whirlpool Nebula," appearing as a faint, luminous patch in the sky, and of which many photographs have been taken with the great telescopes. This entire region, from Canes Venatici to Northern Crown. It consists of six stars arranged in a nearly perfect semicircle, and one will have no difficulty in recognizing it.

Boötes is one of the largest and finest of the northern constellations. It can be easily distinguished by its peculiar kite-shaped grouping of stars or by the conspicuous pentagon (five-



THE CONSTELLATIONS BOÖTES, CANES VENATICI, AND COMA BERENICIS
THE DIAGRAMS SHOULD BE HELD OVERHEAD, WITH THE LETTER "N" TO THE NORTH, TO CORRESPOND TO THE POSITIONS OF THE CONSTELLATIONS IN THE HEAVENS

Virgo, abounds in faint spiral nebulæ that for some reason not yet understood by astronomers are crowded together in this part of the heavens where stars are comparatively few. It is believed that there are between five hundred thousand and a million of these spiral nebulæ in the entire heavens, and the problem of their nature and origin and distance is one that the astronomers are very anxious to solve. Many wonderful facts are now being learned concerning these faint nebulous wisps of light which, with few exceptions, are observable only with great telescopes, and which reveal their spiral structure more clearly to the photographic plate than to the human eye.

Coma Berenicis, south of Canes Venatici and southwest of Boötes, is a constellation that consists of a great number of stars closely crowded together, and just barely visible to the unaided eye. As a result, it has the appearance of filmy threads of light, which doubtless suggested its name to the imaginative ancients, who loved to fill the heavens with fanciful creations associated with their myths and legends.

This region, so lacking in interesting objects for the naked-eye observer, is a mine of riches to the fortunate possessors of telescopes; and the great telescopes of the world are frequently pointed in this direction, exploring the mysteries of space that abound here.

Just to the east of Boötes is the exquisite little circlet of stars known as Corona Borealis, the sided figure) of stars which it contains. The most southerly star in this pentagon is known as Epsilon Boötes and is one of the finest double stars in the heavens. The two stars of which it consists are respectively orange and greenish-blue in color.

By far the finest object in Boötes, however, is the magnificent Arcturus, which is the brightest star in the northern hemisphere of the heavens. This star will be conspicuous in the evening hours throughout the summer months, as will also the less brilliant Spica in Virgo.

Some recent measurements show that Arcturus is one of our nearer neighbors among the stars. Its distance is now estimated to be about twenty-four light-years. That is, a ray of light from this star takes twenty-four years to reach the earth, traveling at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second. It is evident that such a distance expressed in miles would be beyond our comprehension, and therefore, to express the distances of the stars in simple and convenient form, the "light-year" was devised, which is the distance light travels in a year and which is equivalent to about six trillion miles. It would seem as if we should hardly speak of Arcturus, twenty-four light-years away, as a *near* neighbor, yet there are millions of stars that are far more distant from the earth, and very few that are nearer to us than Arcturus.

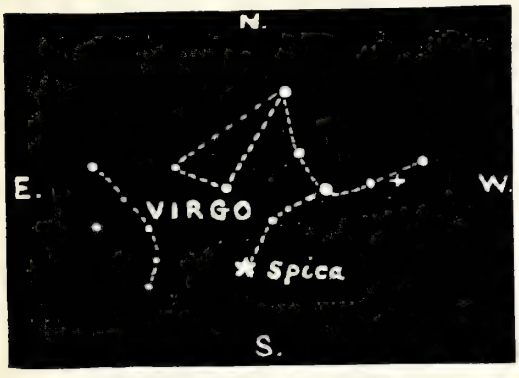
The brightness of Arcturus is estimated to be about forty-three times that of the sun. That

is, if the two bodies were side by side, Arcturus would send forth forty-three times as much light and heat as the sun.

Arcturus is also one of the most rapidly moving stars in the heavens. In the past sixteen centuries it has traveled so far as to have changed its position among the other stars by as much as the apparent width of the moon. Most of the stars, in spite of their motions through the heavens in various directions, appear to-day in the same relative positions in which they were several thousand years ago. It is for this reason that the constellations of the Egyptians and of the Greeks and Romans are the same constellations that we see in the heavens to-day. Were all the stars as rapidly moving as Arcturus, the distinctive forms of the constellations would be preserved for only a very few centuries.

Virgo, which lies south and southwest of Boötes, is a large, straggling constellation, consisting of a Y-shaped configuration of rather inconspicuous stars. It lies in the path of our sun, moon, and planets, and is, therefor, one of the zodiacal constellations. The cross in the diagram indicates the position of the autumnal equinox, the point where the sun crosses the equator going south, and the position the sun occupies at the beginning of fall.

Spica, the brightest star in Virgo, is a bluish-



THE CONSTELLATION VIRGO

white, first-magnitude star standing very much alone in the sky. In fact, the Arabs referred to this star as "The Solitary One." Its distance from the earth is not known, but must be very great as it cannot be found by the usual methods. The spectroscope shows that it consists of two suns, very close together, revolving about a common center in a period of only four days.

Within the branches of the Y in Virgo, and just to the north of it, is the wonderful nebulous region of this constellation, but it takes a powerful telescope to show the faint spiral nebulæ that exist here in such profusion.

Jupiter and Saturn will be visible in Leo throughout this month. Jupiter will be very conspicuous in the southwest soon after sunset. Saturn will be found less than ten degrees east of Jupiter. It is now less brilliant than Spica. Venus is a morning star this month, and will be a beautiful object in the eastern sky before sunrise, its distance from the sun increasing during the month.

An excellent opportunity will be afforded for one to observe Mercury during the first two weeks of June, as it reaches its greatest distance east of the sun on June 10. On this date it will be less than twenty degrees above the horizon at sunset, and southeast of the sun. On account of its proximity to the sun, Mercury is the least observed of all the brighter planets, though more brilliant than most of the first magnitude stars.

There is a possibility that a periodic comet, known as the Pons-Winnecke comet, may pass near the earth the last of June, and there may be an unusual meteoric display at the time. This comet is due to arrive this summer, but the exact date of its visit is uncertain.

ISABEL M. LEWIS.

PROPELLING A BOAT WITH PUMPS

THOSE readers of ST. NICHOLAS who have been studying physics will recall Newton's third law, which states that "To every action there is opposed an equal and opposite reaction." Those who have never heard of this law, or who have forgotten it, will need a word of explanation.

In the first place, you cannot move any object without having something to push against. You cannot even move yourself without pushing against something. When you push a cart along the street, your feet are pushing in the opposite direction against the pavement. The second point to consider is that the push against the cart is exactly equal to the push against the ground. If the cart were heavy and the ground were slippery, your feet would slip out from under you and the cart would stand still, and yet the push against the cart would exactly equal the push against the slippery ground.

When you fire a rifle, the powder gases push the bullet in one direction and the rifle in the opposite direction. The "kick" of the rifle is due to the backward push of the powder gases, and we call this "kick" the *reaction*. The push against the bullet is exactly equal to the reaction of the rifle; but because the rifle is heavy and the bullet is light, the velocity of the bullet is very great compared with the backward velocity of the rifle. Even if there were no bullet in the gun, the powder gases would make the gun kick, because they could not get out of the gun-barrel without pushing back against the breech-block of the gun.

Some people think that the kick of a blank charge is due to the pressure of the powder against the air, but that is not so; the kick would be exactly the same if the gun were fired in a vacuum.

Firemen have a lot of trouble handling the hose when they are directing a high-pressure stream of water upon a fire. The water will not run out of the hose without pushing against something. If the hose runs in a straight line from the hydrant, the push is exerted against the hydrant. Of course, the water presses against the walls of the hose too, but the pressure is equal in all directions and we need n't stop to consider it. But if the hose is bent, we feel the reaction immediately. The water will not change its direction without pushing against something, and in this case it is the hose it pushes against. A similar example of reaction is furnished when you run around a corner. You have to push yourself around with your feet, and if your footing is not good enough, your feet will slip and you will not be able to make the turn. So every change of direction results in reaction, and the reaction of a stream in a bent hose may be so great that two or three firemen must use all their strength to control the wriggling hose.



THE WATER-DRIVEN BOAT. INSET SHOWS INFLOWING AND OUTFLOWING STREAMS

Two hundred years ago, long before the first steamboat was built, an inventor suggested that a boat might be propelled by pumping a jet of water out of the stern, but the matter was not taken seriously. Fifty-five years ago, an 1160-ton boat with water-jet propulsion was actually built by the British Admiralty, but it did not prove efficient. Then, in 1881, two small boats were built, one driven by a common propeller and the other by a water-jet. The propeller-driven boat made 17.6 knots and the water-jet boat only 12.6. This was rather discouraging, and jet propulsion was dropped as impracticable. It is interesting to note that the boat would have made just as good progress had the jet been discharged in the open air instead of under water. In fact, the reaction would have been no greater had the jet discharged against a stone wall, and no less had the jet discharged into a vacuum.

The failure of the boat was due to a number of secondary causes; there was nothing wrong with the principle of jet propulsion, and so, from time to time, inventors have revived it.

Recently, a water-driven boat which looks like a real success has been constructed in England. It does as well as a propeller-driven boat of the same size and engine power and has certain advantages not possessed by other boats. The boat is really only a launch, twenty-four feet long and weighing two and a half tons. The power-plant consists of a $7\frac{3}{4}$ horse-power engine and a pair of centrifugal pumps. Each pump consists of a drum in which an impeller is mounted to turn. The impeller is just like a four-bladed paddle-wheel, but it does not fit the drum closely. There is plenty of clearance all around the blades. The drums project through the hull of the boat

and are covered over by casings that look like paddle-boxes. Each drum has two inflow openings, one at each side, and an outflow opening at the bottom and toward the rear. Water comes into the drum through the inflow openings and is carried around the drum by the blades of the impeller, only to be hurled out toward the stern of the boat. The outflowing stream passes between the two legs of the inflowing water, as shown in the inset of our picture.

The reaction produced by the outflowing stream is what drives the boat forward. Now the drums can be turned within the casings, so as to change the direction of the outflowing stream. In fact, they can be turned so far that the stream of water is actually directed forward, reversing the direction of the boat. The drums may be turned separately, so as to steer the boat or turn it around as if on a pivot. All the while the engine and the impeller will be running continuously in the same direction. The drums can be turned rearwardly so far that the outflow openings are completely covered by the casing. Then all the impellers do is to churn the water in the drums, and there is no reaction that propels the boat. The drums are moved by a couple of hand levers and may be locked in any position by means of ratchets, one of which is shown in our drawing. This makes a very simple and flexible means of control, and the pilot need not bother with the engine, once it is started. He can turn this way and that, run fast or slow, or reverse, merely by working the levers.

One of the mistakes of previous water-propelled boats has been that they used small jets of water of very high velocity. It is quantity of water, rather than velocity, that counts. In this boat, the stream of water delivered by each pump is twenty-four inches square in cross-section, and about 9½ tons of water are discharged per minute.

The speed of the boat is 5.6 knots, which is just about the same as the speed at which a screw-propeller would drive the boat with an engine of the same horse-power. The boat draws only seventeen inches, and so can travel in very shallow water. It can be used in streams or lakes filled with weeds, where a propeller could not be used without becoming badly tangled.

A. Russell Bond.

THE BOHEMIAN WAXWINGS

One day we went to visit Mr. W. A. Eliot and were talking about different birds common around Portland, Oregon, and of one or two rare kinds which were reported near the city.

Suddenly the telephone bell rang, and in a few minutes, Mr. Eliot said that a flock of these birds, the Bohemian waxwings, were then up on Council Crest, a hill overlooking the city.

We immediately started off to see them. As we left the car and walked along, we sighted them in a tree near by. We watched them until they flew farther up the hill, and we had to make a wide detour to see them again. Then we watched them bathing and eating rose-haws and holly-berries.

The way they ate the large rose-haws was interesting. These were too big for them to swallow



BOHEMIAN WAXWINGS

whole, so they tried to peck them to pieces. Their beaks were not strong enough to do this, so they tried to swallow them anyhow. Sometimes a bird would fly up with one in his mouth, but he always dropped it and went to another, sometimes larger and sometimes smaller than the last, but invariably with the same result.

The waxwings are so called because of the red-tipped secondaries (wing-feathers) which look as though they had been dipped in red sealing-wax.

The Bohemian waxwing is larger than the ordinary cedar waxwing and is a natural resident in the high mountains and in the far north. It has a bright brown mask, a black band through the eye, a black chin, bright yellow-and-white wing patches, and a broad yellow band on the tail.

R. Bruce Horsfall, Jr. (age 12).

THE TIPTOE-TWINS' PRIZE-WINNERS



1. THE FARMER BUYS TWO PIGGIES PINK.



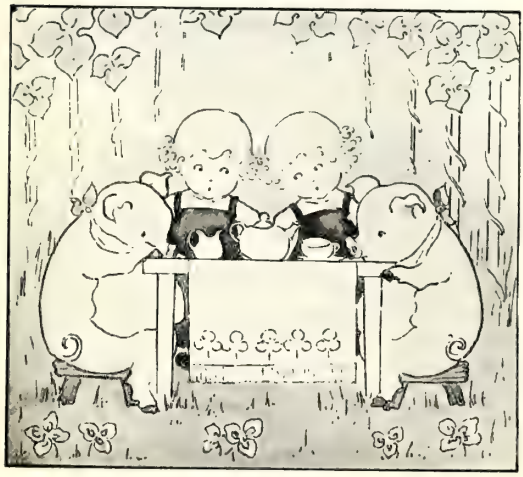
2. THE TIPTOES GIVE THEM MILK TO DRINK.



3. THEY FEED THEM APPLES FROM THE TREES.



4. THE PIGGIES EAT WHEN E'ER THEY PLEASE.



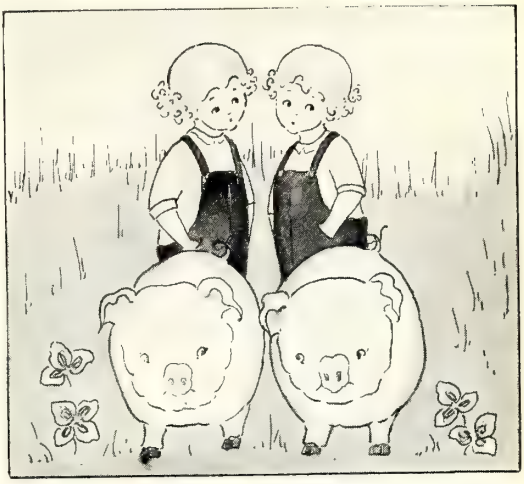
5. WHEN THEY 'RE INVITED OUT TO TEA



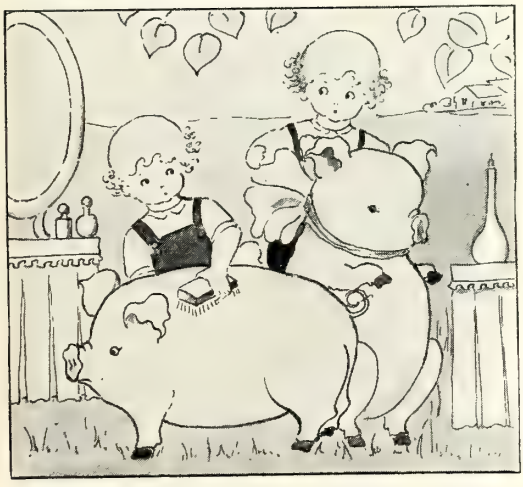
6. THEIR MANNERS ARE MOST SAD TO SEE!



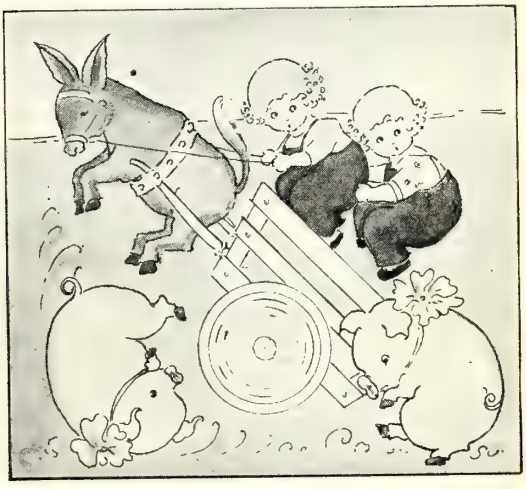
7. THEY EVEN EAT THE TWINS' OWN DINNER.



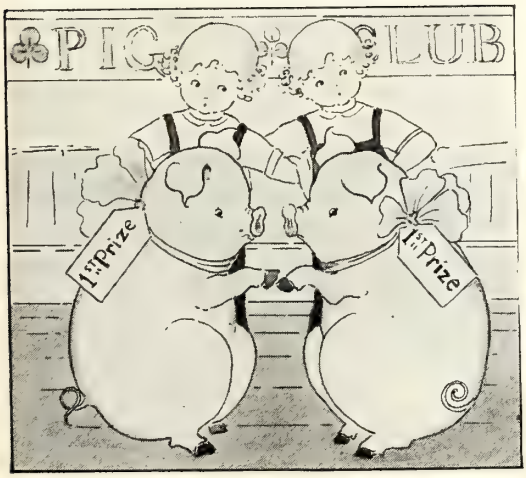
8. WHILE THEY GROW FAT, THE TWINS GROW THINNER.



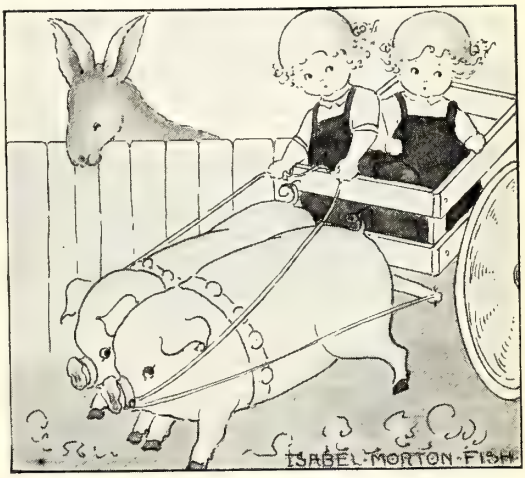
9. THE PIGS ARE SCRUBBED AND BRUSHED WITH CARE.



10. THEN TAKEN TO THE COUNTY FAIR,



11. WHERE EACH IS JUDGED A FIRST-PRIZE PIG,



12. THEN BOTH TROT HOMEWARD, JIGGLETY-JIG.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY JEAN PATTISON, AGE 13 (SILVER BADGE)

This, dear ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, is the very last contribution I can ever make to your pages, for in two more days I shall have reached the age limit!

Before I go I want to thank you for all the pleasures you have given me, and, yes, for all the disappointments, too!

I wish I could do something to show how much I love you, but that seems impossible. But I am going to make you a promise: I am going some day, some how, to make the LEAGUE proud of me.

Your ever-loving member,
HELEN ELMIRA WAITE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: You cannot even estimate my pride in possessing my silver badge, for I have been striving for recognition in the LEAGUE for the past *ten* years! How well I remember my first, six-year-old, smudgy contribution! My writing—or rather my printing—was at that early date quite illegible, I fear. But while eleven years have elapsed since my initial contribution to the LEAGUE, my enthusiasm for and enjoyment in the LEAGUE have never lagged; and although at present I am in college, and have but little time for anything else but work, I still find a few minutes now and then in which hurriedly to make a contribution for "ST. NICK." You see, I have but a few more months in which to try for a gold badge, and I shall be eighteen next birthday (in December).

Thanking you again and again for the charming badge, which I shall continually wear with pride and pleasure, I am,

Your sincere friend,
SELMA MORSE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I have received the lovely silver badge for a poem I wrote in the March LEAGUE competition, Thank you very much for it.

The badge means a lot to me, as it represents an organization that, I am sure, is doing a great deal to advance and stimulate interest in culture among young people. I appreciate, more than I can tell, everything that membership in the LEAGUE has done for me. Writing for the contests has made me think and has broadened my outlook on life and nature.

I only regret that in a very short time I shall be eighteen years of age and can then be a LEAGUE member no longer! I used to think that all the happiness in the world would be mine at the independent age of eighteen; but I now actually look forward with some apprehension to my next birthday!

I thank you again for the badge and for the opportunities and advancement it represents.

Yours very sincerely,
RUDOLPH COOK.

BY placing its age-limit at eighteen, the LEAGUE has, in truth, caused the birthday for that year to take on quite a tragic aspect! We receive many letters to this effect as the fatal date draws near for one member after another. But our young friends must remember that they can graduate into the main pages of the magazine itself—and of many other magazines! "The world is all before them where to choose"; and ST. NICHOLAS and their fellow-members will watch their progress with the special interest of old-time comrades.

The LEAGUE is proud of these letters, which show how well—in the familiar phrase—"we are advertised by our loving friends." And, in all modesty, ST. NICHOLAS may indeed take just and lasting pride in an organization that can inspire such sentiments and loyalty in the hearts of American boys and girls.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 255

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badges, **Evelyn Perkins** (age 12), Connecticut; **Jeanne Hugo** (age 16), Minnesota; **Florence Beaujean** (age 14), New York. Silver Badges, **Marjorie C. Baker** (age 12), Colorado; **Alice Sherwood** (age 13), Ind.; **Kathryn L. Oliver** (age 16), Calif.; **Edwin Peterson** (age 15), Minn.; **Violet Whelen** (age 13), D. C.
VERSE. Gold Badge, **Helen R. Norsworthy** (age 17), Canada. Silver Badge, **Max Goodley** (age 17), Ky.
DRAWINGS. Gold Badges, **Harriette McLeod** (age 16), Mich.; **Bernard S. Sheridan** (age 17), Ohio. Silver Badges, **Jean Pattison** (age 13), N. Y.; **Mary Palmateer** (age 12), Mass.; **Margaret Westoby** (age 13), Can.
PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badges, **Margaret Scoggin** (age 15), Missouri; **Jane F. Kirk** (age 15), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **Eunice C. Resor** (age 16), Ohio; **Mary Scattergood** (age 13), Pennsylvania; **Minnie G. Palmer** (age 14), New York; **Mary F. Thomson** (age 15), Ohio; **Natica Nast** (age 16), New York.
PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badges, **Elizabeth Barton** (age 17), New York; **Lael Tucker** (age 11), Louisiana; **Betty Dering** (age 11), Wisconsin; **Alice Wilkins** (age 10), California.



BY JESSICA W. HOLTON, AGE 12



BY MARY SCATTERGOOD, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA"

JUST IN TIME
(A True Story)

BY MARJORIE C. BAKER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

SATURDAY night, Mother and I went to the Auditorium to see Pavlowa. We got out quite late. Mother and I were all alone in our new car. It is a closed one. We were going down Logan Street, which was very dark. All of a sudden we heard a man yell at us. He said, "Pull over to the curb and stop!" Mother at first thought it was a policeman; but she looked around and saw a man jump from a car and point a gun at us. She knew that no policeman would point a gun at a woman and a little girl, so she put on full speed, and the man could n't jump on our running-board.

Our car has a wonderful pick-up, and we got away for the time being. They followed close behind us, without any lights on. Mother drove as fast as she could without tipping the car over. She drove up in front of our house and honked the horn loudly. Daddy came out just in time to see the men race up Second Avenue after us. But we had n't gone that way; we had turned off of Second Avenue just in time to escape them. Daddy 'phoned Headquarters right away. Some policemen caught the men after a long chase.

I certainly think we got home just in time, don't you?

IN A ROSE GARDEN

BY HELEN A. NORSWORTHY (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1920)

IN the witching, mist-hung moonlight soft, I slipped
along the grass
To a stone-walled, dew-wet garden where the pale-
hued roses mass—
Where the fountain's thread of silver lifts and sways as
breezes pass.

Dreamed I there, in swimming fragrance, of a myriad
roses poured
On the cool night air, like incense to some mystic
Eastern lord—
Came a sound of footsteps falling, faint as rain upon
the sward.

Footsteps, and a silken rustle—lo! with dainty old-
time grace,
Came a lady lightly toward me, quaintly clad and fair
of face;
And a courtly lord trod after, brave in uniform and
lace.

All unheeding of my presence, soft they wandered to
and fro
On the blossom-bordered pathways that they loved so
long ago;
And the fountain echoed back their silver laughter,
sweet and low.

Softly fell the moon-rays round them, clothed them in a
gleaming light;
On the silken gown they shimmered, on the powdered
wigs of white,
On the heavy-perfumed flowers, on the saber polished
bright.

Swift she stooped and plucked a rosebud; smiling, gave
it; and I knew
That an old-time lord and lady to their plighted troth
were true.
And their shades still loved to wander 'mid the roses,
wet with dew.

When the pale, uncertain moonlight silvers lawns and
woods and seas,
When the sleeping roses yield their heavy perfume to
the breeze—
Think you not that far, faint stirring is the sighing of
the trees;

'T is the footsteps of the shades returning from some
long-dead June,
To wander where the lichened fountain tinkles still its
tune,
While full-blown roses drop their gleaming petals
'neath the moon.



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA." BY MINNIE G. PALMER, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

JUST IN TIME

BY C. LILLIS LELAND (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

IN a deep, cushioned arm-chair before the fireplace sat a stately, dark-haired maiden, her dreamy gaze fixed on the glowing embers before her. She seemed to be thinking deeply.

Suddenly a slight shudder shook her whole frame, and her face took on a curious expression, half of fear, half of anticipation, as if she were struggling against some strong emotion within her. It took her but a moment to decide what course to pursue. This was the crucial moment—it was "now or never!" If she did not forestall that— But she must, she must!

In less time than it takes to tell it, she had sprung to her feet, darted across the room, seized her muff from the table where it lay, and was fumbling within it feverishly. There was not a moment to lose! Every second counted!

Just as it seemed that she would never find what she sought, and as the emotion was becoming more overpowering than ever, she drew forth triumphantly something soft and white.

Then—"*Kerchoo-o-o-o-o!!*" Ah! She had found her handkerchief just in time!

JUST IN TIME

BY ELISABETH COPE (AGE 12)

IN 1862, during the Civil War, the Confederates changed the old partly burned steamer *Merrimac* into an iron-clad monster carrying fifteen guns.

On March 8, the *Merrimac* came out of Norfolk and steamed to the vessels of the Union blockade, at Hampton Roads. The sailors laughed at the *Merrimac*. But



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY MARY PALMATEER, AGE 12 (SILVER BADGE)

great was the fright when the *Merrimac*, without being injured by the bullets fired at it, fired a broadside into the *Cumberland* and sank it. The news was soon telegraphed over the United States. All hope for the North was given up, for what could stop this terrible monster from destroying all the fine wooden ships of the time.

All day the *Merrimac* wrought havoc, but by night, before finishing her career of destruction, she returned to Norfolk.

That night the *Monitor* arrived at Hampton Roads. The *Monitor* had been built by John Ericsson, and had come down at the critical moment.

The next day, Sunday, the two ironclads fought a battle. The commander of the *Monitor*, being slightly blinded by burning powder, withdrew the *Monitor*. Neither vessel won, but the *Monitor* came just in time to save the Northern cause.

JUST IN TIME

BY EVELYN PERKINS (AGE 12)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1920*)

THE noonday sun beat down upon the rolling pastures of Palestine, one day long ago. Standing alone on a grassy hilltop was a young boy gazing over the meadows. The cool breeze brushed back the dark locks from his forehead, the sunlight glistened in his clear, dark eyes. His strong, handsome body was wrapped in a sheepskin; and a harp was slung over his shoulder. It was David, herding his father's flocks.

Turning, he went to a shady nook under an olive-tree and began to play upon his harp. There was no sound save the breeze as it trembled in the olive-tree overhead and the mellow notes of the harp as David's fingers wandered idly over the strings.

Suddenly, there was a cry on the other side of the little hill and several frightened sheep came bounding toward David. Laying down his harp, he mounted the hill and saw two sheep cowering beneath a thorn-bush. Approaching them, stealthily, was a dark wolf, his head lowered, teeth set, uttering a low growl. David placed a pebble in his sling, there was a singing twang, and the missle whistled through the air, hit the wolf's flank with a stinging pain, and bounced off. With a yelp of pain, the wolf sprang forward, growling, and, with his fore feet on the sheep, lowered his head to tear it to pieces. But David sprang toward him; and pinning him to the ground with his staff, he struck the fierce creature a fatal blow on the head.

When the sun was sinking behind the hills, David started homeward, the dead wolf thrown over his shoulder, his flocks bounding after him. But he never forgot the day when he had been just in time to save his sheep.



"MY FAVORITE SPORT." BY HARRIETTE MCLEOD, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JANUARY, 1921)



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA." BY NATICA NAST, AGE 16 (SILVER BADGE)

THE ROSE

BY JOHN IRVING DANIEL (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

THIN pressed between the pages old and worn—
A crisp and withered rose. My fancies leap
To my lost sweetheart, who, one fair June morn,
From her dear hand gave me that bud to keep.
The blood drawn from her dainty finger when
She plucked the rose, then sealed our hearts in love.
The tender kiss seemed as a soft amen
To me; perfection reigned, as heav'n above.

This dream, inspired by withered flower's scent,
Reveals a love whose radiant angel face
Appears as though by Time's dark caverns lent,
My heart to lift and decades to erase.
But then, yes, even as the phantom grows,
It fades; I see naught but a withered rose.

JUST IN TIME

BY ALICE SHERWOOD (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

"JUST IN TIME." When I think of that subject, there are many incidents that come to my mind, but one that I think of first is the Battle of Waterloo.

How it was fought on June 18, 1815, near Waterloo about ten miles from Brussels.

How the British commander, Wellington, had fallen back toward Waterloo, and the Prussians under Blücher had been defeated at Ligny.



BY EVELYN SHEPHERD, AGE 11



BY GLADYS M. HURD, AGE 14



BY EUNICE C. RESOR, AGE 16
(SILVER BADGE)

"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA"

The British army was in the shape of a curve with the center nearest the enemy. Wellington desired only to hold this position until Blücher and his troops, who were some ten miles away, arrived.

The opposing armies had about seventy thousand men each, Napoleon's men being war-worn veterans, while Wellington's men were mostly untrained Belgians, Brunswickers, Hanoverians, and English.

The French army kept in the lead all the afternoon by brilliant, but costly, cavalry charges.

By nightfall, when both armies were exhausted, Blücher arrived with reënforcements just in time to save the day. The battle turned against the French. Napoleon, in a last desperate effort, launched the famous "Old Guard," against the enemy. This failed, and the allied army advanced in a bayonet charge. The French were soon in retreat.

This battle had the effect of removing forever from Europe Napoleon, with his great military genius and boundless ambition.

What if Blücher and his troops had not arrived when they did? We do not know what the outcome would have been; but as long as he *did* come, we need not worry about it.

JUST IN TIME

BY KATHRYN LOUISE OLIVER (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

"BUDDY" DEAR:

I know you are interested in the achievements of Jack (whom, you will remember, I regard as the eighth wonder of the world), so "Listen, my child, and you shall hear."

It happened in this wise: the championship (foot-ball) game had reached the last quarter of the last half, no one "knocked out" seriously, score seven to seven, and everybody's hair standing on end with excitement, for our men had fought their way down toward our goal and only had three more yards to make before the touchdown that would "put us on the map." You can imagine how tense we all were—every one leaning over every one else in their eagerness to see, and the "rooters" for the others shrieking frantically to their men, "Hold that line!"

At that moment the men untangled themselves from the last scrimmage (I don't see how they know *which* leg belongs to which!), and there Jack lay, all white, and—apparently—ruined for life. You can imagine my feelings! He never, on any similar occasion had looked so frightfully long and limp, and I was petrified with fear.

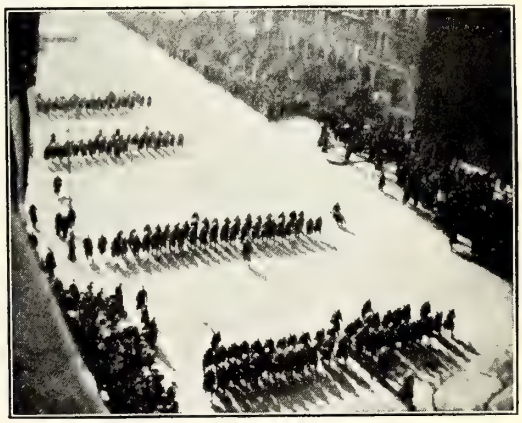
It seemed centuries before he stirred, sat up, was helped to his feet, where he stood, swaying dizzily,—looking ready to collapse at the slightest touch. I knew that he had been hurt badly, but he pulled himself together, dashed into the game, caught a forward pass, streaked across the line, and fell, unconscious again, just as the referee called, "Time"!

Of course the crowd went wild and he was the hero of the hour, though he was n't conscious much of the time to appreciate it.

And proud? I was perfectly insufferable!

Yours ever,

"SLIM."



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA," BY ELIZABETH D. LEVERS, AGE 15



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY MARGARET WESTOBY, AGE 13 (SILVER BADGE)

IN A ROSE GARDEN

BY FRANCES MALLORY (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

I OPENED up a casket small.
A faded fan there met my sight,
And to my bended head arose
A fragrance exquisite.

As I stood there, my soul was borne
Through ages past, so far away;
I wandered in a garden fair
At dusky twilight, close of day.
The air was freshly damp and warm;
The insects buzzed about my head;
An odor sweet and heavy rose
From every flower-bed.

From roses lifting up their heads
To catch the evening dew—
Sweet roses, shining through the dusk
With every lovely hue:
Pink as the dawn, pure white as snow,
A deep blood-red, and yellow-gold—
The perfume of those flowers fair
Came from that garden old.

From out my dream I slowly came,
Back from that distant land.
A dozen petals from a rose
Were resting in my hand.



"MY FAVORITE SPORT." BY OTHO BLAKE, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER)

JUST IN TIME

BY JEANNE HUGO (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1919)

As the interurban street-car stopped at a small suburb a man came rushing down the street like a whirlwind, with the tails of his coat waving in the breeze and his hat threatening to fly off at any moment. The conductor was in the act of giving the signal to start when the man yelled at him, came dashing into the car, and flopped exhausted into a seat.

"Well," he said when he had got his breath, "I was just in time, was n't I?" The conductor grinned and replied, "It was a close call, all right." As he said the last word, the car gave a sickening lurch and stopped. Some one who was looking out of the window announced, "It 's off the track."

"Oh!" groaned the man, "now I am in a nice mess. The wedding begins in five minutes. A case of being just in time to be late, I should say."

It was fully twenty minutes before the car was again on the track. Those were excruciating moments for our hero. He twisted about, bit his lips, tried not to think of the wedding, and was altogether miserable. The car finally started again and the man got off at the next suburb just in time to see the bride and groom get into an auto and go speeding down the street, followed by the good wishes of their friends.

"Well, my dears," he said, as he threw a handful of rice after the departing pair, "you caught each other just in time" (neither was very young) "and here 's hoping that as you journey through life together you may *never get off the track!*"

A ROSE

BY MAX GOODLEY (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

DOWN a little winding roadside,
Filled with flowers of every color,
Where the wild birds are a-calling
And the sun shines through the day,
Blooms one flower most entrancing,
Filling every breeze with fragrance
From its nodding, swaying blossoms
From its heart of purest gold.

On its dewy-laden petals,
Sparkling in the summer sunlight,
Butterflies of rainbow brightness
Rest and sip the sweetness there.
While deep-sheltered in its green leaves
Hidden, swaying with the breezes,
Lives a nest of baby birdies
Cooing softly to themselves.

Growing, breathing in the sunlight,
With its wild and simple beauty—
Petals of a faint pink color,
Gleaming under skies of blue—
Filling all the world with brightness,
Adding cheer to the wayfarers—
To all this, there is one answer:
For this flower is a wild rose.

JUST IN TIME

BY FLORENCE BEAUJEAN (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1920)

THE outlook directly after the Revolutionary War was not very promising for our new republic. During the war, the people had been united by common danger, but now that there was no fear, they were rapidly drifting apart.

This condition was due to the poor form of government of that time under the Articles of Confederation. The articles contained many flaws, the main one being that it provided for no executive body to enforce the laws. The national government had almost no power, while that of the state possessed much. Instead of feeling as brothers toward each other, the people of one

state became enemies of those in another state. Some one has likened the union at this time to a barrel having no hoops. As there was nothing to hold the union together, it was falling apart, and thirteen foreign countries, each having selfish notions of its own, with no regard for others, were being formed.

The leaders of the country, seeing that something must be done to preserve the union, called a convention at Annapolis of delegates from all the states. As only five states were represented, the plan was abandoned until fall, when another convention, at which most of the states were represented, met at Philadelphia.

After much debate, it was decided to plan a new form of government. The Constitution, under which we to-day are governed, was the production of this convention.

It was submitted to the states for ratification. Many were opposed to it, but finally it was ratified by all in 1787. As every one familiar with American history knows, the Constitution contains none of the defects of the former government, and soon, with Washington as our President, we were a happy and united people. It may be truly said that the Constitution came "just in time."

JUST IN TIME

BY EDWIN PETERSON (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THE Seventy-seventh Division, U. S. Marines, was entirely surrounded by the Germans. The Argonne woods were infested by machine-guns. Shells whizzed, boomed, crashed. It was the fifth day that the 77th Division had been shut in, but still Major Whittlesey refused to surrender. It was five days since the battalion had tasted food or water, except small morsels of emergency rations, or had had an hour's uninterrupted rest.

Cher Ami was a carrier-pigeon, the company's mascot. He had been forgotten in the midst of dying soldiers, in the midst of shot and shell, in the midst of intense suffering on every side.

A soldier, looking for his kit, came across the cage in which Cher Ami was huddled in a corner, half dead with fright and hunger. He was sent out with a message. No sooner had the bird left the hands of the liberator, than one of its legs was shot off. The bird fluttered, started to fall, recovered itself, and flew on valiantly.



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA." BY MARGARET SCOGGIN, AGE 15 (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1919)

Only one thing was calling him onward—home, home; to Cher Ami the one thought was home.

A live mass of feathers, soggy with blood, fell into the hands of an orderly. It was Cher Ami, delivering the precious message. It was through this message that a detachment of soldiers was able to rescue what remained of the Lost Battalion. One hundred and ninety-four starved, crazed, and wounded heroes that had been without food, water, rest, sleep, shelter, or medical treatment for nearly six days, were saved through a faithful pigeon!

This touching tale of a little bird bringing succor to the remainder of the Lost Battalion, "just in time" to save it from annihilation that seemed inevitable, will live in song and story for generations to come.



BY MARY LESLIE, AGE 15

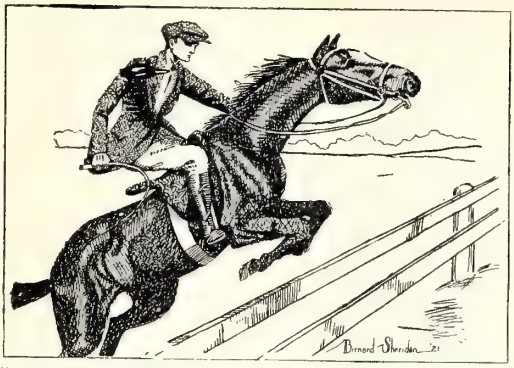


BY JANE F. KIRK, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON DECEMBER, 1920)



BY CARLOTA HEIDE, AGE 12

"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA"



"MY FAVORITE SPORT." BY BERNARD S. SHERIDAN, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON OCTOBER, 1919)

JUST IN TIME

BY VIOLET WHELEN (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

A BRIGHT ray of sunshine flashed through the hospital window and lighted upon the pallid face of a young soldier. A doctor and a white-capped nurse were bending over him with anxious faces. Finally, the doctor straightened up and glanced at the nurse.

"If the general does not hurry, it will hardly be here in time," was all he said, as he passed on to the next bed.

The "it" which the doctor spoke of was the Victoria Cross. The young soldier who lay dying had won it by a glorious service; but there had been some unaccountable delay in presenting it to him. He knew he was to receive it, his general had been there the day before, had praised him for his brave deed, and told him of the great reward that was coming to him. Now he was past recovery and was slowly slipping away. His only wish was that he might have one look at that glorious medal as it lay pinned upon his breast.

The day passed, and still no word from the general. The room was filled with the glow of an autumnal sunset. Suddenly, the door opened and three officers appeared and advanced to where the soldier lay. The foremost bore the insignia of a field marshal. As he bent over the bed, his strong dark features were strikingly outlined against the dying splendor of the sunset as it poured through the window. But the soldier felt only, with a thrill of happiness, the weight of the tiny piece of bronze pinned to his shirt, and the firm handgrasp of the great soldier whom all England honored.



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA." BY MARY F. THOMSON, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE)

JUST IN TIME

BY RUTH KENNEY (AGE 9)

IN a coal-mine near Wilkes-Barre a story is told of how a band of rats saved some miners' lives. The miners would feed the rats, for they knew that, while the rats were in the mine, the mine was safe.

One day, the miners noticed that the rats were running toward the slope; then they picked up their dinner-cans, and followed the rats.

A few minutes after, the mine caved in. The men had left the mine just in time.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Valentine Eskenazi
Mary A. Holbrook
Dorothy R. Burnett
Ronald M. Straus
Dorothy Pond
Elizabeth L. Thompson
Joan Knight
Margaret McCoy
Betty Ellison
Dorothy Trautwein
Eleanor Frothingham
Nellie Van Orsdall
Nance Nieman
Jeanette Nathan
Esther Gilkin
Rosemary P. Brewer
Edward T. Horn
Elizabeth Sussman
Elizabeth Leete
Glanville Downey
Eleanor P. Vail
Pauline Crockett
Florence Finch
Silvia A. Wunderlich
Margaret A. Hamilton
Irma Tillman
Annie M. Young
Rosamond Gardner
Sarah Shiras
Dorothy E. Snow
Shirley White
Lois Mills
Wilhelmina Rankin
Elizabeth T. Roberts
Arthur Bissell, Jr.
Carl Eardley
Mildred Elpes
Carol H. Hanigan
Margaret Hoening
Henriette Doltz
Louis Cohen
Barbara Blech
Harriott Churchill
Katherine Wood
Margaret Waring

VERSE

Margaret Humphrey
Margaret MacPrang
Caroline Rankin
Betty Brown
Aline Fruhanf
Katherine Foss
Louise Steuart
Elizabeth Brooks
Margaret S. Terry
Helen Preston Powell
Malvina Holcomp
Mary Page Bradshaw
Angelica S. Gibbs
Eva Louise Hourwich
Josephine Rankin
Dorothy Wilmerding
Nina Micheles
Helen B. Monkhouse

DRAWINGS

Worthen Bradley
Isabelle Haskell
C. F. Mielke
Francis Harold
Lucille Murphy
Adelaide Noska
Meredith A. Scott
Amy Tatro
Grace Hays
Edith Barnes
Teresa R. Rankin
Mary S. Bryan
Francis Martin

PHOTOGRAPHS

Frances W. Coppag
Henrietta Steinke
Dorothy Eshleman
Henry Kirby-Smith
Anna Marie Mikesell
Marcella Prught
Rachel Hammond
Norman Kastler
Gladys R. Hall
Ruth Baker
Jean Hunter
Lillian Ridenour
Elizabeth McKinney
Elizabeth Lovell
Frederick M. Leonard
Elizabeth Nash
Douglas Anderson
Elizabeth Farthing
Elizabeth Gregory
Katharine Nash
Anne Parsons
Mary C. Thompson
Sallie Ford
Grace Rarig
Madeleine Edwards
Joseph N. Ulman, Jr.
John Cowles
Helen Furst
Rafael R. Peyre
Marion B. Simonds
Anita C. Grew
Elizabeth Stuart
E. H. Cassatt
John H. Rowe
Caroline Harris
Frances Robbins
Thomas Grandin

ROLL OF HONOR

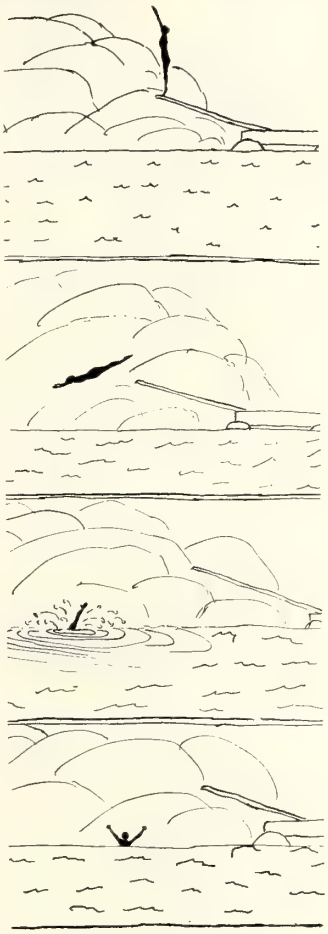
A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Grace H. Glover
Catherine M. Seiberling
Marian Grant
Minnie Pfeferberg
Virginia Weyerhaeuser
Frances P. Davis
Evelyn Richards
Marie Louise Hornsby
Mary Helen Warden
Helen Brossman
Lillian Drescher
Thomas B. Matthews
Louise E. Baldwin
Marilla Hayes
Margaret E. Little
Susan Hall
Monica A. Harnden
Meyer Lisbanoff
Philena Weller
Margaret Gott
Celeste K. Proctor
Grace Mulholland
Mary Elliot
Janet L. Bullitt
Jean Maisonville
Jane N. Cotten
Eunice Clark
Alice De Lancey Parker
Carol McNeely
John Deschenes
Willie Eitzen
Ruth Neumann
O. P. Metcalf, Jr.
Anne J. Davenport
Nancy M. Pinkley
Norma P. Ruedi
Winifred B. Tooze
Regina Wiley
Barbara D. Simison
Dorothy DeGraff
Edith E. Kearney
Joyce W. Nye
Mary Neal Childress
Mary Swornstedt
Nannette Robertson
Virginia Walles Butler
Sara Hayden
Hilda M. Abel
Harriet T. Mason
Mary Clark
Elizabeth Warren
Allen Mills
Edith Olline
Eleanor Collins
Katharine H. Collins
Margaret Reed
Josephine Riddile

VERSE

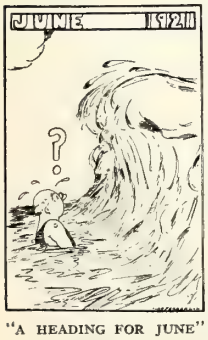
Edith Patch
Inez L. Shaw
Lou W. Conklin
Margaret Copp
Selmond W. Stone
Winifred Dysart
Viola Wertheim
Jean S. Baker
Elisabeth Hodges
Sophie Cohen
Gwendolyn Ray
Sophia H. Walker
Marianna R. Ruffner
Mary Abby Hurd
Gwynne M. Dresser
Florence Frear
Helen P. Carson
Ellen J. Schorr
Amy Armitage
Clara Starck
Jessie C. Smith
Marjorie K. Rockwell
Janet Watson
Pauline Averill
Barbara Maniene
Katharine L. Woodworth
Elizabeth C. Lankford
Glenn Kyker
Margaret H. Thompson
Margaret Sheridan
Patricia Sheridan
Jane Kluckhohn
Josephine F. Newcomb
Elaine Brown
Florence Gershkourtz
Doris Kinciade
Barbara E. Watson
Elizabeth Paisley
Harriette Barnard
Elizabeth Meader
Virginia Cunningham
Catharine Stone
Helen B. Jenks
Gretchen N. Behringer
Ruth Tikiob
Virginia Esselborn
Anne B. Porter
Lucy Smith
Alfred Rakocy
Margaret R. White
Dorothy L. Bing
Miriam L. Whitehead
Betty Devereux
Keith S. Williams
Marjorie W. Smith
Doris Miller
Theodore Hall, Jr.
Louise W. Allard
Elizabeth Genung
Clara F. Greenwood
Lucy F. Baldwin



"MY FAVORITE SPORT"
BY EMMA C. BOWNE, AGE 15

DRAWINGS

Harriet Dounes
Frances Badger
Marjorie I. Miller
Ethel Durbin
Dorothy Stephenson
Grace Griffin
Marcia Tikiob
Verl Goodwin
Evelyn Owen
Martha Everett
Dorothy Jayne
Louise Blanchard
William Speer
Bertha Berolzheimer
Gerald H. Taber
Helen W. Doud
Edna B. Marks
Betty de Morinni
Orole Williams
Theodora Pleadwell
Jessie Goodman
Sibyl Fahnestock
Evelyn Balmer
Bruce H. Younger
Thomas F. Webb
Virginia G. Myers
Muriel Howard
Alice Bragdon
Lucia G. Martin
Anita Kellogg



"A HEADING FOR JUNE"
BY EDMOND DE FERRARI, AGE 14

PHOTOGRAPHS

Margaret Blake
Josephine Beals
Charles B. Schauffler
Frances Miller

PUZZLES

Oriole J. Tucker
Natalie Johns
Alma Miller
Elizabeth M. Parmelee
Ruth Miescher
Elisabeth V. Freeland
Edna M. Royle
Herbert J. Goldfrank
Jean Pattison
Derexa Pentreath
Medora Harrison
Elizabeth Forman
Marion Wadsworth
Elaine Ervin
Adolph Weisenburg
Glee Viles
Florence Goddard

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 259

Competition No. 259 will close July 3. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for October. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"Flight."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"An Important Discovery."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, **" In Summer-Time."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"A Bit of Life"** or **"A Heading for October."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am staying with my aunt and uncle for a year in Norway. This summer we are going for a trip on the fjords and we are also going salmon-fishing, which must be great sport. Norway is a beautiful country covered with mountains, and with snow most of the year.

I am very much interested in "The Dragon's Secret," and "The Luck of Denewood."

I got a Hardanger peasant dress for Christmas. It has a black skirt, white waist, a red bodice with a red belt, a cap covered with beads, and a white apron.

Your loving reader,
FRANCES RODGERS (AGE 14).

BRADFORD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you nearly two years and enjoy you very much. My sister and I always have a scramble to get you first.

Four years ago my mother brought my sister and me to America from Japan. We did n't know a single word of English, though, before we came here, Mother was teaching us A-B-C.

I enjoy all your stories, but among those that interest me most are Augusta Huiell Seaman's stories. I thought "The Crimson Patch," was very interesting, and I like "The Dragon's Secret" very much.

I am always anxious to get you.

Your devoted reader,
KIMI G. TAMURA (AGE 13).

MT. PLEASANT, IOWA.

ADORABLE ST. NICHOLAS: Don't you like to know when you help any one? I do, and that 's the very reason I 'm writing this.

I belong to the Pioneer Corps of the Girl Reserves and we had planned a Valentine party at which they wanted me to give a reading. A Girl Reserve will not refuse what is asked of her, so I found a poem and learned it the first of the week, but about a half an hour before, when I thought it over, it seemed inappropriate. But what could I do? And then, all of a sudden, I thought of you—"the very thing!" It did n't take long to find the most adorable poem, which every one liked.

So you see you were the friend indeed that helped a friend in need,

Your admiring reader,
JANE D. WILSON.

HAUGHTON, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two or three years, and have certainly enjoyed you during that time, My mother suggested that I take you to the school this winter, and I did. My, how they scrambled for you! Every month now I take you there, and they all want you first. We work the puzzles out, but never send them in.

We all like "The Luck of Denewood." Every one wants to read that first. I like "The Dragon's Secret" best. "The Crimson Patch" and "The Slipper Point Mystery" were good too.

Your devoted reader,
CLARA TUCKER (AGE 11).

HUDSON, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One of Mother's Christmas gifts to me was you. She gave you to me for a year, but I can hardly imagine not having you next year also. For three months I have watched very eagerly for each magazine. I sometimes wish you came oftener. but I have the pleasure of thinking of the stories and poems you will bring the next month, after I have read each magazine.

I was very glad to receive the certificate showing that I am now a member of the LEAGUE. I proudly wear my membership button, and I hope I shall get a silver or gold badge before I am eighteen. We are going to frame the certificate, and hang it on the wall in my bedroom.

I took the March number to school, on Friday, March 4, and suggested to my teacher that the magazine could be passed from one pupil to another and each one read the story of one president's inauguration. We did it in place of history.

Thanking you again for membership in the LEAGUE, I am

Your delighted reader,
JACQUELIN R. WILLIAMS (AGE 11).

FORT QU' APPELLE, SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read the LETTER-BOX every month, but I have not yet seen a letter from this part of Canada, so I thought I would write one to tell you that I live on the site of the Hudson's Bay Company's post, established here in 1858. It was here, also, that the Indians of the Northwest Territories made the first treaty with the Government, in September, 1874. A monument was erected here in 1915 to commemorate this treaty. Wishing every success to the LEAGUE, I remain,

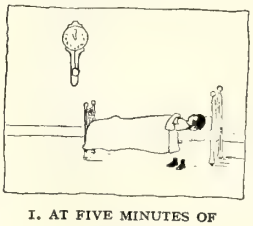
Your affectionate reader,
FRANCES G. MCDONALD (AGE 12).

A BIRTHDAY LETTER TO A LITTLE SISTER

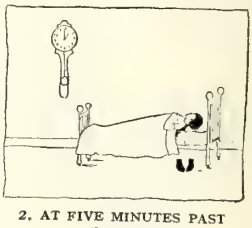
BOARDING-SCHOOL-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK.

DEAR NANCY: This is a kind of birthday letter, although it will probably come before your birthday. Is n't it a grand and glorious feeling to be six! I shall listen on the night before your birthday for the bang that always comes at midnight. In the midst of this explosion, you will grow to be six.

This is a movie:



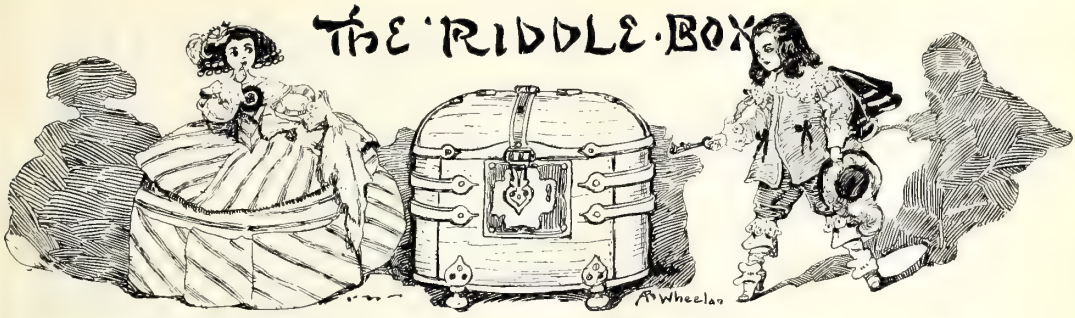
1. AT FIVE MINUTES OF TWELVE



2. AT FIVE MINUTES PAST TWELVE

At five minutes of twelve, Nancy is sound asleep in picture 1. As twelve o'clock strikes, there is a loud explosion. The bed-clothes fly all over! At five minutes past twelve, Nancy is asleep again and everything looks as if nothing had happened, *but* Nancy has grown several inches taller. Don't let me frighten you with these pictures, for, to tell the truth, the birthday girl never feels the explosion at all. I know, for I have had seventeen birthdays! So don't worry. Be on the watch for six cages full of bear-hugs which are on their way to you. From

SISTER JANET.
(JANET BLOSSOM, GRADUATE OF ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE)



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Little Rock; 3 to 4, Montgomery. Cross-words: 1. Loam. 2. Riot. 3. Ants. 4. Taft. 5. Ogle. 6. Peon. 7. Ream. 8. Poet. 9. Arcs. 10. Yolk.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE. Mary was 15, Tippy, 5.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Hepatica; finals, Marigold. Cross-words: 1. Harm. 2. Edna. 3. Pear. 4. Anti. 5. Twig. 6. Into. 7. Coal. 8. Amid.

A RIDDLE. Pepper.

AN OBELISK. First row, Warren Harding; fourth row, Calvin Coolidge. Cross-words: 1. X. 2. She. 3. Gorge. 4. Needy. 5. India. 6. Dally. 7. Rigor. 8. Arrow. 9. Hunch. 10. Ninny. 11. Eerie. 12. Reave. 13. Rally. 14. Altar. 15. Witch.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"The year 's at the spring
And day 's at the morn."

CHARADE. Boss-ton. Boston.

METAMORPHOSES. 1. Rake, rate, date, dare, dart, dirt. 2. Dirt, dart, cart. 3. Cart, carp, camp, damp, dump.

PI. May shall make the world anew,
Golden sun and silver dew,
Money, minted in the sky,
Shall the earth's new garments buy.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS. Shakespeare. 1. Sen-sit-ive. 2. Wit-her-ing. 3. Imp-art-ial. 4. Moc-kingly. 5. Imp-end-ing. 6. Pre-sum-ing. 7. Com-pan-ion. 8. Int-err-upt. 9. Adv-ant-age. 10. Int-rod-uce. 11. Tol-era-ted.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. Augusta Huiell Seaman: 81-71-62-63 72-80-70-61-51-50-42-52-60-69-79-78-68-77-76. Three Sides of Paradise Green: 67-59-49-41-33-34-44-45-54-53-43-35-36-26-25-24-23-13-12-20-30-21-11-3-2. The Crimson Patch: 1-10-19-29-38-28-37-47-55-46-56-65-64-73-74. The Slipper Point Mystery: 75-66-58-57-48-39-40-31-32-22-14-4-5-15-16-6-7-8-17-27-18-9.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be *mailed* not later than July 3, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 765) and give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were duly received from Mason T. Record—Ruth Tangier Smith—St. Anna's Girls—"Patty Duffy."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received from Rachel Hammond, 9—Virginia Ball—John F. Davis, 9—"Eighth Grade," Slayton, 9—No name, 9—Kemper Hall, 8—Dorothy Donaldson, 8—Elsie Wiese, 7—Dorothy Marshick, 7—Harriet Rosewater, 6—Mary I. Fry, 6—Esther Tollefson, 5—Margaret Gorton, 5—Bettina Booth, 5—Edward E. Wendell, 5—Jule Jenkins, 4—Hortense A. Doyle, 3—Josephine M. Miller, 3—Carlan S. Messler, 3—E. B. McClox, 2—J. V. Gilbert, 2—F. Dekum, 2—M. Scattergood, 2—M. Scholter, 2—E. W. Johnston, 2—K. Kahler, 2—R. E. Nason, 2—V. Drew, 2—M. Gherini, 2. One puzzle, A. L. LeJ.—E. B. N.—C. McC.—M. G.—M. A.—M. C.—V. S.—O. B.—F. T. B. Jr.—J. A.—M. W.—J. G.—C. I.—P. F.—J. M.—E. M. T.—W. K. B.—V. C.—B. M.—E. G.—W. S.—M. M.—L. S.—M. W. O.—M. R.—A. H.—G. M.—M. S.—D. S.—N. S. C.—A. G. D.—H. L. B.—M. E.—E. J. P.—D. W. E.—A. D.—M. J.—R. T. R.—W. B. I.—G. G. H.—J. T.—P. A. M.—L. B.—C. B.—F. C. K.—G. LeR.—M. C.—A. A. P.—M. B.—P. G.—A. C.—M. B.—M. E. W.—F. H.—S. B.

OMITTED CONSONANTS

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

There are six geographical names in which every second letter is a vowel; moreover, all the vowels are the same. The names are those of two cities, two countries, one desert, and one river. What are these six geographical names?

ALICE WILKINS (age 10).

SOME OF OUR "AUNTS"

EXAMPLE: What aunt is a metal? ANSWER: Antimony.

1. What aunt is a swift animal?
2. What aunt is an ocean?
3. What aunt goes before?
4. What aunt lived before the war?
5. What aunt is a square hall or court?
6. What aunt is ever looking into the future?
7. What aunt is part of a deer?
8. What aunt is an adversary?
9. What aunt is very old?
10. What aunt is devoted to the study of ancient times through their relics?

MARY CATHERINE HAMILTON (age 12), *League Member*.

A SCHOLAR'S ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

The words described contain six letters each. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell what every scholar hopes to do.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A Hebrew liberator and reformer who probably lived in the 13th century B. C. 2. A timorous little animal. 3. To attract. 4. A dainty fabric. 5. Above. 6. Emphasis. 7. A sacred edifice. 8. To inveigle.

The forty-eight letters of which these words are composed, counting from left to right and in the order given, will spell: 3-11-26-41-5-21-13, the scholar's treasure; 8-39-9-46-23-20-5-35, what urges the scholar onward; 8-14-21-31-39-28-37-38-7, the object of the scholar's deepest regard.

BETTY DERING (age 11).

A FLIGHT OF STEPS

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

This puzzle begins with a letter; the second word described contains two letters, the third, three, and so on to the eleventh word which contains eleven letters. The eleven final letters of the eleven words will spell a magnificent pleasure-ground.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In Wyoming. 2. A pronoun. 3. The whole. 4. A game. 5. A musical instrument. 6. A color. 7. Certain young animals. 8. One who prepares homilies. 9. An "armored" animal. 10. Deep sorrow for sin. 11. To reduce in bulk and so increase in strength.

LAEL TUCKER (age 11).

DIAMOND

1. In spacious. 2. A common vehicle. 3. A certain beautiful city. 4. Extensive. 5. In spacious.

TOMMY BALDWIN (age 10), *League Member*.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC



In this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the eleven objects have been rightly named and written one below another, the central letters, reading downward, will spell a very famous document that was signed on June 15, many years ago.

DOUBLE WORDS

Example: Words pronounced alike but spelled differently. Unfurnished: An animal. Answer: bare, bear.

1. Just; food.
2. To incline; a legal claim.
3. A tool; everything.
4. Illustrious; a fireplace.
5. To expire; to color.
6. A mounting upward; concurrence.
7. A pronoun; a tree.

The initials of the first words, and the initials of the second words also, will spell a day observed by all true patriots.

GWENFREAD E. ALLEN (age 15), *Honor Member.*

CHARADE

My *first* expresses deep content,
My *last* gives warmth and glow;
My *whole* is very evident,—
You 're it yourself, you know.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell a flower that is never used for decoration.

Cross-words: 1. A large animal. 2. A fruit. 3. A relative. 4. A kind of cloth. 5. A lazy person. 6. Finely ground meal. 7. A spear. 8. Detestation. 9. To vacillate. 10. A number. 11. Competitor.

RUTH MACLEOD (age 14), *League Member.*

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

Example: Take a vehicle and a snare from a small chest of drawers and leave a letter. Answer: Cab-i-net. In each case leave a letter.

1. Take to tap and direction, from a road.
2. Take equal value and a darling, from a low wall.
3. Take a vehicle and a play of Euripides, from a repulsive substance.
4. Take an edict and a receptacle, from a large pasteboard box for hats.
5. Take a large vessel and a metal receptacle, from the palace of the popes.
6. Take an implement for writing and an emmet, from a small flag.
7. Take to capture and an epoch, from luggage.
8. Take an animal and its foot, from a dupe.
9. Take a masculine name and silent, from the greatest quantity.
10. Take a useful little article and consumed, from feather-like.
11. Take a vehicle and direction, from an aromatic seed.
12. Take a finish and a color, from tolerated.
13. Take to drag and an era, from baggage.
14. Take a kind of ribbed cloth and a masculine nickname, from estimated.
15. Take conflict and an insect, from justification.
16. Take a pronoun and a color, from clipped close.
17. Take a warm covering and a pronoun, from additional.
18. Take a human being and relatives, from a dwarf.
19. Take a wager and to know, from to portend.
20. Take a lady's ornament and a conspicuously brave airman, from a small boat.

The twenty single letters will spell an occasion of national interest. ELIZABETH BARTON (age 17).

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE



I. Upper, Left-hand Diamond: 1. In courtesy. 2. The cry of an animal. 3. Artful. 4. A feminine name. 5. In courtesy.

II. Upper, Right-hand Diamond: 1. In courtesy. 2. A beverage. 3. Barm. 4. A serpent. 5. In courtesy.

III. Central Square: 1. A pleasure boat. 2. A sacred name among Arabs and Mohammedans. 3. Near at hand. 4. Metal straps used with padlocks. 5. A pronoun.

IV. Lower, Left-hand Diamond: 1. In courtesy. 2. A chart. 3. A piece of furniture. 4. To go back and forth. 5. In courtesy.

V. Lower, Right-hand Diamond: 1. In courtesy. 2. A number. 3. To penetrate. 4. A fish. 5. In courtesy.

OLGA F. J. and ENA L. H. (*League Members*).

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD



No. 2 Brownie Negative.

The Brownie Boy

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

The CENTURY *Magazine*

Is It On Your Library Table?

¶ Homes are known by the magazine company they keep. In the homes where there are growing children, the high-class magazines on the library table are an influence that helps shape mental growth, and stimulates to the right kind of thought.

¶ Probably you already know that THE CENTURY, beginning with the May number, has embarked upon an ambitious and enlarged program. We are striving to make it a journal of American life and letters which will be a necessity to the best American homes.

¶ Physically you will find the magazine satisfying. The brown and gold CENTURY, with its easily-read, large-print text, its illustrations by the foremost artists, is a magazine you will enjoy seeing on your reading table.

¶ As to its contents—we are striving to give you the best obtainable in American and English fiction, in essays of ideas, in the significant work of outstanding poets, and in articles which deal courageously and constructively with urgent issues of American life.

¶ Galsworthy, Sinclair Lewis, Agnes Repplier, Harvey O'Higgins, Donn Byrne, Lincoln Colcord, Tagore, Dorothy Canfield, Phyllis Bottome, H. L. Mencken, Harry Franck, Alexander Black, Charmian London, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Anzia Yerzierska, Frederick O'Brien—these are a few among the contributors to recent and forthcoming numbers.

¶ The June Century is now on the news-stands. The July number will be out June 25th. But we suggest that if you are not already a subscriber, you tear out this sheet, write your name and address across the bottom of it, and enclose with a five dollar bill to

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE
353 Fourth Avenue **New York City**



When the circus comes to town

Gee, that's when a fellow needs a bicycle!

Besides being right on the spot where everything is going on, a fellow can go errands, deliver messages, earn money, and have loads of sport—all at once.

All through the year, an Iver Johnson Bicycle stands ready to take you anywhere, anytime—and at no expense.

Iver Johnson Juvenile Bicycles embody Iver Johnson adult construction throughout. Seamless steel tubing; drop-forged parts; two-piece crank set; perfect two-point bearings, both cones on one axle, always in alignment; superb enamel and nickel finish; and the best equipment make Iver Johnson the King of Bicycles. Unbeatable for good looks, easy riding, speed, strength, and durability.

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FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

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IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES

Welch's

"THE NATIONAL DRINK"



THE tray with its dainty glass of Welch's carries a wholesome appeal to the appetite.

Welch's is pure fruit juice, and supplies much needed elements for building strong, healthy young bodies. A glass a day promotes health.

For a longer drink on a hot day, and for parties, mix Welch's with plain or charged water or lemonade.

Ask for Welch's at the Fountain.

Welch's Grapelade is a smooth, pure grape-spread for bread, rolls, muffins or toast. Ask Mother to order it from your grocer.



THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO.
Westfield, N. Y.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW ISSUES

SOME months ago the Mozambique Company issued a charming little series of stamps, many of them picturing the natural products of the country. We illustrated several of them at the time. There now appear two



more values, equally bright and fascinating. Like the others, they are bi-colored. The four-centavos has a frame of green and a center of brown; the design in the center shows a native working in a field of tobacco. The six-centavos has a frame of maroon, and the blue center shows a coffee plantation. ¶ The Panama Canal has served to bring the Island of Jamaica into greater popularity than it formerly had. Its stamps have never approached the beautiful issues of St. Lucia or St. Vincent, nor attained the popularity of other of the British West Indies. But in these later years, the flood of tourists stopping over at Kingston has helped to bring attention to the stamps of the island. We illustrate a beautiful new four-penny, the green frame with oranges at the sides contrasts with the sepia center, where is pictured the old Cathedral at Spanish Town—a pretty stamp to own.



A COMPETITION

FROM the tenor of the letters which we have received recently, it would seem as if quite a few of our readers were eager for another competition. And, indeed, it is some time since we have had one. But if all these youngsters are so eager for a competition, perhaps it would be a good idea to give them a really difficult one. We remember, by the way, that in our last contest of this kind the young ladies rather eclipsed the young men in the quality of the answers received. So, bearing this in mind, we tried to think of a puzzle which would especially interest the boys—arouse them to do better than the girls. And while we pondered over several subjects, there suddenly flashed into our mind the word —"cannon." Girls are not interested in cannon, but boys are. Indeed, the Editor well remembers that as a small boy he once owned a wooden cannon, called a "Quaker gun." It would shoot off peas and beans and bring about terrible catastrophes among our leaden soldiers. The recollections of that wooden cannon are so pleasing that we are going to have our competition center around it. But not cannon in general; we have in mind a specific stamp which bears in its design a cannon. If our readers will take their stamp catalogues and turn to Bulgaria, they will see that in 1901 there was an issue consisting of two stamps. It was what is called a Commemorative issue, for the purpose of celebrating the War of Independence. Now the central part of the design is a cannon, a curious-looking cannon. It has often attracted our attention, and we would like to know more about it. Is it just an imaginative picture drawn by the artist, or does it represent some actual piece of artillery? Has it a history? Does it still exist? And if it exists, where is it now? Who can tell us? It almost seems as if it did have a history, because a recent issue of stamps by Bulgaria, portrayed on one value, is a cannon which looks very much like this earlier one. So this shall be our competition: Who of our readers can tell us most about this set of Bulgarian Commemorative stamps, and about the cannon shown on them? And what is a competition without a prize?—Of no interest at all. So for the first prize, there will be a copy of the Junior International Stamp Album; and for the second prize, there will be a packet of three hundred stamps. Now one word of warning: In deciding to whom the prizes shall go, we shall consider neatness as well as other things; and spelling also. As a rule, a stamp-collector is a good speller. Collecting stamps trains one to notice differences, and that helps to learn to spell. So spelling will count in awarding prizes. All answers should be mailed on or before July 3, and the names of the winners will be printed in the September number of ST. NICHOLAS. Replies should be addressed to

Editor ST. NICHOLAS Stamp Page,
The Century Company,
353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

IT is not often that the publishers of Scott's Standard Catalogue are caught napping. But it looks as if one of our bright-eyed readers had caught them for once. This lad writes to us that he has a stamp from New Zealand which is surcharged RAROTONGA. He says he can find no reference to it in the catalogue. It should follow Quelimane in the catalogue, he thinks, but it is not there. There is no such country listed in the "Index," nor is there any allusion to it in that very helpful list of "Colonies controlled by Parent States." So he writes for information, and we were surprised ourselves to find the name not listed. However, the stamps are mentioned all right, and our readers will find them listed under Cook Islands. Most of the Raratonga stamps are surcharged upon issues by New Zealand, but recently there has appeared an unsurcharged issue. And on one of its values is a most interesting picture of the redoubtable Captain Cook himself—the man who discovered and charted not only those islands which bear his name, but also many other groups in Oceanica. A similar set of stamps—in the same design, but differing colors—has been issued also by other islands, Aitutaki, Niue, and Penrhyn. It is a remarkably pretty set of stamps. ¶ We have also been asked by several readers what may be the meaning of certain surcharges upon different stamps of Germany—more especially those two "Saargebeit" and "Postgebeit Ob. Ost." The suffix "*gebeit*" may perhaps be translated as "territory" or "district," so that "Saargebeit" would be the section of country adjacent to or near Saar. The stamps surcharged "Postgebeit Ob. Ost." were for use in the occupied Russian territory "Ob. Ost.," "Over East," from Poland, more especially the territory around Courland, Kovno, and Vilna, covering portions of the countries now known as Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. Our readers will find them listed in the Standard Catalogue under "Lithuania."

(*Concluded on second following page*)

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Continued)

¶The stamp about which Miss A. R. M. writes us is one of the most beautiful of the Italian issues (Scott No. 104). It represents the new, or reconstructed, campanile of Venice. These *campanili*, or watch-towers, are not uncommon throughout Italy. The campanile of Venice was very widely known. It was over three hundred feet high and was built about 900 A. D. In the year 1902 it suddenly collapsed. Preparations were soon undertaken for rebuilding it, and in 1911 the work was completed. The central tower in the picture is the campanile. The five domes at its base are those of the Cathedral of St. Mark. At the left of the tower is the word *Venezia* (Venice) and the two dates, 1902–1912. At the right the words, "*Come era dove era*," ("As it was, where it was"). ¶The other Italian stamp (Scott No. 100) has a great deal of symbolic ornamentation. The hand grasping the sword represents a united people of Italy. Turin and Rome united with the palms of peace joining the sword. Upon the handle of the sword is embossed the arms, or eagle, of Savoy. The hilt of the sword ends in two heads; on the right is the wolf of Rome, on the left the bull of Turin. Just below the latter are the words "*Roma E Turino*, 1911." Below the words is the royal coat of arms, and on the blade of the sword are words to the effect that it is issued to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Italian unity. There were three other stamps in this series, all very interesting.

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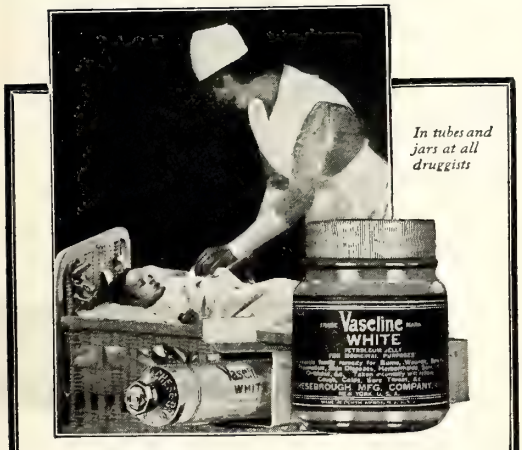


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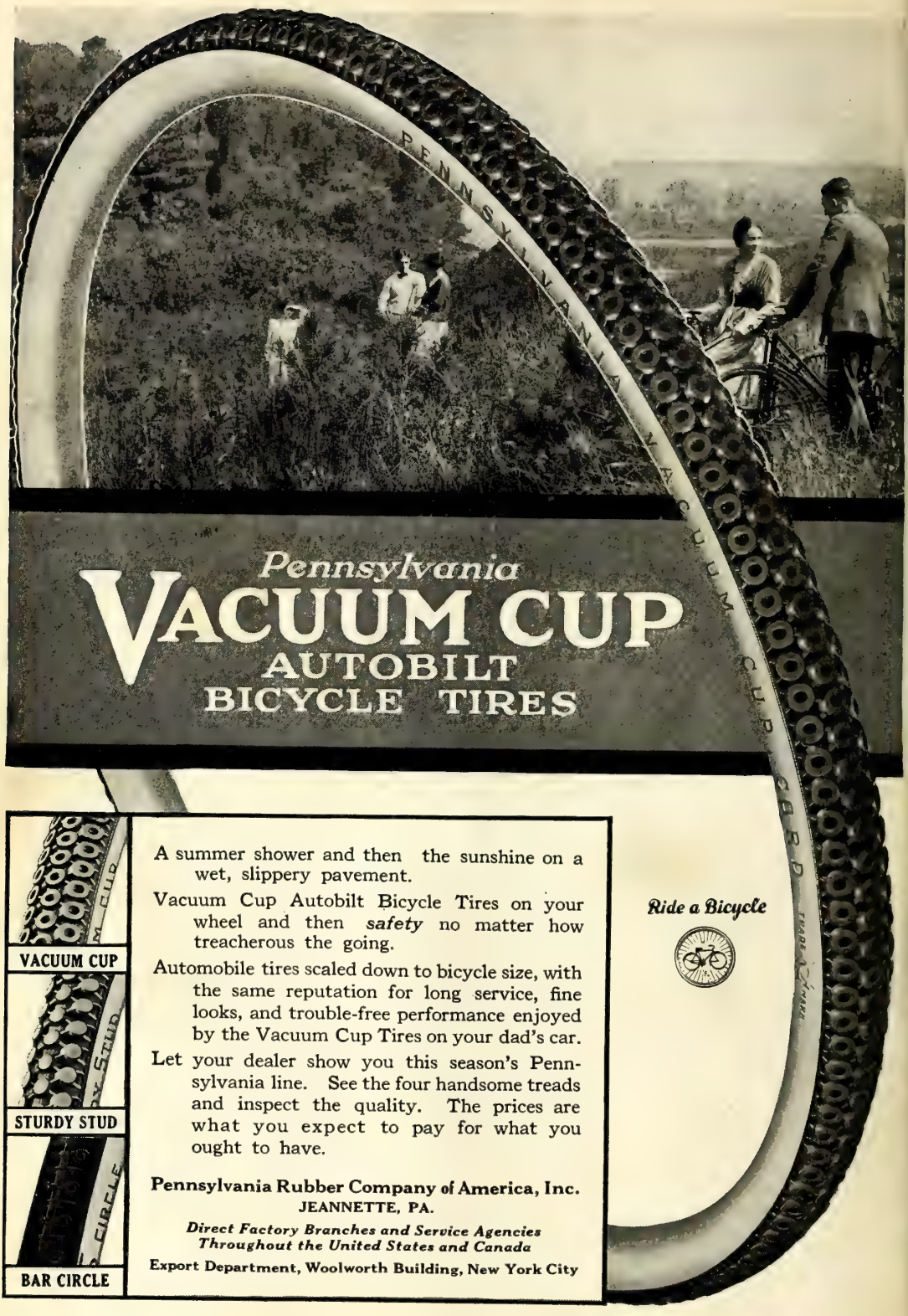
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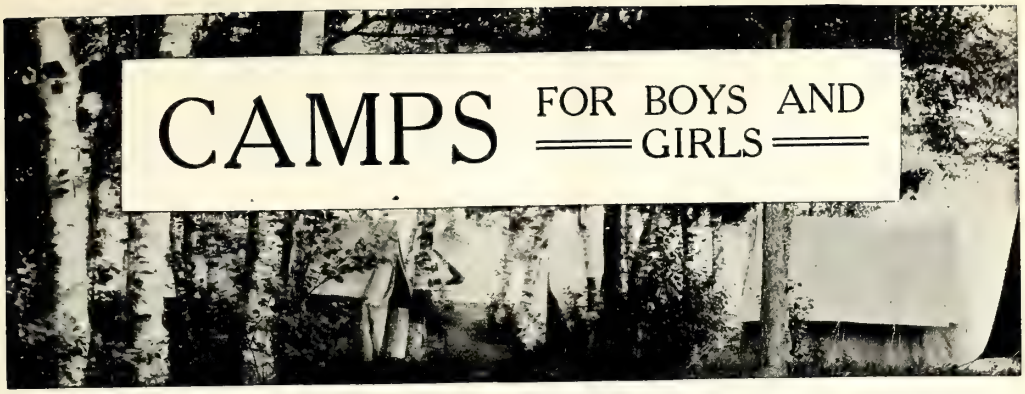
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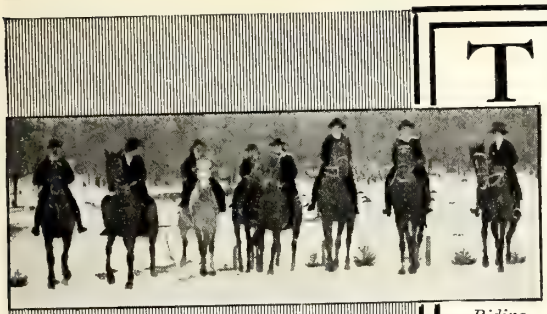
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"THEY HAD REACHED AMERICA AT LAST!" (SEE PAGE 808)

ST. NICHOLAS

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THE AIRPLANE PATROL

By LYMAN E. STODDARD

Photographs by the U. S. Army Air Service, Western Division

A NEW romantic figure has appeared in the West. With the gradual passing of the range-rider and the Northwest Mounted Police has come another hero for the writers of boys' stories. The California lad of to-day, with a love for adventure and the Great West, no longer dreams of becoming an Indian-fighter or a cowboy. His ambition is to join the Airplane Patrol—to fly over forests of giant redwoods, to peer into the crater of a volcano, to top snow-clad mountains in midsummer, and skirt deep gorges in the fastnesses of the high Sierras.

The Airplane Patrol was organized shortly after the close of the war by the United States Forest Service as an experiment in detecting and fighting forest fires. The aid of the Air Service of the United States Army was sought, and army aviators with planes were readily placed at the disposal of the forest service. Ordinarily, the army does not like to engage in civil pursuits, on the ground that it takes the time of the soldier from training for war. But the patrol of the national forests by airplanes appeared to be as close an approach to actual war flying as could be expected in time of peace. Experienced army aviators decided that the Airplane Patrol was the best practice in preparation for actual warfare.

In airplane-patrol work, there is aërial photography, reconnaissance, map-making, map-reading, and message-carrying. There is no stunt-flying or dodging enemy planes in airplane-patrol work; but there are elements of danger in flying low over forest fires, and trying to find a soft landing-spot among craggy mountains when the motor goes wrong. The national forests are for the most part in the mountains, far from fields and open meadows which might afford safe landing-places for planes.

Commencing with a handful of men and a half-dozen indifferently good planes in the summer of 1919, the Airplane Patrol is to-day a highly developed organization engaged in protecting from fire the forests of the Pacific coast all the way from Canada to Mexico. Twenty-one million acres of national forests, containing one hundred and ten billion feet of standing timber, worth two hundred and twenty million dollars, are patrolled daily by airplanes during the summer season, when fires are prevalent. In addition, almost an equal amount of private timber is patrolled at the same time.

The Airplane Patrol is designed to supplement the work of the men in the forest lookout-stations. The observers in the lookouts are on duty all the time, while the aviators are in the air only a few hours daily. But the field of vision from the lookout-station is limited by ranges of hills and mountains, while the aviators can observe the entire country. In California, where the Airplane Patrol originated, there are now six stations from which aviators make daily round-trips over designated routes. The stations are at aviation fields,



LOOKING DOWN ON MT. SHASTA (14,444 FEET HIGH) CALIFORNIA'S FAVORITE MOUNTAIN



AN AËRIAL VIEW OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, EL CAPITAN AT THE LEFT

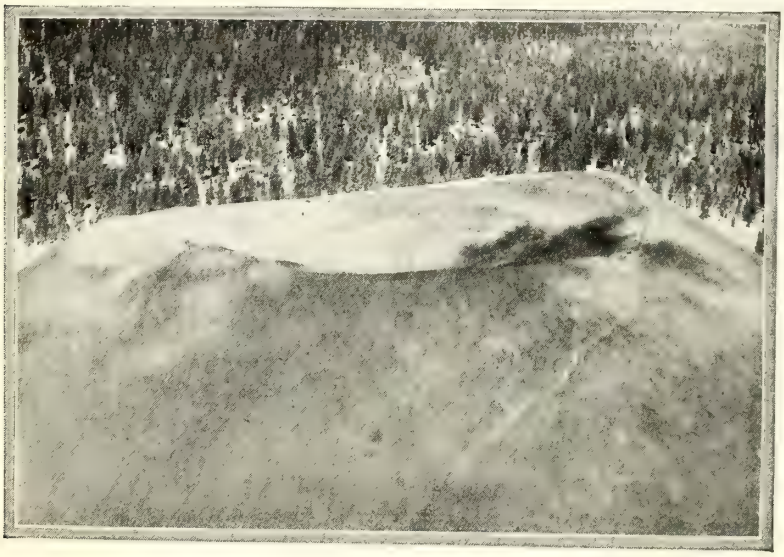


SUMMIT OF MT. LASSEN, THE ONLY ACTIVE VOLCANO IN THE UNITED STATES



LAKE CINDER CONE, MT. LASSEN IN THE CLOUDS

near cities, where fuel and supplies can be easily secured. The planes, in consequence, have to go a number of miles before they reach the forests in their daily trips. The usual procedure for a plane bearing a pilot and an observer is to start out at nine o'clock in the morning and fly two hours to the end of the patrolman's "beat," a distance of about two hundred miles. A landing is made at noon for luncheon and rest, and the return trip over the same route is made during the middle of the afternoon. Records show that most forest fires start between eleven o'clock in the morning and three o'clock in the afternoon, so the fliers endeavor to keep in the air as much as possible during these hours.



NEAR VIEW OF CINDER CONE

In southern California, the patrol routes are so arranged that the fliers from one station meet those from the next one at the noonday stop. The observers can thus exchange information and pass along orders and news of the service. In northern California the patrol routes are roughly oval in shape, and the planes do not traverse the same ground twice in one day. Men are usually confined to one route the entire season, in order that they may become thoroughly acquainted with the country over which they pass, and have in their minds mental photographs of every square mile of their district. They are thus able to keep track of campers, timbermen, and others who may cause forest fires, and they learn the locations of all roads, so they can direct fighters by the shortest route to any conflagrations discovered.

Last summer the planes flew a total of four hundred and forty thousand miles, with only three fatalities, all occurring in one accident, when a plane fell in a landing-field at Alturas, in northern California. Record of the work done by the aërial observers shows that the patrols detected and located the majority of the fires in the national forests with a degree of accuracy running above eighty per cent. The percentage of accuracy is graded thus: within a quarter of a mile, 100 per cent.; within half mile, 75 per cent.; within one mile, 50 per cent.; within two miles, 25 per cent. Although it has been found necessary for planes to traverse definitely marked routes, yet when an observer sees smoke some distance away and cannot locate it accurately, he is permitted to leave his beat and approach near enough to a fire to locate its exact position. Then he can, by means of wireless, with which every plane is equipped, notify the nearest forest-station to send fighters to the scene of the fire. The planes fly, ordinarily, at an altitude ranging from eight to twelve thousand feet, and the observers can see the country for fifteen miles on either side of their circuits in clear weather.

A high degree of technical skill has been found necessary for the best results in detecting forest fires, so this year the Interior and War Departments have joined in establishing a school to train airplane patrolmen.

During the long, dry, rainless, California summers, when two or three fires sometimes start in a single day, the planes are often used to carry fire-leaders from one spot to another. In the sparsely settled neighborhoods of the national forests, it is often difficult to find enough trained, experienced men to keep down all the blazes which continually arise. Fire-fighting has come to be a science requiring considerable skill. So in emergencies a patrolman will often, on discovering a fire and knowing there is no trained man around to lead in extinguishing it, take up the nearest forest-service expert and convey him to the scene of action, there to direct the efforts of unskilled firemen. Such a journey, made in a few minutes by plane, would often take hours, or even days, when attempted through trackless forests. After getting the control work under way, and showing a group of men how to backfire without starting

another destructive conflagration, the forest-service expert can be carried in a plane in a few minutes to direct the work of putting out another blaze.

When fires are in progress and men are unusually scarce, as they have been for the last two seasons, a plane is often assigned to patrol a fire-line, which has been cleared, so as to watch the conflagration when it reaches the strip from which brush has been removed. One plane here can replace a dozen or more men who are patrolling a front. If the fire jumps the cleared spot, the patrolman can immediately notify the fighters and bring them back to extinguish the blaze. Having done this, they can go away to other places where they are needed, leaving the plane again on guard.

DeHaviland and Curtis planes, with Liberty motors, are generally used in airplane-patrol work in the United States. In Canada, where the great forests are dotted with lakes, seaplanes have been found more adaptable. Private lumber firms in Canada are using planes more extensively than the Government. Heads of big lumber companies, who formerly knew little of actual logging operations, because journeys into the wilds took them away from their offices for long periods, now can fly in a few hours to any place they desire to visit. An airplane journey lasting half an hour replaces a two-day canoe-trip.

Laying out roads, getting lines for surveyors, estimating timber, locating camp-sites, photographing and mapping the country for buying or selling operations, are among the labor-saving tasks of the airplanes in the Canadian forests. The planes are even used to carry supplies to surveyors and others in isolated places.

When airplane-patrol work was started in the United States, more or less friction developed between the men of the forest service and the army. Soldiers found strict army discipline almost unbearably irksome when they daily compared it with the rather free life of the forest-service men, alongside of whom they worked. This has been corrected, the soldiers and the forest-service men being detailed to separate, distinct tasks, so there will be no unpleasant comparisons between soft and hard jobs.

The Airplane Patrol was devised by Paul G. Redington, District Forester for the Department of Agriculture, with headquarters at San Francisco, and Colonel H. H. Arnold, of the Air Service. Colonel Arnold is the man who handled the western terminus of the transcontinental round-trip race of army aviators, which attracted national attention two years ago.



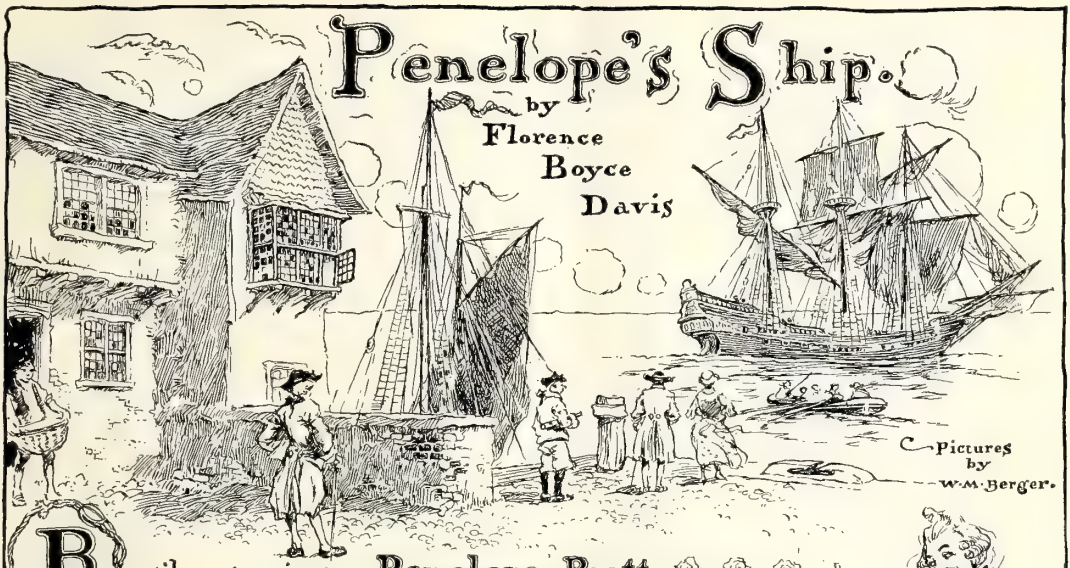
HOW A FIRE LOOKS FROM AN AIRPLANE ON PATROL, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA



Busily sewing, *Penelope Pratt*
Very demure in the doorway sat

Penelope's Ship.

by Florence Boyce Davis



Pictures by W.M. Berger.

Busily sewing, Penelope Pratt
Very demure in the *doorway* sat,
Turning her linen and sewing a seam;
You wouldn't have thought she was dreaming a dream,
This quaint little **maid**, very modest and staid,
With her *eyes* on her needle and thread,
But there is no knowing where *thoughts* may be going,
And this is what ran in her head:

"I feel in my bones that I'd better begin
To plan what I'll do when my Ship comes in;
If there's money enough (*and of course there will be!*)
My father shall have a fine present from me,
And Mother shall dress all the rest of her life
As gay as the Huguenot merchant's wife;
I'll order my brothers some fashionable rigs,
With silver shoe-buckles and plenty of wigs;
And sister shall have her a silk capuchin,
And a red velvet gown that is fit for a Queen;
Of dainty rose-point shall her stomacher be,
And the frills of her sleeves will be handsome to see.
But as for myself, there is so much I want
I'll have to spend somtime a-thinking upon't,
And I feel in my bones I would better begin,
For nobody knows when one's *Ship* may come in."

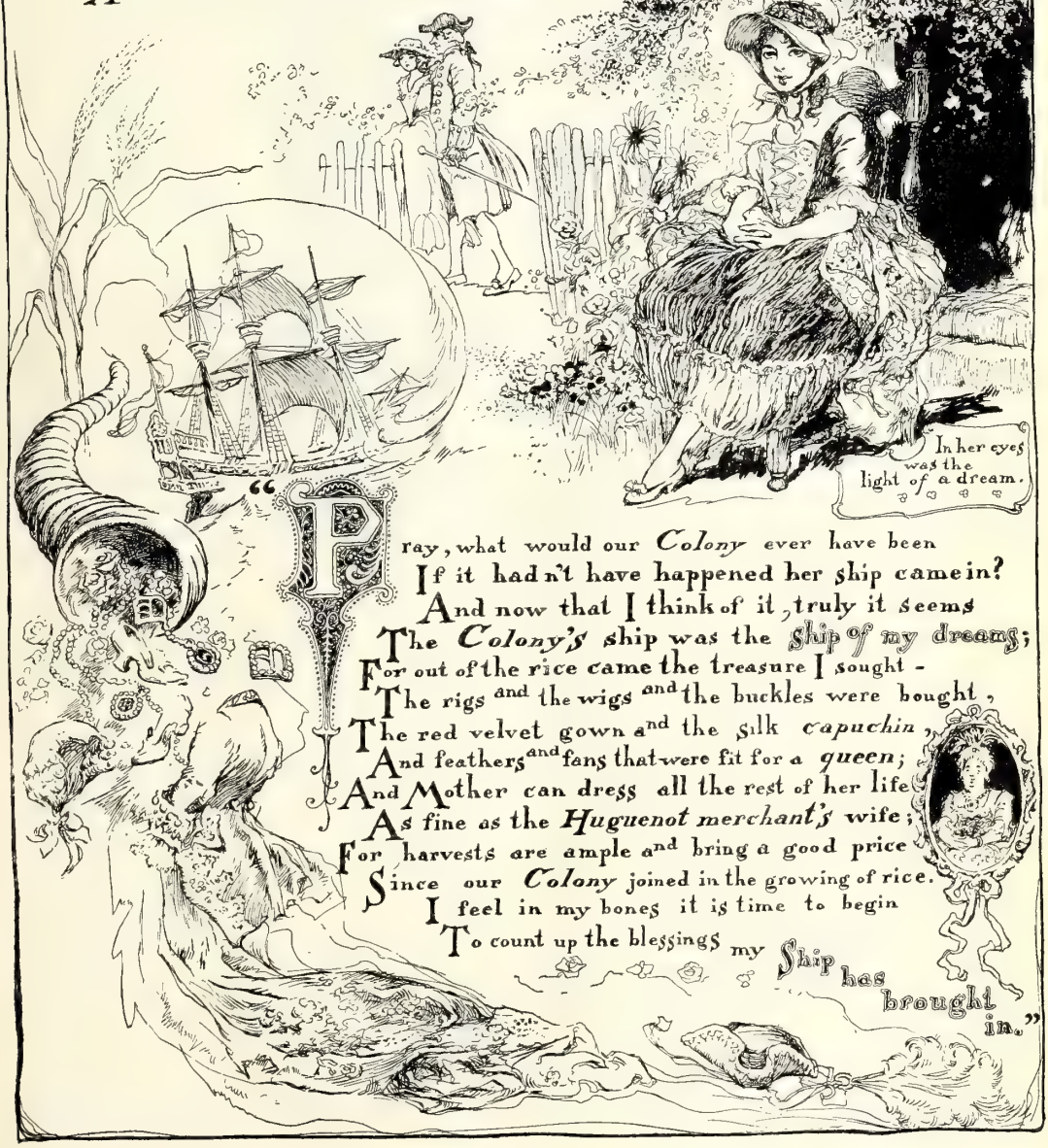
Though strange it may seem, 't was the very next day
That a ship in the harbor of **Charleston** lay,
Blown from her course by a buffeting gale,
Stripped to her masts, and too crippled to sail;
And not even little **Penelope Pratt**
Could fortune expect from a vessel like that!

But the good *Carolinians* chose to be kind;
The doughty old captain was happy to find
That they cared for his crew and they cheered up his mind.
And when he was ready again for the sea,
"I'd like to do something to pay you," said he,
"Something you'd think was remarkably nice;
But alas! I have naught but my cargo of rice.
If you wish, 'pon my word, I'll divide it with you,
'T would make a good harvest, if ever it grew."
To try it, the people quite wisely agreed,
So the doughty old captain delivered the seed.
The rice was then planted by one Thomas Smith,
And parceled around 'mong his kin and his kith,
One place and another, this way and that,
And a part of it fell to **Penelope Pratt.**

The doughty old Captain.

But the good Carolinians chose to be kind.

Then the days and the weeks and the months went by,
And the years flew away like a bird in the sky;
And again in her doorway **Penelope** sat,
In tucker and ruffles and little blue hat;
She had laid by her linen and finished her seam,
But still in her eyes was the light of a dream;
For though she'd been taught to be sober of thought,
To fancy the maid was inclined;
(Oh, there is no telling where dreams have a dwelling!)
And this is what ran in her mind:



"Pray, what would our *Colony* ever have been
If it had n't have happened her ship came in?
And now that I think of it, truly it seems
The *Colony's* ship was the *ship of my dreams*;
For out of the rice came the treasure I sought -
The rigs and the wigs and the buckles were bought,
The red velvet gown and the silk *capuchin*,
And feathers and fans that were fit for a *queen*;
And Mother can dress all the rest of her life
As fine as the *Huguenot merchant's* wife;
For harvests are ample and bring a good price
Since our *Colony* joined in the growing of rice.
I feel in my bones it is time to begin
To count up the blessings my *Ship has brought in*."

JOHN O' BIRDS

By MABEL ANSLEY MURPHY

"A tongue of nature to the hearts of men."—EMERSON.

THE road was long and hot and dusty. The house was very far away. Little John looked at the long stretch, then at the great black bird circling in the sky above him. His heart beat so fast he scarcely could breathe. He was sure of two things. First, that the bird meant to swoop down upon him. Second, that his three-year-old legs never could carry him into the shelter of home before that dreadful pounce.

He looked about in terror. A stone fence bordered the road. In an instant, he was crouched under an overhanging stone, peering out at the big bird, until at last it soared out of sight in the blue sky. So ended the first of John o' Birds' lifelong adventures with his little brothers of the air.

His mother told him he had seen a hawk, but little John could find no one to name the small blue bird with a black throat and white wing-spots that flitted from branch to branch of the bush under which he lay one bright Sunday in May. Away in the back of his memory he tucked a picture of the tiny beauty. Twenty years later he looked at it again, and cried out, "That was a black-throated blue warbler!"

Many, many such pictures he put away—that was one of his "odd" ways. Another was his liking to go off by himself in the woods and fields. One March evening he slipped away to the marsh and crept in among the rushes. There he crouched, as motionless as the old log on which he sat. He meant to discover the little piper who whistled there so cheerily every evening. Long he waited, but at last, up a rush by his right hand a tiny frog, not an inch long, began to climb. Hand over hand the wee creature went up to the very tip of the swaying rush. Then out swelled his bit of a throat, and right in little John's ear sounded a shrill pipe.

The next instant his hand closed gently over the midget—so gently that, after his first surprise was over, Master Hyla went on with his interrupted song.

Still another "odd" way little John had was that of going to the "big rock" to see the sun set. Tens of thousands of years before, a great glacier had dropped this big boulder in the field. By its side a protecting tree had grown up. Near it, a spring bubbled from the ground. Sometimes the little boy came early to the sunset pageant that he might have time to listen to the flickers calling, "Wickey, wickey, wickey," to the bobolinks singing in the meadows below. Sweetest of all, as the sun dropped behind the mountains, he might hear the vesper sparrow trilling his evening hymn. The little boy loved this twilight time, when peace was abroad on all the world.

This "odd un," as the neighbors called him, wanted a swimming-hole. The other boys laughed, but John set to work. Across the brook, he built a dam—a good solid wall as high as his head. To build it took many days of hard work. It meant carrying load after load of sod and stone. It meant standing in water waist deep, while each piece was fitted into its place. But what a swimming-hole he had when the wall was finished! So well he had built it that for over seventy years it stood firm and sound.

Oddly, so it seemed to the other boys, John o' Birds loved to read. Sometimes this eight-year-old boy would come upon sentences so eloquent he felt he must share them with his brothers. Aloud he would read, thrilled with the march of the words. But the boys only stared, hearing the words, indeed, but all unmoved by the beauty they expressed. Perhaps they thought to themselves, "This is another of John's odd ways."

He *was* different. Sometimes as he wandered alone over high upland pastures seeking a stray sheep or a lost cow, he would suddenly find life so beautiful he just had to run, to jump, to shout for joy. For at such times just to live was such ecstasy that the little boy could not contain the happiness.

When he was thirteen, some men and women met to plan for opening an academy in the little town. So eager was this "odd un" to learn that he attended the meeting—the only boy there! The academy did not come to the village, but John o' Birds plodded on alone, copying in a little book every unfamiliar word he heard or found in his reading. One evening he heard a lecturer refer to the "Encyclopedia Britannica." He liked the sound of the words, so down they went in his note-book, and over and over he rolled them under his tongue as he went about the chores of the farm. Little did he dream that in the years to come his own name would appear in the great work whose name made such music in his ears.

For in those days no one suspected that Fame meant to take this lad by the hand and lead him to one of the world's high seats. Indeed, his father sometimes worried about what the future might hold for his odd boy. "Why does he want

books and things his brothers don't want?" the father would ask.

And little John's mother, loving her boy, wanting him to have all his eager mind craved, yet not herself understanding him, would reply, "Father, you must remember he is different from the others."

He kept on being different. When he was seventeen, he found himself in New York City for a day. Long had he dreamed of seeing the sights of the great city. But he saw not one! For, as he started up William Street, little second-hand book-stalls along the curb beckoned to him. From one to another slowly he made his way, first into one book, then into another. At last the long shadows of the afternoon began to fall. Soon the boat to Kingston would leave, the boat on which his return passage was paid. He looked at the pile of books he had selected, and said timidly to the vendor, "How much for these books?"

The man looked them over, then rapped out brusquely, "Eight dollars!" John pulled out his purse and counted its contents. Not quite nine dollars! But he could do without supper and breakfast, take the stage as far as his odd cents would carry him, and walk the rest of the way home. He just had to have the precious books—Saint Pierre's "Studies of Nature," Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," Dr. Johnson's works, and a few others.

So this odd boy trudged over the mountains from Kingston to his home with nothing in his purse, nothing in his stomach, but with a light heart, and a heavy pack of books upon his back.

On through life he went, making friends with the birds, with all manner of insects, with the wild animals, and with the tame ones that a farm home gathers about it. The great outdoor world gave him other friends as well—the flowers and the trees. Never did he feel alone in the world. Home, companionship was his anywhere under the open sky, any place where "the winds of God" blew free. But for his family, he built a stone house by the "lordly Hudson." And about this home, Riverby, he planted broad acres of fruit-trees; he set out whole hillsides with grapevines. What other men call drudgery, this odd man named joy. In his diary he wrote exultingly: "My whole being has had an earth bath. I have soaked up sunshine until I glow over all."

But never was he content to keep this happiness to himself alone. All that he felt, all that he knew, he had to share. He wanted every one, everywhere, to be able to sift out what is worth while, that which endures, from the trivial doings of life, the "temporal things." To the boys and girls he said: "The most precious things in life are near at hand, without money and without price. Each of you has the whole wealth of the universe at your very doors. All that I ever had and still have, may be yours by stretching forth your hand and taking it."



Photograph by Prizma

JOHN BURROUGHS AND SOME OF HIS YOUNG FRIENDS

In many books for young people he set down the lore he had gathered. He put into them, too, all the pictures he had stored up as a boy, as well as the later ones he had collected. He wrote for their fathers and mothers, also—books that brought the outdoor world to lives hedged in by the brick walls of a city; books that set forth, so that all might understand, the meaning of life and its relation to the whole of the universe. All over the world, men knew and loved John o' Birds.

And he could not number the friends whose hands touched his. They were found in every walk of life. The children about his home brought flowers for his every birthday; the farmers, far and near, greeted his passing with the hail of comradeship; Theodore Roosevelt called him "Oom John," and, when he was President of the United States, ran away from the cares of state to spend a day with him in his woodland retreat; an expedition of scientists, exploring Alaska, took him with them, as their honored guest. The door of Riverby swung open to the great from many lands. For the "odd" boy, to manhood grown, found many of his own kind, many who shared his zest in living and in seeking the meaning of the universe.

Nearly eighty-four beautiful years he knew here. Then, asking, "How near home are we?" John Burroughs entered the Eternal Home.



FIRST comes Mr. G. Squirrel, as some children I know have named the northern gray squirrel. Next to him in size is Chickaree, his red, fierce cousin, who can always best him in a fight. Third, is Chippy Nipmunk, the chipmunk whose home is in the ground and who wears his pockets in his cheeks. Last of all is Flyer, a little gray chap with a long, silky tail, who sleeps all day rolled up in a round ball and opens his enormous eyes only after dark. By stretching out the loose skin along his sides, he can turn himself into a parachute and glide long distances through the air.

The gray squirrel used to be called the migratory squirrel by the early zoölogists. This was because, a century or so ago, gray squirrels would migrate, always eastward, in troops, stripping fields of wheat and corn like a cloud of locusts. They were such a pest that in Pennsylvania, in 1750, a bounty of threepence a head was fixed and paid on more than eight thousand squirrels killed in that year. These squirrel-armies, according to the old writers, climbed the mountains and crossed broad rivers on flat pieces of bark, hoisting their bushy tails for sails and floating across without even wetting their feet!

To-day, however, they have given up any such habits and live in scattered pairs, not only in the country, but in many of our large cities. Last autumn I was riding on a surface-car past Central Park, in New York City. Suddenly the car came to a stop in the middle of a block, and remained there several minutes. Just in front, on one of the rails, was Mr. G. Squirrel, carefully hiding a valuable nut. He paid no attention to the score of passengers, the gong, or the shouts of the motorman. Not until that nut was properly adjusted did he get off the rail, fluff up his big silvery-gray tail, and scamper away.

In their wild state, gray squirrels are not usually so indifferent. Once, however, I met one traveling down the middle of a deserted country road. I stood perfectly still, and he hopped unconcernedly right between my feet and passed on. Very few of the wild animals can distinguish a man from a tree by their eyes alone if he stands still.

Mr. G. Squirrel is a great carpenter. Often in the woods you will notice large nests made of sticks, which you may have supposed were deserted crows' nests. If, however, they are thatched or chinked with dry leaves, they are the nests of the gray squirrel, as a crow does not build that way. In building, the squirrel first breaks off dry and then green branches from his house-tree, and usually lines his nest with moss, wood fibers, and dried grass. In winter time he usually lives with his family in a warmly lined hole in a tree.

I well remember the time when I first learned the difference between a crow's and a squirrel's nest. It was on August 3, 1893. I was wandering

in the woods and climbed up to what I thought was an abandoned crow's nest to see how it looked inside. Just as I reached the nest, there was a rush, a scramble, and out came a gray squirrel—which looked to my startled eyes as big as a cat—and scurried down the tree. Inside the nest was a late second litter of four squirrels, so young that their eyes were not yet opened. They were pink and gray, like young rats except for their thick tails and long whiskers. When I touched them they squealed shrilly. Instantly there was a clattering of claws on the opposite side of the tree, and up dashed the mother squirrel to rescue her babies. She came within two feet of me, and it was not until I put them back in their nest that she went down again. Two weeks later they had all grown large enough to go off to safer quarters.

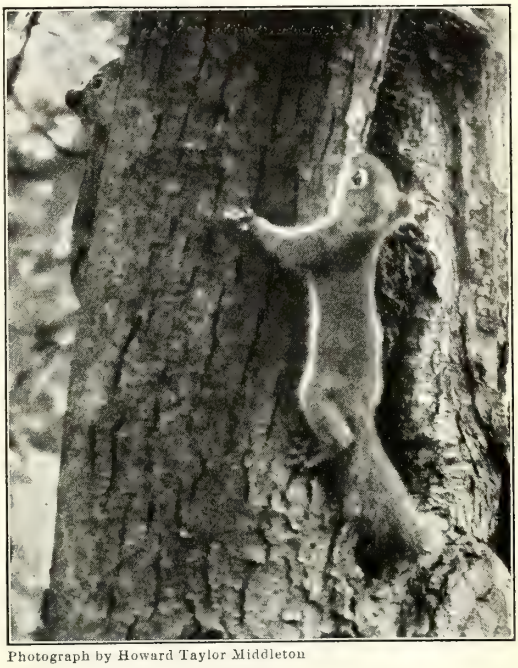
Sometimes, especially in the deep woods, black squirrels are found. They used to be considered a separate species, but now it is believed that a black squirrel is only Mr. G. Squirrel in another suit of clothes, and that this is a case of color variation, like the black rattlesnake, or the black form of the yellow swallowtail butterfly.

When winter-time comes, the gray squirrel does not hibernate, like the chipmunk, nor hoard up stores of nuts, like the thrifty red squirrel. He tucks away single nuts here and there between the branches of trees, or buries them one by one in the ground. Unlike the red squirrel, the gray squirrel does not destroy, to any large extent, the eggs or kill the young of nesting birds, and he should be protected and encouraged everywhere. I cannot, however, recommend Mr. G. Squirrel as a pet except when young. As he gets older, his temper becomes most uncertain, as sundry scars which I still carry bear witness.

Chickaree—that 's his name and his call. You have probably seen and heard him often, in the woods, both summer and winter, chattering out his long, rattling "*Chickaree-ee-ee-ee*," and beating time with his flaming, bushy tail. He 's the red squirrel, the most effective, the most interesting, and the worst-tempered of all the squirrels. A bunch of nerve and muscle, Chickaree is afraid of only one animal. When the long, lithe, red-eyed weasel gets on his trail, poor Chickaree, like many another animal, loses his head completely, and, in spite of his many sky-paths, is often caught.

Sometimes he is taken for his cousin, the chipmunk. Chippy, however, is a ground squirrel, with stripes down his back. He is smaller and gentler, and his tail is a slender and humble affair compared with that of Chickaree. Chippy, too, goes into winter quarters early, soon after the fat woodchuck, while Chickaree stays out the year around. Four or five feet underground, curled up beside a larder full of seeds, in case he wishes to have an occasional lunch, Chippy sleeps, for the most part, until spring, rolled up in a round ball. He is the one who has the great pouches in his cheeks. Sometimes he looks as if he had the mumps. Really it is only acorns.

Chickaree is fond of deserted houses and camps. One winter, in the kitchen of my winter camp, I found a red squirrel lying dead on the floor. For a long time I could not discover what had killed him. Finally, however, I found that in one of his



Photograph by Howard Taylor Middleton

CHICKAREE—THE RED SQUIRREL

springs, from a shelf he had knocked off a heavy glass jar, which had fallen directly on him. One of his favorite games is follow-the-leader. On a gray, winter day in the woods, I once watched two red squirrels playing at that game. They covered a circle, perhaps fifty yards in diameter, through the tree-tops, and the course included a number of dizzy jumps. The second squirrel followed his leader easily until the last jump of all. Scampering through the branches of a great chestnut-tree some sixty feet high, the leader ran out and out until he was at the very tip of a long limb, and the twigs swayed and bent under his weight. He never stopped, however, but sprang through the air fully six feet toward the top twigs of a huge oak which grew near.

It was a tremendous jump, and if you don't believe it, you try to jump ten times your length with a bending branch for a take-off. However, he just made it, and, hooking both of his little bent fore paws on a stout oak twig, swung back

and forth like a pendulum. Then he caught a foothold with one of his hind paws and, balancing himself with his tail, crept along the twig and in a minute was running down through the tree as rapidly as ever.

His playmate, however, when he came to the jump, hesitated an instant before taking it. The little pause was disastrous. It needed every ounce of spring to cover the distance, and instead of catching both his fore paws, as the first squirrel had done, he only managed by a desperate stretch of his left paw to catch the very end of the twig, and swung for a moment in mid-air. He tried desperately to get a grip with the other paw, but the twig bent so that he could get no purchase, and in a second he slid off and turned a complete somersault half a hundred feet from the ground!

Down through the air he fell like a red streak, spreading out his bushy tail for a parachute. Even so, however, it was only the soft snow which saved him, for he struck with a tremendous bump and lay, for a minute, stunned. I ran over to him, but just as I stooped to pick him up, with a twist and a spring, he was on a neighboring tree-trunk and climbed slowly and stiffly to meet his friend.



AN ENTERPRISING RED SQUIRREL

Unlike his big cousin, the gray squirrel, chickaree is a prudent little chap and stores up every year a bushel or more of nuts in a hollow tree-trunk or under a rock. Once, upon going into a cottage which was usually closed during the winter, I found that an enterprising red squirrel had used a pair of rubber boots in the garret for a storehouse, and had filled them both full to the very top with butternuts.

Chickaree is the best nut-cracker and kernel-extracter on the market, and he can't be patented either. He will take a big black walnut and drill an irregular hole through the steel-hard shell and follow the rich golden kernel all the way around, with never a useless tooth-mark. When he is through, the chiseled shell is clean and empty of even a fragment of nut-meat. Against these flint-like shells, his front gnawing-teeth wear down rapidly. To allow for this, they reach two inches into the jaw and grow forward constantly.

I once puzzled some friends by showing them a strange skull with two long, curved tusks, which looked like the head of a tiny mammoth. It was only the skull of a red squirrel with the loose gnawing-teeth drawn out their full length. Sometimes, by an accident, one of the teeth is bent or broken, so that the squirrel cannot gnaw with it. The tooth keeps on growing just the same, and sometimes causes his death, either by locking the jaws or by piercing the neck.

The red squirrel is a great epicure and knows all the good things to eat in the woods. One March day, when it had been spring all the morning, and winter again in the afternoon, I was coming home in the frosty twilight. Right ahead of me I saw a red squirrel run along a branch, break off an icicle that hung from a broken place, and, sitting up, gnaw it like a nut. As I came over to investigate, Chickaree started to run up to a higher perch and the icicle slipped out of his paws. I picked it up, while he called out, "Thief! Robber!" from the top bough. The icicle looked like an ordinary one; but when I bit off a piece, it was as sweet as sugar. The tree was a sugar-maple, and the sweet sap had run out from the broken branch and had frozen into a piece of tree-candy.

It was Chickaree, too, that taught me how delicious the spicy, sweet sap of the black birch is, when I found him lying at full length drinking out of a little sap-cup that he had gnawed in the bark one warm day in February. He knows well, too, which mushrooms are good to eat. I once saw him nibbling a red russula, which I thought was the red-pepper mushroom, which is too fiery for human taste. Afterward I learned that one shade of the red russula (*alutacea*) is sweet and good. Chickaree had learned that secret long ago!

Sometimes his appetite leads him astray. A little niece of mine, who has a good reputation for veracity, told me that once up in the White Mountains she saw a red squirrel eating a little green grass-snake that he had caught. He got down about half of the snake and then suddenly stopped, dropped the rest, and sat for a few minutes in pained meditation, like a naughty boy who had just smoked his first cigar. Then, all of a sudden, he became actively ill, and afterward ran slowly off, probably convinced that snakes were too rich for him.



For two years a pair of red squirrels lived on my place. They would often come whirling through the white-oak tree that grew by my porch and go dashing on through the other trees, but I could never seem to discover their home. Along the roadway was a double row of Norway maples, planted some thirty feet apart. The root of one of them had grown completely around the trunk, girdling it and cutting off the flow of the sap until the tree died.

One day it was taken down, and the day after I saw Chickaree just leaving the oak-tree and springing into the maple row. When he saw me, he started off at full speed. Now a squirrel may look as though he were running at random through the trees; but anywhere on his route, he always follows a regular path along the same branches. I ran down the road after Chickaree, hoping that I could find where he lived.

He dashed along like a red streak, going about as fast through the trees as I could run along the road. When he came to the gap, he ran out on a spreading branch which used to reach close to the departed tree. He was evidently running automatically along his path, and had not passed over it since the tree was cut down. At any rate, he leaped out into the air without a moment's hesitation, although there was a space of at least twenty feet between him and the next tree.

He was the most surprised squirrel you ever saw when he found no tree waiting for him. Down he tumbled through the air and struck the roadway with a bump. Though badly shaken, he wriggled into a near-by drain, down which he disappeared like his cousin, the chipmunk. A few weeks later, I found him again near the house, this time on the other row of trees, and once again I ran after him. From tree to tree he flashed along, springing as lightly as if he had never known what a tumble was.

I followed him for a couple of hundred yards, until the road made a bend and passed an ice-house. When it was built, some enterprising architect added a little cupola with open, fixed shutters for ventilation. For years this had been boarded up, as the overseer decided that cupolas caused the ice to melt more rapidly than it would in unadorned ice-houses.



"HE WAS THE MOST SURPRISED SQUIRREL YOU EVER SAW WHEN HE FOUND NO TREE WAITING FOR HIM"

As I panted after Chickaree, he sprang lightly from the top of one of the trees, down the slope of the roof of the house, scurried along the ridge-pole, and, right in front of my eyes, flashed in between the shutter-bars and was safe at home. It was really an ideal place for a squirrel family. Through the shutters he could look out on all four sides, and yet have a large warm room in which to live and store his nuts for the winter.

It took me a long time to learn Chickaree's



"THE LITTLE RED THIEF HAD DONE HIS DAMAGE"

guiltiest secret. When I lived nearer the wild-folk than I do now, close by my sleeping-porch grew a great white-oak tree. The spot where it stands used to be the end of a bare hilltop, and the tree had grown, accordingly, more in girth than in height. In deep woods a tree spends all of its strength in growing straight up after light and air, and throws off no branches until its top is safe from the smother of the underbrush and the near-by trees. My oak had always been exposed to the hilltop winds and had grown low and thick, with wide spreading branches that came within five feet of the ground and covered a circle of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet. The ridge on which it stood ran north and south, and this was the last large tree before the land sloped down to the valley below. This made the tree a stopping-place for all the migrant birds as they passed north and south. Nearly every traveler stopped there for breakfast and a little rest. It was there that I once heard, on January 27, a purple grackle creaking away on one of the bare top limbs and pretending it was spring. It was there that I heard my first black-and-white warbler of the year, my first black-throated green, the drowsy "*Zee, zee, zee*" of the black-throated blue warbler, with the square white patches on his wings, and the buzzing note of the little parula, with his white wing-bars and the copper mark on his breast. One morning the rose-breasted grosbeak woke me by warbling from the top of the tree, caroling his way north, and showing on each side of his breast the beautiful rose-stain which has given him his name.

That spring I saw a pair of unwary robins building a nest between a dead limb and the tree-trunk just over the roadway. I wish I could have warned them that the old tree was haunted. Year after year I had seen birds build there. Once it was the little horse-hair nest with the beautiful blue-speckled eggs of the chipping-sparrow. Another season it was the little swinging basket of the red-eyed vireo. Again, a pair of wood-thrushes made their nest of leaves and mud on a long, overhanging limb and there guarded four sky-blue eggs. The history of them all was the same: the nest would be finished and the eggs laid; then one day there would be sorrowful calls, and the mourning of a mother-bird for the eggs which lay shattered and broken in and out of the nest; and the next day both birds would be gone, never to return.

For a long time I could not discover what enemy had been there. Cats, those night-and-day killers, would not have harmed the eggs. Black-snakes would have carried them off, not broken them. Blue-jays and crows, those sky-pirates, might have been the guilty ones; but I doubted whether a crow would come so close to the house, and a blue-jay could not have resisted giving his call. Finally, one May morning, I happened to be up at dawn in order to take a bird-walk before breakfast and see the last of the migrants as they went through. Just as I was about to leave the shadow of the porch I heard a tiny scratching on one side of the oak; and even as I looked, I saw a red squirrel scamper silently up the tree. The father-robin was in a near-by maple singing the dawn-song, which is the duty of every father-robin to sing just before sunrise. The mother-bird had left the eggs for a few minutes and was hopping across the lawn with an eye open for early worms. Before I could move, the red squirrel was up to the nest. The father-robin saw him at the same instant that I did and started for him with a shriek that brought the mother-robin up to the nest with one spring. It was too

late. The little red thief had pierced and sucked out the contents of each long blue egg before the robins reached him, and then, dodging their beaks, whirled down the tree and scampered off across the lawn. At breakfast-time the two birds were still sitting mournfully beside the empty nest. By noon they were gone, never to come back to that haunted tree.

We always think of the flying-squirrels as rare. That is only because our working times and theirs do not correspond. The flying-squirrel is found everywhere in much greater numbers than either of the other two. It was a fire which first made me realize this fact. When I was young, all the boys of our town felt that it was their imperative duty to attend every fire which broke out, night or day. I do not remember that we saved many lives or much property, but we were always there and made a loud noise. All the more important fires had names by which they were discussed by fire-goers. There was the "Woolen-mill Fire," the "Seven-chimney-house Fire," and the "Tooth-brush Fire," when one of us rushed bravely through flames and smoke and rescued an old tooth-brush, the only portable property left in the room which he entered. One which we always remembered was the "Flying-squirrel Fire," because that night, as a large house burned, suddenly all the surrounding trees became alive with darting flying-squirrels, attracted like moths by the dazzling light.

Quite recently, on the top of Mount Pocono, while looking for the nest of the little golden-crowned kinglet, I found the home of a highly educated flying-squirrel. This talented squirrel had lined his nest with pieces of a foreign newspaper dated 1915, but written in a language which none of our party could even name, much less read.

A friend of mine once found four young flying-squirrels in a flicker's nest. He put them into a boxful of cotton and fed them warm milk with a medicine-dropper. The second night he heard a curious noise in the room where they were. Turning on the light, he found the mother squirrel by the box. She had come in through the half-open window. He stood perfectly still and watched her. She gave a little whimpering noise, and immediately from out of the box popped one of the baby squirrels. When he saw his mother he lay flat down on his back and reached up his little paws, and, as she stood over him he clasped them around her and immediately my friend saw one of his pet squirrels disappearing up the wall, toward the open space in the window. He ran out to stop them, but as he reached the door he saw the mother squirrel, with her baby clasped tightly around her, scurry up the nearest tree, and, from the very top, skim through the air in a long diagonal flight which brought her to the foot of the next tree. Before he could reach her, she was up that one and flying to another, and in another minute was out of sight.

He went back, thinking that anyway he had three squirrels left. When he looked into the box, however, he found it empty. The mother squirrel had already rescued the first three of her family before he came, and the one he saw going off with her was the last of the brood. Although my friend pretended to be angry at her for stealing his squirrels, I believe that, really, he was glad she got them. It 's a poor game, anyway, to shut up a wild, free animal. The best pets are those who live in the woods and not in cages.



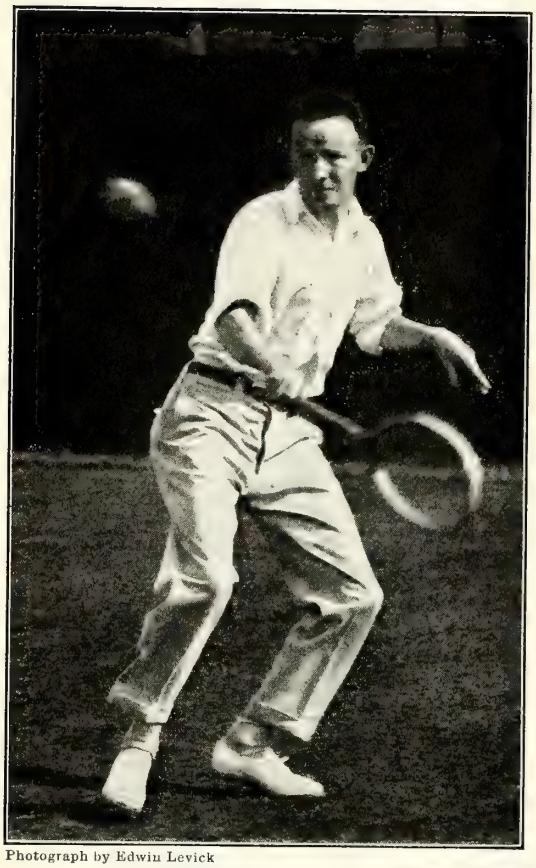
Photograph by Howard Taylor Middleton

"MR. G. SQUIRREL"

NERVE IN THE PINCH

By WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2D

World's Champion Tennis-Player



Photograph by Edwin Levick

WILLIAM M. JOHNSTON

ONE hears much these days about the "money-players." In sporting parlance, this term means the man who can produce his best in the crisis. In baseball, the player who delivers a hit when needed is the money-player; in golf, it is the links-man who holes out a twenty-footer in a big match; in football, it is the player who kicks a field-goal with but a minute left to play. These men are the money-players. The corresponding man in tennis is a money-player also; but in the slang of that sport he is called the "match-player."

Tennis history is full of great match-players. Few, if any, championships are played that do not produce an incident that shows a match-player. It is this inherent factor of the game that has finally aided tennis to gain its rightful hold on public fancy and to take its place as the greatest sport of the world.

Let me outline the qualities that make a great match-player. First, and above all else, he must have courage. This quality never allows him to admit defeat until the last point has been played. No matter how great the strain or how desperate the situation, the match-player must possess the necessary courage to carry him through. There is no better example than William M. Johnston, the famous "Little Bill," my team-mate of the Davis Cup tour just past. Johnston is courage personified. As one of his admirers said to me, "You can't beat a man like that, for he won't be beaten." Of course, this is not and could not be the case. But many have been the times when I have seen Bill's courage carry him out of holes that I thought were hopeless.

To cite a case, let me tell you of our match in the National Championships last year, when we were struggling against each other in the finals. I had a commanding lead of two sets to one, 5–3 in games, and 30–15 in points. We were rallying a bitter point at the net, and were about ten feet apart, when Bill lobbed a short one over my head. I smashed at him with all my force—a terrific effort. With perfect calmness, Bill, unafraid, stepped into the ball and made an astonishing pick-up. Sheer surprise caused me to miss. Nothing but courage of the highest order would have allowed a man to have done other than turn his back on my shot; while nothing but qualities of the highest order would have availed him, even had he the courage to try for such a shot. Johnston possessed all of this, and as a result won that point and the set. It was only superior condition, and through no faltering of Bill's, that I finally won the fifth set and the championship.

The second quality demanded of a match-player is coolness under strain. This is the quality that allows the player to make his shots unruffled and unhurried. No matter what the score may be against a player, if he is still master of himself, he has a chance. Coolness is a certain guard against that great enemy of good play—temper. It permits of quick thinking and complete grasping of the situation.

On our recent Davis Cup tour to New Zealand, the American team, as well as the Australian, played in the New Zealand Championships. Watson M. Washburn and I met in the final round of the New Zealand Singles Championship. I was traveling at top form in the early stages of the match, while Washburn, although playing well,

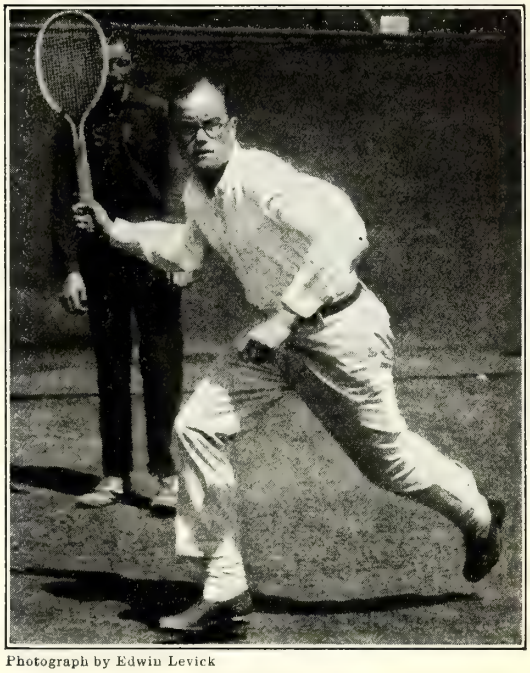
was not at his best. I quickly ran away with two sets, 6–0, 6–1, and led in the third at 4–all and 30–40 on Washburn's service. Washburn hit a drive that fell outside the base-line by two inches, but which the linesman called good. I was anxious to complete the match, as the doubles final, against Brookes and Patterson, was still to be played. Thus I was so upset at this decision that it cost me the game. I began to hurry in consequence, whereas "Watty," as he is called, remained cool and unperturbed, as is his custom. I carelessly threw away a couple of points, and Washburn, quick to seize his opportunity, pressed home his advantage and won that set. Before I could stop him, he had taken the next at 6–4. It was only by virtue of most vigorous effort on my part that I took the final set at 6–3. Now this is a perfect example of one player forgetting his need to remain cool and of another taking full advantage of a situation by doing so.

The third point in the make-up of a match-player is resource. Resource is ingenuity. It is cleverness. It is the seizing of the opportunity as it opens. It is coolness plus. Resource is what Washburn showed in the incident I have just described. And it is often the deciding factor at the end of a long, hard match.

The most resourceful man that tennis has ever known is Norman E. Brookes, the famous Australian player. He is always doing the unexpected. Whenever Brookes seems hopelessly beaten, at that moment he is most dangerous. It is Brookes's resourcefulness that makes him today one of the most dangerous players in the world. Resource may come from experience. Courage can only be a personal matter.

Resourceful as is Norman E. Brookes, he was the victim of a piece of brilliant generalship, the equal of which may never again be seen in tennis. Some years ago, about 1909, if my memory serves, the American Davis Cup team journeyed to Australia to challenge for the Davis Cup. On our team was Beals C. Wright, one of the cleverest and most resourceful players America has ever known.

Wright met Brookes in the opening match on a day when the temperature hovered around 100 degrees in the shade. It was a killing day, and Brookes, never a tremendously strong man, realized that a speedy victory was his need. With that in view, he attempted to rush Wright off the court. He succeeded only too well in the early stages, winning the first two sets by large margins. The third set was going the same way, when Wright, ever alert to any chance, saw signs of weakening in Brookes's attack. Then he began a lobbing attack that chased Brookes from the net to the base-line repeatedly. As Brookes showed distress, Wright himself advanced to the net attack. He pushed home his advantage and took the set. Wright won the next one decisively, and ran away to a tremendous lead of 4–1 in the last. Brookes was clearly "all in," but, by dint of the rare courage that is a part of every great match-player, Brookes, literally tottering on his feet, pulled himself together and fought back to even ground at 4–all. Game after game these two masters fought over after that, until Wright, through superb physical condition, nosed out Brookes after a long deuce set. Both men were completely exhausted. It was a marvelous exam-



Photograph by Edwin Levick

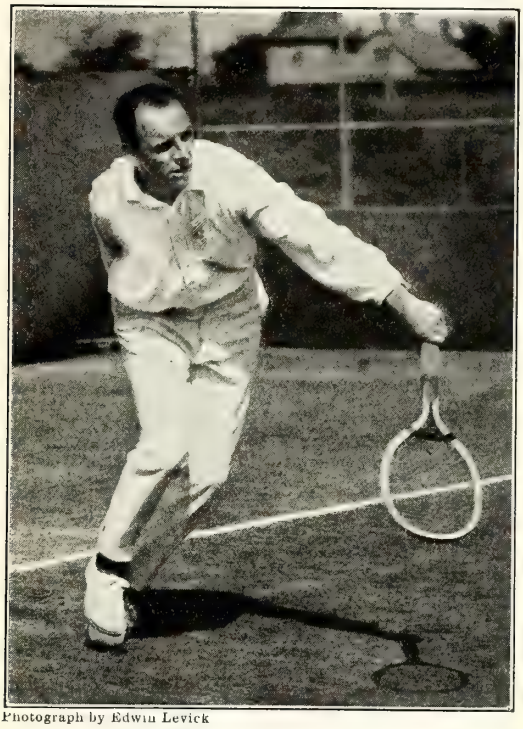
WATSON M. WASHBURN

ple of the courage that carries men through, but an even more glowing example of resourcefulness.

The fourth point in the make-up of a match-player in tennis is grit. Grit and courage are different manifestations of the same thing—a quality known as "nerve." Courage carries you through discouragement; grit causes you to triumph over an acute physical handicap. They are really the same thing, but I am using these two terms to differentiate between mental nerve and physical nerve.

A match-player must be able to stand physical pain, and still produce his best game. And he must be able to do this thing without explanation or excuse. This is not an easy thing to do, as tennis is a game that demands complete concentration. Pain or discomfort tends to distract one's mind from the play. It is all too likely to cause one to think of himself.

I remember a noted match in which I saw R. L. Murray, one of the grittiest players in the game, play himself off the court in a struggle against Watson M. Washburn, during an East-versus-West affair. Murray opened very well, but gradually sunk from brilliant tennis to absolute mediocrity. Then finally, in the fifth set, he literally collapsed. Yet so keen was he to finish, that it was only when the captain of his team forced him off



Photograph by Edwin Levick

BEALS C. WRIGHT

the court that Murray would default. I learned afterward that Murray had been ill throughout the previous night and was not fit to play.

R. Norris Williams, 2d, who for years has sufferred from a weak ankle, the result of an old injury, fought William M. Johnston to a standstill for two sets and a half in the National Championship last year, although suffering agonies from a sharp strain caused by a too sudden stop in the third game of the first set. Yet so well did Williams hide his injury, and so reticent was he about it after the match, that only a few of his intimate friends knew of the handicap under which he played.

Norman E. Brookes, throughout the whole of his wonderful career on the tennis-courts, was the victim of a chronic ailment that at times caused him extreme suffering. Brookes would often play his greatest matches while undergoing the most intense pain. Fortunately, Brookes has conquered his illness and to-day is nearly a well man. Yet over that long period when he led the world in tennis, no one ever heard Brookes offer an excuse for defeat, although he certainly had one.

I have seen men play when they have been running high temperatures and should have been in bed instead of being on the court. I have seen them play with sprained ankles, strained backs, and injured hands. Possibly you will remark, "They were foolish—it was n't worth it." Quite possibly you are right in this opinion; yet I admire the grit that carried them through and the game that can produce such a spirit.

A match-player must have more than these four qualities. He must have a fine stroke equipment, must possess a mental caliber of at least average intelligence, and speed of foot. He must train, work, and progress. Any player may have all these attributes, but unless he combines with them the four qualities of courage, coolness, resource, and grit, he cannot reach the select class.

We have boasted of many match-players in America. We are also justly proud of them. Yet let us also give credit to several great stars whom, though we may not claim them as our own, we are justly proud to know.

There is one man who, although he has never worn the crown of world's champion, is known as the defeater of champions—J. Cecil Parke, of England. In my opinion, Parke is one of the greatest match-players the world has ever known, and to-day he is as dangerous an opponent for any one given match as can be found. Parke has never had the opportunity for regular practice and tournament play, in the way so many of the great players have had. Notwithstanding all this, during the years from 1907 to 1914, inclusive, Parke defeated Norman E. Brookes, Anthony F. Wilding, Beals C. Wright, Maurice E. McLoughlin, and R. Norris Williams, 2d, when they were at their best. It is a marvelous record; yet I think that, last year, Parke capped even this.

Parke was a major in the World War, served the full four years, and was twice wounded—once, seriously, through his side, causing what was thought to be permanent heart complications, and once with shrapnel through his wrists. Naturally, it was felt Parke's tennis days were over. But last season Parke decided to "come back." How well he did this is understood when I tell you he defeated William M. Johnston, in the World's Championship at Wimbledon, England, in four sets, and carried this same "Little Bill" to five bitter sets in the Davis Cup. Thus Parke came back and triumphed over his physical handicaps, to add the scalp of the American champion to his list of notable achievements.

I have already paid tribute to Norman E.

Brookes. I need say no more of him. Brookes' unequaled record stands alone, needing no praise from me. Second only to him comes the late Anthony F. Wilding, that gallant sportsman who laid down his life at Gallipoli while serving as a captain in the British Army. Wilding was another player of great attainments, a man of courage, coolness, resource, and grit, one who ranks high among the players of the world. Among the



Photograph by Edwin Levick

ANTHONY F. WILDING

other great match-players of Great Britain are A. W. Gore, H. L. and R. F. Doherty—those famous brothers who for years outclassed the world in tennis—S. W. Smith, and the Renshaws.

America need never fear to place her record in tennis before the world. Down through the pages of history in this sport the names of Slocum, Sears, Larned, Ward, Davis, the Wrenns, Wright, and Clothier will ever stand forth. To R. N. Williams, 2d, William M. Johnston, R. L. Murray, and other modern players I render praise.

There remains one man who, I feel, must take his rightful place at the head of American match-players. He was not a great tennis-player from a technical standpoint. His game was faulty, his foot-work bad, his back-hand very weak. Yet by sheer speed, by courage, coolness, resource, and grit, Maurice Evans McLoughlin gained a position as unquestioned champion of the world in 1914. McLoughlin is the most perfect type of the match-player. He could always bring his game to its best in the crisis. Its weaknesses were less apparent, its strength intensified whenever the need was greatest. No one who was present at the marvelous Davis Cup tie in New York in 1914, when McLoughlin defeated both Brookes and Wilding, will ever forget the impossible, miraculous tennis played by "Mac." It was unheard of, unbelievable, yet it was done just when needed. Sheer audacity of attack and disobedience to the usual laws of tennis technique triumphed for him, because the great will of this match-player said, "I will win." Time and again during that terrific match with Brookes, in which "The Wizard" held the whip-hand during the early stages, he was held at bay solely by the fierce determination and sheer genius of tactics of the young American, tactics that were inspired, but not thought out. Brookes clearly outgeneraled him, yet Mac would flash forth in the pinch. With the score 10–11 and 0–40 McLoughlin deuced the scored by three magnificent service aces that Brookes did not even try to reach.

Later, against Wilding on the last day, McLoughlin won the first set by hitting four services of Wilding's for clean-earned points, and with such speed to the ball that Wilding could not reach one of them. In neither case was it orthodox tennis. But it was an outpouring of that wonderful something that makes a match-player.

Those matches mark the crest of McLoughlin's career. Never afterward was he the same player. Brookes knew it, and prophesied Williams would beat McLoughlin in the American Championship, which he did.

I have attempted to give an outline that will help to explain the match-player. Yet there is a something else, a something more. And it is a motive force bigger than anything I have so far mentioned. This is a God-given quality that cannot be acquired. It is part and parcel of that wonderful thing we call personality.

Somewhere within the human body is a dynamo that generates energy and diffuses it throughout the system. In some cases, all too few I regret to say, this energy has a magnetic power so strong that it grips not only the possessor himself, but those with whom he comes into contact. This is the energy which produces the match-player.

"Ty" Cobb and "Babe" Ruth have it. Bobby Jones, "Chick" Evans, and Francis Ouimet show it. Norman E. Brookes, R. Norris Williams, 2d, and Vincent Richards exude it. Theodore Roosevelt had it in the extreme. And it is this same personality that makes the match-player.

What is the match-player? Frankly, I do not know, for I do not know what is personality.



"THE OTHER FOUR IN TWO OF THE CANOES PUSHED OFF, WAVING FAREWELL TO THEIR TWO COMRADES" (SEE PAGE 794)

THE MIGHTIEST EAGLE

By J. HORACE LYTLE

BOUNDED on one side by the end of civilization, and with its opposite limits crowding close upon the edge of a vast primeval wilderness, there lies, in one of the great provinces of Canada, a thriving little city of several thousand inhabitants. To the south, there is water and much navigation. To the north, there is nothing but tall trees and tiny lakes, fearless trappers and boundless forests. But business has pushed its way into this far northland—just as business, in some form or another, always penetrates to the very ends of the earth. To understand, one has merely to be familiar with the old organization and former power of the Hudson's Bay Company. The industry back of this story, however, was of a far different character. The city of which we have spoken is the home of mammoth paper-mills—because the required vast quantities of wood-pulp are available almost at its doors. Spruce was the principal wood needed—and spruce was plentiful.

Bruce Bigelow—with dark hair and dark eyes, broad of shoulder and straight as a pine—was the twenty-six-year-old son of the head of the paper industry. Bruce had fought during the Great War, and with marked distinction, in the flying-corps. When the fighting was over, he started, under his father, to learn the paper business from the ground up; soon after which he made a suggestion to the head of the house.

"There is not to be found anywhere, Father, a map of the bush that is worth the paper it is printed on," he said one day. "If you really want to locate to a certainty the best spruce, why not get a good seaplane? The whole territory is fairly sprinkled with lakes,—almost every ridge hides a new one,—so that a seaplane should have no trouble at all in making a landing."

If it would be practicable, here was the germ of something valuable. At first, however, the elder Bigelow was skeptical. Would it not be as easy to become lost in an aëroplane over the woods as to become lost in the woods itself? This was only one of the seeming obstacles that occurred to Robert Bigelow. There were many others.

"But," argued Bruce, "no man, or set of men, have ever been so skilled in the sense of direction as your trained aviator. I do not believe such fears will prove well founded, Father; besides, we can have the machine equipped with the best kind of instruments."

It was an idea worth the experiment, anyhow, and in the end Robert Bigelow signed a requisition for a small seaplane, the best of its size that could be built, and it was understood that Bruce's next promotion would be to the position of official pilot. It was to be a plane of special design, built to order, and it would be some time before its manufacturers would be able to make delivery. This was satisfactory, as it was an innovation and hence there was no definite, immediate need for it.

Before the new plane arrived, a canoe exploration for new spruce had already been organized, and it was decided that Bruce should make one of the party. A single-track railroad ran from the city straight into the north, through the very heart of the wilderness, as far as Hudson Bay. The party, with their canoes and a full outfit of provisions, left by rail, and were to be dumped off two hundred miles in the bush on the shores of the lake that would make the first lap of their long homeward paddle. Through many such lakes, over portages, down winding rivers lay their way, penetrating the uncharted forest.

Bruce had been in the bush before, and it was always a tonic to his system. He had always loved the wild—and it seemed especially exhilarating on this particular trip after the period of confinement at the mill. Who can ever tire of the magic spell of the wilderness! It was in August and the days were warm, but not too warm. The nights were crisply cool. There were six besides Bruce in the party—two guides and four company men. All were in their blankets early at night and up early each morning—refreshed by the deep, dead sleep such as one can best know only on balsam boughs in the northern wilderness. The low-hanging mist would still be clouding the lakes by the time the canoes were pushed out into their silvery waters for the beginning of a new day's work. Bruce always took his morning's dip in the cool, clear water, to the unfailing wonder of the guides. They thought nothing of snowshoeing over their trap-lines in the dead of winter, when the mercury dropped to fifty degrees below zero, but as for plunging into the keenly cool August water—that was unthinkable!

Glorious days followed one another in close succession as the three trim canoes nosed their way farther and farther into vast forest. The sixth day was drawing to an end when, not far off, Bruce heard the wings of a partridge flapping in flight. He knew it would not go far, and he suddenly decided there was nothing he would rather have for his breakfast in the morning than fried partridge. The others were all busy getting supper and making camp for the night when Bruce picked up his rifle and slipped off without announcing his intention to the rest of the party. They first noticed his absence a little later, when a shot broke the silence of the forest.

"Who 's that, I wonder?" spoke up Sam Sargent, the older guide.

"So I was wondering, too," said his partner. "Must be Bruce. He 's not about. I reckon he 's just trying his luck." These men of the wild places, who had known Bruce all his life, never even thought of him or spoke to him except by his first name.

"Do you suppose he 's lost and shooting to call for help?" asked George Parker, with just a trace of uneasiness.

"Sure not," Sam hastened to assure him. "That boy 's been in the woods all his life—he 'll take care of himself. Besides," he added with conviction, "he 'd have fired three times if he was calling for help. No—he 'll most likely bring in something to add to our grub." And that closed the incident.

Bruce was not in trouble, either. He had, however, very neatly shot a big fat partridge. But he did not at once start to retrace his steps. Several other birds had flown at the shot, and Bruce followed them up to get enough for the whole party. Yet they were hard to locate. Most of them had taken to the trees, where it is always very difficult to find them unless you know exactly where to look. By and by he happened to stumble on one that had kept to the ground. With a rush of wings, it was off—and took to a tree some distance ahead. Bruce followed to get in position for a shot. In the end he bagged the bird. He now had two, and felt that if he could get a couple more, he would have enough to share them with all the party next morning. So he kept on, intent upon this object. He did not realize how late it was getting until about twenty minutes after, when he again came upon some birds. Taking a good tree-rest for the rifle, he drew bead on one overhead—and down it flopped. But it was very hard to find. Looking up through the trees at the sky, in shooting, he had found his sights easy enough. But on the darker ground, in the thick of the brush, it proved to be no small task to locate the partridge that in color so nearly matched its surroundings. When at last he found the bird, Bruce realized that it was high time to be getting back to camp. And with three birds—the proof of three good rifle-shots—that is what he proceeded to do.

But Bruce had committed the fatal error of the bush: he had been so absorbed in following the birds that he had forgotten to keep his sense of direction. After traveling some little distance, he knew that he had lost his bearings. But he was dogged in his determination not to admit it by firing the three-shot signal for help—at least not yet. Vainly he strove to determine the direction of the camp. It was rapidly growing darker; night was approaching more swiftly with each lost minute—silently spreading itself like an enveloping blanket over the solitudes of the wild. And so at last—but not until the very last—did the war hero of the air fire the three telltale shots in succession.

Back in camp, old Sam had just expressed in the one breath both his worry and impatience over Bruce's failure to return, when the signal shots were heard.

"By gracious!" he exclaimed, now thoroughly alarmed, "that boy is lost; and what 's more, he 's gone too far! Those shots are not as close as I was sure he would be. He should have known better," he added in vexation. Then he quickly grabbed up a gun and shot three times into the darkening sky.

"What can we do?" exclaimed Parker, his voice quivering with the nervousness that he could not hide.

"Nothing more—now," said Sam, trying to

conceal his own uneasiness. "Wait till we hear from him again and see if he 's coming toward us."

Out in the bush, Bruce heard the shots from the camp—and it shook even his steady nerve that they sounded so much farther away than he had dreamed could be possible. "Dog-gone it," he muttered, between clenched teeth, "but I *am* in a pretty fix." He proceeded toward the direction whence the sound of the shots had come. For some time he went on without shooting again—and felt chagrined that he had had to fire at all. But it was getting so dark that he finally decided to signal again—this time, just to let them know he was coming. He fired and at first thought that the echoes were his answer. Then he heard, unmistakably, the three shots in reply from the camp. But the sound came from farther away than it had before—much farther away! He realized then what had happened—in some unexplainable way, he had got turned about.

"Confound the echoes!" he said, vexed at his blunder. "They 've misled me." In his heart there was no fear—only stronger determination.

Bruce sat down on a log and analyzed the situation. He knew the ways of the woods well enough to understand the foolishness of trying to get back that night. It might lead him into a worse tangle than ever. Not feeling hungry, he found a windfall and prepared to make himself as comfortable as possible for the night. Then it was that he noticed he had only three matches with him. He decided to do without a fire, though during the night it grew so cold that he was chilled to the bone.

Back in camp, by the portage, there was no rest for any one—less even than Bruce himself enjoyed. They took turns keeping watch, so that some one would surely be awake and ready to answer any summoning shots from Bruce. But as no more came, in the morning they held a solemn council and several plans for making a thorough search were discussed.



"HE REALIZED WHAT HAD HAPPENED—HE HAD GOT TURNED ABOUT"

It was Sam, the guide, who finally issued the ultimatum. "André will take the rest of you and go on," he said. "I stay."

"And I stay with you—I will not move a step out of the woods until Bruce is found!" Parker chokingly exclaimed.

In the end, that is the way it was decided. Only Sam and Parker remained, though none of them wanted to push on. That all should stay was not practical, as Sam pointed out so decidedly as to appear unfeeling. Yet all knew this was not so. Stolidly the other four in two of the canoes pushed

off, waving farewell to their two comrades who remained behind.

"Good luck to you!" Sam called back to them; "we shall find him—and we shall not come in until we do." It was beyond the power of Parker to speak a word. He was crushed by an intuitive dread of what might be before them.

THE first faint streak of dawn found Bruce hungry as well as chilled to the bone. His fingers were so cold that he wasted one match and so used two of his three in lighting a fire. Then he picked and prepared one of his partridges and roasted it on a stick over the coals. He knelt by a spring near by and drank deep of the cool water. He felt better when he had eaten, even though the lack of salt made the meal a poor substitute for his usual fare. The moon still hung overhead, as if loath to leave; and the forests were wrapped in a heavy mantle of mist. In any other circumstances, Bruce would have thrilled to the exhilaration of its free and wild enchantment.

In such a wilderness, it is one thing to seek; it is another thing to find. Bruce went from bad to worse in his wanderings. Though his ammunition was running low, twice, at intervals, he fired signal shots, but to his dismay there came no answer. The party could not have gone on without him—that was incredible. But how else explain the failure to reply? He could not know that Sam and Parker were out of earshot, having, with the coming of dawn, left camp to begin their search for him, first tacking to a tree beside the camp-fire a message telling of the direction they had taken and that they would return to the camp at stated intervals. It sometimes happens that even the most experienced woodsman will lose his bearings. Nothing seems as it ought to be; the wrong direction appears to be the right one. This was the predicament in which Bruce found himself—although he had retained his self-control to a remarkable degree. Indeed, had it not been for night again falling, the chances are that he would have found his way back to his companions. Bruce was too much of a woodsman—and too much of a soldier—to be nervous; but darkness, combined with a certain impatience, had brought about the same result as if he had been so.

Another meal without salt and he lost all relish for partridge; then too, with his matches gone, he could not cook them. Without fire or blankets, he suffered terribly at night. But there was one thing growing abundantly in the few clearer spaces at this season—berries. These formed Bruce's sole diet after the first morning. There were blueberries and raspberries, and he had always been fond of both. Had it not been for these, he certainly would have perished. But these sustained life, and he was spared the necessity of eating raw game. And so the days dragged on, one after another. Each night he cut a new notch in a stick he carried, to keep track of the time.

There were eight notches on the stick when one day Bruce stood on the edge of a high precipice that fell sheer to the shores of what seemed the most beautiful little lake he had ever seen. The setting sun, a ball of red fire, sent its slanting rays through the trees of the forest on the opposite shore and across the deep blue water like a track of glory. Far back rose the timber-covered hills—miles upon miles of unbroken forest. There was one tall pine that towered so far above the others—it was as high again as any other tree around it—that it seemed to stand as a guardian over all that forest world. And in spite of his weakness and hunger, Bruce thrilled to the magic spell of the wilderness. Here was the world as unspoiled as when God gave it as His gift to man. And here was a man fighting for his life in this primitive land—fighting for it just as the moose and the bear and the wolf must fight for theirs. But with this difference—that generations of civilization had softened Bruce. Yet behind Bruce were generations of fighting men,—and he himself was one,—so he was making a fight that would have been beyond a lesser courage. A weaker spirit would have succumbed, while Bruce could still respond to the beauty of the menacing wilderness. It was fortunate for him that it was August and not December, for then there would have been no berries for food and he would soon have perished of the cold.

The day on which Bruce cut the twentieth notch on his tally-stick, he was so weak that he could barely crawl. His clothing was torn and stained and hung loosely on his emaciated body. His head ached and he was unspeakably weary. He found a windfall, pulled some moss into it, and lay down. Almost immediately he fell into the deep sleep of utter exhaustion. It was the first time he had allowed himself to lie down for rest during the day. He had been afraid to do it. But now how good the warm sun felt as it found its way to the open side of the windfall!

How long Bruce slept, he could not know. He was suddenly startled into wakefulness by the near report of a rifle. Slowly and painfully he propped himself up; and as he did so, the dominant feature of his nature, the die-fighting impulse, reawakened. Almost intuitively, he reached for his rifle and fired three shots into the air in rapid succession. The answer was close—unmistakably close. With a mighty effort of will, Bruce pulled himself together. He knew that his ears had not deceived him—and he knew also that he *must* not let this chance at deliverance slip by.

It would be the last. Then, as he fought for mastery of his deadening senses, there came a great cracking of the brush, and a moment later a giant of a man made his way through the undergrowth and came toward him.

"Ah!" he said, as he hurried to the windfall and placed his great hand on Bruce's shoulder, "I see I come just in time."

"Yes—in—time," Bruce whispered faintly. And then the exhaustion that he had fought so gallantly got the better of him at last, and he collapsed in the big man's arms.

When he awoke, Bruce was lying on a soft bed of balsam boughs. It was light. Vaguely he realized that he must have slept a long time, he felt so much refreshed. He must cut another notch in his tally-stick, he thought hazily. But as he felt for it, he was gently pushed back.

"Better rest some more," said a kindly voice in his ear.

"But where am I and how did I get here?" Bruce whispered, without any further desire to move.

"You 're all right now, in my cabin," the voice answered. "Wait—I have some partridge broth ready for you. After you have that, you will feel better and we can talk."

Bruce took as much of the broth as his new friend would allow him, and then declared his wish to know what had happened.

"It was yesterday afternoon that I found you," the man said, "and I carried you down here, where you have slept so hard I wondered if you would ever wake up. I wanted to give you some food, for I could see you were almost starved."

"And who are you—whom I have to thank for all this?" Bruce asked.

"Me—I am McIntyre. My trap-line, in season, runs right by the place where you were lying. And you," he added, "must be Bigelow. Am I not right?"

"Yes—but how did you know?" Bruce asked, surprised.

"Sam—Sam Sargent—was through this way with another man about a week ago looking for you, and he gave me your name then. I never saw Sam act so beat up in his life."

"Good old Sam!" murmured Bruce. "We must find him and let him know."

"But not until you 're stronger—then we 'll see what we can do," the trapper answered very positively. "You 'll be able to travel in a day or two."

"We must start to-morrow, if not to-day," said Bruce, and then he fell asleep again. He was weaker than he had realized.

While he slept, McIntyre, was busy examining his guest's rifle. It was the finest specimen he had ever seen. He carried it outside, the better to study its mechanism. "Bet it would drop a moose at the end of the lake!" he said to himself. Overhead, a great bird soared in sweeping circles. It was an eagle and McIntyre found himself peeping at it through the sights. He was tempted to pull the trigger, but he remembered that that would awaken Bruce in the cabin. And then there suddenly appeared over the distant pines another flying thing that, though so far away, seemed mightier than the eagle. But McIntyre could tell it was no bird such as ever before had flown over those forests. The noise of its flight, even at a distance, was the strangest thing the trapper had ever heard. Onward it came. And as it drew nearer, the trapper's instinct to fire proved too strong to be resisted. Carefully he sighted along the barrel and pulled the trigger—once—twice—three times!

Within the cabin, Bruce had been dreaming—dreaming of fighting in France. The purr of the battle-planes was in his ears. As he gradually came to himself, the purring of the planes became more and more distinct. And then the dream broke off as he sat up, fully awake. What was that! He seemed to hear the distant hum of an airplane motor. That was a sound he could never mistake. But of course it was foolish, and he smiled to himself at the thought. Then the three shots sounded in his ears. With a great effort he gained the door. There the purr of a plane became unmistakable—it could be nothing else!

"McIntyre!" he cried, reading in the trapper's eyes what had happened, "McIntyre, don't shoot again—that 's an aëroplane, man, it 's an aëroplane!"

The big trapper hung his head. He had heard stories about the aëroplanes in the Great War, but he had never seen one—and certainly nothing of the kind had ever before penetrated into that part of the wilderness.

But Bruce was paying no attention to his new friend. His eyes followed the plane in its flight. There was something peculiar about it. It had been flying fairly low—but now it rose several thousand feet. This might have been to avoid the gun-fire. Yet, strangely, the pilot seemed loath to leave. Around and around he flew. And then—down, down the plane dropped, head first, twisting and turning.

"I must have hit him!" cried the trapper, with terrified eyes, and he gripped Bruce fiercely by the arm.

"Not necessarily," said Bruce. "That 's the old spiral. He 's probably afraid you 'll shoot again. Watch him right her before he hits the lake. Whoever 's flying her is a *real* pilot—I could see that from the first."



"'I MUST HAVE HIT HIM!' CRIED THE TRAPPER, AND HE GRIPPED BRUCE FIERCELY BY THE ARM"

McIntyre watched a sight which his eyes had never before beheld. He still gripped Bruce's arm hard, convulsively tightening his hold as the plane quickly righted itself and then landed neatly on the surface of the lake. But a little later, as the pilot stepped ashore, it was Bruce's turn for astonishment.

"You—you!" he stammered. "But how—tell me how—did you happen—" but he became too weak to stand and sank down on the soft earth.

"Gee, old man, but I 'm glad to see you! There—there now—it 's all right. Better stay where you are for a spell. I can see you 're pretty much all in. They never came nearly so close to getting you over in France, did they now?" laughed the man, who had been Bruce's chum in the flying-corps.

"But," Bruce cried weakly, almost overcome with astonishment, "what in the world are you doing here?"

"Easiest question you ever asked," came the hearty answer. "That 's the new plane you ordered for the company. She arrived last week. Is n't she a beauty, Bruce? And as soon as she came, your father wired for me at Montreal—and my only instructions were to find you."

"But how did you happen to be exactly here?"

"Pure coincidence."

"And you came down, thinking the shooting was queer?"

"That 's it."

"Well, of all things!" Then quickly Bruce asked: "My friend did n't score a hit, did he? It was just a mistake. But let me introduce you two. McIntyre, this is Jimmie Carew, the greatest fighting flier that ever sat in a plane."

"No, that last is wrong—he 's the one, there!" Carew smilingly told the trapper as they shook hands in cordial comradeship. Then he turned to Bruce and urged: "Now cut out all foolishness and get right back into this cabin and lie down. You need all the rest you can get, so we can fly back to-morrow morning. No,"—he cut off an interruption,—"I 'm boss on this trip, and we don't fly back till to-morrow. You might as well make up your mind to it."

And Bruce saw that there was nothing else for him to do.

McIntyre offered to find Sam Sargent and give him the news. The camp from which Bruce had strayed was only two lakes distant, and the trapper was glad to paddle over in the morning and leave the message. That was the point from which Sam was working, the old camp to which he came back every few days as a base.

"And you 'd better see he gets the extra grub I brought along," said Carew, "for we 'll be back home in the morning in less than two hours and won't need it, but Sargent and Parker may be running low."

"Sure," answered McIntyre. "But what was that you said about two hours?"

"Easy," said Carew. "Two hours—or less. Why?"

But the trapper did not reply. Miracles were coming to pass too rapidly and he was bewildered.

And the next morning, as the mightiest eagle shook herself free of the lake for that two-hour run, with her pilot and passenger on board, McIntyre was still absorbed in his amazement. The thing was unheard of! Such a miracle had come to pass in the wilderness as he had never thought to see. He was still standing spellbound on the shore of the lake as the plane passed high over the top of the farthest hill and then slipped suddenly out of sight.



"THE MIGHTIEST EAGLE SHOOK HERSELF FREE OF THE LAKE"

KIT, PAT, AND A FEW BOYS

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Author of "Cinderella's Granddaughter"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

KATHERINE EMBURY is a sophisticated, rather blasé, girl who belongs to one of those touch-and-go families that see very little of each other. With her brother Don on a ranch in Wyoming, her father in Alaska, and her mother called suddenly to Bermuda, the girl goes to visit a great-aunt, reputed not to have slept outside her own house for twenty years. Katherine arrives to find the house closed and the aunt in Seattle. Patricia Ward, a childhood playmate living near by, takes her home, where Katherine makes the acquaintance of the Wards, very much of a family. Unknown to their guest, all the Wards are planning to leave the next morning for their summer camp in Vermont. As Katherine does not look like a girl who would be happy in camp, Pat and her mother, to the boys' disgust, decide to postpone their own departure for a few days. Katherine discovers the sacrifice and insists on being taken to camp. On arriving in strange and, to her, uncouth surroundings, Katherine bears herself like the sportswoman she is. But at night Birch Camp is very still.

CHAPTER VII

KIT WRITES A LETTER

BIRCH CAMP at midnight was very still. Katherine, staring wide-eyed into the darkness of the first sleeping-tent, thought that she was the only creature awake in all the world. Her bough bed felt as soft as down, she had never been more comfortable in her life, but neither had she ever felt less inclined to sleep. She lifted her head, and the night breeze stirring through the tent touched her cheeks with cool fingers. Through the open flies she could see the camp-fire sunk to a red ash. Then her head dropped back on the green denim pillow and she waited tranquilly for sleep. There was plenty to think of.

There was, for instance, the odd and not uninteresting sensation occasioned by the fact that she could not put up her hand and flash on an electric light. The darkness was there to stay, undispelled, whether she liked it or not. This was typical of other facts that the past seven hours had forced upon her consciousness. In camp one took the world, had to take it, as it was made.

The point was, would she make good? Could she catch a fish if she tried? Could she cook one palatably if she caught it? She had always hitherto found herself able to do anything which she set out to do. Given a little time, she thought she could hold her own. She would even learn to sleep after a while. So she lay and thought, quite ready for the morning to begin.

The morning, however, was in no haste to arrive. Katherine again propped herself on an elbow and surveyed the world through her tent flies. The camp-fire still smoldered, though more dully, the stars still bathed brightly in the lake. Katherine wondered what the night would look like if she were out in it. She sat up abruptly and silently pulled off her blankets, felt for her stockings, drew them on, slipped her feet into her shoes, her arms into a thick bath-robe. To the bath-robe she added the quilt, stood up furtively, holding her breath and drawing the quilt around her. She crept to the foot of the bed, felt cautiously on the top of her trunk for a minute, and flitted, a stealthy, bundled shadow, from the tent.

The night, dim and strange and very cold, enfolded her. The girl shivered and drew the quilt closer. It was lonely and a little uncanny to be the only person awake in the midst of the woods at such an hour as this. How dark nights were!

She stole softly to the other side of the camp-fire and felt on the ground with her hands. Good! She had remembered rightly about the wood. She stirred the coals with a stick, laid her wood in place, and, drawing an old bit of carpet nearer, crouched on it, waiting. Now the logs were catching. Little tongues of fire ran along the bark, joined hands like children at play, and danced uproariously, leaping into the air. Oh, the cheer of warmth!

After a while she put out a hand to the portfolio she had brought with her from the tent. To Mother? No, Mother might worry at the thought of her daughter awake and writing letters at such late hours of the night. One of the girls? She drew out her portfolio and uncapped her fountain-pen while she tried to decide whose name should finish the salutation. "Birch Camp. Heart of the Woods. Dear—"

Katherine frowned and nibbled the end of her pen reflectively. Suddenly a picture flashed into her mind of Pat and Phil as she had seen them once that evening in the circle around the camp-fire, heads together, conferring absorbedly with the give and take of perfect understanding. It was n't her habit, but—why not? She began impulsively:

Dear Don:

Do you remember once, when we were little, wondering how the night looked at two o'clock in the morning? I can tell you, though my watch is put away in my trunk with the clothes that I wore when I came here. In the woods you tell time by the sun, and by the moon and

stars, too, I suppose, if you know how. I don't, but I know the night has been going on for a long while. It must be almost through.

I am sitting out here by the camp-fire, because I can't sleep in my tent. I never slept in a tent before, you know, or on a bough bed. Do you have them at the ranch? Oh no, I remember now, you live in sheep-wagons. Everybody but me is asleep and has been for hours.

I came up here yesterday to the Wards' camp, and six days ago I did n't know one of them. Have you forgotten 'Patsy' Ward and her brothers, with whom we used to play at Aunt Marcia's? I had. But she picked me off Aunt Marcia's doorstep last week exactly as though I had been a lost kitten. I must have looked rather friendless. You see, Mother left suddenly for Bermuda with Aunt Isabelle (she has probably written you), and I left suddenly with myself for Aunt Marcia's, not knowing Aunt Marcia had just left suddenly with a friend for Seattle. Sounds like a play, does n't it? Enter the Wards. Tall, scholarly looking father; big mothery looking mother, with lovely eyes; three jolly boys, the oldest, Phil—about your age; Pat, alias Miss Patricia Ward, my age; small sister; nice aunt. Scene shifts to a camp in the woods. Old clothes. Wooden plates. General absence of dress parade. Don't you dare laugh, but Pat and I wear our hair in braids down our backs. You know, I never could see what you found in a sheep-wagon to be so enthusiastic about, but —Well, Pat did n't think I 'd like it here. I don't know that I do, but I am interested—tremendously. It is different.

My fire will be going out presently. Perhaps I had better give my bed another chance. Did you ever sleep on boughs and, if so, how did you do it? And when was it? Tell me truly,

KATHERINE.

P. S. The stars are n't so bright and the sky is getting pale around the edges. I verily believe it is coming dawn. If it is, I shall certainly have to sit up to see it. I think I am a little excited. Why, Don, I never was awake before, a whole night, in all my life!

CHAPTER VIII

THE MORNING AFTER

"TIME to get up! Time to get up! It 's time to get up in the morning!"

Katherine opened her eyes and surveyed the singer doubtfully. Had she been asleep? "Time to get up?" she mocked. "It is never time to get up. I was having a wildly exciting dream and you knocked it quite out of my head."

"I should hope so at this time in the morning. It 's six o'clock."

"Six o'clock? And she calls it late!"

"Late for the woods. Father and Marian are getting breakfast."

"Then what are you putting that on for?"

"Oh, I can't resist a dip in the lake before breakfast, even if there 's only time to stay a minute. You have to be punctual at meals, you know, at Birch Camp. If anybody is late, he takes what is left or lives on crackers till the next meal."

"Cheerful prospect. Which are you proposing to do this morning?"

"I am proposing to get there on time. But I won't if I wait for you another minute."

"Who said anything about waiting?"

Pat straightened from struggling with a refractory shoe-lace. "*My goodness*, Katherine Embury! How did you do that?"

"Could n't say. Never did it before. I think you spoke of a dip?"

Pat laughed and led the way from the tent. "You 're a wizard, a perfect wizard. I never dreamed of being half so quick, and I thought I was rather fast myself."

"It must have been the emergency," said Katherine, modestly.

Ferns wet with dew brushed their feet as Pat led the way at a run down a winding wood-path. Sunshine flickered through the branches overhead, splashing the dark trunks with light. Suddenly the path opened on a narrow strip of white beach and a spring-board rising well out in the sparkling water.

Shouts greeted them: "Hello! You 're late. Almost time to go in."

"Cold?" questioned Pat.

"Scrumptious!" rejoined Phil.

"Dandy!" said Fred.

"I 'll bet it 's freezing." Pat kicked off a shoe.

"Try it and see." Phil dove from the spring-board and, coming up, shook the water from eyes and nose as he hailed his brother. "Luxury, old man. What?"

"You bet!" Fred took a long lazy stroke or two.

Pat kicked off the other shoe. "I know you 're both kidding, but—" She waded in and promptly began to squeal. "Oh! Oh! It 's awful, Katherine. Below zero, I think.

Katherine laughed and, running past Pat, flung herself full length into the lake.

"Oh, you Spartan!"

But when Katherine reached the spring-board, Pat was there beside her.

"You know how to swim all right, I see," Fred said to the guest.

"Oh yes." She acknowledged his praise indifferently. "I can do all the stunts—in salt water. I 've never been in fresh before."

"Don't stay in too long," he cautioned. "The reaction is slower in coming and there 's not so much of it."

"No danger of our staying in long this morning," said Pat. "There 's the five-minute horn. Oh dear!" groaned she. "If it did n't take me two whole minutes to get into the water, I 'd have longer to stay when I 'm here. See that log? I 'll race you to it and then I 'll race you back to shore. Be careful not to wet your hair. There 's no time to dry it this morning."

They raced, and Pat won both lengths by a

stroke or two. She won also in the sprint to the tent which followed, but Katherine managed to dress faster. Bright-eyed, and glowing from the exertion, the two slipped into their seats at the breakfast-table before the johnny-cake had finished its first round.

Never, Katherine thought, had anything tasted so good as that johnny-cake, unless it was the bacon and eggs which accompanied it.

Noncommittally she lent an ear to the boys' talk.

"I say, Ruffles, did you salt away that extra wood before you hiked for the milk this morning?"

"Me? What do you take me for?"

"Where is it then?"

"Where you left it last night, I guess."

"That 's just where it is n't. Not a stick of it."

"Burned it all up, did n't we?"

Here Fred joined the discussion. "There were three or four good chunks left after I put some on the fire at bedtime."

"Hedgehogs," suggested Nick. "They 'll eat a keg of nails, if you give 'em time."

"No hedgehog ate all that wood," declared Phil.

"Sleep well?" Aunt Ida tossed the question across the table to Katherine.

"As well as most first-nighters, thank you."

"Which is generally not a wink," interpolated Fred.

The girl met his quizzical look smilingly. "Pat can tell you she had hard work waking me this morning."

"I should say I had," laughed Pat. "I could n't seem to persuade Katherine that when the sun had been up for hours it was time for us to be up too."

"She did n't say how many hours," said Katherine. "When was sunrise?"

"You saw it!" Phil flashed at her.

"Is it the thing to see in the woods? Then of course I saw it. I 'm not missing anything."

His eyes twinkled. "I 'll bet you 're not. But you 're game all right. Who puts up the grub to-day?"

"Fred and I get dinner," said his aunt. "The girls are down for supper."

Katherine's heart fluttered, though nobody but herself was aware of the fact.

"Father posts who 's what for the week every Saturday," Fred explained to the new-comer. "If you 've got a long trip planned, you can generally trade off for somebody else's time—provided you don't miss out on too many dinners."

"Dinner is n't bad," Pat said. "We don't have many kinds of things."



"KATHERINE NIBBLED THE END OF HER PEN REFLECTIVELY"

"But what we have, we want 'fillin','" cut in Phil. "How much of a tramp are you good for, Katherine?"

"I don't know exactly. Four or five miles easily. I ought to be able to do more."

"We 'll warm you up gradually. What do you say to a hike to the Bowl this morning, Patrick?"

Pat clapped her hands. "Oh jolly! Not too far away and perfectly lovely."

"'The Bowl?'" queried Katherine.

"The Jade Bowl," said Aunt Ida. "Most wonderful color. It 's a beauty."

"Giant's Drinking-cup," supplemented Fred. "You 'll think so all right, when you see it."

"Now I have n't the remotest idea what to expect. Is it a rock?"

"A rock—sticking up in the air? Oh no, it is n't that. Nobody tell her," commanded Pat. "It 's so perfectly gorgeous not knowing what kind of a thing you 're going to see till you see it. You can make up stories about it all the way."

"I would n't know how to do that."

"Then I 'll make them up for you. Is everybody going?"

"Not I," said Mrs. Ward. "I think I shall stay at camp and get thoroughly settled."

"And I have some letters that must be written this morning," Aunt Ida announced.

"I 'm going to finish my new fishing-rod," declared Father Ward.

"I 'll cut for home early, Aunt Ida," Fred promised. "So don't worry about your dinner partner."

Impetuously they fell upon the morning's tasks. In an astonishingly short time, from an orderly camp issued a party of young people, their spirits as gay as the morning.

For Katherine, the hours were full of new experiences. She did n't even know what this walk was taking her to see. A jade bowl? What was a jade bowl—outside a curio shop or the house of an art collector?

Whatever it was, the path to it led through woods, loitering pleasantly, a mere thread of trodden brownness curving among tall pine trunks. Abruptly the path abandoned the woods, or perhaps it was Nick who abandoned the path, for the bed of the stream. Up they went, the boys leaping sure-footedly from rock to rock, Marian dancing over the gray stones like a bright bit of thistle-down, Pat teetering on every stone for pure joy. Katherine jumped to a flat gray rock, landed firmly on both tennis-shod feet, marked another, leaped for it, and went flitting away as lightly as though she had spent her life negotiating her way up parched mountain brooks.

She spoke to the boy beside her. "I did n't know anything could be such fun again."

"Like it?" asked Fred. "Just you wait!"

"Till we get to your 'Bowl'?"

"The bowl 's all right. But this trip is tame compared with some around here. If you 're keen on rocks and things, we can furnish 'em."

"I don't know what I 'm keen on. I only know I feel—the way a glass of charged water looks."

"I get you. Here we go—*up*." He indicated a narrower, rougher rock-channel, tumbling at right angles into the one they were following, like a shower of stones thrown down the hillside. "It 's the straight way to the bowl."

Ahead, through green branches, they could see the others mounting sturdily, as though by the windings of a rough-hewn staircase.

"Hot!" announced Fred.

"It is so still," panted the girl.

"Some exercise, too. Don't forget that."

"Do I look as though I were forgetting? And I am holding you back. You need n't, you know."

"What 's the point in getting to the place first? You 're doing first rate. This last bit is the worst. The bowl 's around that next bend."

"Really? Let 's hurry."

With a burst of speed they caught up with the others.

"Welcome to the Jade Bowl!" cried Pat. "Does it look the least bit the way you could n't imagine it would?"

At Katherine's feet lay a circular pool, narrow but deep, cupped in the rock. A tiny waterfall slipped silently down a sheer wall to feed it. Its overflow brimmed in an inconspicuous trickle through mossy stones. On either hand the banks of the ravine, thick-set with trees, rose to a blue sky checkered with interlacing boughs. Very tranquil the pool was, and so clear that at the bottom of its marvelous green water could plainly be seen a bunch of pale maple-keys that had fallen from an overhanging tree.

"It *is* jade!" Katherine exclaimed. "I never saw anything like it! What gives that purple tone to the water at the brim?"

"Rather fancy, I call that," said Phil. "Edge of the bowl flares a bit, so the color of the rock shows through. Slate, you know. It 's all slate around here."

"But the color!" cried Katherine. "I could look at it for hours. Are there many things in the woods like this?"

"Lots." Phil took a flying leap over a boulder. "You bump into 'em everywhere."

"Did anybody think to bring a lunch?" inquired Fred, gravely.

It was easier going down than coming up, but for Katherine a shadow had fallen over the sunshine. It was silly, she told herself, to let a simple reference to food worry her, as silly as it was

stupid. Nevertheless, the fact remained that Katherine Embury, the cool, the adequate, the resourceful, was bothered. Every step took her nearer dinner, and after dinner, but unavoidably next, would come supper. She hoped Pat was n't counting too much on her assistance.

And then, under the pine-trees, Pat fell into step beside her and remarked casually, "What do you say to having shortcake for supper?"

"Shortcake?"

"Strawberry. Father was expecting Jake over this morning with an express box, and he always brings berries. I told Aunt Ida to save us four baskets. It 's good, the batter is easy to make, and we can both hull and cut."

"That will be our dessert, you mean?"

"The Ward kind of shortcake is a meal, not a dessert. It is n't a sweet cake and we don't top it with cream. Of course, it 's a lot of work to hull so many berries, but everything is some work and—"

"I don't mind work," said Katherine.

It was relieving to see Pat so carelessly confident.

But when that night, with berry-stained fingers, she followed into the dining-tent, bearing a second luscious shortcake,—she had insisted that Pat carry the first,—and met a salvo of ravenous applause, Katherine was under no misapprehension regarding her part in the feast. It was Pat's supper. She had helped, had hulled and picked over and sliced, but her help, though interested, had been of the most mechanical sort. Sometime, she vowed, somehow, it should be different. For all that, there was a queer satisfaction in the present. As she set her shortcake before Mr. Ward she knew, amid all the alien strangeness of camp life, a sudden feeling of belonging.

CHAPTER IX

LEARNING THE ROPES

KATHERINE took the new life exactly as she had taken the morning dip—she plunged in with a shiver, but with no outcry. And as her body had warmed to its work in the water, so now her senses quickened to their strange exertions. She never complained; thanks to quick wit and close observation, she made few blunders, and laughed at her own mistakes. Obligingly prompt to claim her turn in getting up and going for the milk before breakfast, she proved as ready with the performance as the promise.

"You 're the best guest we ever had up here," Fred told her.

"Really?"

"Most of 'em fuss over something. You make a business of learning the ropes."

"It *is* a business."

"You 're right, but they don't all see it that way."

How much of a business it was, perhaps only Katherine herself fully comprehended. She had set herself to its mastery as she would have set herself to a series of problems in algebra given her in school; the thing just had to be done.

Now she began to find a quite inexplicable pleasure in swinging campward, tired and dusty, after a long afternoon's tramp in the open. She dropped to sleep at night as promptly as Pat and sprang up as eagerly in the morning for the run through wet ferns to the beach. She felt oddly alert, alive. Her feet were set on a pleasant trail that led her far from the old roads.

However, she was to have a glimpse of her former indifferent self, and it came about unexpectedly on a walk with Phil to the farm-house where the Wards obtained their vegetables.

"How 's Don?" Phil asked.

"Well, I suppose. I have n't seen him for months. He went West with a college classmate without coming home. They 're on the same sheep-ranch in Wyoming where Don spent six weeks last summer."

"I saw him for five minutes after the game last autumn," Phil said. "He was feeling pretty fit. Had just earned his 'Y' you know. Shame about that knee of his."

Had Don trouble with his knee? Katherine wondered. He had never spoken of it at home. Had Mother known? Probably not. Mother had spent last November, and the months following, with Father in California. Perhaps she ought to have been aware of it herself. She could not imagine Pat being ignorant of an injury to Phil or Fred. The color mounted to Katherine's cheeks. A chance acquaintance had given her news of Don, as though it were Don and she, instead of Phil and she, who had been strangers. A quite unwarranted resentment against the news-bearer flared in the girl's heart.

But no girl could cherish irritation, swinging along under a sunny sky at the high tide of the year, with a madcap wind puffing in her face and beside her a companion as jolly and quick and friendly as Philip Ward. They reached the farm on the best of terms, and Phil ran off to the vegetable patch, while Katherine was borne into the house by an insistent farmer's wife.

"Please don't stop your work," she begged. "It is only the middle of the forenoon, and people are always busy in the morning."

"I was just rollin' out a pie or two. The crust will keep."

"Oh, won't you go on rolling it out and let me watch you?"

Nibbling a doughnut, Katherine's eyes followed the deft fingers manipulating rolling-pin and knife. "It looks like magic," she said, as, with a swift slash, the bright blade sheared superfluous crust from the edge of a plate poised delicately on three finger-tips of the cook's left hand. "Is it very hard to make?"

"Pie-crust? Easy as rollin' off a log, when you know how."

"Really? Could you—would you tell me how?"

"Why, sure I will. Thinkin' of makin' some?"

"Yes," said Katherine. "It is Pat's and my turn to get dinner to-morrow at the camp, and if I could make a pie or two—"

"I 'll make you a few and send 'em over in the mornin'. It won't be no trouble. I 'll be glad to."

"How kind of you! I 'm sorry, because yours would be much better than mine, but I am afraid it would n't quite do. You see, we are supposed to cook all the dinner ourselves. At least, that is the way the others do, because they all know how to cook. I have a good memory and I am fairly accurate at repeating a thing I have seen done once."

"ARE you sure you can?" Pat asked, when Katherine confided her project.

"She told me exactly how. The only thing I am afraid I may not manage right is the baking."

"I 'll fix the oven for you. We 'll need it for the potatoes anyway."

"And I 'll watch and see how you do it, so as to know next time."

The following forenoon two absorbed young persons vanished into the kitchen tent, excluding all inquisitive hangers-on.

"I never made pies," Pat confessed nervously. "If these should n't happen to come out right, I suppose we can give 'em berries or something—"

"They are coming out right," said Katherine, calmly.

Coolly she buttoned on an enveloping apron, quietly she hunted through the stores for her materials.

"Here is the molding-board," Pat told her, "and the rolling-pin."

"Thank you. How many shall I make?"

"Three at least."

"Three?"

"If it is manners not to eat when you 're hungry, we have n't any, in the woods, as you know very well. Three won't be any too many."

While Pat's accustomed fingers were busily preparing the vegetables, Katherine set self-reliantly to work. She had not boasted in saying that she had a good memory, and her hands, though unskilled in pie-making, were nimble and quick. A school cooking course counted for something; a sound brain counted for more. Above all, there was an incentive. It was quite different from preparing a part of a luncheon for a dozen finicky girls to nibble on. This was man-sized food, made to appease real hunger. She softly hummed a little as she worked.

"Oho, you have made pies before!" Pat declared, when the crisp, buff-tinted circles stood steaming on the kitchen table.

"Those are the first pies I ever made in my life."

"Then how in the world did you do it so well?"

"Have n't you learned by this time that I am an expert copy-cat? I shall know how to cook steak after I watch you this noon."

Pat poked gently at the flaky crust. "How good they smell! Our dinner 's a success, all right."

Praise from efficient Pat was worth having, but there was even better to come.

"Pies!" shouted the boys, when the pastry made its appearance on the dinner-table.

"Jiminy! Who did this?" squealed Nick.

"They bought 'em!" Phil declared.

"Indeed we did n't!" hotly Pat rebuffed the charge. "Katherine made them."

"Honest?" Nick turned on the guest. "Cross your heart?"

"Double cross it. Pat is my witness."

"Dandy pie!" announced Fred, a minute later. "Hope the Pater puts you and Pat on the dinner squad often."

Phil laid down his fork and, rising, made Katherine a deep bow. "If I had a hat, I 'd take it off to you!"

It was all very jolly, but it was more than jolly. Katherine became conscious, almost at once, of a subtle change in the attitude of the campers. Perhaps, it was only because she had proved herself to her own satisfaction, that she felt as though she had proved to them that it was in her to meet the new exactions—that she, too, could be counted on to bear a responsible part in camp conduct.

Yet, after all, the pies only made her sure of herself. It was the rainy day that fairly took her by surprise. A wet day in camp is wetter and duller and more temper-trying than is a rainy day in any other imaginable situation. The campers, according to age and gender, sewed and read and wrote letters and cut paper dolls through a quietly happy morning, while a steady *drip-drip-drip* beat on the canvas roof of the living-tent and fretted the gray water of the lake.

It was after dinner that Katherine made her astonishing discovery. After dinner looked surprisingly like before dinner to the outward eye. No break showed in the leaden clouds. The young people had the living-tent to themselves, Mr. and

Mrs. Ward and Aunt Ida having vanished with the avowed intention of taking "forty winks." Pat and Katherine, whose turn had come again to get dinner, washed their baking dishes in the kitchen and laughed a little at the growls of the boys.

"I don't care if it rains all day," Pat said. "I think it 's going to."

"I hope it will," Katherine rejoined calmly. "I want to finish my book."

"Phil has finished the first reading of his, so it 's no wonder he 's restless. Now he 's going back over the pages where he stuck in papers. The book fairly bristles with markers. Phil 's a queer boy. But as he has been through this book once, he may be looking for trouble this afternoon. If he goes off for a tramp in the rain, we can read in peace, but if he happens to choose to think up something to do inside, it will be too amusing to lose."

As it happened, Phil did neither. He had the best intentions of returning to his own book, but as he dumped on the living-room table the pile collected from the same article of furniture, when, an hour earlier, hasty hands had turned it into a dining-table, and started to pull toward him "Men of the Old Stone Age," his eye was captured by "Pride and Prejudice." No harm in dipping in while the girls were busy. The brown hand whirled the leaves rapidly; the black eyes scanned the last page, probed for a minute midway between the covers, and reverted to the beginning.

Katherine, after a vain search through the bookshelf, found him absorbed, the fingers of one hand clutched in his hair, those of the other thumbing the pages under his racing eyes.

"That is my book," she said at last, politely.

Phil read on unheeding.

"That is my book." The pretty voice repeated with soft emphasis.

"What 's that? This is n't half bad, you know. Let me have it for half an hour, won't you?"

The black eyes never lifted from the print.

A week ago Katherine would have smiled pleasantly and returned with honest indifference, "Oh certainly. It does n't in the least matter what I read." To-day the thought never occurred to her. She stood for a minute, her quiet gaze on the intent black head, the broad flannel-clad shoulders, the humorous twist of the lips. A feeling quite new to the girl stirred within her. She wanted that book and she wanted it now. Moreover, she knew she had a right to it. "Is n't it a rule of the camp to respect other people's claims to the books they are reading?"

"What d'you say? Oh, yes. Take a look at mine for a bit. Fair exchange—that 's no robbery."

"Thank you, I prefer to read my own."

"Oh, come now, just for a minute—" Another page slid over.

"Are you quite sure you will like to have me read yours?"

Under cover of their various occupations the others were covertly watching.

"Sure. That 's a good girl." The dark eyes did not once look up.

Katherine smiled graciously, turned, and walked around the table to a seat opposite. There she drew "Men of the Old Stone Age" toward her and deliberately, without rancor, running her fingers through the pages, began to remove the markers.

Phil came to life with a jump. "Here! Quit that! What are you doing?"

"Fixing it so that I can read comfortably." Her calm glance lifted. Black eyes clashed stormily with quiet gray. "So many papers bother me," she explained imperturbably, and returned to her excision of markers.

For another second Phil glowered. Then his anger cooled and he strode swiftly around the table. "Here 's your book. And I beg your pardon."

"Thank you. Here is yours—in a minute." She began to put back the slips of card-board.

"Don't trouble yourself. They were n't stuck in haphazard."

"So I inferred. I remembered the pages as I took them out."

"The dickens you did!"

"Here it is. I think you will find them in the right places."

He shifted "Men of the Old Stone Age" to his left hand. "Kit, you 're a white man. Shake hands, and accept my apology."

Quiet settled on the tent, a quiet tuned to the steady rhythm of raindrops on the canvas roof. The boys and Pat returned to their books. Marian's nose was buried again in "Little Women." Katherine resumed her course through "Pride and Prejudice."

"Gee, but she 's thorough!" Phil addressed his reflections to a monkey-faced person on the page before him. "Knocks me clear out in the first round and never gives the thing another single thought."

Unaware of his scrutiny, Katherine read on and on. She was not even conscious of surprise at the completeness of her own absorption. The time for that was to come later, the time, too, for marveling at the strength of desire that had possessed her. Just now she was whole-heartedly engaged in following the fortunes of Elizabeth Bennett.

(To be continued)

THE BLACK SHEEP'S COAT

By CORNELIA MEIGS

THE orange-red beam of light from the swinging ship's-lantern dipped and swayed from side to side of the narrow cabin. It showed the red coat of the soldier who sat at the table; it lit the pale face of Peter Perkins, the stoop-shouldered clerk; it shone on Granny Fletcher's clicking knitting-needles, and, in a far corner, it dropped across the white paper upon which Master John Carver's goose-quill pen was moving so busily. Once in a while, at long intervals the light swung so far, with the plunging of the ship, that it penetrated even the cranny behind the big beam where Andrew Newell was crouching, with his knees doubled up to his chin and his head bowed, to keep out of sight in the shadow.

"One more dip like that," the boy was thinking desperately, as the exploring ray seemed to seek him out of fell purpose, "and the whole company will see me. How will it fare with me then, I wonder? Will they cast me overboard?"

So far, however, the little company was quite unconscious of his presence. Master Carver laid down his pen and began to read aloud in a low voice to the two men who sat near him, David Kritchell and William Bradford.

The hidden boy could not see the first two, but he had a full view of William Bradford, who sat beyond, a young man with broad, square shoulders where the others had the stoop of scholars and clerks, whose open brow and clear, merry eyes were in contrast to the serious and stern faces of his companions.

"This *Mayflower* is a rolling ship," complained the old woman who was knitting; "it has tumbled my ball of yarn out of my lap so many times that I will even let it go where it wills for a while."

The gray ball, slowly unwinding, rolled across the cabin toward Andrew's hiding-place, but for the space of a few minutes no one noticed it. The soldier had reached the climax of the story of one of his campaigns.

"I drew my sword," he was saying, "but there were five cut-throat Spaniards all rushing upon me at once. I struck—"

"When last you told us that tale, Captain Standish, you made it only four," Granny Fletcher interrupted tartly, "three big ones and a little one; and the time before—"

"Never mind the other times, woman," returned Standish, testily. The lurching of the ship had spilled the ashes from his pipe, serving to irritate him still more, so that he added savagely, "We will all have tales to tell soon, I will wager, of Indians that burn and scalp and slay every Christian that they see."

"Heaven have mercy!" cried the granny, casting up her eyes. "Such dangers as lie before us! Perhaps those who turned back on the *Speedwell* did wisely, after all. Where is my ball of yarn?"

It was very near to Andrew, but the name of the *Speedwell* had made him wince and draw himself closer into his corner. It was on that very ship that he should have been sailing back to England, as he well knew.

His uncle, the only relative he had in the world and no very kindly one at that, had agreed to take the boy with him on this great adventure of planting a Puritan colony in the New World. But with the first day of the voyage, the worthy man's ardor had cooled and he had been glad enough to avail himself of the chance of return when the leaky *Speedwell* turned back. A hasty council had been held in the *Mayflower's* cabin as to who should go on and who should be carried back to England, at which gathering Andrew, in spite of his uncle's protests, had pushed into the front rank of those who wished to go forward.

"We are already overcrowded, and it is the able-bodied men that we need," John Carver had said.

"And those who will make solid and worthy citizens," Peter Perkins had added at his elbow, with an unfriendly glance at Andrew's shabby coat. William Bradford was the only one who had looked at him kindly, and even he had shaken his head.

"It is a great enterprise," he said, "but we must needs abide by the rule of the elders as to who is to go and who must return."

That shabby coat was now the worse for a great rent in the shoulder and a smear of tar on the sleeve, put there when Andrew had squeezed into a narrow hiding-place between two great coils of rope, instead of entering the crowded boat that put off for the other vessel. For a whole day of light winds he had waited in an agony of suspense, while they lay close to the *Speedwell*, never seeming to get so far away that he was safe from being returned to her. Toward evening, however, the breeze freshened, the two ships had drawn apart, and while the whole company was gathered in the bow to see the last of their companion vessel, Andrew had slipped below to hide in some better place than on the wet, open deck of the *Mayflower*. A footstep in the passage had alarmed him so that he had dashed into the main

cabin and crawled behind a beam, for want of a better refuge. Here he still lurked, cramped, aching, and hungry, wondering how soon the lantern or the ball of yarn would be the means of betraying him.

Just as he felt sure that Granny Fletcher's sharp eye must have caught sight of his protruding elbow, there came a diversion in the sound of scurrying feet on the companionway and in the headlong entry of two excited girls, one of about fourteen years old, the other twelve.

"Oh, Father," cried the elder one, seizing David Kritchell's arm, "one of the sailors just helped me to climb up to look into the pen where the sheep and the poultry are, and what do you think! There is a little new lamb amongst them, not more than a day old!"

"Nay, my dear Drusilla," her father remonstrated, "do you not see that this is no time to speak of such matters? You are interrupting Master Carver."

"There is no harm wrought," John Carver said; "she brings good news, for surely it promises well that our flocks should already begin to increase."

"But it is a—a black sheep," Drusilla declared. "You cannot think how strange it looks among the white ones!"

"A black sheep?" cried Granny Fletcher, in shrill consternation. "There is a sign of bad luck, indeed! It is enough to send us all to the bottom. A black cat's crossing our path could not be a worse omen."

"We are scarcely in danger from the passing of any black cats," William Bradford observed, with twinkling eyes. "As for the black lamb, it shall be your very own, Mistress Drusilla, since it was you who brought us tidings of it. I think this expedition of ours is too earnest and weighty an affair to be brought to ruin by one black sheep."

"Nay, nay, we are as good as lost already," wailed the granny, so voluble in her lamenting that John Carver was forced to tell her sternly to hold her peace.

"Cobwebs and moonshine!" exclaimed Miles Standish, filling up his pipe, "There are enough straight swords and ready muskets in this company to drive away any sort of bad luck."

Granny Fletcher, much subdued, got up to fetch her yarn, which still rolled back and forth at the far end of the cabin. The crouching boy held his breath as it moved first toward him, then away, and then, with a sudden plunge of the ship, tumbled directly into his lap, so that he and the old woman stooping to grasp it were brought face to face. The poor soul's nerves were too badly shaken to withstand the shock of seeing that unexpected, tar-streaked countenance so close to her own.

"The bogy-man, the evil one himself come to destroy us all!" she screamed in such terror that all in the cabin rose to their feet.

"Come forth, whoever is there," commanded Bradford, sternly.

It was in such manner that Andrew Newell, gentleman adventurer at the age of fifteen, made his appearance as a member of the company of the Pilgrim Fathers.

There followed an uproar of questions, reproaches, and rebukes, with Granny Fletcher's shrill scolding rising high above all the rest, until John Carver struck his hand upon the table for silence.

"We must not talk of what the boy has done, but of what we are to do with him," he began. "He is amongst us, without friends—"

"And without money to pay his passage, I 'll be bound," observed Peter Perkins, in an undertone. "Look at his coat; look at his dirty face! This is no company for waifs and ragamuffins. Born to die on the gallows, that is the sort he is!"

The Pilgrims, while few of them were rich, were nearly all of that thrifty class which had little patience with careless poverty. In their eyes, Andrew's ragged coat was less to be forgiven than his uninvited appearance among them.

Drusilla was tugging at her father's elbow. "Think how much he wanted to come, to dare all this for the sake of seeing the New World," she whispered.

"It is not zeal for our faith that has led him," said Peter Perkins, overhearing her, "but mere love of adventure."

"And is love of adventure so wicked a thing?" questioned Bradford, his deep, quiet voice overriding all the buzz of excited talk. "I can understand why the boy wished to go with us and I will be responsible for him. You have, many of you, brought servants, bound to you to repay their passage by a year or two years of labor. This lad shall be bound to me in the same way and I will stand surety for him. Do you agree?" he said to Andrew; "will you serve me?"

Did he agree! Andrew felt, as he crossed the cabin to his supporter's side, that he would die for this young elder who stood among his gray-haired seniors and gave the boy the only friendly smile in all that hostile company.

"He will bring us ill luck," he heard Granny Fletcher whisper to her neighbor. "Is not one black sheep enough for our voyage?"

"Born to die on the gallows, I know the look of them," Peter Perkins returned, wagging his head.

Through the long days of the voyage that followed, those two seemed like watchful, sharp-tongued ghosts that haunted Andrew's footsteps. Whatever went amiss, they laid the blame upon

him, whatever he did was bound, in their eyes, to be wrong.

"There are always scolds in every company," Bradford told him one day, when the reproaches of his two enemies seemed past bearing. "Whether such persons wear breeches or petticoats, they are just the same, and real men must learn to close their ears to them."

Day by day Andrew grew to admire ever more this man who had befriended him. Bradford's kindliness, his good sense, and the steady burning of the fire of his enthusiasm made him stand out from all the rest, since amid the depression and the deadly weariness of the long voyage he was ever cheerful, confident, and certain of their success.

"I was only of your age when I first joined the company of the dissenters, myself," he told Andrew once, "and I looked with all a boy's wonder on the ups and downs, the bickerings and complaints, the discouragements of their venture in establishing a church and in making their pilgrimage to Holland. But now I can see that it was mere human nature, and that there is real patience and courage in the heart of every one of them."

Hostility toward Andrew abated somewhat during the voyage, although, to the end, Bradford, Carver, David Kritchell, and his two daughters were the only ones who treated him with any real kindness. And that voyage, even as Bradford was always prophesying, came to an end suddenly just when they were beginning to feel that life on the high seas must last forever. Andrew and Drusilla had come on deck before the others one chill, early morning in November, a morning of light winds from the west, with the wide sea still stretching endlessly all about them. Then, "Oh, Andrew!" "Oh, Mistress Drusilla!" each cried to the other in the same breath, for each had perceived the same thing. The sharp odor of salt spray, the sting of the sea wind, had altered strangely; there came instead warm puffs of air across the water, while a line like a dark cloud stretched along the horizon. They had reached America at last!

That going ashore—how they had dreamed of it, and how unlike it was to what they had thought! They were used to a land that was green through most of the winter, so that they looked with dismay at the brown, bare woods, the unfamiliar, somber green of the pines, and the line of rolling hills in the distance.

They coasted along the shore for days, finally choosing an abiding-place merely because winter was coming close and some decision must be made. The men who landed first reported that there was high open ground, a cheerful, chattering stream of fresh water, and a good prospect over both sea and land.

"We also caught sight of four Indians and a dog," Captain Standish said, "but they stayed not for our coming and stopped only to whistle to their beast before they ran away. Yet we thought we saw them later, peeping and peering among the forest trees."

The next morning they came ashore all together, with bags and bundles and precious possessions, with the swine and the poultry and the bleating sheep from the pen amidships. Drusilla Kritchell could scarcely be separated from her beloved black lamb, but Andrew, who was to go in the boat with such of the livestock as could not swim, promised that he would take good care of it.

"And a fine pair they will make, the two black sheep of ill omen," remarked Peter Perkins, who, amid all the bustle of landing, could still find time for a bitter word.

"A goodly place," said David Kritchell, cheerily, as they stood on the beach, surveying their new home and waiting for the last of their gear to be landed. The thin sunshine lay upon the flat, wet shore and the chill wind seemed to search out the very marrow of the travelers' bones. The cries of the gulls circling above them sounded harsh and lonely. The last of the boats grated its keel on the gravel and the whole company turned their faces toward the hill. Suddenly Granny Fletcher, half hysterical, threw up her hands and lifted her voice in a long wail.

"We will perish here in this wilderness!" she cried. "God meant us to endure our persecutions in patience at home and not flee from them to a land where wild beasts and savages will soon make an end of us. What will we eat? Where will we lay our heads? Oh, England—England—!"

Her cry died away in choking sobs, while the others looked at one another. The *Mayflower* rode in the tideway, her sails, wet from last night's rain, all spread to dry, white and shining in the sun. The very wind that filled them blew full and fresh toward home. Yet, to the everlasting honor of the Pilgrims let it be said, no other face betrayed hesitation or fear. Whatever was in their hearts, men, women, and children all took up their burdens and set forth up the hill.

They found the company gathered in a circle on that spot where, later, the meeting-house was to be.

"Let us look to God in prayer," said John Carver, simply, and every head was bowed. The service was a short one, but at the end of it the anxious faces had relaxed, the women smiled again, and even Granny Fletcher dried her eyes. William Bradford, feeling a tug at his coat, turned about quickly.

"It is not true that there is naught for us to eat," Andrew told him in an excited whisper. "I was digging, just for play, in one of those round mounds of earth—look, there are a dozen of them along the shore. They must have been the savage men's treasure-houses, for see what I have found within!"

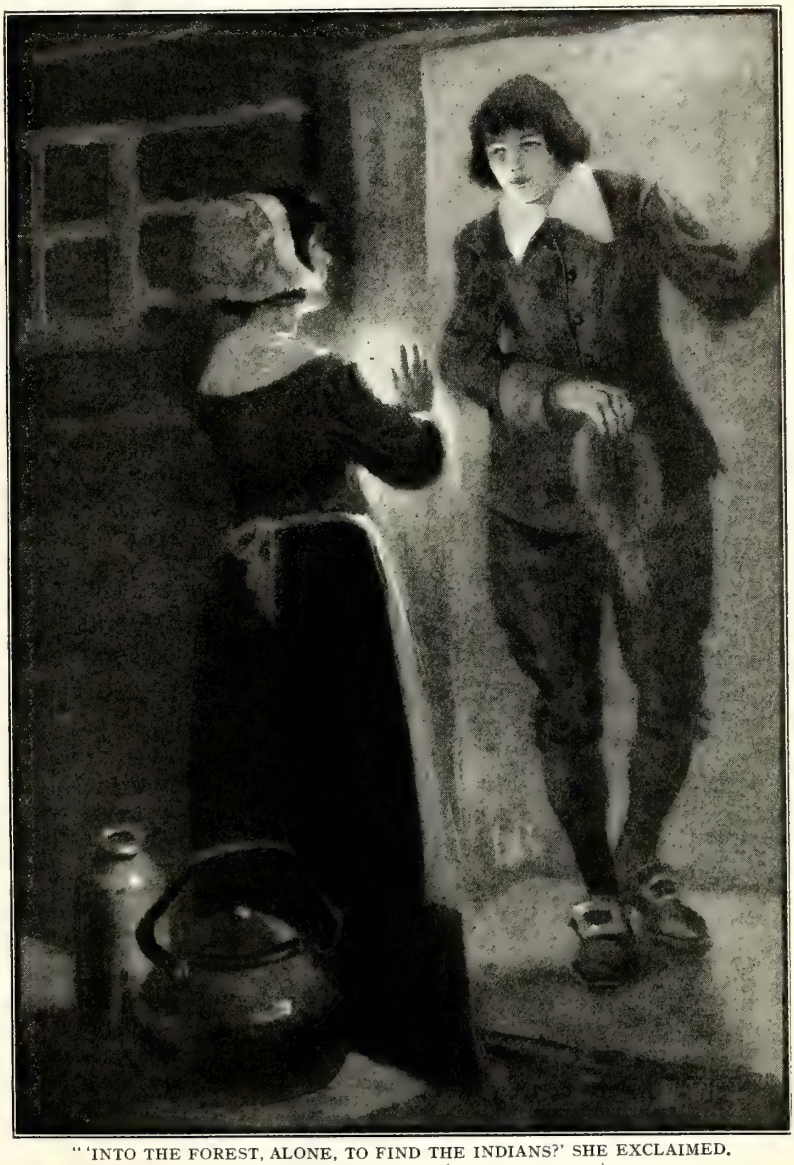
He poured into Bradford's hand a stream of something red-yellow like gold. It was not mere metal, however, but something far more precious, the round, ruddy kernels of Indian corn.

The weeks that followed were difficult and full of toil, while there arose slowly upon the hill the little huts built of logs and chinked with mud, and in their midst the square common house that was meeting-house, arsenal, and granary all in one. Winter drew in, food supplies ran low, and the settlers dipped deeper and deeper into the Indians' corn.

"We will pay the red men for it, as soon as we are given opportunity," the elders all agreed; but no one came to claim possession, and no Indians showed their faces where the white men could see.

"I would it were so that we could make payment to somebody," Bradford said more than once to Andrew, yet could offer no solution of the problem of how it was to be done. None of the men approved of taking what was not theirs; but in the face of such famine, they knew it was folly to leave the corn untouched. Andrew did not heed their talk greatly, for he was busier than the rest, being one of the few who had any skill with a fowling-piece or a fish-line. He was more shabby and ragged than ever, with clumsy patches of leather sewed where his coat had given way, and with a rude cap made of the skin of a fox. Many nights, however, when he dropped asleep on his bed of straw beside William Bradford's, he would smile to himself in the dark, knowing that he was happier than he had ever been before.

And then came the sickness.



"'INTO THE FOREST, ALONE, TO FIND THE INDIANS?' SHE EXCLAIMED. 'OH, YOU MUST NOT!'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

One of the elders, Giles Peabody, was stricken first. He sat shivering by the fire before the common house at evening, he was burning with fever at midnight, and before sunrise he was dead. Three more were ill on the day that he was buried, and by the next morning there were a dozen. Soon in every family there was some one dead, some one dying; while fewer and fewer were left to

go from house to house to care for the sufferers. William Bradford labored like ten men, and taught Andrew to be nearly as useful as himself. Drusilla Kritchell, although she had her mother and Granny Fletcher sick in her own house, still managed to go forth every day, with all the gravity and earnestness of a grown woman, to nurse and scrub and care for motherless children. She met Andrew at twilight one evening as both, almost too weary to set one foot before the other, were coming down the hill from the common house.

"My mother is almost well again," she told the boy as he took her basket, "and Granny Fletcher is mending, too, although she is still light-headed with the fever. But three more of the Peabody children have been taken. I have been with them the whole day."

Andrew followed Drusilla into the house to set down her basket on the table, and there discovered Granny Fletcher huddled in the big chair by the fireplace, for she had refused to stay in bed. She was alternately muttering to herself and babbling aloud.

"So we are to perish after all," she was saying. "A blight lies heavy upon us. Some wrong we must have done. Was it because we took food that was not ours and never repaid? We thought we were starving, but to die in this way is worse than to starve. God has forgotten us. He has hidden his face from us because of our sins."

She turned and saw Andrew standing by the door.

"I said you would bring us ill luck!" she cried. "It was you who broke into the red men's storehouse and laid hands upon what was not ours." Her voice rose high, then dropped suddenly almost to a whisper. "For all the harm and mischief you have done, I forgive you. I will not go before the Judgment Seat thinking ill of any man, not even such as you." She closed her eyes and slipped down limply in the chair, while Drusilla ran to aid her.

"Do not heed what she says!" the girl cried over her shoulder; but the door had closed and Andrew was gone.

Inside the common house on the hill a row of stricken men lay on the straw; but some were mending and none were dying, so that William Bradford had leisure to come forth and sit down by the fire that burned before the door. Silently Andrew came through the dark and found a seat beside him, first flinging a fresh log upon the blaze. Something stirred outside the circle of ruddy light; then, as the flames leaped from the fresh fuel, there was revealed an ugly, yellowish dog that sniffed and skulked among the shadows. Andrew whistled to him, but the creature gave a strange, uncouth yelp of fear and ran away howling.

"That is no dog of ours," the boy observed wonderingly; "where could he have come from?"

"I think he is the same that we caught sight of in those days when we first landed," Bradford answered. "He was with four Indians, the only ones we ever saw."

"It is a strange thing that they never came near us again," Andrew said.

Bradford did not reply at once, so that the two sat in silence for a little. When the older man did speak at last, his voice sounded broken, weary, and listless.

"No, not strange," he remarked slowly. "The Indians fear us and they know how to hide in the forest like foxes. Do you ever think that there may be those whose eyes are always watching us, knowing how we are stricken, counting the dead and waiting—waiting until we are so few that they no longer feel afraid? That dog has waxed very bold. It may be that his masters are waxing bold also."

"We have buried the dead by night and leveled the graves so that no one could count them," declared Andrew, huskily; "and we are not quite all gone yet."

"No," said Bradford, "but we are growing perilously few." He was silent again and seemed to go on with difficulty. "I would that we had ever been able to offer payment for that corn we used. I have measured all that we were forced to take and have set a sum of money against it to be ready if the chance for paying should ever come. Perhaps you had better know that it lies in a bag in my chest, so that if—if I should be—"

"Master—Master Bradford," cried Andrew, in agony. He touched the other's hand and found it burning hot, and saw at last, by a sudden flaring of the fire, that Bradford's face was flushed and his eyes glittering with fever.

"Help me to go inside, boy," he said. "I have been trying to rise these last ten minutes and have not had the strength. It is nothing—nothing, but I think I will go within and lie down beside the others."

Half an hour later, Drusilla Kritchell was summoned from the kitchen by an unsteady tap on the outer door. Andrew Newell stood upon the step.

"I must ask a boon of you, since there is no one else to whom I may turn," he said abruptly. "Can you prepare me food to carry on a journey? I am going into the forest to find some one whom I may pay for the grain we have taken."

"Into the forest, alone, to find the Indians?" she exclaimed. "Oh, you must not. It is certain death!"

She looked him up and down in the light of her candle and added bluntly: "You are not even properly clad; your coat is so worn and thin that

you will perish with the cold. The sickness will fall upon you all alone in the wilderness."

"It does not matter," he responded indifferently. "Go I must, and if I do not succeed, I will never come back. Will you ask your father, Mistress Drusilla, to tend my master when I am gone? He is stricken with the dire sickness, too. I will come at sunrise to fetch anything you can give me to carry on my way."

He closed the door sharply and vanished into the dark.

THE sun was just coming up through the winter fog, a round red ball like a midsummer moon, when Andrew set forth next morning, the little bag of money safe beneath his coat, the scant bundle of Drusilla's provisions under his arm. A great, long-legged shadow strutted before him, seeming to mock at him and his fantastic errand. To come face to face with the lurking Indians, to explain that the white men had used their corn and wished to repay them, surely it was impossible. Yet Andrew shook his head doggedly and repeated almost aloud, "If I do not succeed, I will never come back." His devotion to William Bradford and the terrible thought of what the sickness might have wrought before his return dragged at his heart, but he turned his mind resolutely from such thoughts and trudged steadily on.

There was something about his appearance that was not quite as usual. Even the grotesque shadow ahead of him showed it, in that absence of fluttering rags and gaping elbows that had formerly marked his attire. He had a new coat, a warm substantial one, that bade defiance to all the chill morning winds that could blow.

Granny Fletcher, when she saw him in the doorway receiving his bundle of food from Drusilla, had noticed that something was changed. Her fever had abated a little, nor had it ever been great enough to quench her curiosity.

"See the lad with a whole coat to his back at last!" she exclaimed. "And what a strange color it is—rusty black! Verily, it might be the coat of your black sheep."

Drusilla flushed, said farewell hastily, and closed the door.

"You should not talk; it will bring the shaking fits upon you again," she said sternly as she adjusted the pillow in the big chair.

"You need not have been so quick in closing the door," complained the old woman; "I have no doubt that it was in no proper way that the boy came by that coat. Mercy, child, how heavy-eyed you look this morning! One would think you had not slept. But that coat, I wonder now—"

Drusilla betook herself to another room, not waiting to hear more. The secret of Andrew's new coat was no mystery to her, nor to her younger sister, sleeping profoundly upstairs after a night of intense industry. There was another who shared the secret also, a half-grown sheep, bedded tenderly in the straw of the shed, shivering and indignant at being robbed of its fleece in the dead of winter.

There had long been a story in Drusilla's family that two sisters, one of them her great-grandmother, had, when their father was called away to the wars, sheared one of their sheep, spun and woven the wool, and made him a coat all between sunset and sunrise. Drusilla's spinning-wheel and loom had come with her across the sea and stood in the corner of the room where she and her sister slept. There they had both toiled all night, as quickly and skilfully as had that great-grandmother of earlier fame.

"It is a strange color for a coat, but we had no time to dye it," Drusilla apologized, when she gave it to Andrew and bade him put it on. He, in turn, was quite overcome with surprise and gratitude and could hardly form a word of stammering thanks.

A light snow had fallen during the night, showing, as he came into the forest, the lace-like pattern of squirrel- and rabbit-tracks, and even the deep footprints here and there of larger game. Andrew scanned the ground eagerly for the marks of moccasined feet, yet knew that there was little chance of any Indian leaving a trail so plain. For want of any real direction in which to go, he followed a little stream in whose lower waters he had been used to fish for trout and whose babbling voice seemed to speak to him with cheery friendliness as it led him farther and farther into unknown country.

He ate frugally in the middle of the day, then tramped steadily on until dark. It was growing very cold when he stopped at last, built himself a rough shelter of boughs under an overhanging rock, struck a fire with his flint and steel, and kindled a cheerful blaze. But how small the fire looked in the wide, silent emptiness of the forest! The rock threw back the heat of the flame, making a warm nook where he curled up and slept comfortably until morning. Once or twice in the night he got up to replenish the fire and to listen to the unfamiliar night sounds of the wood, but he was, each time, too weary to keep long awake.

When he arose next morning it was colder than ever; his breath went up like smoke in the keen air, and the little brook was frozen solid, its friendly voice silent at last.

This second day's journey into the wilderness seemed to have brought him into a new land. The hills were higher; the great boulders towered above his head; the way was so broken that he

had much difficulty in making progress at all. He still clung to the familiar stream as a guide, although it had shrunk now to a tiny thread, just a gleam of ice here and there under the slippery stones and snow-wreathed underbrush. Night found him weary and spent and utterly disheartened. In all this long journey he had not yet seen a sign of any human being.



"WITH ONE LEAN RED HAND HE MADE A GESTURE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SETTLEMENT"

With the greatest difficulty, he cut enough boughs for a rude tent, and got together a supply of firewood sufficient for the night. The fuel was wet, his fingers were stiff with cold, so that it was a long time before he could strike a spark and persuade the uncertain flame to creep along the leaves and set fire to the wood. Since he had not delayed his journey to hunt or fish by the way, his food was almost gone. His strength was almost gone also, as he realized when he got up from beside the fire and crawled into his shelter. He would not be able to journey much farther, yet it was his steady purpose still to go forward. Almost in the act of nestling down among the pine branches, he fell asleep.

A troubled dream aroused him many hours later. Vaguely he was conscious that he must get up and mend the fire or it would die out and leave him to freeze. It took him some minutes to summon enough resolution, but at last, with a great effort, he stirred, crawled out of his refuge, came forth into the light, and then shrank back again with a gasp of overwhelming astonishment. For there, standing beside the glowing coals, motionless as a statue, silent as the still forest itself, was a gigantic Indian.

For a moment there was no move made, no word spoken, as Andrew crouched staring at the stranger, at the hawk-like face, at the firelight shining on the dull red of his naked arms and knees, at his misshapen shadow that danced on the snow behind him. Then at last the other, without moving his head or changing his expression, spoke quietly.

"You welcome—here," he said in slow, broken English.

Later, Andrew was to learn that many of the red men had learned English from the British sailors that manned the fishing-boats coasting along the New England shore, and that this man had even made a voyage with one of them. At that moment, however, it seemed to the boy nothing other than a miracle that here, in this far, silent wilderness, he should hear his own tongue spoken.

The Indian drew out, from somewhere in the folds of his scanty garments, a slice of dried meat and set it to broil before the fire. Andrew sniffed wistfully at the delicious odor of its cooking, but when the red man silently offered it to him, he shook his head, so firm was his determination that no Indian should know how near the white men were to starvation. The man merely nodded quietly at his refusal, brought out more meat and some dried fish, and put the whole before the fire. He looked so long and steadily at the boy that Andrew felt no detail of thin cheeks and hollow eyes was escaping that keen stare. Then the piercing glance moved onward to where the remains of Drusilla's provisions lay upon the ground, a few broken crusts of bread and a bit of cheese. The stranger made no comment, but very carefully completed his cooking, spread the feast upon a piece of bark and pushed it toward Andrew. With one lean red hand he made a gesture in the direction of the settlement.

"All hungry—starving; we know. Dying—we know that too," he said.

"You—you have seen," faltered Andrew, thrown out of his reserve by this sudden statement.

"You bury dead by night," the man nodded slowly; "you smooth graves, we count graves—morning." He thrust the food forward again and said peremptorily, "Eat."

And eat Andrew did, since there was no use for further pretense. There was a little talk between them as his strange visitor plied him with food, but it was not until the ravenous meal was ended and the boy had pushed away his bark plate that he made any attempt to speak of the errand for which he had come such a long and weary way.

"There was some corn left buried near the shore where we landed," he began. "We used it and we wish to make payment. See, I have here the proper sum of money."

He brought out from under his coat William Bradford's bag of coins.

But the Indian shook his head.

"The corn not mine," he said.

"Then to whom did it belong? Where are the men who left it there?"

"All dead," the other answered. "The great sickness—it took them all away. Only one left. He live with our tribe."

"Then take the money to him," begged Andrew. "We counted carefully and wish to pay for every measure. Look, it is all here; will you take him what should be his?"

He poured the contents of the bag into the Indian's unresponsive hand, a heap of silver and copper coins, with a few of gold. The man turned them over with little interest, letting some of them drop and disappear in the snow and the ashes. His eyes brightened, however, when he saw among them a big copper penny-piece that was new enough to shine a little still and to wink in the firelight with a pleasant glow. Andrew, seeing what attracted him, gathered up such of the fallen coins as he could find and polished them on the rough sleeve of his coat. Then he fetched a handful of sand from the tiny bank that he had noticed beside the stream and scoured the money until the silver gleamed and the copper glowed and burned in the red light of the flame. The gold did not reflect the fire and was only dulled by the scraping with sand so that, in the end, the Indian cast it aside as he received the rest of the money eagerly.

"He shall have it all, that Tisquantum—he is last of tribe, and maybe some day I bring him to you and he show you how to plant the corn for nex' year. You would not harm him."

"I will swear it," Andrew answered. "Does he really fear the white men?"

"All of us fear you. Surely you mus' know it."

"We have some brave men amongst us," Andrew said, "and a soldier who is a famous fighter to be our leader."

"Ugh, you mean round small man in red coat who go tramping through forest, musket on shoulder, breaking through the bushes and making much noise as giant moose. We could slay him many times with arrows; he mus' have known it, yet he not afraid. No, it is not this man, nor all your fighting men we fear."

"What is it, then?" Andrew asked, much puzzled.

Half by signs, half in his imperfect English, the Indian sought to explain. And so vivid were his gestures, so potent his few words, that finally Andrew began to understand.

It was the strange spirit of the English that the Indians did not comprehend. When the red men were hungry, when sickness came upon them, even when they were weary of the spot where they dwelt, they gathered up their goods and moved to some new camping-place. When the plague first fell upon the tribe that dwelt where the white men did now, they broke and scattered, carrying the same death to all who were near. Their people died in numbers past any counting; yet even now they were many more than the newcomers. But with the white man it was not the same. The men had died, and the women, but they did not run away. They went on with their daily tasks, although they were fewer and fewer. The Indians thought that the courage of those who were gone must pass into the hearts of those who still lived, and even though so many should

perish that there was but one left, they would still fear him, since he would have the strength of all.

Very slowly Andrew turned this strange idea over and over in his mind.

"And we wonder at you, in our turn," the boy replied at last; "how you can find food and live in plenty in what seems to us a cruel and barren wilderness. If we could learn to be friends, white men and red men, how we could help each other in many things!"



"PETER PERKINS TOOK OFF HIS BROAD HAT AND GREETED HIM WITH A 'GOOD EVEN TO YOU, SIR' "

So they made their compact of peace and friendliness there by the fire in the heart of the frozen wilderness, with the blue wood-smoke drifting above their heads and floating away over the tree-tops. Afterward, when the Indian said that they should sleep for a little to prepare for their next day's journey, they lay down side by side in the warm glow of the blaze; and since Andrew had traveled far, had eaten fully, and was quite worn out, he fell quickly asleep. He awoke, much later, with a start, to find himself alone, with the newly replenished fire crackling beside him, with a package of deer's meat and corn laid close to his hand, and with the dawn breaking behind the dark pines.

He made his way homeward more easily than he had come, for he knew the country now and could follow the stream without so much picking and choosing of the way. Although he was free from one anxiety, there was still a heavy burden upon his heart, for he could not put from him the remembrance of William Bradford,—the man who had his whole-souled devotion,—of how he had sat shivering by the fire with the shadow of the dreadful sickness already upon him. He hurried faster and faster, feeling that the dense wood hemmed him in and held him back—that he would never reach his journey's end and hear tidings of his master.

He was free of the forest at last and hastening across the stump-dotted slope to the huddle of cabins beside the stream. How few they looked! He had almost forgotten what a tiny handful of dwellings the settlement was. He was panting as he ran down the worn path, dashed through the empty street, and thundered at the door of the common house. It was growing dark; there was

no light within nor any voice to answer his impatient knock. Trembling, hesitating in dread of what he might find, he opened the door and stepped over the threshold. Five men had lain on the straw the night of his departure; there was only one now. At the sound of his footstep, this one stirred as though roused from sleep, turned his head and spoke. It was William Bradford.

"Four days you were gone," Bradford said at last, after he had heard the hurried substance of Andrew's adventures. "Much can happen in such a place as this in four days. Enoch Fullerton and old Phineas Hall have gone from us, but the others who were suffering here have got well and gone about their business. And as for me, four days were enough for the coming of the fever and its burning out, so that I shall soon be a whole man again. Now tell me that strange tale all over again; I must have not heard aright, for surely what you say is past belief."

Andrew went over his story, repeating every word of his talk in the forest with the Indian.

"They know more about us than we dreamed possible," he said, "but we need no longer fear them. And they think, poor blind savages, that, as we grow fewer, the spirit of those who have passed still dwells in those who remain."

There was a little pause, for Bradford, like Andrew, must consider this new idea carefully.

"Not so blind," he said finally; "savages and heathen, yet not so blind. Do you never think that the spirit of this adventure lies not in the elders, the older men like me, but in the young men, the youths and children—in you? We shall soon be gone, for age passes quickly; it is youth that must take up our purpose; it is on youth that the weight of it all depends. Even this errand of yours, without youth it would never have been accomplished; we should have gone on wasting our days in doubt and dread, fearing to turn our hands to the real conquering of the wilderness."

The door opened in the twilight and several men came in, John Carver and three of the elders. Bradford raised his voice that they might hear.

"This lad has succeeded in that madcap expedition from which we have all been saying that he would never come back. He has made good our debt to the Indians and has brought back good tidings and such an understanding of the red men as we could never have gained for ourselves. After this service he shall no longer be my bound servant, but a citizen of this community. Andrew Newell, whom we were calling a foolhardy boy, has shown himself to be a man."

Thereafter it was necessary for Andrew to sit down upon the straw again and tell the whole story once more, that John Carver and the elders might marvel anew at his tale. It was not until an hour later that he was suffered at last to pass out of the building and go down the little street to carry his news and his thanks to Drusilla Kritchell. The air was soft after the long days of cold; there was promise in it that this harsh country's climate held spring as well as winter.

Granny Fletcher, who was well enough now to limp out to the doorstep, was sitting on the wide stone, wrapped in Drusilla's cloak, while Peter Perkins, coming up the path, had just stopped to speak to her. Tidings of what Andrew had done seemed to have run before him, for Peter Perkins took off his broad hat and greeted him with a "Good even to you, sir."

"What is that?" Andrew heard in a shrill whisper from the old woman, who had evidently not yet learned the news; "do you call that wicked lad 'sir,' and take off your hat to him?"

"We may have been mistaken in him after all," Peter Perkins returned, in a whisper just as audible; "and it is as well to show respect to one who is now a citizen of our colony and who wears a good coat upon his back. It is little one can tell of what the future holds!"

A GOODLY HERITAGE

We thank ye, Pilgrim Fathers—
For unchecked right to worship God,
For every inch of hard-won sod,
For lavish nature's untapped wealth,
For scorn of death and pride of health,
For hardy frames and sinews strong,
For blood that boils at sight of wrong,
For minds that cleave to truth and right,
For love of peace, but will to fight,
For our young country's stainless page—
It is a goodly heritage!

Mildred Wasson.

BOY HUNTERS IN DEMERARA

By GEORGE INNESS HARTLEY

CHAPTER XX

THE FINDING OF PAUL

When Jack at last quieted his excitable brother and obtained his story, he decided to return to camp at once.

"Evidently Paul has wandered off the trail," he said, "and is camping somewhere waiting for us to find him—or it 's possible he may have returned since we left. The first thing to do is to get Wa'na back safely, and then, if your chum 's not there, to organize another search."

Following this advice, they constructed a litter of saplings and without much trouble carried Wa'na to the creek. Paul, of course, was not there and they immediately prepared for a prolonged trip into the forest.

"It may be a week before we find him," Jack stated in explanation.

"And I positively won't come back without him," added Fred. His brother, being of the same mind, nodded agreement.

Each tied a blanket to his back, and, with Walee, set out. Word was left for Jim, the remaining Indian, to strike northward when he returned to camp.

The search-party retraced their way over the old trail to the rugged country where the track took on its serpentine course.

"How far does it run like this, Fred?" Jack inquired of his brother.

"About two miles to a spot where we saw some cocks of the rock. But it can't be more than a mile and a half to where we shot the jaguar. I remember we had just passed the dancing-stone when we saw the cat."

"Then probably it was somewhere along here that he missed it. What do you think, Walee?"

The Indian agreed that "Marster Fat lose trail here."

A few minutes later he paused to point at some crushed shrubs twenty yards or so to the north of the trail. Hurrying toward these, they discovered that the green stalks had been bent down by the passage of some heavy body. The Indian was certain they had been trampled by Paul, and presently proved his assertion by finding footprints which led directly away from the path.

Paul had crossed and recrossed it several times in his first panic at getting lost. Fortunately, the shrubs had been overturned in his last great flight to the cañon region. A trail, as plain as if it had been conscientiously marked, lay before the hunters; the bewildered boy had rushed blindly through thickets and tangles, leaving a path of trampled bushes behind him.

In time they came to the rock upon which he had fallen, and continued past it. But in a few minutes they found they had lost the trail, and returned to the slab whose scraped lichens were the last evident sign of the lost boy. By this time it was twilight and they made camp for the night.

The next morning Walee discovered a spot where Paul had climbed the walls of a ravine to take his bearings, and, as this was west of the rock, they decided that he had turned in that direction. At the end of several hours they stumbled on his first camp.

At first sight of the primitive shelter, Fred let out a whoop and raced toward it. But his stout chum was not to be found. When Milton and the Indian arrived, in spite of their disappointment, the former drew a sigh of relief.

"Well, at any rate, he knows how to take care of himself!" he ejaculated. "Evidently he 's all right and has moved on in a further attempt to extricate himself. Hullo! We have visitors!"

From the jungle came a series of growls and screams. A reddish animal with a body like a collie dog, but with short, stumpy legs and a broader snout, issued from the undergrowth, followed by several others, and advanced toward them at a run.

The Indian bounded for the rock against which the shelter was built, shouting: "Warracabra tigers! Quick!" and was followed the next instant by Fred and Jack, who leaped just in time to escape the attack of the ugly brutes.

The rock on which they stood was scarcely more than a boulder, ten feet high and with a flat top only four feet in diameter. On three sides it dropped almost sheer to the ground, but, on the fourth, sloped more gradually.

Up this slanting side the beasts swarmed, fully a dozen of them, with muffled grunts, fierce growls, and strange, piercing screams. Walee killed the first as it reach their platform. Jack fired, then Fred, and the rock was swept clear of the hunting-dogs. Hastily loading, all three let drive a second time, and the ground was covered with writhing forms. The remaining beasts, disheartened by their reception, turned, and presently the beleagured party could hear their cries grow fainter as they fled.

"Walee, I thought these 'warracabra tigers' were all a myth," Jack remarked. "Of course, I

knew the dogs existed, but have always taken the stories about them with a grain of salt."

"Warracabra tiger, he bad animal," Walee replied. "He sometime run in big number, and then attack everyt'ing he see dat good to eat."

"We 've had a demonstration of that," was the dry rejoinder. "Were you ever attacked before, Walee?"

"No; me no see warracabras before, but hear tell about him. Not common 'round here, or Indian no travel in woods. Me t'ink they live single and hunt toget'er, oh, very seldom. Don't know." The Indian shrugged his shoulders.

Milton was inclined to agree with him concerning the packs. If the hunting-dogs were accustomed to travel in large numbers, they would have proved a greater scourge to the jungle than all its other inhabitants combined; but this was not the case. A few stories had come down from the interior concerning their ravages, but these had been vague and unreliable. If the packs were common, the world would have heard more about them.

As the others were turning to leave, Jack spoke:

"We 'd better skin some of these before the ants and maggots get them. They 're too rare to science to let them be wasted. Each of us can skin one, and we 'll mark the spot so we can return sometime for the skeletons of the others. Paul can wait for another half-hour."

Fred demurred at first, but, realizing the value of the specimens, fell in with the plan. His chum would not be lost any more in thirty minutes than he was now.

The three finest hunting-dogs were slung by their hind legs to convenient saplings, and twenty minutes later the job was completed. Tying the hides into a bundle, the brothers and Walee were ready to resume their search. Before starting, however, they ate a lunch of chocolate, several cakes of which Milton had insisted they carry as reserve rations.

"We 'd better keep going west; he evidently was traveling in that direction," he announced, as they were about to leave. "At the end of an hour if we don't run across any signs, we 'll turn in a big circle, Walee going in one direction and Fred and myself in the other, to meet back here at this camp."

As had happened to Paul, an hour brought them to the stream. At this point their plans were changed. Fred insisted that Paul had followed the water, and the others, though they admitted the logic of his idea, were unwilling to travel too far in one direction without exploring the surrounding territory.

"But I *know* he followed this brook, thinking it would take him to the creek."

"Well, Fred, you can remain here to build a camp while Walee and I circle back. If we find any trace of him, I 'll send Walee off on his trail and return here alone. I 'm inclined to agree with you that he went down-stream, but we can't afford to leave any stone unturned. If we don't find him, both of us will be back by sundown."

After they had departed, Fred spent half an hour erecting a shelter. The afternoon was still young when this was completed, and he started out on a little exploring expedition of his own farther down the brook. He, of course, was in search of tracks left by his friend.

A few hundred yards from the starting-point brought him to the object he sought. There they were, indented deep in the mud, close to the bank where Paul had evidently slipped, and headed in the direction he had been certain his chum had taken.

Uttering a shout of joy, Fred hurried back to the improvised shelter, and, tearing a leaf from his note-book, dashed off a message to his brother. Then, having placed it in a prominent place, he set out alone to find Paul.

It was approaching night when he came in sight of his camp. The first evidence he had of the close presence of his friend was a smoldering fire built against the base of a tree. Plunging forward, he shouted lustily:

"Hello, Fat! What do you mean by causing all this trouble? Where are you?"

There came no answer. Disappointed, the boy strode up to the fire. Yes; there was no doubt of it—this was Paul's camp. There was his penknife sticking into the tree above the fire. But where was Paul?

Fred sat down to wait. His chum would be back presently.

The minutes passed and he did not arrive. Suddenly the listener heard a patter in the bushes near by, and, rising expectantly, prepared to greet Paul with open arms. Instead of rushing forward, as one would have expected, he uttered a startled exclamation and bent down to seize his gun. A puma was standing not twenty feet away!

For a minute the great cat stared in amazement at the boy. Curiosity, coupled with the scent of meat, had led it to approach the fire, but a human being had been farthest from its thoughts. Its curiosity being satisfied, and thoroughly frightened by the sight of a man, it whisked about and trotted off rather hastily.

Fred was human and a boy. The presence of the tawny beast had frightened him, but when it turned to flee, mingled with relief he felt a thrill of contempt. Without thinking what he was doing, he raised his gun and fired. The huge puma gave a snarl and sprang into the air. A second shot followed.

Paul was advancing up-stream a hundred yards from his camp, when he heard the two shots. Hurriedly dropping his load of dry wood, he gave a shout and rushed forward. When he reached the fire he was just in time to see Fred borne down by the raging puma.

For an instant he stood incapable of movement, transfixed by the terrible sight, then dashed at the struggling pair. The boy was prostrate beneath the wounded cat, which crouched upon him with its teeth apparently buried in his back. Placing the muzzle of his gun against its ear, Paul fired. The puma drew a sobbing breath and rolled from off its victim.

Then, to his chum's utter relief, when the weight had left his body Fred rose to his knees and shook himself.

"Whew! he almost got me that time! Lucky he got his claws tangled up in the blanket I was carrying, or I would n't be here now."

"Then—then you 're all right?" Paul stammered.

"Right as a fellow ought to be, hunting for his chum. What did you get lost for? We 've been looking everywhere for you."

Satisfied now that Fred was unhurt, Paul caught him in his arms and danced a few steps of a jig.

"Jiminy, I 'm glad you came!" he cried. "I knew some one would turn up sooner or later, but it was awful lonesome waiting. Did you strike one of my trails?"

"Saw some of your tracks in the mud seven or eight miles back and knew you 'd come this way, so trotted on after you. Jack and Walee are hunting in another direction and won't catch up to us until to-morrow. I *told* them they ought to follow the stream, but no, they would n't take my advice. What 've you been doing with yourself? Been shooting any other pumas?"

"No," replied the other, smiling queerly. "When I reached this spot I made up my mind to wait, and here I am. Have n't seen much of anything but a couple of howlers. The first night I spent about ten miles to the east of here, back in the rocky country. Say, you ought to have heard the baying frogs!"

When he had related the story, Fred laughed and told of the wild hunting-dogs.

"So it 's lucky it was frogs instead of 'tigers' that got after you that night," he concluded. "Now let 's have a look at the puma."

It was a large beast, measuring nearly six feet from the tip of its tail to its nose. In spite of its reputation to the contrary, the South American puma is a cowardly creature, and, unwounded, has never been known to attack a man. If Fred had been satisfied to leave this one unmolested, it would not have bothered him. It is more solidly built than the jaguar, but does not attain the size of that creature.

By their united efforts the boys managed to sling the cat to a branch out of reach of the numerous ants which already were exploring its body. It was nearly dark when that job was completed, and Fred commenced to feel very keen pangs of hunger.

"Got anything to eat, Fat?" he demanded. "This sort of work on top of a lot of walking is hard on a fellow's stomach, and I 'm tired of chocolate. Here, want some?"

"Thanks. There 's a piece of monkey meat sticking around somewhere, if the bugs have n't eaten it. Wait till I fetch it."

If Fred had been less hungry, he would not have allowed his curiosity to rest there, but the sight of the meat temporarily dimmed all other thoughts.

While they ate, Paul related the story of the monkey fight and the events of the day, which he had spent in making a series of radiating trails. When the meal was completed he walked over to a leafy heap with the casual remark:

"Here 's something that may interest you, Skinny."

He tossed aside the pile with his foot, exposing a portion of a huge shell. Beside it lay a large body, minus its skin, and covered with a swarm of busy ants.

"A giant armadillo!" cried his astounded friend.

"Sure. I just left the skin there a few minutes for the ants to get a little more meat off it while I went for a load of dry wood. They 're making a dandy skeleton of the body."

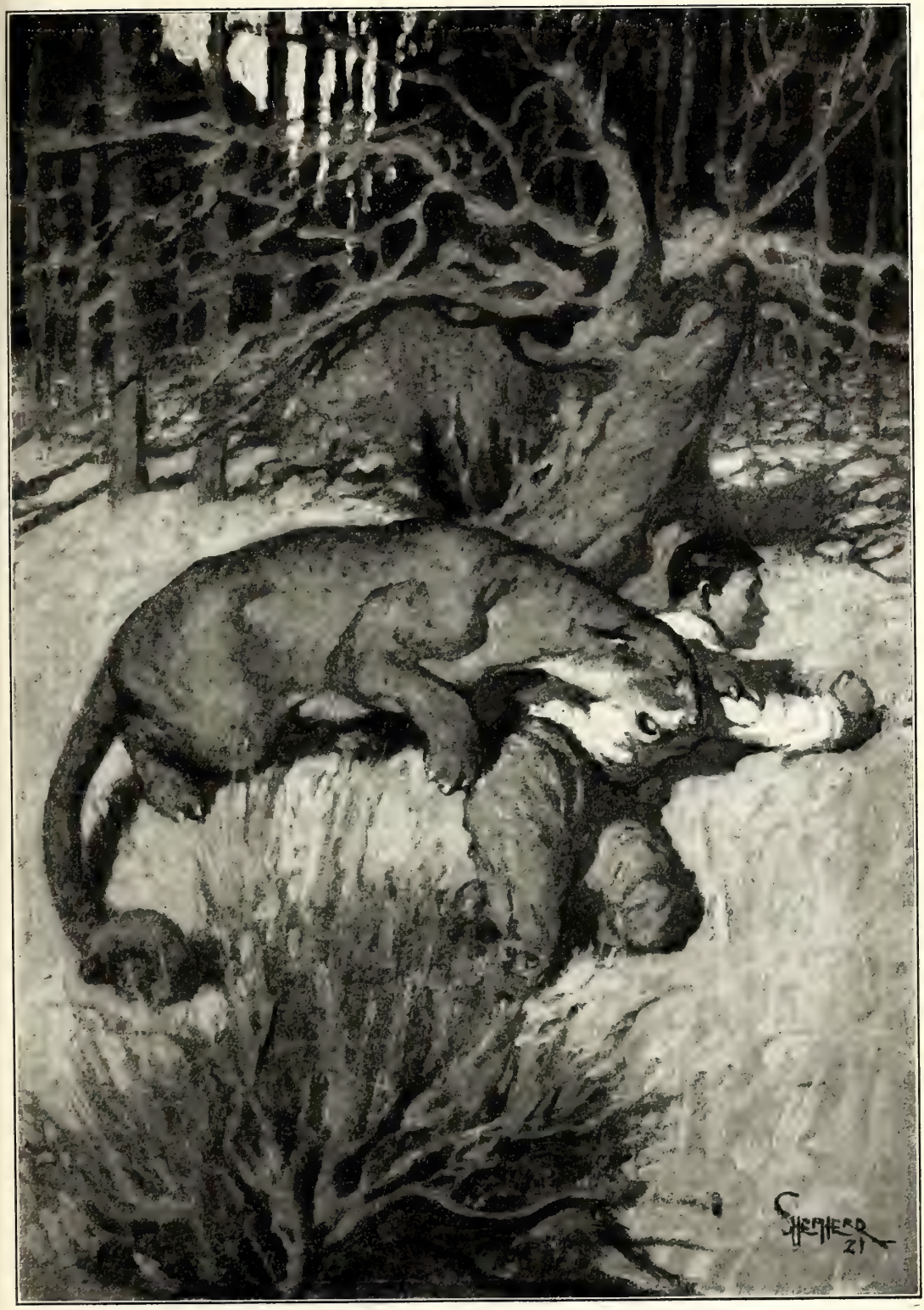
"A giant armadillo!" repeated Fred, inanely, then rushed forward to examine the skin.

"How did you ever get him?" he demanded a little later. "Why did n't you tell me when I first came?"

"It seemed to me you were sort of busy at that time," his chum grinned. "Then, a little later, I thought I 'd give you a surprise. Like it?"

Fred dragged the skin to the light of the fire. It had been an enormous armadillo; the shell measured but a fraction under four feet. The great feet were as large as his hands and armed with long claws, which enabled the creature to dig in with rapidity. From the two halves of the scaly shell, which were separated by movable bands of similar material, projected a few stiff hairs. Those, he knew, were but reminders that the shell was nothing more than deformed hair, and not bone, as some people believed.

When he had examined the skin to his heart's content, he demanded a second time of his chum how he had secured the creature, and Paul told him the story in the firelight.



"THE BOY WAS BENEATH THE WOUNDED CAT, WHICH CROUCHED UPON HIM"

CHAPTER XXI

THE GIANT ARMADILLO CAPTURED

"I WAS feeling pretty lonely last night when I turned in," Paul commenced. "I 'd been walking most of the day and had been so occupied in trying to find the main camp that there was n't much time left to think of my predicament. After I killed the howler, he had to be skinned and cooked, so it was dark by the time I was ready to eat.

"When I 'd finished my supper I sat down under the shelter here and looked at the fire. It was then that things commenced to look blue. It *was* sort of hard for a fellow, who had been used to living in a city where there are crowds of people, to be left alone in the jungle. Of course, I was getting used to it by that time, but just the same I had a feeling that I 'd been cast up on a desert island a thousand miles from anywhere.

"All the noises and queer sounds acted upon my nerves, I guess, for it was eleven o'clock before I felt at all like sleeping—though I was pretty tired, let me tell you!

"I must have been asleep for some time when I was awakened by a rustling outside my shelter. The fire had died down quite low, and I could see nothing. The rustling continued for several minutes. I don't know why I felt that way, but somehow I got it into my head that it was a snake. Cold shivers commenced running up and down my back and I was afraid to move. You know how a fellow gets sometimes at night. It seemed as if the thing was in the shelter with me.

"At the end of ten minutes or so my nerves were pretty well worn to a frazzle. I made up my mind to get out of *that* shelter and sit by the fire. You can just bet your boots, Skinny, that when I 'd finally summoned enough courage to move, I got out of there with a rush.

"But when I reached the fire I heard a sort of grunt and thought I saw a big animal racing off from the shelter—I heard him, anyway. This made my breath come a little easier, for I could see that at least it was n't a snake.

"I put some more wood on the fire and sat by it for quite a while; but as the animal did n't come back, I at last crawled again into the shelter. No sooner had I got comfortably fixed, than I could hear it working at something on the other side of the tree behind me. I commenced to grow a little peeved; the thing would n't let me sleep.

"Pretty soon I crawled out again with my gun, and as I did so, something dashed off into the bushes from the opposite side of the fire. This time I caught a good glimpse of it. It was a deer with several spikes to its horns. The light had showed it up quite well before it jumped, and I could see it was bigger than any deer we 'd killed so far.

"Thinking that was all that had made the fuss, I started to go back again, but was stopped by another rustle from behind the tree. The deer had n't been the culprit after all.

"I sneaked off to one side so as to get a look, and sure enough! there he was digging among the roots of the tree, probably on a hunt for grubs. He was in the shadow and I could n't make out what he was. I did n't want to fire, because it might be a cat and I was n't looking for trouble just then, only trying to sleep.

"With this thought in mind, I threw a chunk of wood at it, holding my gun ready in case it should get angry and run at me. But it did just as I expected, and hurried off.

"When it left the shadow, it had to cross about six feet of firelight to reach the next dark spot. Although it traveled pretty fast, I could see it long enough to discover that it was n't a cat, but an enormous armadillo!"

"Jim-in-etti! why did n't you shoot?" interrupted his eager listener.

"There was n't time. I was so surprised at the sight that I forgot all about my gun. You can certainly believe that I was sore at myself. Here I 'd had the animal we 'd traveled for weeks to find, right there before me not twenty feet away, and I 'd let it go! By hicks, I was mad."

"But how did you get him if he got away?" the other demanded.

"Well, I gave him up for lost," Paul continued; "but suddenly I remembered that he 'd come back before when I scared him away. I was pretty wide awake now, you can bet, and sat down in the shadow of another tree to wait. I was n't bothering about snakes any more.

"By-and-by I heard something rattling the leaves, off on my right. Presently I could make out some bushes waving in that direction. It came closer and I commenced to shake. Guess I had what they call 'buck fever.' At any rate, before I even saw the animal, I took aim at the bushes where I thought he was, and fired. Why I did it, I don't know. Any one in his right senses would have waited for the creature to come into view, but I just could n't. I did n't even know whether it was the armadillo or not that I fired at.

"A great to-do in the bushes followed the shot, and then I heard the animal moving off. I must have missed it. To say I was mad is putting it mildly. I sure did say a few things about myself!

"A search of the bushes showed that no matter whether I 'd hit him or not, he 'd got away. Well, to cut a long story short, I sat in that shadow until daylight this morning, just watching. The armadillo did n't show up again."

Fred grunted disgustedly. He threw another log on the fire and returned to his seat with the armadillo skin.

"Still, you got him," he declared in a puzzled voice, "here 's his hide; but how could you get him if he got away, I 'd like to know?"

Paul grinned and continued. "Sure I got him. I was feeling pretty sick at myself when daylight broke this morning. After I 'd eaten some of the monkey meat I felt a little better and started out to make trails. You know how I was doing that: three miles out, carefully blazing the way, and back again; then going in another direction.

"I was returning from my second trip and was kind of tired, when I stumbled over a mound of fresh-dug earth about a hundred yards from here. One of those horned carrion-beetles stuck its head out of the pile as I fell over it, and I realized at once that they 'd been burying something. It only took me a second to kick the loose soil aside, and that 's where I found the armadillo.

"Evidently I 'd wounded it with my shot, and it had crawled away until it died. The beetles gathered and had it under ground in a few hours.

"Of course, it was covered with ants, but the beetles had probably got it 'most buried before daylight. The ants had n't made much progress through the thick hide; and as the beetles had n't quite completed their mining operations, they had n't commenced to feed.

"You 'd better believe I dragged that old 'dillo back to camp with plenty of speed! He was quite heavy and I was pretty well fagged out."

For a moment both boys were silent, gloating over their prize. Then a new idea struck Fred:

"I guess this about finishes our trip up the river. When Jack sees this, he 'll want to start down right away. Well, we 've had a pretty good time."

"We sure have!" agreed his chum. "The worst of it is that I don't want to go back. A week or so after we hit the base camp I 'll have to be heading toward home, and that does n't strike me right at all. When I first arrived I 'd no idea what it was going to be like. I came only because I 'd promised you I would, and really hated to leave the Big City. You see, I 'd never taken much stock in the woods or in wild things before. I did n't want to be bothered by them. Now it 's grown on me so that I don't want to be away from it at all. You can be mighty sure that I 'm coming back next year, and it won't be any dude that arrives either, but a real collector."

Milton and the Indian arrived the next morning, and the happy party set out for the creek. To the astonishment of Paul, the bateau was only four miles away in a southerly direction. The creek swung to the westward a short distance above camp, and he discovered that his stream paralleled it for some miles, and then, turning sharply, flowed into it. If he had followed it for another hour or so he would have reached the creek and returned to camp a day earlier. He was happy now that he had not, or he would have missed the armadillo.

Walee led them by a short-cut back to camp. There they found that Jim had returned, though how he missed the boy remained a mystery to the others and gave opportunity for many jokes at his expense, which Walee and Wa'na were quick to take advantage of.

Their quest having come to a successful end, the party of collectors embarked two days later for down-river. Instead of the three weeks which it had taken them to come, four days found them back on the lower Mazaruni. The swift current carried them along at the rate of three miles an hour, which, added to the power of their paddles, gave them the speed of a colonial express-train. The rapids were a source of breathless excitement to the boys, and as they shot between the jagged rocks, they experienced sufficient thrills to last for a lifetime.

As Paul had said, a week after they reached the base camp it became necessary for him to turn his face homeward. Fred and Jack accompanied him to Georgetown, and Wa'na, his sprained ankle having mended, insisted on making the trip with them.

"Wa'na want see Marster Fat go in big canoe," he had declared. "Wa'na like Marster Fat and want see him all time. No can go Georgetown without me."

The Indian caused them little trouble in the city beyond the matter of buying him clothes. It was not that he objected to them, but, on the contrary, that none could be found which were bright enough to suit his fancy! Paul solved the riddle by giving him one of his own suits, a large black and white plaid, and at the end of two hours spent with a tailor during alterations, Wa'na emerged as the most dandified Indian in British Guiana.

After two days of waiting in Georgetown, the moment came for departure. Paul shook hands with them all at the gang-plank.

"Well, good-by, old Skinny Shanks; so long, Jack!" he cried. "I 'll see you all next year. I 'll come down to *stay* next time. Here you are, Wa'na, here 's something for you to remember me by." He handed the Indian his own twelve-gage shot-gun. "You can kill plenty of *maipurie* now."

Wa'na took the gun to his breast as a mother clasps her child, and the boy could see him standing on the wharf, fondling it, long after the steamer had drawn out of ear-shot.

THE END

THE KNIGHTS OF THE WILD-FIRE

By MARY CONSTANCE DU BOIS

THE iron gates swung wide, and Giles Withybroke, messenger from Warwick Castle, rode under the stone archway into Mountford Park. He sat his horse as proudly as a baron; but halfway to the manor-house he sprang from his saddle, for he saw two boys coming to meet him, and one of them was Henry Mountford, master of the park and the hall.

"Good morrow to you, Master Harry," said Giles, with a bow and a flourish of his hat. "And to you, Master Hugh." He gave the second boy a careless nod, which he thought respect enough to show Harry's landless cousin, Hugh Rolstone.

"Well met, friend Withybroke," returned Harry. "Goes it merrily at the castle?"

"Aye, sir," the messenger answered. "It goes merrier than at Yule-tide, since her Majesty rode up yesterday, with the burgesses and the bailiff before her, and all the great lords of her court following after. And merrily goes it with you, sir, for my lord hath sent me posting hither to deliver you this." He gave the boy a letter. "Aha, Master Hal of Mountford!" he chuckled. "Dame Fortune curtsies to a young gentleman who has the good earl for his godfather."

That summer, Queen Elizabeth was making one of her progresses, and on the journey she was pleased to visit the Earl of Warwick. So now the earl summoned his godson to come to the castle on an appointed day and be presented to the sovereign lady of England. And thus wrote his lordship:

> As thy forefathers by great deeds did make the name of Mountford glorious, so it behooveth thee to win for it new fame. Therefore, since thou art now fourteen, it is time for thee to gain the favor of her Majesty, for then will she set thy foot on the path that leadeth to honor.

"Come!" cried Harry, exultant, when he had read the letter aloud, "we 'll pledge the health of our good Queen Bess,—and my godfather's too,—and yours, Master Withybroke, and the health of Hal of Mountford, who is on the high road to knighthood—and your health, too, old comrade Hugh, for you 're on the same road. You and I go to Warwick together."

At this Giles Withybroke shook his head, and raised his eyebrows like a wily courtier.

"His lordship says naught of your cousin," he objected. "At such a time you could scarce bring an unbidden guest without displeasing my lord."

"I know my godfather better than you do," said Hal. "He 's the most generous lord in England, and he would rate me as a selfish churl if I brought not my cousin to share the good luck."

But Hugh broke in: "I care not to mince it in the Earl of Warwick's train. I 'm not a lackey. I 'll ride all day, chasing a buck, but not for the sake of bumping down on my knees before the queen."

There was a flush on his handsome face, a sudden kindling of his dark eyes. He turned on his heel and sauntered away, and both his cousin and Giles knew well the cause of his anger.

"Look you, Master Hal," said Withybroke, "my lord is loath to offend her Majesty by the sight of a traitor's son."

"No one shall call him that while I am by," cried Hal, hotly. "Know you not, sir, that an insult to him is an insult to me?"

Whenever Harry heard his cousin termed a traitor's son, he rushed to battle at once. But though he threw down the gauntlet, he could not call the charge a lie. Three years before, at the time of an insurrection, Hugh's father, Sir Hugh Rolstone, had joined the rebel earls in plotting against the queen, and had become a leader in their army. When the earls and their adherents had fled before the royal forces, Sir Hugh had been obliged to take refuge in Scotland. There he had died, leaving his only child neither lands nor gold, for the estate of the "traitor Rolstone" was forfeit to the crown. Yet the boy Hugh wanted for nothing. His twin cousin, Harry Mountford, had also been left fatherless, but had come into the splendid inheritance of Mountford Hall. Harry's mother, the Lady Dorothy, sent for Hugh and took him for a second son; and the two boys came to love each other like a new David and Jonathan.

Leaving the messenger to refresh himself, Harry went in search of his cousin, and, finding him, flung an arm across his shoulder.

"Heed not that prating coxcomb Withybroke," said he. "Come with me to Warwick, and if my godfather be not glad to see you, call me no more Hal of Mountford. If he spoke not of you in the letter, 't was because there was no need. He knows that you and I go everywhere together. And he likes you well."

But Hugh's face did not clear. "Dear old lad," he answered, "I 'm gladder than thou of thy good luck; but I will *not* go to Warwick to have them point me out as the son of 'the traitor knight.' Oh, Hal! would I were a man grown! Then I 'd go there fast enough, and fight any one that dared insult a Rolstone."

FIVE days later, young Henry Mountford, with his servants at his back, set forth on the long day's ride to Warwick Castle. Said he to himself, as he cantered along: "My lord bids me win the queen's favor! but how I 'm to do that, I know no more than Giant Guy's giant cow! But if I do win it, I vow I 'll tell her Majesty about Hugh, and pray her not to punish him for his father's deeds, but to take him and give him a chance to serve her. And when she finds out what a brave, good lad he is, I warrant she 'll give him back his lands."



"AWAY FLEW THE DRAGON SHOOTING OUT HORRIBLE FLAMES"

Next morning, Harry awoke realizing that the great event was over. For at twilight of the day just gone, he had knelt before the queen and kissed her hand, and Elizabeth had congratulated the earl on having a godson so tall for his years and so comely. But the poor boy had been tongue-tied with embarrassment during the interview, and he was sure that her Majesty would never listen to the petition of a blundering dolt like himself.

That day merriment flowed on as steadily within the castle as the river Avon outside its walls; but Harry early betook himself to the Temple Fields on the opposite shore. Out in the meadow two forts had been erected, made of slender timbers and covered with canvas painted to look like stone. One stood on the Temple Ditch and was named Wild-fire Fortress. The other, standing some distance away, was called Castle Valiant. In front of the forts, earthworks had been thrown up; and upon them was mounted artillery brought up from London; in each battery were some half-dozen cannon and a few mortar-pieces.

What was the meaning of all these warlike preparations? Why, a battle was to be fought. The Earl of Oxford, governor of Castle Valiant, with a gallant band of gentlemen, was only waiting till night should fall to attack Wild-fire Fortress, which was to be defended by an equally gallant band. But as the siege had been planned solely for her Majesty's pleasure, not a drop of blood would be shed; for the batteries, loaded with blank charges, were to pour out terrific volleys of smoke and flame, but no death-dealing iron.

Hal spent the morning learning the trade of an artilleryman, and so pleased the Earl of Oxford that he enlisted the boy among his followers and appointed him to fire one of the mortars of Castle Valiant, a piece which a gunner from the Tower was to load.

Evening came. The queen and her court assembled at the windows overlooking the river and the fields, and the two companies of soldiers in full armor, carrying arquebuses and calivers, marched away to garrison the forts. No armor had been found of a suitable size for Harry, but he took his place behind his mortar in a fever of impatience for the siege to begin. Presently, he noticed a boyish figure stealing toward him.

"Halt! Who goes there?" He pointed his arquebus at the intruder.

"Your old comrade," said a well-known voice, and the figure stepped forward into the light.

It was Hugh! The cousins gripped each other like wrestlers, for joy at their reunion.

"The hall was as dull as a prison without you, Hal!" exclaimed Hugh. "And this morning some strolling players came by and said there was to be a battle with cannon, and I was bound I 'd see the sport. So I saddled Robin Hood and galloped off when nobody was looking and got to Warwick before dark. Robin 's at the smithy, and I 'm lodging over yonder by the mill. The poor old miller 's sick abed, but they let me in for a shilling. Nobody knows who I am, so all 's well."

Then Harry told his cousin about the coming battle, and that, in addition to a bombardment, there was to be a glorious display of fireworks.

Hugh sighed. "I 'd give Robin to be in it!"

"Come, then," said Hal, and he led him to the Earl of Oxford.

"My lord," said he, "here 's my cousin Hugh come to see the sport. Pray you, my good lord, give him an arquebus and let him be a soldier, too."

The earl consented to enlist Hugh and told the boys to take turns in firing the mortar. Nor did he dream that this new recruit was the son of Rolstone the traitor.

And now the siege opened. A herald rode forth from Castle Valiant and summoned Wild-fire Fortress to surrender. The summons was received with scorn and defiance. Thereupon the lord governor ordered the bombardment of the fortress. What a moment for the boys! Harry had the first turn at the mortar, and, promptly as any gunner in the line, he touched the match to the fuse. A burst of flame in the darkness, a thunder-peal that shook the earth, silence again, with the smoke of that first war-cloud heavy in the air. Another roll of thunder—Wild-fire Fortress was answering. Then came Hugh's turn to fire, for the gunners of Castle Valiant were commanded to discharge a second volley. So the cannonade continued, until the enemy's battery was silenced. After that came the order to take the fortress by storm. The boys seized their arquebuses and entered the front rank of the assaulting column.

Forward! With a merry crack and flash of firearms, Lord Oxford's band charged up the counterscarp. But Wild-fire Fortress was rightly named. Suddenly, up from its walls and out over the heads of the assailants, shot fire-balls, blazing squibs, gigantic wings of flame, hissing golden serpents, and fiery darts which burst high above in burning rain. The very sky seemed in conflagration and the stars to be coming down in showers. Under this tempest of fire, Lord Oxford's men retreated, and the besieged, making a sortie, attacked them with spirit and carried off a prisoner or two. The soldiers of Castle Valiant, having regained their citadel, had leisure to study the witchlike antics played by the wild-fire. Some of the balls and squibs went sailing over Warwick Castle; others fell into the stream, and, marvelous to say, the magical wild-fire was seen to float unquenched upon the water and then to spring up and fly abroad, flaming with yet greater brilliance.

A second and a third time the battle was renewed, and, after each bombardment, the besiegers made desperate attempts to carry the fortress. They brought scaling-ladders to the walls; but as often as they climbed up, the fire-balls would drive them down. Harry triumphantly stepped upon the battlements; then there came a rush of fire-serpents overhead, and pride and he had a fall together. From the top of the ladder Hugh shouted, "St. George and Castle Valiant!" and dropped back hastily, as a squib singed his cheek.

But at last a fearful ally came to the aid of my lord the governor. On the watch-tower of Castle Valiant there appeared a terrible dragon. No one had seen him flying, but when he had alighted, a furnace appeared to be suddenly kindled within him. His outspread wings began to shine, his breath took fire between his gaping jaws, and the coils of his snaky tail were soon glowing like rings of flame. Yet a soldier had the hardihood to approach this monster with a burning match, and those rascals Harry and Hugh dared to follow. The man, seeing Hal at his elbow, handed him the match.

"Here, boy," said he, "send off his dragonship, and brag of it to-morrow!"

"His dragonship" was perching on a swivel to which rockets were attached. Hal applied the match. *Whoo-oo-oosh!* Away flew the dragon, shooting out horrible flames, and alighted on Wild-fire Fortress. And what if his flight did lie along a wire stretched between the two forts? He was none the less a very prince of dragons, and direful was the mischief that he wrought. He spat burning balls and squibs on the enemy's walls, and Wild-fire Fortress became a roaring bonfire. Out rushed the garrison, and, from Castle Valiant, Lord Oxford led forth his soldiers to receive the surrender.

Suddenly there rang out an alarm-cry: "Fire by the bridge! The miller's house! To the rescue!"

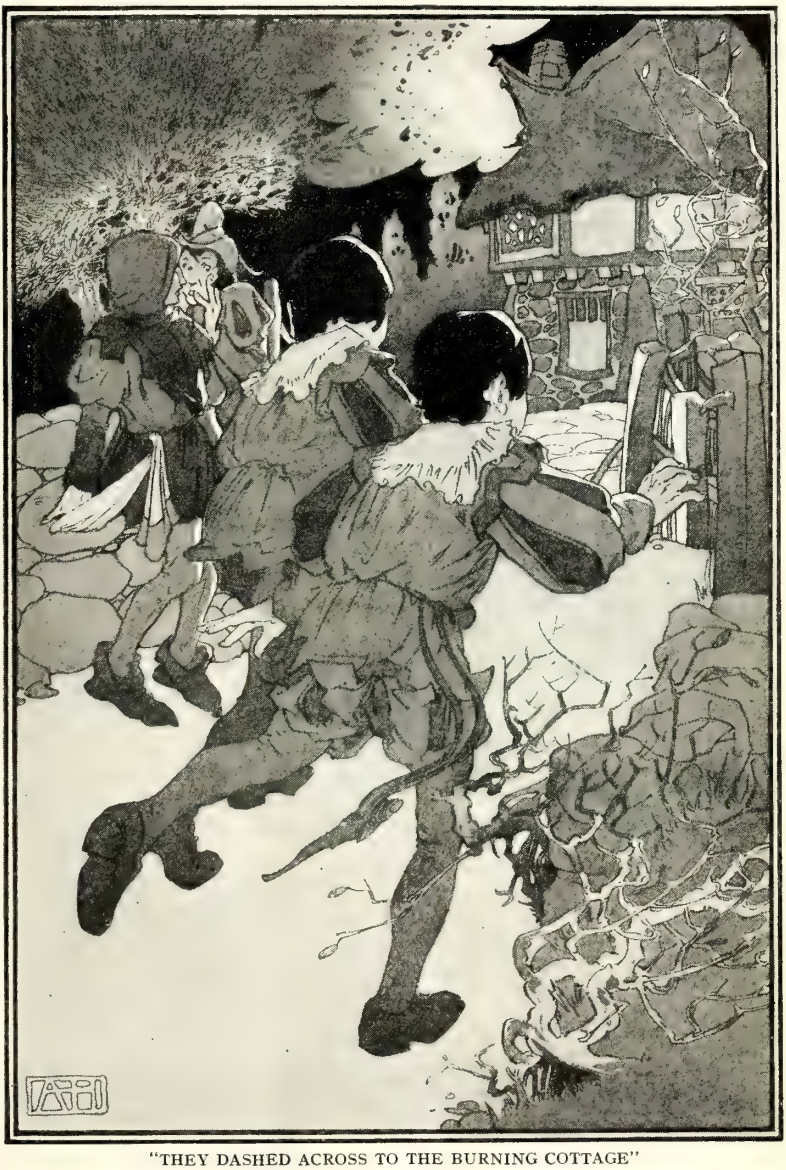
A ball had sped too far and set fire to the miller's roof. Victors and vanquished joined forces at once, but precious minutes were spent in filling the buckets which had been placed near the river in readiness for an emergency. Hugh and Harry

alone remembered that the miller lay helpless in bed, and without an instant's delay they dashed off to the bridge, and across it to the burning cottage. One or two villagers stood watching the conflagration without daring to enter where at any moment they might be caught by the flames. But the boys, with lowered heads, charged straight through the doorway into the smoke-filled house. They heard a choking cry, and as they pressed on, stifled and blinded, Hugh stumbled over a heap on the floor and found himself caught in a despairing grasp! It was the miller's wife, and beside her lay the sick man. He had started from his bed only to sink down, fainting, and, old and weak as she was, she had tried in vain to lift him.

"We 'll save him! Run you—for your life!" gasped the boys as they pushed her toward the door. Then, running back and using all their strength, they dragged the man across the floor, staggered on through the ever thickening smoke to the entrance, and out into safety. A minute more, and the cottage was wrapped in flames. As the young heroes emerged, a hearty cheer arose. The rescuing band had come up. The boys reeled and fell with their burden, but willing arms lifted them, and, with the man they had saved, they were carried beyond the danger line and laid upon the grass by the river bank.

The fresh air soon cleared their lungs, and the cousins sat up and gazed at the red glare painting the sky. The fire was spreading to the neighboring cottages, but the men were working vigorously to check it.

"Come, Hal!" cried Hugh. "To the rescue! A Mountford and a Rolstone to the rescue!" and off he shot to join the fire-fighters. Then, "A Rolstone and a Mountford to the rescue!" shouted Harry, darting after him; and presently the two were hurrying back and forth with buckets between the burning houses and the river.



"THEY DASHED ACROSS TO THE BURNING COTTAGE"

An hour later, a triumphant little army marched into the court of Warwick Castle. Not a life had been lost, every cottage but the miller's had been saved, and the band who had done such excellent service received the praises of the Queen.

NEXT morning at breakfast her Majesty directed that those who had suffered loss should be amply

recompensed. Moreover, she inquired what men had done most gallantly in the battle with the flames. It was told her that among the heroes were the Earl of Warwick's godson and another lad, who had saved the miller and his wife. Thereupon the queen commanded that the boys be brought into her presence.

"My Lord of Warwick," she said to the earl,



"WE DUB YOU KNIGHTS OF THE WILD-FIRE"

"you have shown us many a princely pageant, but here is the goodliest sight mine eyes have yet seen. For here be two as fair striplings as any in the kingdom; and though their cheeks are as smooth as a maiden's, yet they have fought through a siege as valiantly as two belted knights. They have shed no man's blood, it is true, but they have saved the lives of two good subjects, and that I count the gallanter deed." She turned to the boys. "If you had been soldiers in real warfare, last night," said she, "your stout hearts would have won you your spurs. But such knighthood as befits your years you shall have. To-day we do found a new order of chivalry and dub you Knights of the Wild-fire. And for better reward of your valor, ask any boon you wish and I will grant it you. Harry Mountford, I hear thou hast outdone St. George. Speak thou first."

Then Hal burst out with his request. "Sovereign Lady, there 's just one thing I wish for—that your Majesty will be kind to my cousin Hugh. He is Sir Hugh Rolstone's son, and he lives with us, because his lands are forfeit. We 've sworn to be brothers to each other. Now, wherever he goes, he hears his name insulted, and he has to suffer for deeds he never did. But if it please your Majesty to take him and give him a chance to serve you—you 'll see he 's the bravest, noblest fellow that ever lived."

The queen listened intently to the boy's pleading. Then she fixed upon Hugh a keen, steady, manlike gaze, and asked him in her deep voice:

"Art thou the son of Sir Hugh Rolstone, who took arms against me with the rebel earls?"

And Hugh answered firmly, "Your Majesty, I am his son."

The Earl of Warwick here interposed, heartily recommending the boy to her favor.

When he had finished, the queen said: "Hugh Rolstone, thy father once knelt before me, a new-made knight, and swore to do me faithful service. But anon he gave his ear to false counsel, and it led him to break his oath. If I take thee into my service, Hugh, as I took thy father, how long wilt *thou* be faithful?"

"All my life long, your Majesty!" cried the boy, with passionate earnestness.

"Nobly spoken!" said the queen. "But we must have deeds as well as words. Here, then, is work for thee to do. The name of Rolstone hath a stain upon it. Thy work shall be to make it clean again. Wheresoever I send thee—go; whatsoever charge I give thee—be faithful to it; and stand thou ready to lay down thy life in defense of thy Queen. So shalt thou wipe away that foul spot, and Rolstone will be a fair and honored name again."

Her Majesty then taking the boys by the hand, raised them to their feet.

"My Lord of Warwick," said she, "I give you these fair sons of mine to rear for me. Train them in all chivalrous exercises, and when they are ready, bring them to me, and I will give them their knighthood. My sons, if you would win honor, take the good earl for your pattern. Harry, when thou dost rise up Sir Henry Mountford, thou shalt ask another boon—one for thine own self. Hugh, when thou winnest thy spurs, thou shalt win back thy lands also."

So Mountford and Rolstone set forth side by side on the road to honor, and the road led through many a foreign battle-field, and over the high seas to the Spanish Main. And among all the courtier soldiers of those days, none had loftier courage or truer hearts than had those brother knights, Sir Harry and Sir Hugh.

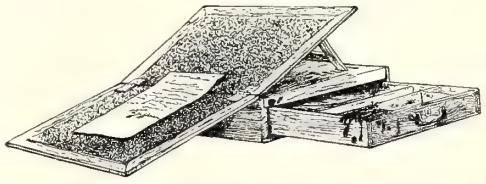
A GLIMPSE AT OUR COUNTRY'S HEIRLOOMS

By WILBUR GASS (AGE 16)

As one of the pupils of the Washington (D. C.) Central High School, I visited the State Department last year to view certain historical documents then on display. These documents, I understand, are removed from the vaults, where they are deposited for safe keeping, not oftener than once in a quarter of a century. Indeed, this was the first opportunity that the school-children, as a body, have had to look upon the papers—an opportunity due to the kindness of Mr. C. D. Warner of the State Department, who originated the idea and who was actually on the scene every minute of the allotted time, apparently highly pleased with its success.

On the day that it was my good fortune to view the documents, I was one of the earliest to arrive at the department. We entered by the southeast door, and I was struck by the beauty of the inside of the building. On reaching the exhibition room, we formed in a single line. The first thing I noticed was the desk of William Henry Seward, who was secretary of state during Lincoln's administration. The desk, though old and worn, is still used for business. While waiting for those in front to pass on, I took in the general surroundings. All over the room—some behind the cases, others keeping order in the line of pupils—were officers of the Washington High School Cadet Corps. With their gold braid and flashing swords, their military bearing and resolute countenances, they furnished an atmosphere which was exceedingly appropriate for the occasion. They seemed determined, while they had a breath of life left, to carry on America's reputation for being democratic and fair and for living up to the spirit in which those documents were written. In the center of the room, Mr. Warner, with his white hair and pleasant countenance, was talking to one of the cadet officers. Two army officers and a naval officer completed the scene.

The first document which we saw was a copy of the Declaration of Independence, below which was a part of the original draft, written by Thomas Jefferson and with corrections made by his own hand. The next object of interest was Jefferson's writing-desk, which can be folded and carried easily. In fact, Jefferson used this compact desk while on horseback. In the same case, to prove ownership, is a letter by Jefferson to a friend identifying the desk as his own. Then came the treaty of peace with England, which brought to a close the Revolutionary War in 1783.



THOMAS JEFFERSON'S WRITING DESK

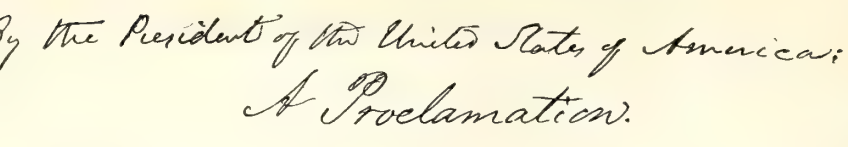
Next came the Articles of Confederation, so ineffectual in keeping the colonies together from 1783 to 1789, when it was replaced by the Constitution of the United States. Fittingly displayed in a separate case, were the swords of George Washington and Andrew Jackson. In the middle of the semi-circular array of documents, with the all-commanding position it deserved, the Constitution was placed. In an upright position, staring you in the face, were those famous words, "We, the people of the united States, in order to form a more perfect union, etc." What matter if in the phrase "united States" united was spelled with a small u? According to Gladstone, "The Constitution was the most remarkable piece of work ever struck off by the hand of man at any time." Every real American will heartily concur with Gladstone. Following the Constitution, a famous treaty of peace with the Indians, signed by

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America,

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. — We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness — That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, — That whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while

OPENING LINES OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



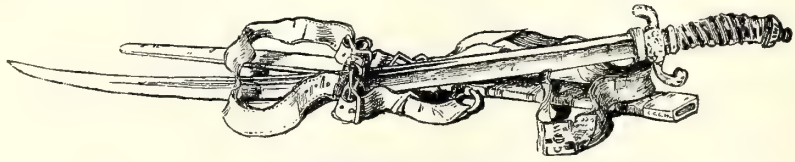
OPENING LINES OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

Washington, was on exhibition. This was the more interesting because of the peculiar marks made by the Indian chiefs for their signatures.

The last document, Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, was certainly well fitted to hold its place as the grand climax of all, because it shows that the American people are not only interested in the freedom of their own race, but of the world.

The following curios were also on display: Dolly Madison's trunk, in which, in 1812, when she heard the British were marching on the Capital, she hurriedly placed as many of her White House belongings as she could; a pair of eye-glasses used by Washington; a miniature plow made of silver, presented to the State Department by the advocate of free silver, William Jennings Bryan; a medal set with diamonds, which was given to America by Turkey in 1892, on the occasion of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of the New World; and last, though not least, either in interest or size, a copy of the "Peking Gazette," in the queer Chinese writing, which was the first newspaper printed in China.

Although we were rushed through and did not have time to examine the documents and other relics closely, yet the exhibition carried with it a deep significance. The general public was not admitted to the exhibition, and the pupils of the public schools of the District of Columbia should therefore consider themselves especially favored. The thing which the State Department really intended to give us, and which I believe it did give to most of the children, was a greater love for our country. I myself could not fail to be impressed with the spirit in which those documents were written, and thus my love for my country was increased. God grant that none who saw those documents may ever lose any of the patriotism that then stirred within them!



WASHINGTON'S SWORD

ON FREEDOM

By VIRGINIA WOODS MACKALL

THE wind went tearing along the street,
Knocking the little birds off their feet
And tumbling the flowers flat;
And the lightning flare jumped right out of the air
And hit a tree with a dreadful glare!
I don't want to be free like that.

Now the sun came out the very next day;
He climbed the sky in a cheerful way;
And what was he smiling at?
I don't know, but the flowers would,
For they laughed, and the birds flew as high as they could.
And I 'd love to be free like that!

THE LUCK OF DENEWOOD

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Vive la France!" etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

PEG TRAVERS, joint heir with her brother Jack to the estate of Denewood, in Germantown, which they are too poor to keep up and have rented as a school for girls, receives a letter from her brother, an officer with the A. E. F., saying that a relative of the family, a French girl named Béatrice de Soulange, has come to him asking for assistance, and he has thought it best to send her to America. Her brother, Louis de Soulange, an officer in the French army, in an aëroplane flight over the lines, has disappeared and is "missing." Peg, who lives with her aunt in the lodge at Denewood, is talking this news over with her cousin, Betty Powell, when the French girl unexpectedly arrives—a girl of their own age, deeply interested in the Denewood books and the history of their house. Her first desire is to see the lucky sixpence, their family talisman, and when she is told that it has been lost for a century she is astounded at the girls' indifference and declares her belief that with it was lost the luck of Denewood. Full of gratitude for their whole-hearted hospitality, she determines to find the sixpence and restore the luck of the house. Béatrice plans to hunt for it, and, to that end, is anxious to become a pupil at Maple Hall, as the school at Denewood is called. On her admission to the school Béatrice begins her search for the sixpence. Miss Maple discovering this and thinking it a waste of time forbids day-scholars to go above the first floor of Maple Hall. Peg is vastly excited by a letter from Jack asking for a description of the Soulange ring and warning her to stand guard over Bé lest unauthorized news of her brother rouse false hopes. Shortly after, a young man, who announces himself as Captain Badger of the British Army, calls, saying that he has news of Louis which he will give to no one but Bé. With Jack's letter in her mind, Peg refuses to let him see Bé. The next day Betty, from the living-room, sees him return to the lodge. He mistakes her for Bé, and Peg persuades her, in order to obtain news of Louis, to impersonate her cousin and, seated outside the spring-house, hear what he has to say, while Peg, concealed inside, could also find out what the stranger proposed. The two girls learn that Captain Badger is in search of three hundred thousand francs to ransom Louis de Soulange, whom he declares to be held by a band of robbers in France. He assumes that Bé can supply this money from a hidden strong-box. Betty, posing as Bé, insists upon having time for consideration. He finally gives her till the next day, and Peg tries to consult Mr. Powell, but finds he is ill. Meanwhile, Bé, ignorant of this crisis in her affairs, has gone to search the spring-house for the entrance to a secret passage she believes may be there. She unexpectedly discovers it, and, hearing some one coming, conceals herself in it. She examines the passage and finds it blocked by a solid partition at the other end. Then, retracing her steps, she tries to reënter the spring-house, but the trap-door refuses to open. Bé finally discovers a way to pass the partition and comes out in a dormitory of the school. Being upstairs is an infraction of Miss Maple's rule, and she goes to the principal's room to acknowledge the fault. Miss Maple is out; but Miss Hitty Gorgas, an old sewing-woman, encourages her when she determines to seize the unexpected opportunity and search for the lucky sixpence. Bé finds half of it cunningly concealed in a sampler by the first Beatrice, and escapes with it through the secret passage, where the trap-door, to her surprise, opens easily. Meanwhile, Peg and Betty are somewhat at odds in their idea of the credence due to Captain Badger; but they agree that they dare not tell Bé for fear of raising false hopes. Their one idea is to gain time until, perhaps, Mr. Powell shall recover sufficiently to relieve them of their responsibility, and they decide, if no other way can be found, to tell Badger that he has not yet seen the real Béatrice.

CHAPTER XX

HORATIA HAS A PLAN

IT was a strange coincidence that, immediately after finding the piece of sixpence, Béatrice de Soulange should have met the one man in America who professed to have knowledge of her brother's fate. It needed but the exchange of a few words to make all plain between them.

The British officer saluted politely.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with a frank smile. "I 've lost a bit of jewelry—a ring, in fact. It 's very valuable, and I wonder if by any chance you 've seen it?"

"No, I 'ave not see' it," Béatrice answered, and with a slight inclination of the head, she passed him and made her way straight to the lodge.

Captain Badger turned away with a worried expression on his face and began again to poke about in the grass with his stick.

Bé, fairly illuminated with joy, ran through the house looking for her cousins and, not finding them anywhere else, flew into the kitchen. "Is n't any one 'ome, Selma?" she asked breathlessly.

"The young ladies, they have gone away by the school," the maid answered. "They look for you, I think; but they must soon return for lunch."

"But where is Tante Polly?" Bé demanded. She must tell some one of her precious sixpence.

"Oh, she have gone to Chestnut Hill," Selma began, and soon told all she knew of the illness in the Powell family.

"That 's too bad," Bé murmured, a little crestfallen. "I 'm sorry. But everything will be all right soon. See what I 'ave foun', Selma." She held up the chain with the half coin dangling from it.

Selma's pale blue eyes opened with surprise.

"It is that lucky sixpence, huh?" she grunted admiringly. Bé nodded ecstatically, and the maid examined the treasure-trove closely. "You take it off. I shine it like new."

While the silver polish was being brought out

Bé told something of the tale of her adventures that morning, explaining in detail where the sixpence had been hidden all these years, and Selma grinned with interest.

"I should lak that I see that piece of work," she remarked, referring to the sampler. "It was fine trick, huh?"

"And it was so beautifully done," Bé answered enthusiastically.

"I bet you!" Selma ejaculated. "Now it is all bright and clean, huh?" She held up the glittering chain and sixpence. "I tank it is fine luck. All these years the house it has been wearing it, and so keep safe for the family, huh?"

"That is true," said Bé, impressed for the moment by this idea. "Denewood 'ave wear it. Per'aps I should not 'ave taken it away?"

"It is better that you have it," Selma insisted, with a shake of her blonde head. "You are more luckier than a house. Come, I put it on you."

She attached the broken coin around Bé's neck and stepped back to admire it in its new position.

"Thank you, Selma," said Bé. "I shall wear it till Paig come back."

"You wear it longer as that," Selma prophesied mysteriously. "You are what we call a—" She stopped, puzzled. "I cannot tell you the word in English, but it means you are like expressmans, huh?"

"Like an expressman!" Bé exclaimed, puzzled in her turn. "I do not understan'."

"It is plain," Selma explained, with one of her rare smiles. "You carry bunches of good luck for other people."

"Oh, that is nize!" Bé cried joyously. "But I 'ave learned that word in France among the American soldiers. It is what they call 'mascot' and it is a great compliment to be it."

With the idea of displaying her treasure to more advantage, she ran upstairs and slipped out of her school uniform. As she fastened her dress, she heard her cousins come into the hall, chattering together, and Horatia's voice proclaiming loudly, that all the world might hear, that she was as hungry as a bear.

Béatrice calmed her excited spirits and went to meet them sedately, conscious of the chain round her neck and awaiting with eagerness the moment when they should discover it.

"Now where on earth have you been?" Peg demanded, as she caught sight of her.

"We 've been looking all over the place for you," Betty put in.

"When do we eat?" asked Horatia, making straight for the kitchen.

"Oh, I 'ave had much business of a most importance," declared Bé. The sixpence on her breast felt as big as a dinner-plate and as shiny as an electric headlight, yet neither of the girls took any notice of it.

"Hello, Bé!" cried Horatia, coming back, "we 'll have lunch in a minute; and we 'd better take our pills, or Aunt Polly will scold when she gets home."

"Be silent, child," commanded Peg, seizing her cousin and whirling her round so that she fronted Bé. "Take care of your own conscience if you must, but spare mine. If I take pulsatilla before meals, and aconite after meals, and bryonia between meals, I won't have any room—"

"Stop!" cried Horatia, wriggling and pointing at Bé. "Stop, Peg, and look there. It 's the lucky sixpence!"

Her words brought immediate silence and the three stared at the dangling coin in amazement.

"But where—?"

"But how—?"

"But when—?"

The questions tumbled over each other, as the girls clamored for the story.

"Luncheon is served," interrupted the commanding voice of Selma, and they bustled into the dining-room, the pills forgotten, and even Horatia, for the moment, unconscious of the void she had so loudly proclaimed.

Bé told her tale with animation, and her cousins pecked at their food while they listened.

"Were n't you frightened?" asked Peg, unable to restrain herself while Bé was telling of her imprisonment.

"Oh, a little," Bé confessed, "but that was soon ended when I foun' that funny step."

She went on to the end, amid exclamations of surprise, excited questions, and admiring comments.

"Well, I think you 're a wonder!" Peg cried, jumping up from her place and rushing around the table to hug Béatrice. "It 's the most marvelous story I ever heard. I should have been so scared—"

"No, you would 'ave done as I did," Bé interrupted, "and now you mus' wear it."

Béatrice put up her hands to unfasten the clasp, but Peg stopped her.

"Please, dear," she insisted, slipping an arm about the French girl's neck, "I want you to wear it for a while, anyway. It 's good luck, you know, and you found it. I want you to have some good luck, too."

Bé understood and, lifting her face, kissed Peg lovingly.

"My 'eart it is too full to tell you all I feel," she said simply. "I am glad to wear it for a little while; but we mus' fin' the other piece."

"Of course," Horatia remarked confidentially

to her chop, "I 'm only a kid and have n't any sense; but if somebody asked me, I should tell them that they 've gone about finding Little John's piece of the sixpence all wrong."

"Oh, you would," Betty cut in sharply.

"But, being only an infant with an undeveloped brain," Horatia went on, disregarding Betty's interruption, "I watch the feeble efforts of my aged cousins and sister and wonder if they 'll ever learn to use their wits."

"Hush!" Peg admonished Betty, who was about to comment pointedly upon Horatia's musings, "hush! Let the child ramble. You can't tell what may come of it."

"I have observed," continued Horatia, still addressing the chop, "that it is difficult for the ancient intellect to grasp the working of a less mature mind. They are unable to put themselves in the place of little John Travers and determine what *he* would do when he wanted to hide something. They continually think what *they* would do, and that 's bound to be wrong."

"Horatia, dear," said Peg, in her most winning manner, "why not *eat* the chop and talk to *us?* We are ready to sit at the feet of wisdom. If you have a plan to find the rest of the sixpence, out with it."

"I 'd have told you long ago," Horatia answered, with a vicious thrust of her knife into the unoffending chop, "but I knew you would n't listen to a child until you 'd tried everything else. Well, I have a plan all right; though really it was Marjory who gave me the idea."

"Marjory!" exclaimed Betty, incredulously. "What nonsense! She 's only five."

"That 's all," Horatia agreed, no whit abashed, "therefore she understands the child mind—"

"Never mind that," Peg broke in; " go on."

"Well, I 'll tell you how I came to think of it," Horatia replied, "then you 'll begin to see. Marjory and Mark were playing at hiding things, and I told her to put whatever it was—I 've forgotten—under the rug; but that would n't do at all. She said he 'd find it right away and she wanted to bury it high up out of his reach."



"'I FEEL THAT WE ARE GOING TO FIN' THAT SIXPENCE,' CRIED BÉ" (SEE PAGE 832)

"Bury it high up?" Betty repeated scornfully.

"Certainly," Horatia replied. "I was just as stupid as you are, till she explained that you don't have to put a thing always in the *bottom* of a hole; that, if you have a fine place to bury your treasure in, you can put it up on the side—behind the clock on the mantel-piece, for instance."

"Stop, stop!" cried Peg. "My poor brain is weakening trying to follow you. Where do you find caves with mantel-pieces?"

"And is that Marjory's idea of the way to bury a treasure?" Betty asked, with a scornful laugh.

"I suppose," Horatia retorted impatiently, "that you think Mother ought to let the children dig up the nursery floor to hide things. That 's what you girls seemed to expect when you went over the dormitory at Maple Hall with your silly magnifying-glasses. You don't use your imaginations. Mark and Marjory had to *pretend* something, so they made believe the nursery was a forest and the room beneath it was a hole in the ground. Now do you see?"

The three girls looked at Horatia for a moment as if she were some interesting animal at the zoo. Then Béatrice voiced her approval.

"But, of course, the child is right!" she exclaimed. "We 'ave forgot', because we are so old. You remember, when one is little, one does not 'ide things where one can reach. One pushes a chair, is it not so? then one climbs up and 'ides the object—and, very sly, one takes the chair and puts it far away. Horatia, she is exactly right. We 'ave not looked properly."

"Horatia, accept my apologies," said Peg, handsomely. "I remember perfectly well that when I was a kid that 's just the way I did hide a thing, and it was so hard not to look at the place where I 'd put it. Tell us some more. We are your humble pupils."

"Oh, well," Horatia went on, taking her honors easily, "I really think there 's something in it, after all. I truly do! After that, I watched Owen Hare, who is just about Little John's age, and he never thought anything was hidden till it was stuck up somewhere."

"At any rate," Peg remarked thoughtfully, "it 's a new way to hunt, and we certainly ought to try it."

"Let us go at once!" Bé exclaimed. "To-day we 'ave foun' one piece of the sixpence. Let us fin' it all. Yes?"

She turned her bright eyes from one to the other expectantly.

"You forget that we can't go upstairs," Betty reminded her.

"But we don't have to," Horatia explained. "Don't you see that if the boys were playing buried treasure in Little John's room, they would pretend that the place under it was the cave in the ground. That 's what I was trying to tell you before."

"Of course!" cried Peg, "and that would bring it into the hall. That 's where we 've got to hunt. We 'll go right after lunch. Miss Maple is away. There 's a whole crowd of girls in town at a Kreisler concert and—"

"Let 's hurry!" cried Bé, starting up. "I feel that we are going to fin' that sixpence."

CHAPTER XXI

MISS HITTY HELPS

THERE was no loitering over the rest of the meal. They finished quickly and started up the drive to the school, all eager to be on the hunt and each filled with the conviction that they would be successful. Bé, in particular, could hardly restrain her enthusiasm. She never doubted that the charm of the sixpence was already at work. The broken piece around her neck was leading them straight to the half that was still missing.

"Oh, we shall fin' it!" she repeated again and again. "We shall fin' it—I feel it!"

Betty, perhaps, was the least certain; but even she had caught the infection from the others.

"I believe we shall," she admitted. "Of course, I don't see what good can come of it, for I must say I think it 's all superstition about luck, but—"

"All the same, you 're mighty careful what you do on Fridays," Peg interrupted.

"That 's different," Betty protested. "Everybody knows—"

By this time they were at Denewood and ran into the hall, finding, as they had expected, that it was deserted.

"It 's all right," said Peg, dropping her voice instinctively, so as not to break the stillness of the great house. "We 'll have an hour to ourselves, anyway. Come on."

"Horatia mus' be the—eh—'boss,'" murmured Bé. "It is her plan, and we but follow."

"All right, precocious child; lead the way," Peg said cheerfully. "We are thy slaves."

Horatia, conscious of the importance and dignity of her novel position among the elder girls, assumed an air befitting her advanced rank. She walked about the hall for a few moments, looking here and there and pondering deeply upon her problem.

"I 'm not sure if Little John really forgot where he put that sixpence, or whether his grandfather scared him so that he was afraid to tell," she said thoughtfully. "Kids do get awfully scared sometimes, and when they do, nobody can get a word out of them."

Béatrice nodded understandingly.

"I know, it is what you call picnic?" she questioned, a little hesitatingly.

"Picnic?" repeated Peg.

"Yes," insisted Béatrice. "When you are, oh, so frighten' inside, you do not know whether to go up or down or run away. Is not that a picnic?"

"Panic! my dear child; panic!" explained Peg.

"Oh, yes, I will remember, thank you," Béa-

trice returned, saying the word over once or twice under her breath.

"And that 's just what I mean about Little John," Horatia went on. "He might have put the sixpence somewhere that he was in a kind of a panic about afterward. Now let 's see."

"I wish we knew how many of these things were here at the time Little John was," said Peg. "It would save a lot of hunting."

"Miss Hitty Gorgas could tell," Bé remarked, and the suggestion was hailed with delight.

"By all means, let 's get her," Peg cried. "She 's a dear old thing, though she *does* talk. And if there is anything in Germantown she does n't know about, I 've yet to hear of it."

"But we can't get her unless we go upstairs," Horatia pointed out.

"Oh, yes, we can," Peg replied, and straightway rang a bell for one of the maids, who was sent to notify Miss Hitty that she was wanted in the hall.

"And is it you who asked for me, Miss Peggy?" asked the old seamstress, as she came smiling down the stairs. "I remember when you were a baby in arms you 'd never lack anything if asking could get it for you. Now what is it you want of old Hitty? I 'm guessing you 're after the other bit of that sixpence your pretty cousin found this morning. Is that it?"

They all told her it was, and she, not much older in spirit than the girls clustered about her, listened sympathetically and entered into their enthusiasm with great readiness.

"It 's not a bad idea for a child," she admitted, giving Horatia a complimentary pat on the shoulder, "and I can easy tell you about what was here in the old days." She looked around, summoning all the store of half-remembered tales that had been part and parcel of her life.

"There 's that great big vase," Peg contributed, pointing to a huge porcelain on a stand in one corner of the hall. "It came from Holland in one of the Travers' ships, but I think it 's really Chinese, not Dutch."

"It is, honey," Miss Hitty remarked. "It 's what they call '*famille rose*,' which is French, though why a Chinese crock should have a French name beats me."

"Now just wait a minute," Horatia broke in. "You see if I were playing buried treasure, I 'd pretend that the staircase was the hole I 'd dug—"

"Well then," said Miss Hitty, entering into the spirit of Horatia's imaginings, "you 'd come downstairs and you 'd look about you for a place to hide your gold and jewels."

"I 'm planning to be awfully smart," said Horatia. "There are some other boys playing with me, and I want to put these things where they 'll never in the world look for them." She ran part way up the staircase and glanced round. "There 's the clock," she remarked thoughtfully; "inside the case would n't be a bad place; but if he 'd put it there, it would have been found long ago, when the clock was wound; so he did n't."

"There are the figures on each side of the mantel," suggested Bé, eagerly. "They mus' be 'ollow. He could stuff it up inside."

"We 'll look," said Miss Hitty, briskly, mounting on a chair to investigate. "But they 've been washed so often, it ain't likely." In truth, there was nothing inside either figure.

"The picture of Beatrice is the first thing you see from the stair," Horatia was still looking round speculatively. "I wonder if Little John could have stuffed it in between the canvas and the frame?"

An eager search was made, but again without result.

"I 'll tell you one thing that 's different from the way it used to be," Miss Hitty remarked. "I know, because I was here when it was moved. That big Chinese vase used always to stand in that corner near the stair. Miss Maple said if it stayed there, nothin' in the world could keep the girls from usin' it as a waste-basket."

At these words Horatia clapped her hands.

"That 's where the sixpence is!" she declared. "He threw it in there from the landing; and then he would n't tell, because he always hoped to get it out, or else perhaps he did forget, after all."

"But how are *we* going to get at it?" asked Peg, in dismay. "Besides, I don't see how you can be so sure, Horatia. It 's been washed, too."

"That 's right," agreed Miss Hitty, "but not in a tub. It 's too big to be moved around and too valuable to run risks with. I 'm very much mistaken if the inside has ever been touched. Anyway, we 'll find out, if Miss Bé will just let me have that tam of hers."

Bé took off her cap and handed it to the seamstress; but like the others, she had no notion of the use to which it might be put. And to increase their puzzlement, Miss Hitty deliberately threw the cap up so that it dropped down into the neck of the vase.

"You ought to be on the basket-ball team!" cried Horatia.

"I might do that, too," Miss Hitty remarked complacently. "But that is n't what we 're at now. You see, girls," she went on, turning to the bewildered circle of faces about her, "we 'll have to have some of the men in to help us get that cap out."

"Miss Hitty, you 're a wonder!" cried Peg. "We 'll get the Schmucks. They 'll do anything in the world for us. I 'll call them."

She ran off, leaving the others to speculate upon finding the sixpence and to admire Miss Hitty's cleverness, although they had little chance to say anything, the old seamstress having an audience to her liking, and improving the opportunity to do the talking.

At one point, however, Béatrice broke in upon her volubility. "Tell me, please, do you know how she die, that great little ancient Béatrice?"

What further she might have said was interrupted by Peg's reëntrance with the two Schmucks. They were so-called "handy men" about the place, and lived in small cottages overlooking the Denewood grounds. In Revolutionary times, the Jack Travers of that day had befriended an ancestor of the Schmucks; and throughout the years that followed, successive generations of their family had lived at Denewood,



"'I 'M GUESSING YOU 'RE AFTER THE OTHER BIT OF THAT SIXPENCE'"

she asked, nodding toward the portrait that seemed to smile encouragingly upon them.

"I know that she lived to be very old." Miss Hitty spoke musingly; then after a moment's pause, her well-stored memory awakened. "I remember! I remember!" she went on. "My grandma said that when Miss Peg's own grandma died (quite a young woman she was, too), that she passed away suddenly in her sleep, just like old Lady Travers had done before her. (Old Lady Travers is what every one called her, though it does n't seem possible that the girl whose portrait we 're looking at should ever have grown old. But she did.) They said, though, that she never had a day's illness in her life, and just went to Heaven in her sleep, like."

"Oh!" exclaimed Bé, "now I understan' everything! That explain' why she never wrote about where the sixpence was in her book. I think it was a so beautiful end to a 'appy life."

content to serve and maintaining a fine sense of gratitude. Now, although they were paid by Miss Maple, they preserved an almost feudal loyalty to all with Travers blood.

"We needs must make haste, Miss Peg," one of the men was saying as they entered the hall. "Miss Maple may come back any minute, and then you 'll be in a peck of trouble."

"There 's no such awful hurry," Peg replied, rather huffily. "Nobody could blame a person because her tam gets thrown into a vase."

"Good morning, Schmuck." Miss Hitty spoke generally and both men touched their foreheads. "Will you take the greatest care in lifting that down, please? It 's a very valuable piece."

"It *is* that," one of the men replied. "But you 've no need to fear, miss. Nothin' in Denewood shall come to harm at our hands."

The vase rested on a stand of wood, and the men lifted it to the floor with some difficulty.

"'T is surprising heavy," one of them grunted.

The other essayed to reach down into it to recover the tam; but Miss Hitty stopped him.

"While we 're about it," she suggested, "I think it might be as well to clean it out. Goodness knows how much dust and trash must be in there."

"Get a few papers to spread on the floor, Peter," the more loquacious brother ordered.

"There 's a-plenty in the box for the fire-wood," the other grunted, and brought them forthwith.

In a moment they had up-ended the vase and the tam tumbled out, to be buried at once by an avalanche of sand.

"That was put in to steady it like," said William. "It 's all there is in it, and that had better go back again."

All four girls were on their knees beside the pile. Horatia drew forth the tam and dusted it off, while Bé passed her hands through the heap of sand. Here and there she sifted out lumps that proved to be peach-stones, or dried-up apple-cores. A broken flint from the lock of a gun, an old shuttlecock, a ball, and a large copper coin were added to the trove; but the sixpence with its chain did not seem to be there, and her head sank.

The men were growing fidgety.

"Was there something else you lost, miss?" William inquired politely. "If we sift the sand back, a little at a time, most like we 'll come across it."

"Will you please be very careful?" Bé begged. She continued to pass her fingers through the sand, rather hopelessly now. A sizable lump of some sort she laid with the peach-stones, and then the last of the sand was returned to the jar and it was set back on its pedestal.

"What shall we do with these?" The men were gathering up the papers and the little pile of dusty objects lay on one of them. Bé was sitting back on her heels looking at them blankly.

"They are nothing," she said slowly. "Peg, you had better keep the money and the sharp stone."

"And the little shoe, miss?" the man was dusting the sand from the shapeless lump which she had found last.

"Is it a shoe?" she asked. "I thought it was just a piece of trash." She held out a hand for it.

"It is a baby's slipper!" she cried. "Per'aps one of your baby's." She was on her knees now, addressing the portrait, and thrusting two fingers into the little shoe she held it up as if for recognition; but the action was accompanied by a sharp cry.

"It is here!" she exclaimed. "It is here! I 'ave foun' it!" and she drew forth a chain with the half of a tarnished coin hanging from it.

"Oh, good little Béatrice, to guard it all these long years!" The girl was quite transfigured with joy, and Miss Hitty looked from her to the picture and wagged her head contentedly.

"The luck of the Travers has come back to Denewood," she said.

CHAPTER XXII

BÉATRICE IS ALL SMILES

An hour or so after dinner that night, Peg and Bé found themselves alone on the little sofa in the living-room. Conscientious Horatia was upstairs, studying at Peg's desk, as usual, and Betty had gone to bed early, declaring she was worn out talking about the sixpence.

It had been an exciting day for all of them, and there was little left to be said, so often had they gone over the details of their successful search. But between the two girls on the sofa there were thoughts that could be only half expressed, and they were glad to be alone for a time.

Round each neck hung a piece of the sixpence. Selma's silver polish had been brought out again, and Peg's bit shone resplendently and seemed to wink at its fellow.

"I think I 'ave never been so 'appy," Béatrice said softly.

"It 's funny," mused Peg, "but I would n't have been as pleased with a pearl necklace."

"But no, I should think not!" Bé agreed. "Such a necklace would be worth only money. These of ours are priceless. For you and for me they bring an end to all our troubles."

"Are you so sure, Bé?" Peg asked, thinking of Captain Badger.

"How can I not be sure?" Bé answered. "All this time, since I 'ave come to America, something in my heart tol' me that when I fin' that sixpence, you and cousin Jack should have Denewood again and that Louis would return to us. Well, we 'ave foun' it. *Voila!*" She ended with a radiant smile of confidence.

"But how is it going to happen?" Peg demanded after a little. "We need thousands and thousands of dollars to take care of Denewood, and what can the sixpence have to do with our brothers over in France?"

"Oh, now you ask me something I cannot say," Béatrice replied. "Per'aps we shall never know how it happen'. Mos' likely not. Yet you mus' never doubt."

"I did n't before we found it, but now—". Practical-minded Peg sought for some fact upon which she could pin her faith. It was difficult for her to accept Bé's assurance that all would be well, without some evidence that appealed to her reason. Dared she say to herself that, as Louis

de Soulange was sure to return now that the sixpence had been found, she might cease troubling about Captain Badger? Could she curtly dismiss the man and trust wholly to a vague, mysterious power attributed to the old coin? Clearly she could not. The recovery of the sixpence did not in the least relieve her of the responsibility of meeting the British officer on the morrow, nor set aside the fatal consequences that might result if she made a false move.

Peg was almost tempted then and there to make a clean breast of the matter to the girl beside her, but she held her tongue, fearing that the faith in which Bé found such happiness would seem to be confirmed only to be shattered later by the discovery that Captain Badger was false. No, Peg determined to go through with the program as she had planned it with Betty, before, as a last resort, she told Bé the story.

"I wish we would hear from Jack," she said, after an interval of silence. "I 've been hoping he 'd be home by this time."

"I think they will come soon," Bé replied confidently. She said it quietly, but with such a wealth of assurance that Peg looked at her a trifle enviously.

"You believe that sixpence can do anything!" she remarked, almost irritably.

Bé chuckled and put an arm about her cousin. "You do not know how my 'eart it has ached," she murmured. "Now it is all smiles, and I feel that everything that I 'ave wanted most will come to me."

"But Jack's return depends upon the War Department in Washington," Peg said crisply.

"But yes, I know," Bé agreed calmly. "Per-'aps he has already started. How can we tell? Only I am sure he will come soon, and with him will come my Louis."

"I certainly hope so," Peg replied, "but you 'd think he 'd send us word."

"The letter may not arrive or it may come to-morrow. Who can tell?"

"To-morrow 's Sunday," Peg reminded her.

"Then Monday," Bé returned, unruffled. "Trust me, Peg," she went on, "there is no need to worry. Now when shall we explore that Mouse's Hole?"

Peg had been expecting this question, but although she was anxious to visit the secret passage, she must keep the engagement with Captain Badger in the morning. She had anticipated that it would not be altogether easy for Betty and her to get away by themselves, and she was puzzled for the moment.

"I don't know when I can go," she said, with seeming indifference.

"Do you not want to go?" asked Bé, surprised at her lack of enthusiasm.

"Of course, I 'm crazy to," Peg cried; "but the fact is, Bé, I 've a date with Betty in the morning."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Bé. "You 'ave a secret, eh?"

"Yes, we have," Peg acknowledged frankly, "but it won't last long."

"Good," said Bé. "I will play with Horatia. But I am mos' curious to fin' out how it is I cannot open the little door one minute and the next it go' up so easy. I want to see it wiz a light."

Peg sat thoughtful for a moment. She did n't want Bé hovering round the spring-house while she and Betty were interviewing Captain Badger.

"I tell you what we 'll do, Bé," she exclaimed eagerly, as the idea came into her mind, "you and I will get up at daybreak and explore the whole passage before breakfast! Just us two. We 'll take Betty and Horatia through some other time. How about that?"

"Fine!" agreed Bé. "Then we can 'ave much time and nobody to bother us. That will be good, and I will show you Monsieur Crapaud. But we mus' 'ave a flash-light."

"Yes, and my bicycle lantern," Peg agreed practically. "Come along. I 'll get that ready now and then we 'll go to bed."

Before they separated for the night Bé remembered something she 'd forgotten.

"Oh, I 'ave not tol' you. But when I come out of that spring-'ouse this morning I meet that British officer. Does he live near here, do you think?"

For an instant Peg almost betrayed herself. She was so surprised that she could hardly speak; but with an effort she controlled her voice.

"Did he talk to you?" she asked a little fearfully.

"Oh, yes. He ask' if I 'ave see a ring he 'ave los'," Bé answered.

"Hum!" muttered Peg, with as much indifference as she could assume. "I suppose you did n't see it?"

"No. I had just come out of the Mouse's Hole and think of nothing but getting here and telling you. Good night, *chérie*."

Although she was going to make a very early start in the morning, Peg found it impossible to go to sleep. She began to be conscious of a feeling of dread, as if something was going to happen that would make her unhappy, but which she could not prevent.

"I wish to-morrow were over," she said more than once to herself, ere she dropped off into a restless slumber.

(To be continued)

WHY NOT PAPER HOUSES?

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

WHEN some of us came to consider what tents cost, these far too expensive days, an idea came out of the clear horizon and unexpectedly presented itself. Why not build a *paper* house?

Seems ridiculous, does n't it! But then, when you come to think of it, many of the Japanese live in houses whose walls are made of paper; and if they can do it, why can't we? Anyway, it is always good fun to try something new.

Now of course, though we never saw one, we knew well enough that the Japanese houses must be made with paper of very strong fiber. And of course, they had to be waterproof. Even our heaviest papers go to pieces when wet, if only for a little while. So we had to use a strong paper and one that would not get water-soaked and soft when it rained.

Well, you can't buy any paper like that in our

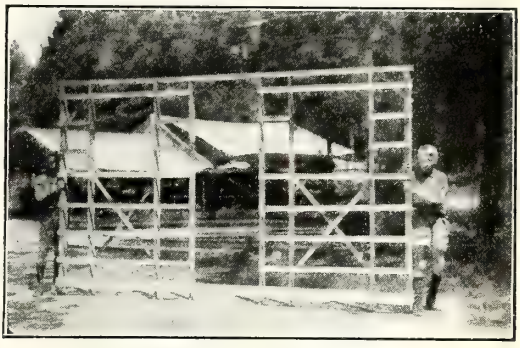


FRAME OF THE BACK WALL, SHOWING DIAGONAL BRACING

stores. We can get strong paper, and we can get waterproof waxed papers, but not papers that are both strong and waterproof. All right, the obvious thing to do was to get a strong paper and *make* it waterproof. And that is easy enough, when you remember that tar paint will do this, as will any good outdoor paint. So we bought a roll of heavy brown wrapping-paper, two feet wide, a couple of quarts of black tar paint, and a couple of quarts of green outdoor paint. So much for the wall and roof covering of our house.

We decided to make our house, by way of experiment, an unpretentious affair, twelve feet long and nine feet wide. Two or three people could bunk in such a house very comfortably—more than that, if you use double-deck beds!

Even paper houses must have a strong frame. Such a frame should be light, but strong. It does n't take very heavy timber if you have enough braces. We made the front and back walls first, right on the ground. The front wall had two strong end-posts of two-by-four stuff seven feet long. Then there were two more upright supports, to come on each side of the door open-

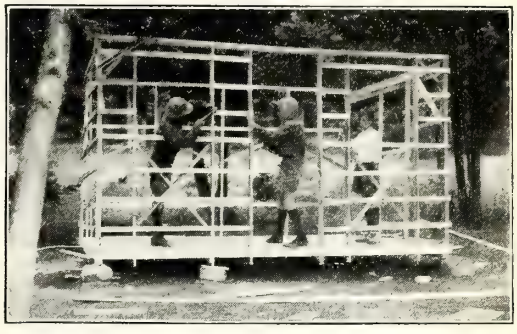


THE FRAME FOR THE FRONT WALL

ing, and four more uprights, to come one on each side of the two windows we planned to have on the front. All these uprights—except the end-posts already described, were made of very light wood, an inch thick and four inches wide, and, of course, seven feet long.

Running along the tops of all these supports was a piece of two-by-four, twelve feet long. Nails were sent through the two-by-four top timber into the ends of the uprights. The roof was to rest on this top timber.

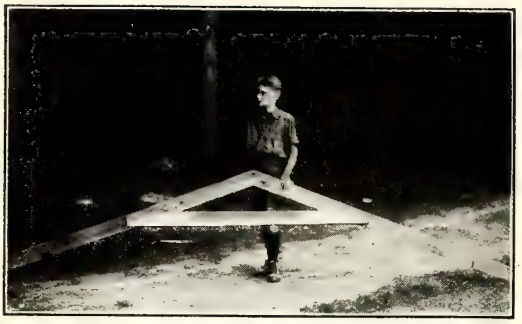
The uprights were also connected at their other ends by a board six inches wide, so placed that, when the wall was stood up, the upper edge of this board would be about eight inches above



THE FOUR WALLS HAVE JUST BEEN COMPLETED. NOTE HOW THE UPRIGHTS FOR DOORS AND WINDOWS ARE PLACED, AND THE VARIOUS DIAGONAL BRACINGS

ground. This was for the floor-boards to rest upon.

Now we filled in the spaces between the up-



ONE OF THE THREE "A" PIECES THAT SUPPORT THE ROOF. NOTE THE NOTCHES THAT ENGAGE THE FRONT AND BACK WALLS

rights, except for the door and window spaces, by means of strips of wood two inches wide. These were placed far enough apart so that when the paper was glued to them, each width of paper would have a wooden strip at top and bottom and one in the middle.

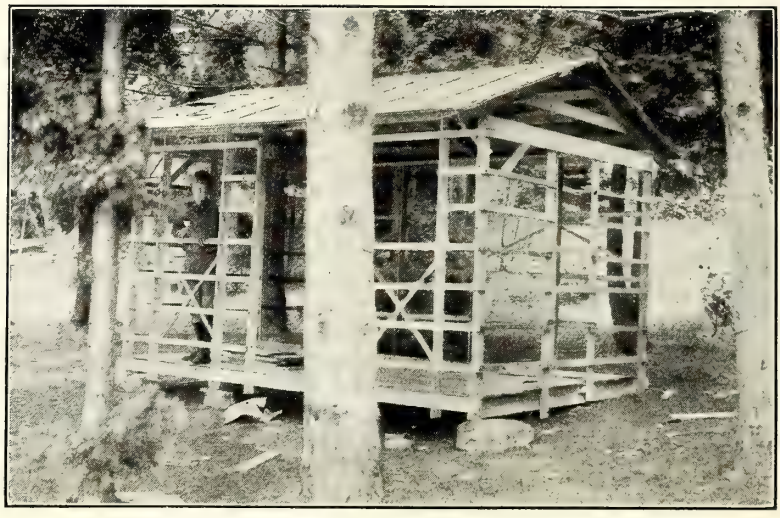
The back wall was made in a similar manner, except that we decided to have no windows there, and so we filled the side completely with the two-inch strips, placing a six-inch board at the bottom to support the floor-boards.

This being done, diagonals were nailed in the upper parts of these walls to keep them from sagging to the right or left. Eventually, diagonals were placed in all the corners, as the photographs will show.

Now the front and back walls were stood up and placed nine feet apart. Their ends were joined by strips, and windows provided for. And then the floor was put in, with a central six-inch board running under the middle so that the floor-boards would have sufficient support.

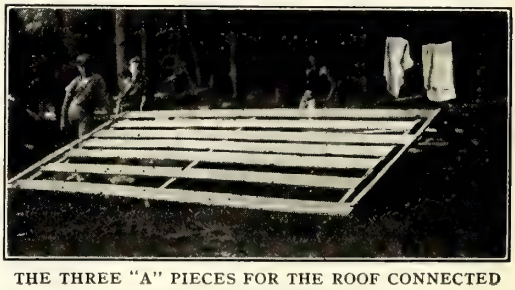
Now for the roof. A letter "A" was made of boards, the outer ends of the legs of the A being three feet wider than the house from back to front. This would extend over the front and back walls and even help hold them together, because of the notch, shown in the photo, which slipped down over the walls. Three of these A supports were made. Two of them were placed parallel, on the ground, twelve feet apart, and the other placed between them exactly in the middle.

The slants of these A's were now joined by six-inch strips, as shown in the photograph. The proportions of the roof were planned so carefully and the notches in the legs of the A's measured so closely, that when we lifted the roof up over the house and let it down, it fitted like a box lid. Before the roof was put in place it had been covered with wrapping-paper. The strips of paper, the length of the roof, were first painted with tar paint and then fastened to the roof both with glue and with laths—each length of paper overlapping the length below it.



THE FRAMING OF THE FOUR WALLS, WITH THE ROOF SET ON

Now for the paper! This was, as I said, heavy brown wrapping-paper, two feet wide. Strips of this were attached to the walls, the strips run-



THE THREE "A" PIECES FOR THE ROOF CONNECTED BY SIX-INCH STRIPS

ning horizontally, and were glued to the two-inch boards. The lowest length of paper was placed first; the second length overlapped the first by an inch, and was glued to it. Perpendicular laths were nailed over these lengths of paper to help hold them in place; and finally, all four walls were completely covered.



PUTTING ON THE PAPER, WITH GLUE AND LATHS, AND PAINTING IT GREEN

We were afraid it might rain before the sides of our house were painted and made waterproof. If it had, the rain would have loosened the glue and made the paper so soft that it would have fallen apart. So with all speed, the walls were painted green, care being used to see that the paint went completely under the laths used to hold the paper in place. This done, we could breathe easy!

The door was a simple matter—anybody who can build such a frame can build a door! The windows were protected merely by "awnings" made of squares of canvas that could be let down flat, rolled up, or held out from the windows in the regulation awning style.

That is how we made it. Did it work? It most certainly did! The very next day there was a downpour of rain. Many other rains followed through the summer, but the paper house went bravely through the season, leaking not a drop, and looking as fresh as when it was made. I don't know how the roof and walls will stand the winter snows and blows. But suppose the paper *does* give away! For a very small sum we can get more paper and a can or two of paint and can live securely and comfortably in the paper bungalow and laugh at the high cost of house-building.



THE COMPLETED HOUSE, VERY COMFORTABLE AND QUITE WEATHERPROOF



A COMPANY STREET AT CAMP ROOSEVELT

CAMP ROOSEVELT

By LILLIAN EVERTSEN

"HELLO, Bill, I hear you 're going to some sort of a camp all summer."

"Right you are. But you see, there 's a summer school in connection with the camp, an' so I go camping and to school at the same time."

"That 's fine! What kind of a place is it?"

"Why, it 's Camp Roosevelt, five miles south of Muskegon, Michigan. The U. S. War Department furnishes the tents and such things, and the summer-school faculty are picked from the Chicago public high schools by the city Board of Education.

"There are four of us boys in a tent. There are streets of tents, right out in the open."

"That sounds great! What 's it like up there?"

"Well, first thing in the morning, you hear the bugle-call to get up, and you are up in a jiffy. You 've got to have your clothes on right, too—no shoe-laces hanging loose; no shirt open at the neck! Then you line up outside the tents for in-



MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD INSPECTING CADETS

spection, and your commanding officer (he 's a real army officer, too) comes and looks you over; and if there 's one who is n't O. K., they all have to wait until he gets dressed right. Then we all march to breakfast, and I 'll tell the world we can eat, out there in the fresh air. Next we have setting-up exercises, drills, high-school classes, and things like that, until noon, when we march over to mess again for lunch. Each fellow carries his own knife, fork, spoon, tin dish, and cup, and after each meal we wash 'em and carry 'em back to our tents.

"At two o'clock the guard for the day is relieved and the new guard goes on duty. You see, each fellow has his turn at guard duty.

"Then in the afternoon we play baseball, volley-ball, go swimming, or go over to the rifle-range and have gallery practice and shooting. One day each week we take our laundry down to the lake and get lessons in washing our clothes. We don't get away with any half-way measures, either. Those officers are after us every minute. They 're all fine fellows, though, and they teach us a lot of things that are good to know.

"Then we line up for mess again, and right after supper we have to get ready for the big event of the day, dress-parade. The people from town come out to see us, and there are always lots of visitors there to watch us, so we have to do our best. We march past the reviewing-stand, each company with the commanding officer at the head, and on all around the campus. Sometimes we have drill and inspection—when big army officers, generals and majors and colonels, come from Washington and all over the country to see us. Last summer, Major-General William G. Haan, of the General Staff at Washington, D. C., and Major-General Leonard Wood visited us and inspected our work. And they praised us, too.

"After parade, we have short talks by the officers or prominent speakers. Every other night we have movies, good ones, too, all for nothin'. Then we march back to our tents, and at nine-thirty the bugle sounds 'Tattoo,' and, five minutes later, 'Call to Quarters,' and then, last of all, 'Taps,' which means we must be in bed."



PREPARING BREAKFAST ON AN OVER-NIGHT HIKE FROM CAMP ROOSEVELT

"How much did it cost you to go there?"

"That 's just the best part of it. It only costs a dollar a day, and that pays for your meals an' everything. If you take high-school work, as I did, it costs twelve dollars extra, just like the summer public schools in Chicago. But you don't have to go to summer school unless you want to. My kid brother Tom did n't. He was in the Scoutcraft Division. That 's for the fellows from twelve to fourteen.

"This summer I 'm going to try hard to be a cadet officer. You see, the cadets can work up to be officers, and sometimes take charge of the companies in place of the regular army officers.

"Captain Beals is the commandant. He 's professor of military science and tactics and supervisor of physical education in the Chicago public high schools during the winter.

"Come over, soon, and I 'll show you some of the pictures of the camp. They 'll make you want to go, too. So long, Bob!"



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

AMERICA'S BIRTHDAY

THIS Fourth of July finds us as a nation 145 years old. We have traveled pretty far since that fourth day of July in 1776 when the Declaration of Independence was made.

Instead of the thirteen colonies stringing along the Atlantic coast, we have forty-eight great and powerful states, and the flag flies over a family of more than 100,000,000 of Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces.

We have made good use of that long period, almost a century and a half, of national independence. There have been mistakes in our national conduct. We have done some things that might better not have been done, and have missed some opportunities to do good and wise things. But on the whole, our history is that of a great and growing nation that means to use its influence for good.

Naturally, the first thing that comes to mind, and the thing that overshadows everything else at this time, is the part this country of ours played in the Great War in Defense of Civilization.

We had been through a long period of prosperity. Our national wealth and power had grown to tremendous proportions. We might have been weakened by this prosperity; indeed, it was one of the many mistakes that Germany made, to assume that we were actually so weakened. But when the great test came, we were ready.

There were plenty of mistakes. We had not prepared for war, and we had a tremendous task before us when war came. We made many blunders, and they were expensive. But through all the confusion there shone the clear light of purpose and devotion. The Spirit of 'Seventy-six and the Spirit of 'Sixty-one lived in this land in Nineteen Eighteen. Young America was true to the tradition of its fathers and its grandfathers —and its mothers and grandmothers.

We are now in the third year since the war came to its long-delayed end. We seem to have traveled a long distance from where we were in 1918. Sometimes it seems as though we had, as a nation, forgotten the lessons so recently learned; particularly, the lesson of all pulling together. But when you stop to think about it, you have to come to the conclusion that two years and a half is, after all, a pretty short time for a nation to get going again after such an experience, especially when the whole world has been involved in such a period of destructive warfare. We have made a good start, and American good sense and energy will see us through.

On this birthday of the nation it is for us to think as deeply and as wisely as we can about America's problems of to-day, and of the part that each one of us can play in getting at the right solution of them. Let us remember that the individual citizen is the unit out of which society is made, and the strength or weakness of the whole structure depends on the strength of the parts, and the way they are put together.

IN UPPER SILESIA

UPPER Silesia was the storm-center when this number of THE WATCH TOWER was written. Germany and Poland, France and England, were involved in a conflict of interests that threatened to destroy all that the peacemaking had done.

Polish troops under General Korfanty were conducting a revolt that might or might not —nobody could be quite sure—have support from the Polish Government at Warsaw. You could hardly have blamed the Poles if they had been willing at least to stand aside and not interfere with the rebels, for Poland has had many a disappointment in international affairs since the war.

At the request of the Allies, the Poles submitted when the Czechs insisted on opening the coal-

mines at Teschen; except for that request, they would have fought the Czechs. Again, they suspended operations against the Ukrainians, in response to a similar request. Finally, they were disappointed when the Allies failed to turn over to them for outright ownership the Baltic port of Dantzic.

Even Dr. John H. Finley, who used to be Commissioner of Education of New York State, who went to Europe to study the situation there, and who is a friend of Poland, says that they made a mistake in Vilna. "They played their part there so badly," says Dr. Finley, "that they will probably lose; whereas, if they had only been a little wiser, they might have had not only Vilna, but Lithuania, as an ally." The Polish general Zelgusky tried to force matters, and made trouble for his home government.

As to Silesia, the Poles at first thought that it would be assigned to them. France is Poland's best friend, and it is said that Clemenceau promised upper Silesia to them. Then, under Lloyd George's influence, it was decided to hold the plebiscite and let the people express their preference as between Germany and Poland. For many months the Poles and the Germans carried on a political campaign among the people, trying to swing the votes one way or the other. The election was held quietly enough; and for the fact that there were no disorders such as might easily have broken out, we have to give credit to General Korfanty—the same General Korfanty who in May was held responsible for the activities of Polish troops in Silesia.

Dr. Finley says that the report went round in Warsaw that the Allies had decided to give Poland only a very small part of what she claimed in upper Silesia; and he says that it would have done almost as much harm to disprove the rumor as to let it stand, for if it had been shown to be a falsehood, the Poles would have seen in it only a German attempt to get them to commit some act of aggression that would have set the Allies against them.

You will see that everybody concerned in the settlement of the upper Silesia problem had reason to be nervous about it. Everybody was suspicious of everybody else. In May, Lloyd George and Briand, the French prime minister, were opposing each other with a good deal of heat. It was a time of great danger. The Poles and the French were suspicious of Germany, and England was suspicious of them all.

The Poles are a gallant people—and just a bit hot-tempered. Their history has been one of much suffering and injustice at the hands of Germany and Russia, and they are now eager to establish their government as one of the great independent powers. It is to be hoped that they will perceive that the best way to realize their high ambitions and make friends among the nations is to go slow and keep their ship of state on a steady keel.

TWO GREAT SCIENTISTS

In May, we were visited by two great European scientists, Madame Marie Curie and Professor Albert Einstein. They were received with high honors.

Madame Curie and her husband discovered the element radium. It is one of the very greatest of modern discoveries. The element is obtained



Wide World Photo

MADAME CURIE AND HER DAUGHTER EVA

in exceedingly small quantities and with much difficulty, and so is far more precious than gold.

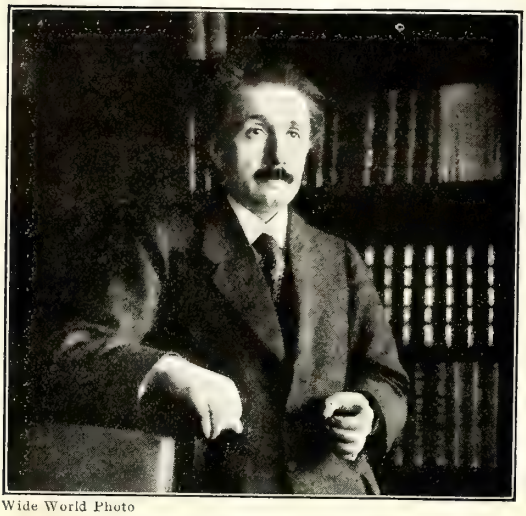
Madame Curie is studying its possible uses in medicine, and the gift of a gram of it to her by American women will help greatly in her useful work. Madame Curie visited a number of our colleges, and several of the colleges for women gave her honorary degrees.

Professor Einstein is the author of a theory that is not easy for most of us to get hold of. It tries to explain the plan on which the universe is run. It is called the Theory of Relativity, and rests upon the relations of bodies, including the planets, in motion.

The Watch Tower man is n't very smart, and has to own up that Professor Einstein has him

stumped. But then, it has been said that there are not more than twelve men in the world who can really understand the Theory of Relativity and all that goes with it—and President Harding smilingly admits that he is not one of them.

Such theories as these do, however, affect us all. They will be taken up by scientists and put into



Wide World Photo

PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN

popular form. Gradually they will be brought close to the great mass of people. Finally, they may begin to affect practical science. The Theory of Gravitation was just as much wondered at, at first, as the Theory of Relativity is now.

It was a great privilege for Americans to have the opportunity to see and hear these two great scientists. Both of them said some nice things about America.

"SCOTTY"

FOUR years ago this month, Albert Edward Scott, newsboy of Brookline, Massachusetts, sold his last paper at his "stand" in that city and offered his services as a soldier to Uncle Sam. "Scotty," as he came to be known in the army, was then fifteen years old.

Scotty went over with the 101st Infantry, and at Epieds he lost his life and gained glory. Single-handed, he held a pass against a German attack, and when they found Scotty's body, they found out in front of him those of thirty-one Germans who had stopped bullets from the American boy's gun. And on their town hall, in memory of Scotty's brave deed, the citizens of Brookline have placed a bronze tablet, presented by the school-boys of Boston and Brookline.

There are good citizens who will find it possible to regret this glorification of an American boy-soldier's great deed for his country. They will say that we must not have our boys and girls taught to pay honor to those who make war and those who take part in it.

The boys and girls of America know how to answer such criticisms. THE WATCH TOWER does not have to do it for them. It will be a bad day for America when her boys and girls are not ready to follow Scotty's example of heroism and self-sacrifice. We may all hope and pray that the need will never arise; but when the hour of trial comes, if ever it does come again, we know America will have her thousands of sons and daughters ready to serve without counting the cost to themselves, just as the boys and girls of America served in those ever memorable days of 1918.

Scotty's youth makes him, of all who died Over There, the special hero of Young America.

TWO GOOD AMERICANS

IN May, within two or three days' time, two good Americans died: Franklin K. Lane and Chief-Justice Edward D. White. These two men were types of America's best product.

Mr. Lane was born in Prince Edward Island, but came to the United States as a boy. He made his way into public life, and served for seven years in President Wilson's cabinet. As Secretary of the Interior his aim was to conserve our great natural resources without depriving the country of their present use. He fought to prevent needless waste. He was a friendly man; and that is one of the American tests of a man's character. We want our big men to be not only big and strong, but warm-hearted.



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FRANKLIN K. LANE

Chief-Justice White of the United States Supreme Court was a big man physically and had a big mind. He was seventy-six years old, a Southerner born, and a veteran of the Confederacy. He had been Chief-Justice since 1910.

Ex-President Taft said of him: "He brought to the discharge of his great duties an ever pressing sense of responsibility to the people of the United States in the preservation of the Constitution and

the maintenance of the public interest and private right as therein balanced."

What I would particularly like to have you notice about these two good Americans is that in addition to skill in their business they had keen interest in people, and the quality of friendliness that makes friends. This is quite a distinct American characteristic.

GIRL SCOUTS

Is n't this a jolly picture of the Girl Scouts with Mrs. Harding and General Pershing! It was taken in May, at the Girl Scout Rally in Washington.

When I was a boy, and my boys' mother was a girl, there were n't any Girl Scouts. The girls of those days did n't have half the chance the girls of 1921 have to do Big Things. These Girl Scouts certainly do enjoy life, and I just wonder if the young gentlemen Scouts would n't have to hustle to beat them at some of the stunts.

These girls are going to grow up healthy, happy women, and make America more than ever proud of Uncle Sam's nieces. It 's fine to be a girl; fine to be an American girl—and finest of all to be an American Girl Scout.



Wide World Photo

MRS. WARREN G. HARDING AND GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING AT THE GIRL SCOUT RALLY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ITALY'S CRISIS

In May, Italy held an election that was extremely interesting, and quite important to us Americans. It was interesting because of the very lively campaign that went ahead of it, and it was important to us because every bit of progress away from anarchy in Europe means an advance in the direction of settled peace and better relations between the nations.

After the war, Italy had a period of revolution. There were great disorders and industrial disturbances. The socialists tried to make the best of this opportunity. The communists tried to run things their way. The spirit of bolshevism went abroad in the land, and actually there was danger of the state going bankrupt.

In Italy, many voters seem to have no idea whatever of their relation to the state that gives them the power to vote. They think of the Government as something set over them to say what they shall or shall not do; a body of men making laws to rule their conduct and run their business. They do not realize the power they have at the polls, to help elect men they approve of and defeat men in whom they have no confidence.

Before the election in Italy was held, the nation divided into two parties, the Fascisti and the Communists. Of course, I do not mean to say that every Italian was on one or the other of these two sides, for in Italy there are many political parties, instead of the two that fight things out in this country. But the Fascisti represented the idea of nationalism, and about their standard rallied all who want to see Italy retain her present constitution and her personality among the nations; all who believe in her greatness and want

to preserve it. And the Communists represented the forces of revolt and reconstitution; they gathered together all those who wanted to see the present system overthrown and a new "Rule of the People" established.

Premier Giolitti played a waiting game, and the result of the election proved his wisdom. The last parliament, which had a large representation of the Communists, had not been able to work aright. Giolitti let the Communists have rope with which to hang themselves, as the saying is. It seemed a rather dangerous policy, but it has worked out well. The danger that Italy might go bankrupt, that her Government might fail completely, appears to have been averted, and we may expect Italy to solve all her problems and progress steadily toward prosperity.

JAPAN, CHINA, ENGLAND AND THE U. S. A.

WE are not going to get excited about propaganda, but we are not going to believe everything we hear—and we *are* going to be extra careful to look for the facts back of every statement about international relations. For example, when we hear that renewal of England's treaty with Japan is likely to cause war between England and America, we think it is time to investigate.

The Anglo-Japanese treaty was made, in the first place, to check Russia and Germany in their plans for power in the Far East. If it is renewed, it will be with the distinct understanding that neither Power will ask for the other's help in a war against a nation with which it has an arbitration treaty. Thus there is no possibility of Japan, in case of war with us, having England for an ally. So there 's an end of that; and if the talk was started, as some folks think, by German trouble-makers, it ought not to make a bit of trouble between us and England. The friendship of England, France, and America is the best safeguard of the world's peace.

I wish I knew more about just what Japan is really doing in the Far East. Is she playing fair with China? Is she doing the right thing in Korea? It is very hard to get accurate statements on these facts. The new ambassador to China ought to be able soon to tell us how things really are.

China has had a terrible famine; many a dollar has been given by WATCH TOWER boys and girls for the relief of the sufferers. We want to be everybody's friend. We don't want any war with Japan—we don't believe there will be one, at all.

UNCLE SAM'S DIPLOMACY

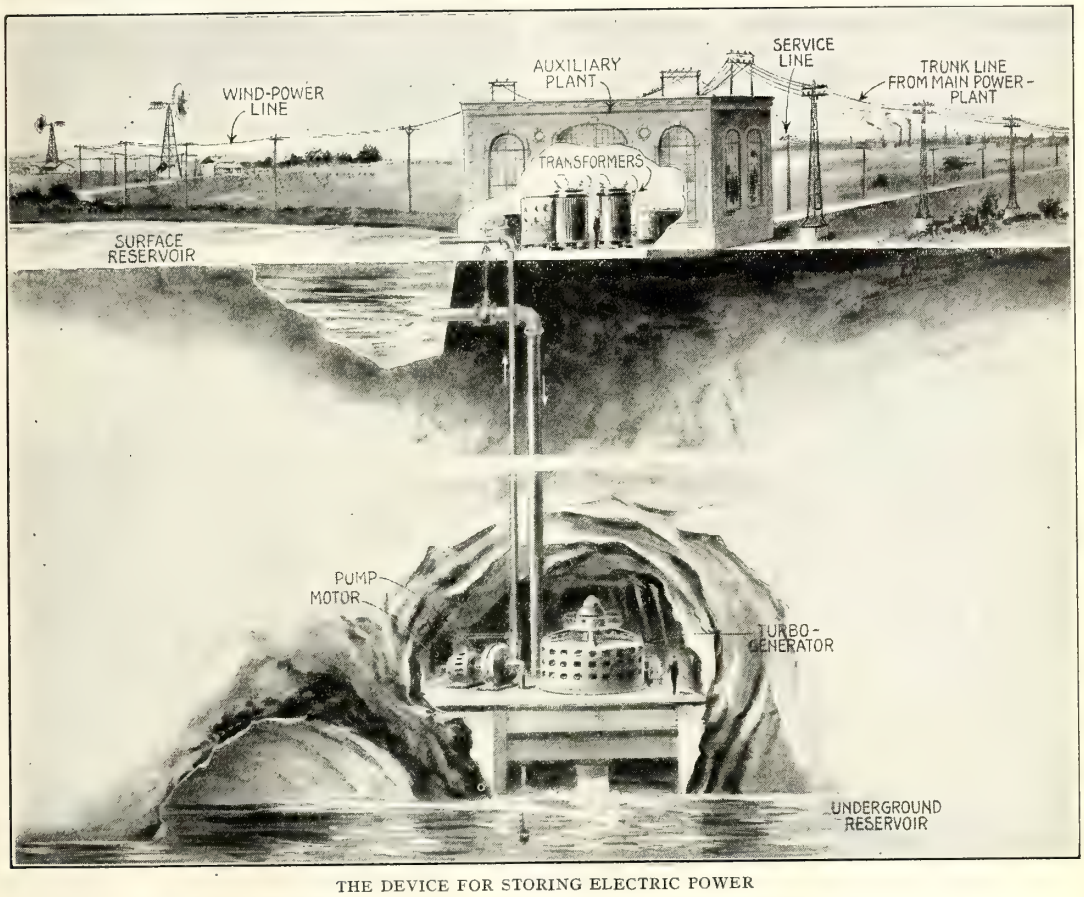
SECRETARY Hughes has handled the business of the State Department with admirable firmness. His notes to other countries have been brief, clear and strong.

Without bluster but with great positiveness he told Panama that the United States would expect her to stand by the decision of the commission that arbitrated her boundary dispute with Costa Rica. He told Holland that if she refused to give Americans an equal opportunity with other foreigners in the Djambi oil fields, we would refuse to permit Dutchmen to engage in oil production here. And when Poland appealed to the State Department to have our representatives in the Supreme Council, the Council of Ambassadors and the Reparations Commission use their influence in Upper Silesia, Mr. Hughes replied, courteously but positively, that the United States could not engage in the settlement of matters that involve the relations of European governments with one another. The soviet government was clearly informed that Russia need not expect to trade with us until she began to produce something.



Wide World Photo

THE WASEDA UNIVERSITY BASEBALL TEAM OF JAPAN, NOW ON A TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES



THE DEVICE FOR STORING ELECTRIC POWER

ELECTRIC POWER "BANKS"

ELECTRIC power, like griddle-cakes, must be served at once. To make up a big batch of power and lay it aside for future use is possible, but in general it is not considered practicable. If the quantity of power is not very large, it may be stored up in storage-batteries and used according to demands; but storage-batteries are bulky and bothersome things. They will only take and deliver direct current, and in most types the current must be fed in very slowly and at low voltage. Only in rare instances does it pay to use storage-batteries to take care of sudden demands for extra current. In New York City, for instance, the electric light and power company uses storage-batteries for emergency purposes, but they can be relied upon for only a very short spell, or until spare generators can be started. A thunderstorm is apt to mean a lot of trouble at the power-plant. As the black clouds spread a pall of darkness over the city, electric lights by the thousands are switched on in homes and office buildings, imposing a severe drain on the power-mains. To meet such conditions, a sharp lookout is kept on the weather, and whenever there is the slightest indication of an approaching storm, word is flashed down to the furnace-room to stoke up the spare furnaces and get steam up under the spare boilers, so that additional turbo-generators may be started in anticipation of the demand for more current.

While a local steam-plant may be regulated somewhat according to varying demands, it is not so simple a matter to do this where the power is generated by a big hydro-electric plant at a considerable distance from the city. The transmission line, the transformers, and all the other apparatus must be heavy enough to supply the

greatest amount of current that there will be a call for. Usually, three times as much current is produced as is normally used. Demands of current vary with many different causes. In the daytime, there is a great deal of power used for driving machines in factories. At night, most of the load represents electric light. This load is very heavy early in the evening and late in the afternoon, particularly in the winter when it grows dark while the factory motors are still running; but in the small hours of the night, there is little demand for either power or light. Electric power-plants are constantly hunting some outlet for the current they generate while the normal demands for it are low, and they offer very low rates for current at such times. If there were some inexpensive way of storing surplus electric energy, the cost of electric light and power could be reduced materially.

As explained in the March issue of ST. NICHOLAS, the British engineers who are planning to use tide power on the Severn are up against the same problem, except that their power-plant, which runs according to a schedule set by the moon, is liable to be working away at full speed when there is no call for power and stop dead when the demand is heaviest. Some means of storing electric power is an absolutely necessary part of every tide-plant. Fortunately, near the Severn there is a reservoir site where water can be stored at a considerable height above tide-level. Part of the power generated by the tide is used to pump water into this reservoir; then, when the tidal plant is idle, this stored water runs down and generates electricity, so that a steady supply of current is maintained.

It is a pity that such high reservoir sites are not to be found near all big cities. But if nature does not furnish them, why not make them? It is not necessary to build a hill; a simpler method is offered by Professor Reginald A. Fessenden. Radio amateurs know him as one of the leading lights in radio-telegraphy and -telephony. Professor Fessenden proposes to use any level for the reservoir, even an ocean harbor will do; then he makes this a "hilltop" by boring into the earth and digging out an underground reservoir for the water to flow into.

Our drawing illustrates the idea. The shaft is supposed to be 2500 feet deep, and the reservoir at the bottom of it has a capacity of 500,000 cubic yards. The local station at the top of the shaft receives power from a hydro-electric plant several hundred miles away, and passes on this power to a neighboring city. The surplus power is used to run a motor at the bottom of the shaft, which drives a centrifugal pump and forces water up the pipe and into the upper reservoir. When the demand for current exceeds the supply, water is allowed to flow out of the upper reservoir into the lower one. In doing so, it drives a turbo-generator, which generates additional current to meet the demand. With a fall of 2500 feet and a reservoir capacity of half a million cubic yards, Professor Fessenden estimates that nearly a million horse-power-hours of electricity could be produced, which would be enough to meet very heavy demands. Of course, a plant of this size would have to have a number of pumps and a number of turbo-generators instead of only one each, as shown in the drawing. The turbo-generators would never give back as much power as the pumps consumed, but the loss would not be heavy.

Professor Fessenden calls this plan a "power bank," because, figuratively speaking, electricity may be deposited in the reservoir just as money is deposited in a bank. With such a storage scheme in service, many different kinds of power could be utilized to generate electricity which are not used now because they cannot be relied upon for a steady output. For instance, power from the tides, from the sun's heat, from the wind, etc., could all be deposited in such "banks," to be withdrawn upon demand. Professor Fessenden suggests that farmers could couple generators to their windmills and let them run all night, grinding out current which would be fed into the "bank." A meter would indicate how much the farmer had deposited at the end of the month, and he could either be paid for the current he supplied or be credited with it against such current as he drew out of the "bank" to run his machinery and light his home and barns.

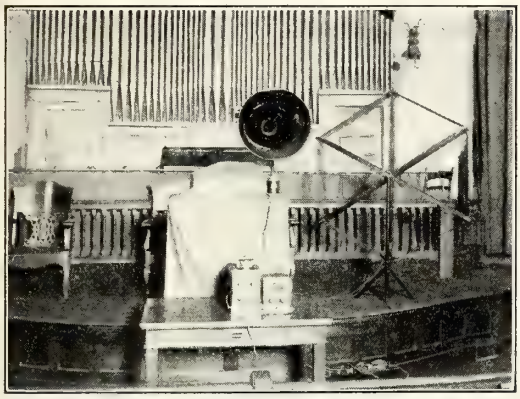
FAIR-WEATHER SIGNALS

"COBWEBS in the grass prophesy fine weather." How many times we have heard that, and, hoping for a pleasant day after a storm, have looked eagerly in the morning for spiders' webs in the wet grass! If they are there, we may feel confident that the day will be fair, for the spider is an excellent weather-prophet.

Henri Fabre, the wonderful old man who found out so many of the secrets of insects and their kin, tells us that the threads of the spider's web used for catching its prey are made useless by too much dampness. These threads, so tiny as to be almost invisible, are really hollow tubes filled with a sticky fluid which oozes through the walls and holds whatever touches the thread. This fluid readily absorbs the moisture from the air and would soon lose its sticky nature in rain or fog.

So the wise spider, loth to waste precious material, waits until the wet weather is virtually over before weaving the ensnaring threads. How it knows what the weather is to be is still one of the mysteries. DOROTHY ARNO BALDWIN.

THE WIRELESS PREACHER



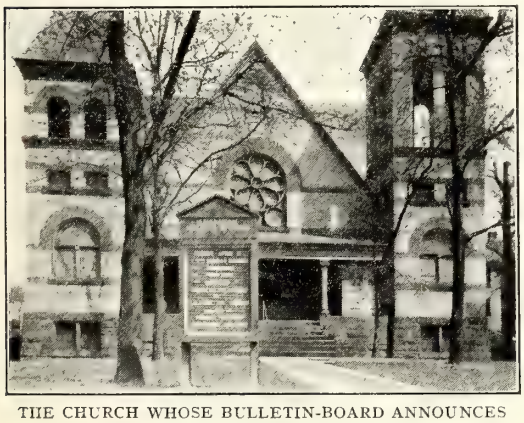
PULPIT ARRANGED TO RECEIVE THE SUNDAY SERVICES BY WIRELESS

An Episcopal church of Pittsburgh, Pa. has been sending out its services broadcast by radio for



THE CHURCH THAT SENDS OUT ITS SERMONS BY RADIO

the benefit of amateurs all over the country. In the same city, there is a Presbyterian church which has been without a regular pastor for some time past and has been obliged to use substitutes to fill its pulpit. Recently it occurred to a member of the congregation, who was a wireless enthusiast, that a receiving outfit might be installed in the pulpit so that the Episcopal services could be heard. Accordingly, a loop antenna, amplifier, and condenser were procured and placed on the rostrum, and a loud speaking-horn was mounted in the pulpit. Wireless telephone services were advertised, and a large audience filled the church. The choir and organ of the Episcopal church were clearly heard, and the voice of the rector was distinctly reproduced. In spite of the difference between the Episcopal and Presbyterian services, the congregation easily followed the wireless service throughout.



THE CHURCH WHOSE BULLETIN-BOARD ANNOUNCES A WIRELESS-TELEPHONE SERVICE

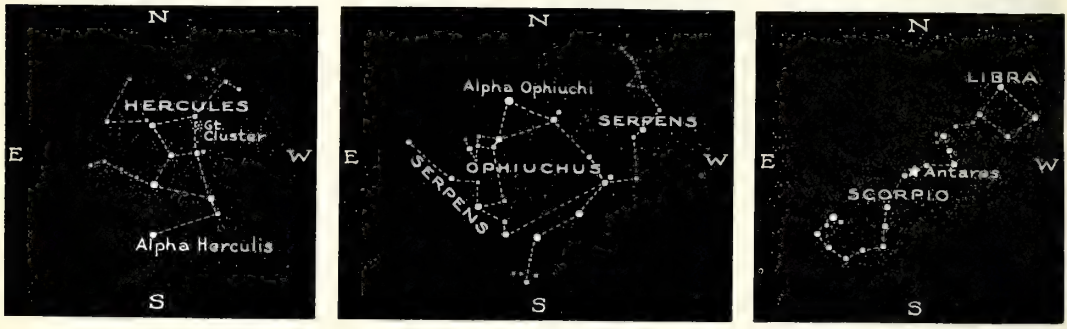
THE CONSTELLATIONS FOR JULY

Due east of the little circlet of stars known as Corona Borealis, with which we became acquainted last month, and almost directly overhead in our latitudes (40° N.) about nine o'clock in the evening during the first two weeks in July, is the large constellation of Hercules, named for the famous hero of Grecian mythology. There are no stars of great brilliancy in this group, but it contains a large number of fairly bright stars arranged in the form outlined in the chart. The hero is standing in what appears to us to be an inverted position, for his head, marked by the star Alpha Herculis, is toward the south, and his foot rests on the head of Draco, The Dragon, a far-northern constellation, of which we shall have more to say next month.

Alpha Herculis, the best known star in this constellation, is of unusual interest. Not only is it a most beautiful double star, the brighter of the two stars of which it is composed being orange and the fainter greenish-blue, but it is also a star that changes in brightness irregularly. Both the orange and the blue star share in this change of brightness. There are a number of stars in the heavens that vary in brightness, some in very regular periods, and others, like Alpha Herculis, irregularly. These latter stars are nearly always deep orange or reddish in color. One may observe this variation in the brightness of Alpha Herculis by comparing it from time to time with some near-by star that does not vary in brightness.

The constellation of Hercules is a very rich field for the possessor of even a small telescope. Here are to be found beautifully colored double stars in profusion, and, in addition, two remarkable clusters of stars. The brighter of the two is known as the Great Hercules Cluster. Its position is shown on the chart, and, under favorable conditions,—that is, on a clear, dark night when there is no moonlight,—it may be seen without

the aid of a telescope as a small, faint patch of light. One would never suspect from such a view what a wonderful object it is when seen with the aid of a powerful telescope. Photographs taken with the great telescopes show this faint wisp of light as a magnificent assemblage of thousands of stars, each a sun many times more brilliant than our own sun, which is a star of very ordinary size. The crowded appearance of the stars in this cluster is due to the fact that it is very distant from the earth. It has been found that this cluster is so far away that its light takes over thirty thousand years to reach the earth. It represents a great system of suns in which the different members are at least as distant from one another as our own sun is from the nearest star. At the distance of this cluster, a sun equal in brightness to our own would be so faint that the most powerful telescope in the world would not show it. So we know that the stars we can see in the Hercules cluster are many times more brilliant than our sun. A fair-sized telescope will show about four thousand stars in this cluster, but the greatest telescopes show over one hundred thousand in it, and there are without doubt many more too faint to be seen at all. The Hercules cluster is called a globular star-cluster, because the stars in it are arranged nearly in the form of a sphere. There are in the heavens something like ninety such clusters whose distances have been found, and they are among the most distant of all objects. Most of them are very faint, and a few are over two hundred thousand light-years distant from the earth. The Hercules cluster is one of the nearest and is the most noted of all of these globular clusters. It is one of the finest objects in the heavens. The other cluster in Hercules is also very fine, but not to be compared with this one.



THE CONSTELLATIONS HERCULES; OPHIUCHUS; LIBRA AND SCORPIO

Just to the south of Hercules are two constellations, Ophiuchus (Ō-f-ī-ū́-kŭs) The Serpent-Bearer, and Serpens, The Serpent, which are so intermingled that it is difficult to tell them apart. There are in these two constellations, as in Hercules, no stars of unusual brilliancy, but a large number of fairly bright stars. The brightest star in Ophiuchus is known as Alpha Ophiuchi and it marks the head of the Serpent-Bearer. The name of the first letter in the Greek alphabet, Alpha, is usually given to the brightest star in each constellation; the second brightest star is called Beta, which is the second letter of the alphabet; the third brightest star is Gamma, which is the third letter, and so on down in order of brightness. Alpha Ophiuchi means, therefore, Alpha of Ophiuchus; and Alpha Herculis, Alpha of Hercules. The two stars, Alpha Ophiuchi and Alpha Herculis, are close together, being separated by a distance about equal to that between the Pointers of the Big Dipper. Evidently, these two heroes have their heads together! Alpha Ophiuchi is the brighter of the two and it is farther east.

Ophiuchus, according to one legend, was once a physician on earth, and was so successful as a healer that he could raise the dead. Pluto, the god of the lower world, became alarmed for fear his kingdom would become depopulated, and persuaded Jupiter to remove Ophiuchus to a heavenly abode, where he would be less troublesome. The serpent is supposed to be a symbol of his healing powers. The head of Serpens is marked by a group of faint stars just south of Corona Borealis and southwest of Hercules. From here, a line of fairly bright stars marks the course of Serpens southward to the hand of Ophiuchus. Two stars close together and nearly equal in brightness mark the hand with which the hero grasps the body of the serpent. The other hand is marked by an equally bright single star some distance to the eastward where the two constellations again meet. Ophiuchus is thus represented as holding the serpent with both hands. It is not easy to make out the outlines of these straggling groups, but there are in them several pairs of stars nearly equal in brightness and about as evenly spaced, as the two stars in the one hand of Ophiuchus, and these will be of aid in tracing them.

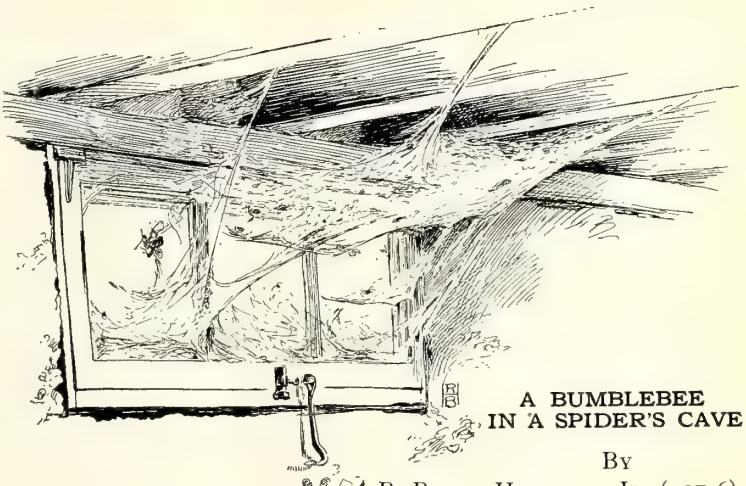
Just south of Serpens and Ophiuchus lies one of the most beautiful and easily recognized constellations in the heavens. This is the constellation of Scorpio, The Scorpion, which will be found not far above the southern horizon at this time. The small constellation of Libra, The Scales, which lies just to the northwest of Scorpio, was at one time a part of this constellation and represented the creature's claws, but some centuries ago its name was changed to Libra. Both Scorpio and Libra are numbered among the twelve zodiacal constellations—that is, they lie in the ecliptic, or yearly path of the sun. Scorpio is the most brilliant and interesting of all the zodiacal groups. The heart of the Scorpion is marked by the magnificent first-magnitude star Antares, which is of a deep reddish color. The name signifies "Rival of Ares (Mars)." It is so called because it is the one star in the heavens that most closely resembles Mars, and it might be mistaken for the ruddy planet if one were not familiar with the constellations. At times, when Mars is at a considerable distance from the earth, it is almost equal in brightness and general appearance to this glowing red star in the heart of the Scorpion. In its trips around the sun, Mars passes occasionally very close to Antares, and the two then present a very striking appearance.

With a telescope of medium size, one will find an exquisite little green companion-star close to Antares. The little companion is so close to Antares that it is difficult to find it in the glare of light from its more brilliant neighbor. Antares is one of the giant stars of the universe, as are all of the brilliant red stars. Astronomers estimate that it would take more than fifteen hundred suns as bright as our own to give forth as much light as Antares. Both Ophiuchus and Scorpio are crossed by the Milky Way, that broad belt of numberless faint stars that encircles the heavens. Here stars are mingled with patches of misty nebulous light and dark lanes and streaks that are probably made up of gaseous matter which gives forth no light of its own, and, moreover, shuts off the light from stars beyond. Some of the most wonderful and beautiful regions of the Milky Way are to be found in these two constellations.

At various times in the past, there have suddenly flashed forth brilliant stars in the Milky Way which are known as Temporary Stars, or Novæ. These outbursts signify that some celestial catastrophe has taken place, the nature or cause of which is not clearly known as yet. Some of the most brilliant of these outbursts have occurred in these two constellations. The life of a Nova is very short, a matter of a few months, and it rapidly sinks into oblivion, so nothing is to be seen of some of the most brilliant of all these stars that have appeared in this region in the past. A few are still faintly visible in large telescopes.

Of the planets, Jupiter and Saturn are still visible in the west, but they are now far over in the western sky at sunset. Venus will reach its greatest distance west of the sun on July 1, and will then rise two hours and forty minutes before the sun and so will be visible throughout the month as the Morning Star. Mars is now too close to the sun to be seen.

ISABEL M. LEWIS.



A BUMBLEBEE IN A SPIDER'S CAVE

BY R. BRUCE HORSFALL, JR. (AGE 6).

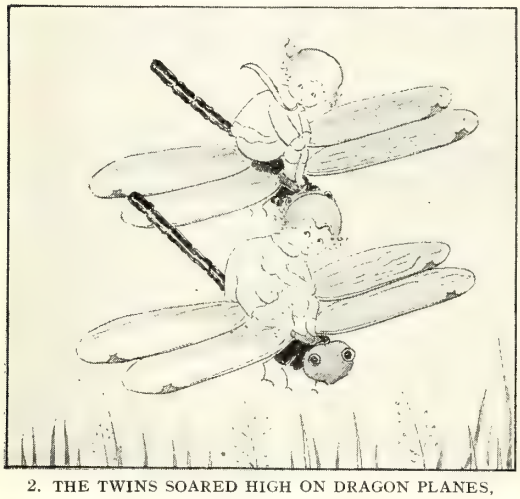
ONE morning I was playing down in the basement when I heard a *buzz-z-z-zing*. And I found a big bumblebee in a spider's web. I took a big stick and got him out and on the floor, then I called Father and he took two slender sticks and got the web off his wings so he could fly, and he flew right back into the web again. Father took his slender sticks and got him out again and put him on the window-sill. He sat there a long time cleaning his wings; then he flew away.

He had to learn, by experience, not to fly into spiders' webs, because we could n't tell him not to. He would n't understand us if we did.

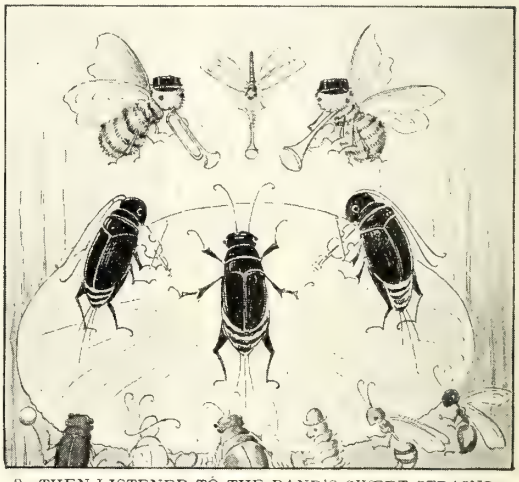
THE TIPTOE TWINS AT THE CIRCUS



1. A SMALL PATH TO THE MEADOW LED, WHERE STOOD THE TENT BY SPIDERS SPREAD.



2. THE TWINS SOARED HIGH ON DRAGON PLANES,



3. THEN LISTENED TO THE BAND'S SWEET STRAINS;



4. AT THE GREAT MANTIS GAZED IN AWE.



5. AND OTHER FEARSOME SIDE-SHOWS SAW.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



6. THE INSECTS CAME FROM DISTANT DALES THEY WALKED, THEY MOTORED, DROVE WITH SNAILS.



7. THE TWINS WATCHED FEATS OF BALANCING,



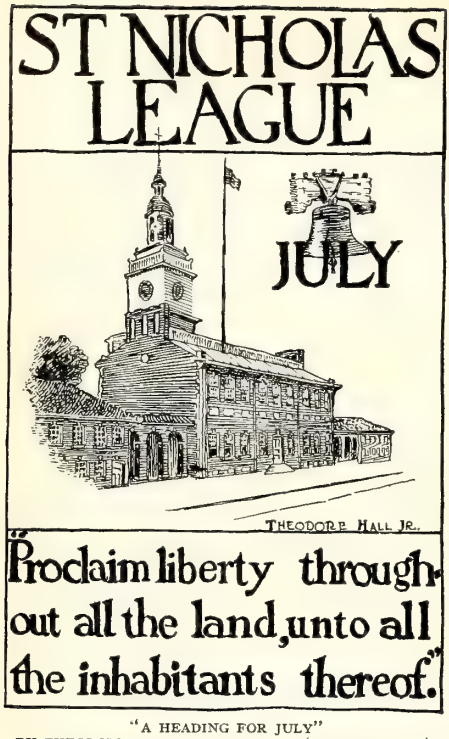
8. RODE FLYING STEEDS AROUND THE RING.



9. THEN, GIVEN WINGS BY ANTS POLITE,



10. THE FIREFLIES LIT THEM HOME AT NIGHT.



"A HEADING FOR JULY"
BY THEODORE HALL, JR., AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

A PATRIOTIC send-off, as befits the month, is given to this July LEAGUE instalment by the drawing and photographs that adorn this opening page with the familiar outlines of the Independence Hall, the National Capitol, and the Lincoln Memorial. And having thrilled to the sentiment of these historic buildings, so dear to American hearts, you will find plenty of thrills also in the prose offerings that follow. They include an interesting medley of "happy incidents," some historic and biographic, while others recite amusing, novel, or exciting episodes of everyday life.

Nor should you fail to note the humor of some of the drawings by our clever young artists; the beauty of many photographic prints; and the charm of almost all the little poems. Who could desire, for instance, a better hymn to the effulgent season "when midsummer suns sail high" than this pretty lyric by one of our twelve-year-old Honor Members?

MIDSUMMER SONG

BY KATRINA E. HINCKS (AGE 12)

(*Honor Member*)

LONG bars of golden light slant down
Through the old oak's green canopy,
And shadow-flecked the hillside lies
To hear the brook's soft melody.

The drowsy bee goes humming by,
Like some old treasure-ship of yore,
That, steering through an unknown sea,
Finds gold on some enchanted shore.

Like gold, the new-mown hay is piled
In fragrant heaps beneath the trees,
And summer dreams are wafted by
On every soft, caressing breeze.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 256

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badges, **Jane Buel Bradley** (age 12), Missouri; **Edwin Peterson** (age 15), Minnesota; **Mary Louise Tarbox** (age 14), New York. Silver Badges, **Elizabeth L. Thompson** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Marie Louise Hornsby** (age 13), Missouri; **Robert Wylie McKee** (age 11), California; **Ronald M. Straus** (age 15), New York; **Helen Louise Shanley** (age 14), New York; **Kathleen Von Gontard** (age 13), N. Y.

VERSE. Gold Badge, **Rose G. Rushlow** (age 15), Vermont. Silver Badges, **Eunice Thompson** (age 16), Illinois; **Helen Louise MacLeod** (age 12), District Columbia.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badge, **Walter B. Adams** (age 17), No. Dakota. Silver Badges, **Theodore Hall, Jr.** (age 15), District Columbia; **Lucille Murphy** (age 15), New York; **Charlotte Ingwersen** (age 14), Illinois; **Esperanza Miller** (age 12), New York; **Charlotte Hope Crouch** (age 14), Pennsylvania.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badges, **Robert G. Webster** (age 15), No. Dakota; **Beryl Gertrude Caldwell** (age 12), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **Elizabeth Clutia** (age 15), New Jersey; **Louise Spencer** (age 12), District Columbia; **Anne Delano** (age 15), District Columbia; **Betty Rogers** (age 14), New York; **Mary Filomena** (age 14), New York; **Doris Hofheimer** (age 13), New Jersey; **Ruth L. Stern** (age 14), California.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold Badge, **Ruth M. Willis** (age 12), Illinois. Silver Badges, **Betty Muir** (age 13), New Jersey; **Jean Gyphart** (age 12), Wisconsin.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver Badges, **Susan E. Lyman** (age 15), New York; **Betty Terry** (age 13), N. Y.



BY ANNE DELANO, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)



BY LOUISE SPENCER, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

"TAKEN NEAR HOME"

A HAPPY INCIDENT

(A True Story)

BY ELIZABETH L. THOMPSON (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

It was Christmas eve. On the island of Guimeras the night was warm and fragrant. Stars blazed in the sky with a clear and steady brilliance, and the full moon shed a silver radiance over the earth. Myriads of fireflies flew hither and thither, their little lights twinkling through the gloom.

It was a night on which to be happy, and the two girls, sitting on the porch of their father's quarters at Camp Jossman, were talking gaily.

They were discussing the novelty of a Christmas in the tropics, and were soon involved in a weighty debate.

"I want a Christmas tree," protested little Dot.

"There will be other things to take the place of it," replied her sister, patiently.

"But I want a *tree!*" reiterated the little girl.

The other sighed resignedly, and glanced away, entirely ignoring Dot, when her gaze rested on a tree, made conspicuous by a faint light which glowed from it.

"Look, Dot!" she cried suddenly, and pointed to the tree.

Thousands of the little glowing fireflies had settled on its branches, and still more of them swarmed around the trunk. These finally settled down, and clung to their places like clusters of brilliant jewels. The tree was alight with their tiny candles, and looked as though it had been transported from fairyland.

For a moment the two on the porch watched the tree with wonder, not untinged with awe.

Then Dorothy broke the silence.

"It 's my Christmas tree!" she crooned.

A MIDSUMMER SONG

BY EUNICE THOMPSON (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

Beneath the round midsummer moon,
The ukeleles twang and sing;
The mellow mandolin 's in tune;
And fair Hawaii's echoes ring
With music of the gay guitar.
The silver seaside's sparkling sands
Roll smooth beneath the evening star
And reach to sea with welcoming hands.
The calm and rest of rolling plains
With majesty of hills belong;
The air is vibrant with the strains
Of hills' and vales' midsummer song.

A HAPPY INCIDENT

(A True Story)

BY MARIE LOUISE HORNSBY (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

As soon as we heard of Gilbert Chesterton's arrival on American soil, our whole school began to read his books and study his life, though we had no hopes of seeing him. But when we heard he was to come to St. Louis our joy was unbounded, though we still had no hopes of meeting him. Knowing this, you can imagine our excitement when one Sunday afternoon we were told that the famous author would be out in twenty minutes to pay us a visit.

Many of the girls were around the grounds with their parents, and nothing was ready; but in some magical manner, by the time he arrived, everything was in order and all the girls were in the parlor, waiting to meet him. We were all anxious to see such a great writer, and he struck us as having a profile somewhat similar to that of Mark Twain. He spoke to us for a few moments about his impressions of America and the lectures he had been giving. He was quite humorous, and had a low chuckle that was very amusing. His wife, who accompanied him, was most gracious, and though they only stayed for about fifteen minutes, when we returned to our families we could talk of nothing else.

Many of us followed him out to the machine and waved good-by. It certainly was "A Happy Incident" and one we shall never forget.



"TAKEN NEAR HOME." BY RUTH LUCIE STERN, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

A HAPPY INCIDENT

(A True Story)

BY EMILY L. J. BRANDT (AGE 11)

"I have three hundred millions in my coffers in the Tuileries—I would willingly have given them all to save Marshal Ney." These were the words of Napoleon when he heard of the safe arrival in Paris of his most trusty marshal. Well he might say this, because, if Ney had been captured, he would surely have been a throneless emperor.

Every one who has read of the Russian campaign remembers it with horror. It was undoubtedly the most terrible campaign in history. For days the invincible rear-guard had struggled alone, far separated from the emperor and the rest of the army. The heroic men fought their way over frozen, unknown land, and through almost impassable ravines, destitute of food, freezing and tired, having to battle frequently with the Cossacks. But Ney had refused to surrender, and, though he saved only a small proportion of his men, did nobly.

Meanwhile, Napoleon had struggled on only a few miles distant. Though they were near together, neither suspected it. Napoleon, in despair, thought of none but his good marshal. "Ney! Ney!" escaped from his lips momentarily. Napoleon reached safety before Ney. Imagine his great joy upon hearing that his beloved officer was safe! Then, when he saw the proud and unconquerable hero, Napoleon exclaimed, "What a man! what a soldier!" But he could not express in words his admiration, therefore he embraced the noble hero, his beloved Ney, with rapture.

This was surely a happy incident for Napoleon. If Ney had been captured, the empire would have fallen, and Napoleon would have lost his throne!

A HAPPY INCIDENT

BY KATHLEEN VON GONTARD (AGE 13)
(*Silver Badge*)

THERE is a little incident told of Mr. Longfellow, the celebrated American poet, which gives us a happy illustration of his kindly patience and good feeling toward every one.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton, the noted author, was one day urging Mr. Longfellow to be less tolerant and patient with a certain annoying man, who was also bold and dishonest.

"And, anyhow," added the professor, "he is liked and tolerated by no one except yourself."

"That, Charles, is the very reason why I should be kind to him, because no one else is," replied Mr. Longfellow.



"TAKEN NEAR HOME." BY ELIZABETH CLUTIA, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)

A HAPPY INCIDENT OF FINDING WATER

BY ROBERT WYLIE MCKEE (AGE 11)
(*Silver Badge*)

AT our camp at the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, we had not had nearly enough water; and as our spring was drying up quite fast, we knew we must either give up the camp or find more water. Our spring was down the cañon a way, so that we had to pack the water upon a burro and this made it very hard to get.

One day, as my father and I were walking along a side cañon, I said, "Stop a minute—I think I hear water flowing." My father thought that it was only the wind, but I finally convinced him that it was water. The next day we tried to get down to where I heard the noise, but failed. The day after that we had better luck, but got into such a jungle of thorny plants and trees that we could hardly get through. At last we came upon a beautiful clear stream issuing from a hole in the rock.

We went up out of the cañon a different way, and ran into a cliff-dwelling, in which we found many relics, including a skull, a stone hatchet, and lots of pottery. We found pottery at the spring, which showed that the cliff-dwellers had used that spring many hundreds of years ago.

On the way up, we found a very easy way to the top of the cañon, which the cliff-dwellers probably used.

The cliff-dwelling was hidden, so that people could not find it, and they paid me money to guide them to it.

This incident brought three happy things, namely, a dependable supply of water, an interesting cliff-dwelling, and a way of earning money.

A MIDSUMMER SONG

BY ELIZABETH H. PARSONS (AGE 12)

THE sun shines through the wind-swept,
straggling clouds
That wander far across the summer sky;
O'er hills and valleys, over plains and seas,
The clouds will always wander, on and on.
Like ships that sail across an endless sea
To meet the golden sunsets of the West,
The clouds go onward, ever farther on,
As if in search of something that is lost.

A HAPPY INCIDENT

BY JANE BUEL BRADLEY (AGE 12)
(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December*, 1920)

ONE sunny April day, while in California, we were at luncheon, when there was a loud tap on the window-pane, and I looked up just in time to see a wee hummingbird fall. I ran out to the terrace at once, and picked up the little thing. At first, I thought he was dead, he lay so still; but I soon realized that he was breathing, and concluded that he was just stunned; so I made a cup of my hands to warm him and filled a saucer with water to refresh him. My efforts were soon rewarded, for first one bright little eye opened, and then the other; the small birdie took a sip of cool water, and seemed quite recovered, although, when I put him down, he made no effort to fly for nearly ten minutes. Then he



BY CHARLOTTE INGWERSEN, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)

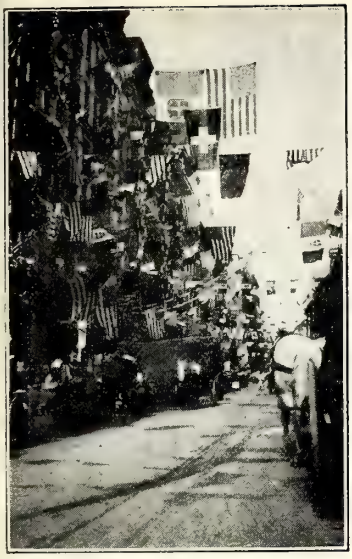


BY LUCILLE DUFF, AGE 15

"A DAILY TASK"



BY CHARLOTTE H. CROUCH. AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)



BY MARY FILOMENA, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)



BY BETTY ROGERS, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)

"TAKEN NEAR HOME"



BY DORIS HOFHEIMER, AGE 13
(SILVER BADGE)

circled around my head, took a little honey from the heliotrope, and again alighted on my knee, cocked his head on one side, looked at me saucily with one eye, and took another drink. I adored him from that moment on, and could hardly tear myself away from him to obey Mother's insistent calls that I come in and finish my luncheon.

The next morning he was on the porch when I went out, so I raided the kitchen for choice bits to feed him, ventured to stroke his exquisite plumage, and put him on a bush on my way to school. He was there when I returned, and I took him home, again feeding him.

These same things happened every day, and in this way he became a very much spoiled, but always darling, pet, and I am inclined to call his advent "a happy incident," instead of a very nearly fatal one, for him.

A MIDSUMMER SONG

BY HELEN LOUISE MACLEOD (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

SWEET is repose upon the velvet grass.
Above me in the azure firmament
Myriads of fleecy cloudlets hurry past.

The blossoms wave their stately heads with grace,
And bow like courtiers before a queen,
In beauty rainbow-hued, a sea of bloom.

The view is softened with a purplish haze;
Afar, the dim blue mountains slumber deep—
They sleep after the battle of the storms.

The gentle zephyrs cool my troubled brow;
They rustle in the branches of the trees
In undulating rivulets of sound.

Long have I dreamed; the rosy sun has set behind the far blue hill.
I hear the music of my heart, the place is so profoundly still.

Around me the gray twilight softly falls;
The pearly moon o'er distant hills arises;
About me all the world is still—and dark.

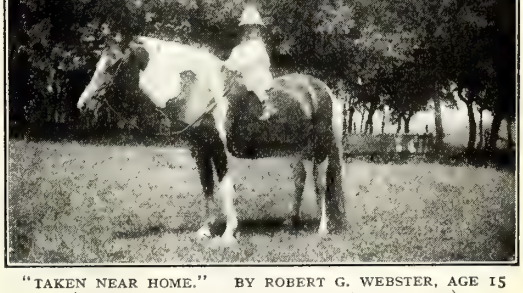
A MIDSUMMER SONG

BY ELIZABETH PAISLEY (AGE 15)

THE heat-fairies quiver o'er sidewalks bare,
The paved street sends back the sun's hot glare,
The rain-starved trees look thin and spare;
Oh, for the old swimming-pool!

The few faded flowers seem scorched and dry,
The close-crowded buildings stand hot and high:
For the whispering woods our tired brains sigh,
And we long for the old swimming-pool.

Oh, for the water so dark and deep!
Oh, for the slipp'ry banks, black and steep!
Oh, from the spring-board to have just one leap.
Into the deep-shaded cool!



"TAKEN NEAR HOME." BY ROBERT G. WEBSTER, AGE 15
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1919)

A HAPPY INCIDENT

(*A True Story*)

BY EDWIN PETERSON (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June* 1921)

Two days after Christmas we had a wonderful snow-storm. I was anxious to try out my new skis, so I asked two friends of mine to go skiing with me. They secured permission and we set out for the hills. It was snowing very hard, but that only increased our fun. Arriving at the hills, we started to have the time of our



BY ESPERANZA MILLER, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

lives. After a while we got tired of skiing, so we sat down to rest, and naturally our talk was about our presents. The youngest of us said, "I 'll bet no one has what I have." We asked to see it, and as he put his hand into his pocket, a blank look of dismay came upon his face. He said, "Have you seen it? It is a gold watch." We answered in the negative, and began searching in the snow for the lost article.

We had searched for nearly half an hour without result. It was getting dark, and the snow came down in big soft flakes.

Suddenly, from the bottom of the hill, we heard the owner of the watch shout that he had found it. He had had it in another pocket all the time, and had forgotten that he had put it there. He expressed regret at having caused us so much trouble and added, "I am sorry I spoiled your afternoon. I should have searched in all of my pockets first."

We rejoiced with him at finding his "lost" watch, and when, on the way home, he asked us to come in and have some cake, our cup of joy was full.

We felt that it had not been a bad day at all, but a very "Happy Incident."

A MIDSUMMER SONG

BY EDITH CLARK (AGE 13)

(*Honor Member*)

THE little woodland streams are flowing,
Singing on their way.
The farmer, in the meadows mowing,
Sings the livelong day.
The merry summer breeze is blowing,
Singing in its play.
All the world is singing, singing—
Every one is gay.

What wonderful long summer days
By sea, or mountain wall!
What golden hours in woodland ways
Where happy thrushes call;
Or where contented cattle graze,
In grasses green and tall!
All the world is happy, happy—
Happy are we all.

A HAPPY INCIDENT

BY MARY LOUISE TARBOX (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1920*)

A HAPPY incident? Yes, one occurred the other day which was very happy for me, although maybe not so enjoyable for the other people concerned. The— Oh, perhaps it might be well to explain, before continuing my story, that I am a Jersey calf. My name is Beauty, and during the summer I live in Smith's woods.

The other day, several of those things they call girls (they 're not half so bright as calves, in my opinion) came down to the woods for a picnic. They left their baskets, laden with good things to eat, under a picnic table and decided to explore the woods.

"I 'm sure they will be safe," said one of the girls, in reply to an anxious inquiry. "Calves are stupid things, you know; I don't think Beauty could possibly manage to get the baskets from under the table."



BY MARY ELIZABETH WYETH, AGE 11

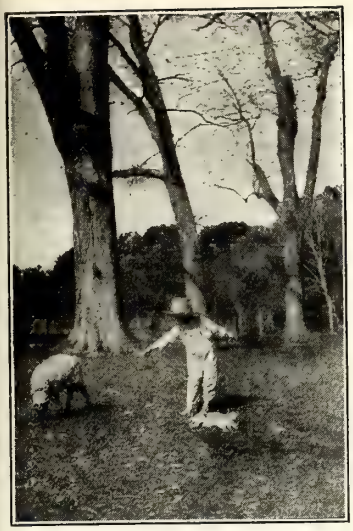


BY GLADYS LUCY WASHBURN, AGE 14

"TAKEN NEAR HOME"



BY A. REED BADGER, AGE 11



BY ANNE ELIZABETH EDWARDS, AGE 11



BY MARIAN WELKER, AGE 16

"TAKEN NEAR HOME"



BY JEAN POINDEXTER, AGE 13

I waited until they had disappeared from view. Then I walked up to the bench, gave a hard kick, and the table toppled over. Then the fun began! I was n't such a "stupid thing" after all!

JUST as I was finishing my feast, the girls returned. They did n't seem at all pleased when they discovered what I had done.

"He 's broken our dishes and ruined our baskets!" wailed a hungry-looking girl; "and our food, why! I did n't know calves ate bread and cookies and potatoes. He 's eaten everything!"

Suddenly they spied me. "There he is!" one of them cried. "His face looks rather queer, Maybe he 's sick from eating all those things. I hope so."

I wish I could have spoken their language then. I should have told them that I was n't sick at all. I was just laughing at them!

A HAPPY INCIDENT

BY RONALD M. STRAUS (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

A NUMBER of boys were playing baseball in the street, as there was no vacant lot in that section of the town. Jack Curtiss was at bat. On his third strike he "connected" with the ball, and, with a mighty swing, sent it soaring up and up, until, with a splintering crash, it broke through an upstairs window of the Perkins's house, and landed with a thud on the floor inside.

"Dear me, what is the baby up to now?" thought Mrs. Perkins, hearing the thud. Leaving the bread she was making, she ran upstairs and into the room where she had left the baby. The first thing that met her eyes was the large and rather dirty baseball reposing calmly in the middle of the floor. Turning her gaze toward the baby, she beheld him in the act of biting off the head of a match, having got hold of the box in some inexplicable way.

"BUT the ball might just as easily have killed the baby, Mrs. Perkins," protested Jack Curtiss, when Mrs. Perkins was thanking him for breaking the window and thereby calling her upstairs just in time to prevent the baby from swallowing the matches. And so what might have been a tragedy, turned out to be a very happy incident indeed.

A HAPPY INCIDENT

BY WILLIAM S. BISCOE (AGE 11)

WHEN I was a very small boy, I wished very much for a bicycle. If I only could have one, like my companions, for my very own! That was my only thought day and night. One afternoon I happened to be walking up the street with some of my friends, dreaming as usual about the bicycle, when one of the boys happened to say, "That bicycle would just fit you." "Oh," I thought, "if I only could have it, it would be just right for me!"

When the man came closer, he asked, "Which is the boy that lives in that yellow house?" I said that I did.

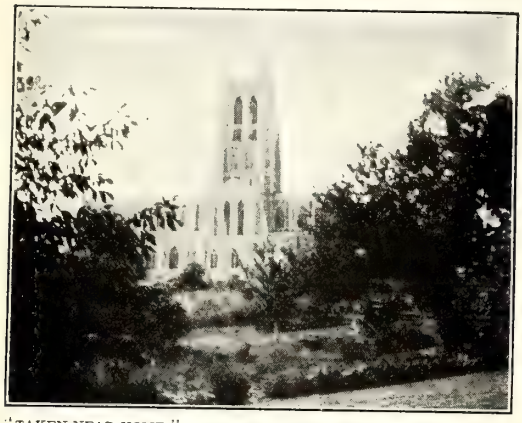


"A DAILY TASK." BY LUCILLE MURPHY, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)

And he said, "Well then, sir, I think this is for you."

I was so astonished I could hardly talk. At last I decided to go and ask my mother about it. She said it was for me, and to go and tell the man that I was to take it the rest of the way.

Oh, how happy I was!



"TAKEN NEAR HOME." BY BERYL GERTRUDE CALDWELL, AGE 12
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON SEPTEMBER, 1920)

A MIDSUMMER SONG

BY ROSE G. RUSHLOW (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1921*)

CAMP life—a bugle's silver call
Reviellé sounds, and tells us all
'T is time to rise; the morning sun
Has scared old Night—the day 's begun.
A rush of feet—a splash!—a cry,
The early "dip," 'neath a morning sky;

The blue, blue water, sparkling bright,
The stretch of beach, the sand so white;
Long hikes, a jolly, laughing bunch,
Inviting trees, a stop for lunch;
A moonlight night, boats drift along;
A banjo—some one thrums a song.

Marshmallows toasted on open fire;
A laugh, a cheer—the flames rise higher.
Twilight—the lake 's a sunset rose;
The peace of love in each heart glows.
A burst of song fills the evening air.
Camp life—and joy is everywhere.

A HAPPY INCIDENT

BY HELEN LOUISE SHANLEY (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

ABOUT the year 1190, Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England and hero of the third Crusade as well as of many a romance, was captured on his return from the Holy Land by his arch enemy the Duke of Austria, who shut him up in a strong castle in the center of Austria so that no one could find him. In vain the English people sought to find out where he was, but all to no purpose. At last, Richard's favorite minstrel Blondel determined to set out in search of his master, who, he knew, must be somewhere in Austria. So, starting out, he stopped at every castle he came to and sang beneath its walls a beautiful ballad which he and Richard had composed together. Seated one day beneath an especially formidable tower, Blondel, though despairing of ever finding Richard, took his harp and began to sing. Higher and clearer rose the notes, and even the birds stopped to listen to this melancholy man who sang with such surprising sweetness.

In a tiny room far up in the same tower, England's prisoner king paced the floor restlessly. Suddenly he pauses; an eager look comes over his face. Can that be Blondel's voice? It is faint, but unmistakable. He goes to the window and, trembling with emotion, responds with the second verse of the ballad, and far below, a weary minstrel knows his search is ended, for he has found his king.

This was indeed a happy incident for England as well as for Blondel, for by this means the English people were able to obtain their king's release by paying the Duke of Austria a large sum of money.

A MIDSUMMER SONG

BY FANITA LAURIE (AGE 12)

THERE are midsummer songs that the birds sing,
There are midsummer songs by the bees,
But there 's one summer song
You hear all summer long
That I think as familiar as these.

First a *Ty-ry-ry-ra!* then a long cheer,
For the sound of it 's never the same,
But in all sorts of weather,
Alone or together,
It always means, "We won the game!"

Down the street where the baseball team passes,
You can hear them cry out any day,
And their voices rise clear
For the whole world to hear—
"We beat 'em—we beat 'em—hooray!"

The birds stop their singing to find out
To what creature this strange voice belongs,
And they all frightened fly,
When the team passes by
A-singing their midsummer songs.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Silvia A. Wunderlich
Anne Waldron
Bruce Clampitt
Rhoda C. Schoenfeld
Louise Casselman
Margaret W. Nevin
Louise Catherwood
Irene E. Breslin
Frances A. Dickson
Esther Laughton
Helen S. Brown
Elizabeth Noyes
Adelaide Reeves
Barbara Hanna
Margaret Daingerfield
Alice E. Dumper
Theodora G. Thomson
Elizabeth Douning
Emily Lewis
Margaret Durick
Winifred Dysart
Faith H. Poor
Nan Carey
Marjorie Sanborn
Henrietta Brannon
Wilhelmina Ranken
Jean Maisonville
Adelaide Humphrey
Jean L. Woodward
Grace Davis
Eleanor Davidson
John Thomas

VERSE

Mildred W. Bennett
Florence L. Smith
Catherine Crook
Hazel Bliss
Adele Wedemeyer
Mary Neal Childress
Warren Stone
Bettina A. Bush
Margaret Redington
John Irving Daniel
Gwynne M. Dresser
Elizabeth Wilder
Elizabeth M. Patterson
Dorothy R. Burnett
Elizabeth Cleaveland
Miriam Rose Ramer
Ruth Campbell
Sam Simpson
Margaret E. Little
Chiyo Hirose
Eleanor Tyler
Margaret W. Hall
Margaret Humphrey
Elizabeth Brooks
J. Rankin Margaret MacKPrang
Walter J. Heffernan
Margaret M. McHugh
Margaret Bradley
Agnes Brown
Henry Alexander
Alice White

DRAWINGS

Grace R. Herman
Robert R. Moore
William Gilligan
William Shoemaker
Amie H. Medary
Dorothy A. Stephenson
Francis Martin
Marjorie E. Root
Selma Morse
Katharine Shand
Nancy Wright
Virginia Voorhis
Meredith A. Scott
Nina Abrecht
Edith Draper Steinmetz

PHOTOGRAPHS

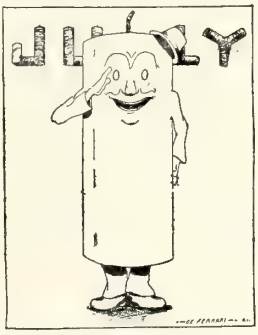
Katherine Rodgers
Constance Fleetham
Ruth T. Smith
Lucile Pipkorn
Wilma E. Fay
Laura M. Smith
Gladys Phillips
Margaret Robinson
Helen Furst
Rita O'Shea
Willa Irwin
Marion E. Cutting
Eleanor Jones
Mary I. McKenna
Margaret B. Jones
Elizabeth Drake

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Winston Ashby
May Welldon
Jeannette Newhall
Virginia Fowler
Regis A. Illston
Helen Price
Frances Gibbons
Anna Petrunkevitch
Bennie Higgins
Helen Reynolds
Elizabeth McCullough
Madelyn Kennedy
Helen Rich
Ena Louise Hourwich
Joe Owings
Katharine Cholmeley
Elizabeth Brashears
Alice McGuinness
Ann D. Wilson
Maude Alice Thayer
Hazel E. Grover
Harriet Shriver
Ruth Wilkinson
Betty Bonnet
Helen Engelhardt
Alice Sterling
Betty Browne
Ruth F. Rankin
Antoinette Shallcross
Eleanor Logan
Helen Wilson
Margaret E. Smith
Mildred Wellbrock
Margaret Porcher
Alice McNeal
Rafael A. Peyre
Georgina Johnson



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY EDMOND DE FERRARI, AGE 14



"A DAILY TASK." BY ELEASE WEINSS, AGE 14

VERSE

Ruth E. Meade
Elizabeth Naumburg
Prudence Gager
Alice Johnson
Alice Hitz
Frieda Morrissette
Jane Wertheimer
Constance M. O'Hara
Sophie Cohen
Deborah Brashich
Betty Fulton
Brenda Green
Clarence Peterson
James Matthews
Charlotte E. Farquhar
Elizabeth Wilcox
Esther K. Beard
Florence Frear
Elizabeth Fehrer
Pauline Averill
Barbara Manierre
Isabella Athey
Bernice Bowen

DRAWINGS

Katharine Eastman
Olive Petry
Grace Griffin
Emma Hach
Foy Watson
Veronica M. Irwin
Earle Thomas
Mary S. Brewster
Marie Peyre
Dorothy Hetzel
Elizabeth Toy
Mae Hesler
Ruth Fowler
Zyra Brody
Anna O. Todd
Jeannette Minturn
Yvonne Twining
Emelyn Wyse
Ellen L. Carpenter
Evangeline R. Mortenson
Paul Sullins
Madeline Greene
Helen S. Johnson

PHOTOGRAPHS

Constance Barlow
Helen S. Harrold
Mary E. Swain
Margaret Ferguson
Joyce Hall
Marjorie Hansen
Randall Jenkins
Harold Bradford
Emily B. Learned
Ruth S. Wheeler
Gerrish Thurber
Helen Irwin
Elizabeth B. Simmons

PUZZLES

Mary E. Colgate
Theodora G. Thomson
Medora H. Steedman
Annis Doane
Elizabeth Taylor
Dorothy Rasmussen
Dillon Greenlee
Flora Ronk
Christopher Huntington
Mary M. Sterrett
Edna Royle
George E. Utterback
Suzanne Parker
Margaret Gorton
Derexa W. Pentreath
Marian Giles
Elizabeth Kessler
Helen Blackwood
Ellen M. Bassett
Alice Loyall
Richard Evans
Viva Drew
Virginia Loper
Marie Foulkrod
Alice E. Hyde
Bernard LeFrois
Franklin Offner
Virginia Miller
Betty Hoopes
Cyrus Brewer



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY WALTER B. ADAMS, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1919)

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 260

Competition No. 260 will close August 3. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for November. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"For Thanksgiving"** or **"The First Thanksgiving."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"My Favorite Episode in American History."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, **"A Holiday Snapshot."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"What I Like Best"** or **"A Heading for November."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

FLEMINGTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On reading the interesting article in March number of ST. NICHOLAS about the inaugurations of our Presidents, I wondered if your young readers might not like to know more about Washington's reception at Trenton, so I send the following account of it.

Very truly yours,

ELIAS VOSSELLER.

WHEN on April 14, 1789, Washington received official notification of his unanimous election as the first President of the United States, he went at once to Fredericksburg to tell his mother, to receive her renewed blessing, and to bid her good-by.

Then he began his long journey from his much loved Mount Vernon to New York City to be inaugurated. Everywhere he was received with acclamation. Prominent citizens rode out for miles to meet him and to escort him to and through the towns. But it was reserved for Trenton, New Jersey to prepare for him the notable welcome on that long journey.

On the bridge over the Assanpink Creek, which ran through the town, a triumphal arch was erected. It was twenty feet wide and twelve feet long, gorgeously decorated with wreaths and flowers, having seven pillars on one side and six on the other, to represent the thirteen original States. The front of the arch carried this inscription in large gold letters: "The Defender of the Mothers will be the Protector of the Daughters." Just above this, a wreath inclosed the dates of two great events in the history of our revolution, in both of which Washington was the leader: December 26, 1776, and Jan. 2, 1777, the first referring to the Battle of Trenton, in which the Hessian army was dispersed, some killed or wounded and many captured, and of which Lord Germain of the British cabinet said, "All our hopes were blasted by that unfortunate affair at Trenton."

The other referred to the battle fought right at that crossing and where at the bridge the British army suffered heavy losses. Cornwallis then decided to wait for his re-inforcements, which were at Princeton, and then he would "drive the old fox" into the Delaware River or capture his whole army.

But during the night the "old fox," with his army, passed around the enemy's left wing, and next morning defeated Cornwallis's re-inforcements at Princeton.

Well might these two dates be an outstanding feature of this event, for they marked the beginning of the end of British rule in the United States.

As Washington passed through the arch, he saw a large company of matrons, a choir of young women, who sang an ode written for the occasion, and thirteen young girls dressed in white with baskets filled with flowers, which they scattered before him. As the choir began to sing, Washington took off his hat and listened attentively, much impressed by this tribute of affection and gratitude.

He then went to the city hotel where he held a reception, and wrote an appreciation of the tribute paid him, beginning:

"General Washington cannot leave this place without expressing his acknowledgments to the matrons and young ladies who received him in so novel and grateful a manner, at the triumphal arch in Trenton."

This note passed into the hands of Chief-Justice Ewing. Let us hope that some day it will be placed in the safe keeping of the State Historical Society.

This arch was reërected in 1824, so that Lafayette might pass under it on his visit to Trenton.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last year I used to borrow the ST. NICHOLAS from my girl friend, and enjoyed reading it so much that I thought I would like to have it myself. So when my father asked me what I wanted for Christmas, I headed my list with ST. NICHOLAS.

I read in THE LETTER-BOX a letter in which a girl wrote about her school having self-government, and so I am telling you how we control our school.

In the first place, each room has different committees, such as, Health Committee, Room Committee, Order Committee, Oral Story Committee, Debating Committee, President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a Students' Council Committee. Each room has a class meeting every week, and a report from all committees is heard. Each committee holds its office two months. The principal elects the students whom she wishes to attend to the halls and basements. We have formed a Clean-up-Club, in which each room has a certain day when they have to clean up the school yard and keep it neat all the week—that is, until it is some other room's turn to do the cleaning up. We never had anything like this before in the school, but it is working nicely.

Wishing you success and prosperity, I am,

A lover of ST. NICHOLAS,

BEATRICE ARMSTRONG (AGE 13).

WATSON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you now for about four or five years and think you the most interesting magazine I have ever had. I am twelve years old and am in the eighth grade at school. We had our central examination the first day of April, and in grammar we were called upon to write a composition which would count twenty on our grade. The title of the composition was to be "The Magazine I like Best," with explanations. Of course, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I wrote about you and of how you always contained the most interesting stories of all. Our teacher said no one could write a perfect composition, but that mine was so interesting because I seemed so enthusiastic over you and your LEAGUE that she thought it fully deserved the full nineteen out of the possible twenty. And to think I owe it all to you! That is n't the only thing I owe to you. Some of my happiest hours were spent with you.

Your devoted reader,

ETHELYN ABRAHAM (AGE 12).

ALTADENA, CALIF.

DEAR ST.NICHOLAS: I am a little English girl, but have been living in California for the last year. Before that, we lived in a large house in Paignton, Devon, with grounds extending to the English Channel.

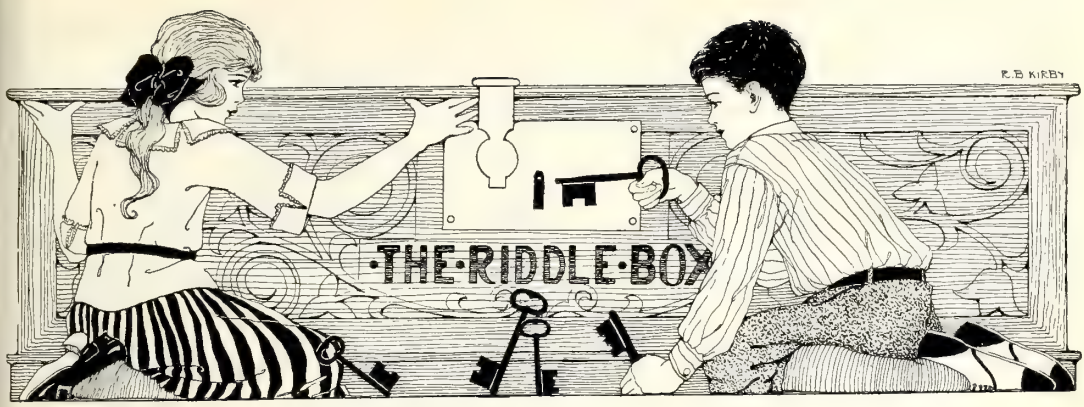
We used to watch the camouflaged ships during the war taking refuge for the night at Brixham, on the other side of the bay. Every night there was a chain of boats across the bay to keep the submarines out. But one afternoon we saw a ship torpedoed not very far off shore. She made for shore, but did not succeed in reaching it and went down in a few minutes right before our eyes.

There was a big American hospital in Paignton, and we saw a lot of soldiers of the 27th and 30th Divisions. They had been wounded in breaking down the Hindenburg Line.

We like California very much, as we have hardly any rain—quite a change from England.

Your devoted reader,

NINA FREAN (AGE 11).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER

OMITTED CONSONANTS. 1. Caracas. 2. Havana. 3. Panama. 4. Canada. 5. Sahara. 6. Parana.

SOME OF OUR AUNTS. 1. Antelope. 2. Antarctic. 3. Antecedent. 4. Antebellum. 5. Antrium. 6. Anticipate. 7. Antlers. 8. Antagonist. 9. Antique. 10. Antiquary.

A SCHOLAR'S ACROSTIC. Primals, Graduate. Cross-words: 1. Gideon. 2. Rabbit. 3. Allure. 4. Dimity. 5. Upward. 6. Accent. 7. Temple. 8. Entice. Reading across, diploma, ambition, Alma Mater.

A FLIGHT OF STEPS. Yellowstone. Cross-words: 1. Y. 2. Me. 3. All. 4. Ball. 5. Banjo. 6. Yellow. 7. Kittens. 8. Homilist. 9. Armadillo. 10. Contrition. 11. Concentrate.

DIAMOND. 1. P. 2. Cab. 3. Paris. 4. Big. 5. S.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Magna Charta; signed in 1215. 1. Comma. 2. Chain. 3. Tiger. 4. Honey. 5. Spade. 6. Socks. 7. Bohea. 8. Chair. 9. Berry. 10. Dates. 11. Image.

DOUBLE WORDS. Flag Day. 1. Fair, fare. 2. Lean, lien. 3. Awl, all. 4. Great, grate. 5. Die, dye. 6. Ascent, assent. 7. You, yew.

CHARADE. Purr, sun. Person.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Cauliflower. Cross-words: 1. Camel. 2. Apple. 3. Uncle. 4. Linen. 5. Idler. 6. Flour. 7. Lance. 8. Odium. 9. Waver. 10. Eight. 11. Rival.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS. Harding's Inauguration. 1. Pat-h-way. 2. Par-a-pet. 3. Car-r-ion. 4. Ban-d-box. 5. Vat-i-can. 6. Pen-n-ant. 7. Bag-g-age. 8. Cat-s-paw. 9. Max-i-mum. 10. Pin-n-ate. 11. Car-a-way. 12. End-u-red. 13. Lug-g-age. 14. Rep-u-ted. 15. War-r-ant. 16. She-a-red. 17. Fur-t-her. 18. Man-i-kin. 19. Bet-o-ken. 20. Pin-n-ace.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE. I. 1. C. 2. Baa. 3. Canny. 4. Ann. 5. Y. II. 1. Y. 2. Tea. 3. Yeast. 4. Asp. 5. T. III. 1. Yacht. 2. Allah. 3. Close. 4. Hasps. 5. These. IV. 1. T. 2. Map. 3. Table. 4. Ply. 5. E. V. 1. E. 2. One. 3. Enter. 4. Eel. 5. R.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than August 3, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 861) and give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were duly received from Susan E. Lyman—Peter T. Byrne—Alice V. Edge—Mary E. Mason—Virginia Davis—Dorothy Donaldson—Betty Terry—Elizabeth Brooks—Rachel Hammond—Dorothy Marshick—Elizabeth S. Thulin—Anne Johnson Tyler—Elizabeth Stickney—Maxine G. Cushing—Harriet Rosewater—Katherine McHarg—Annabel Opler—"Allil and Adi"—Ellen Day—Thelma L. Wade—Aileen Nile—John F. Davis—Quentin S. Dickins—"Eighth Grade," Slayton—"Three R's"—Curtiss S. Hitchcock—Marian A. Everest—Walter Gutmann—"Sun and Moon"—St. Anna's Girls—Allan F. Gifford—George J. Metcalf—Ruth T. Smith.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were duly received from J. Benz, 9—R. Glenn, 9—M. C. Pickard, 9—M. J. Burton, 9—E. McCullough, 9—M. E. Crane, 9—E. L. Dickey, 9—M. J. Stewart, 9—K. Goodell, 9—M. Giles, 9—F. Dekum, 9—F. E. Bleakley, 9—M. Potts, 9—H. A. Le Fevre, 9—C. Hayes, 8—H. A. Doyle, 8—M. I. Fry, 8—M. Welker, 8—T. and B. Morris, 8—L. Baer, 8—Kemper Hall Chapter, 8—E. J. Clapp, 8—A. Knox, Jr., 8—"Judy," 7—J. Streater, 7—F. DuBarry, 7—N. Stiner, 7—B. Sharp, 7—P. Starr, 7—M. E. Thomas, 6—J. C. Smith, 6—Bertha and Anne, 6—M. Scattergood, 6—Alice and Jeannette, 6—C. S. Messler, 6—Genevieve and Elizabeth, 6—E. B. Brown, 5—L. Egan, 5—R. M. Townsend, 5—S. L. Mandel, 5—J. Smith, 5—J. Jenkins, 5—R. B. Evans, 5—P. O'Gorman, 5—E. Thomas, 5—L. G. Shaw, 5—E. Russell, 5—H. R. Orr, 5—H. Steele, 4—R. L. Tarbox, 4—R. Eberly, 4—K. Willoh, 4—R. B. Davidson, 4—E. Morse, 4—M. S. Anthony, 4—E. C. Hale, 4—R. Howe, 4—D. E. Hunziker, 4—R. S. Estes, 4—H. Chase, 4—J. E. Goldsmith, 4—D. M. Tighe, 3—R. Henry, 3—E. G. Atterbury, 3—M. Dallas, 3—K. Kahler, 3—E. Yungstrom, 3—H. Bradburn, 3—S. L. Baine, 3.

A PATRIOTIC PUZZLE

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

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*	5	.	18	.	.	
*	.	.	.	.	17	
*	11	.	.	19	.	
*	13	.	.	.	2	
*	.	.	.	4	.	
*	.	14	.	3	.	
*	.	7	.	9	.	
*	23	.	21	.	24	
*	.	.	6	22	.	
*	.	8	10	.	16	

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Merry. 2. Combined. 3. Charming. 4. Interior. 5. Confederations. 6. To examine. 7. A glass water bottle for the table. 8. Will soon be seen in orchards. 9. Resembling earth. 10. Freedom from danger. 11. To refer to. 12. Allowance.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters will spell the name of the personage for whom July was named. The letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 24 will spell two names given to the same great day.

BETTY MUIR (age 13).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of forty-five letters and form a patriotic quotation from an address by Daniel Webster.

My 34-13-20-27-24 is one who dines. My 37-9-40-2-44 is a gastropod. My 17-30-35-14-33 is a vegetable. My 22-29-11-16-10 is discovered. My 6-42-18-12-7 is of a dull yellowish brown color. My 3-32-43-25-1 is a confused mixture of sounds. My 39-5-38-31-15 is to stroke, as a bird with his bill. My 28-19-26-45-36 is a large bird. My 8-21-23-41-4 is to idolize.

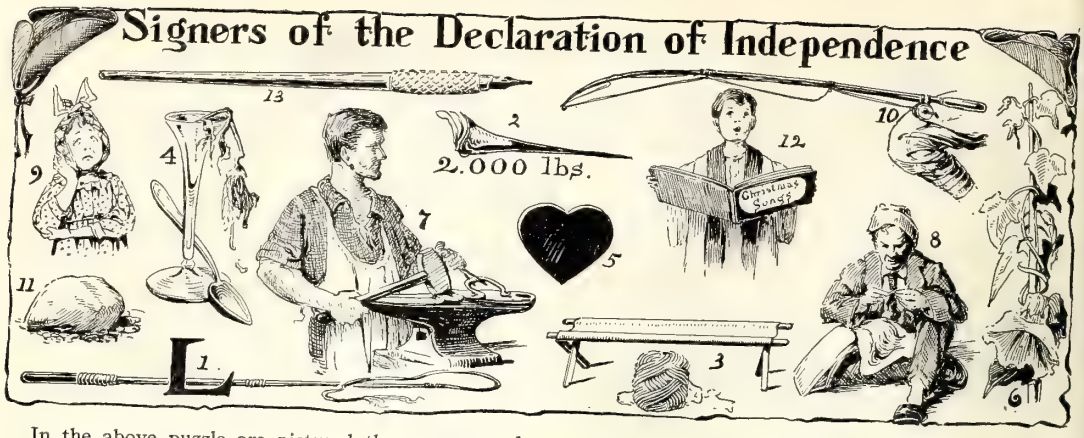
K. H. B. AND M. V. W.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous war.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To bring from bad to good. 2. A number. 3. Unoccupied. 4. Stupid. 5. A handsome tree. 6. A long, loose overcoat. 7. An occupant. 8. To set on fire. 9. Forward. 10. Of little breadth. 11. To rub or wear off. 12. To desert one party or leader for another. 13. Occurring once in twelve months.

MIRIAM J. STEWART (age 13), *League Member*.



In the above puzzle are pictured the surnames of thirteen (out of the fifty-six) men who signed the Declaration of Independence. Some of the names consist of one syllable, others of more than one. Which signers are they?

ZIGZAG

(*Gold Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag—beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter—will spell the name of a favorite author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To hesitate. 2. A bed for a baby. 3. A famous country. 4. Opportunity. 5. A sacred edifice. 6. To spring or bound. 7. To spatter. 8. A parent. 9. Earlier. 10. Annexing. 11. A belt. 12. A refuge. 13. Keeps away from. 14. To substitute. 15. Tiny fragments of bread. 16. A useful article of furniture. 17. Blithe. 18. Deliberates. 19. Submissively. 20. Severe. 21. A ditch.

RUTH M. WILLIS (age 12), *Silver Badge won Dec. 1920.*

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

My first is in Grover, but not in Cleveland;
My second, in James, but not in Madison;
My third is in Monroe, but not in James;
My fourth is in Jefferson, but not in Thomas;
My fifth is in Grant, but not in Ulysses;
My sixth is in McKinley, but not in William;
My seventh is in William, but not in Henry Harrison;
My eighth is in Millard, but not in Fillmore;
My ninth is in James, but not in Knox Polk;
My tenth is in Buchanan, but not in James;
My eleventh is in Martin, but not in VanBuren;
My twelfth is in John, but not in Tyler;
My thirteenth is in Grover, but not in Cleveland;
My fourteenth is in Taylor, but not in Zachary;
My fifteenth is in Jackson, but not in Andrew;
My sixteenth is in Lincoln, but not in Abraham.
My whole was an illustrious American.

FRANCES B. TAYLOR (age 11), *League Member.*

TRANSPOSITIONS

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

EXAMPLE: Transpose a fruit, and make to harvest. ANSWER: pear, reap.

1. Transpose a tiny thing, and make a ditch.
2. Transpose duration, and make a paragraph.
3. Transpose to peruse something written or printed, and make to venture.
4. Transpose garden tools, and make a covering for the human foot, usually of leather.
5. Transpose besought, and make utilized.
6. Transpose a gulf which is an arm of the Arabian Sea, and make to groan.
7. Transpose a group of players, and make a kind of food.
8. Transpose to exist, and make wickedness.
9. Transpose trappings, and make anger.
10. Transpose a slender mark, and make a famous river.
11. Transpose a piece of money, and make a sacred image.
12. Transpose rough, woolly hair, and make a long incision.
13. Transpose to detest, and make warmth.
14. Transpose to scold, and make to disrupt.
15. Transpose astray, and make a narrow opening.
16. Transpose fabricated, and make a lady.
17. Transpose unusual, and make to construct.
18. Transpose to eat, and make a feminine name.
19. Transpose a planet, and make part of the body.
20. Transpose a tree, and make a linear measure.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed and transposed, the initials of the new words will spell the name of a famous play.

JEAN GYPHART (age 12).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals name a famous story, and my finals, the pen-name of its author.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To pain acutely. 2. Pointless. 3. A leather thong used for catching horses. 4. Enthusiasm. 5. A spray. 6. A river made famous by the Great War. 7. To dwell. 8. To separate or undo the texture of. 9. A character in the Book of Ruth. 10. One of the Muses. 11. To fasten with a metal pin.

SIDNEY HYDE (age 14), *League Member.*

METAMORPHOSES

The problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. EXAMPLE: Change *wood* to *coal* in three moves. ANSWER: wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change *heat* to *cold* in five moves.
2. Change *foot* to *yard* in five moves.
3. Change *coal* to *soot* in four moves.
4. Change *rock* to *sand* in four moves.
5. Change *barn* to *home* in five moves.
6. Change *rose* to *pink* in five moves.
7. Change *hear* to *talk* in five moves.

NORMA STINER (age 12), *League Member.*

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¶ The July Century is now on the news-stands. The August number will be out July 25th. But we suggest that if you are not already a subscriber, you tear out this sheet, write your name and address across the bottom of it, and enclose with a five dollar bill to

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW ISSUES

THE growing popularity among collectors of the stamps of Jamaica, the ever increasing bonds connecting our two Governments, and, added to this, the great beauty of the stamps themselves, are our excuses for again illustrating stamps from this interesting and fertile island. For a long time, Jamaica devoted her stamps to portraits of the ruling monarch, but lately there has appeared a pictorial set, many of them bicolored and all of them very attractive. First, the two-pence value, an upright rectangle, the frame in green and the center in blue, is a striking stamp. The central design shows a tropical garden, with bananas, palms, and other southern growths, while beyond is a stately mansion. Below the center in two lines is the inscription in small letters, "King's House, Spanish Town, 1762–1872." On either side of the center of the stamp are banana-trees with large bunches of fruit, only somehow the fruit seems to point upward instead of hanging down. The two-penny half-penny is all deep blue in color. Here the central design represents the return in 1919 of a military contingent from beyond the seas. On either side of the center hangs the British flag, while at the bottom are two smaller flags, a dove flying downward between them. The three-pence, while perhaps not so beautiful as the other two, has yet much to recommend it. The frame is light blue, while the center is black, but with a greenish cast—an effective combination. The center depicts the discovery of the island by Columbus, and his landing there in 1494, showing a beautiful bay surrounded by cocoanut-palms, while ships and men appear in the more central part of the design. Along the bottom of the design is inserted an appetizing looking row of pineapples. All three of these stamps are indeed beautiful, and the possession of them will give joy to many a collector's heart. There is another stamp of this series of which we wish to say a few words. It is the five-shilling stamp. Its face value is so high that it is beyond the reach of many beginners, but it is very interesting. It bears the following inscription: "Jamaica, Isle of Wood and Water." In the central design is a grove of trees, cypress perhaps, surrounding a lake and waterfall. In the foreground is a figure which suggests the Greek god Pan. In the heavens is a constellation which we at first thought was the Southern Cross, but it is not. It is the constellation of Aquarius, the Water-carrier. The god Pan represents wood. Thus we have "The Isle of Wood and Water."



SUNKEN TREASURE

THE EDITOR imagines that the boys of to-day play very much the same games that he played in his youth. Bows and arrows and tomahawks and Indians are just as fascinating as when he and his chums played with them and at them by the hour. What boy does not wish that he had been born at an earlier date, when pirates were more common, more easily encountered, than in this prosaic era! So buried treasure ever appeals to adventurous youth. But to us—such of us whose boyhood was passed near the salt water—sunken treasure was the greatest of all interests, had the keenest appeal. Stories of ships sunk upon the Spanish Main, their holds full of gold, jewels, and pieces of eight, always thrilled us. We were never tired of searching up and down the coast in hope of finding some trace that would indicate a sunken ship off shore. While we never found one, yet our fertile minds knew just exactly what should be done in all the emergencies which might arise if perchance the great discovery should be made. But it seems that modern inventive genius has dealt another blow to boyish dreams. All thought of sunken treasure will soon be relegated to the dim past. While this is a blow to all boys, yet to those who are stamp-collectors there is some slight mitigation to the blow. For the device which prevents the loss of treasure has been honored by a new and interesting issue of stamps.

It seems that the postal authorities of the Netherlands have control of what is called a "floating safe." These safes are for the protection at sea of registered letters and valuable packages. They have been in use for some time on ocean steamers between ports of Holland and the Dutch Indies. The safes are large, oval, steel constructions, unsinkable. Instead of being placed in the ship's hold, they rest upon a sort of platform upon the deck of the steamer. They are lashed to the deck, yet in such a way that, if the vessel sinks, the "safe" is automatically released and floats safely off to be picked up somewhere else. They are very large, painted a glittering white, with the word "SAFE" in big black letters upon their sides. While we are not sure of the following statement, yet the designs of the stamp seem to indicate it, in the tall upright tower, or chimney-like projection, there is some form of electric light. But let us look at the stamps themselves. As nothing but valuable and registered mail is carried in these safes, so we would expect the "safe stamps" to be of the higher values. And so it is. The lowest value, which we illustrate, is a cool, sea-green color. The oval-shaped safe is seen in the center, floating serenely in a tumultuous sea, while many gulls are seen flying in great agitation around the "tower" of this strange vessel. The higher values are varieties of the same general design of safe and sea, and are all very well worth careful study. The possible electric light is not indicated as clearly in this stamp as it is in some of the other values.



(Continued on second page following)

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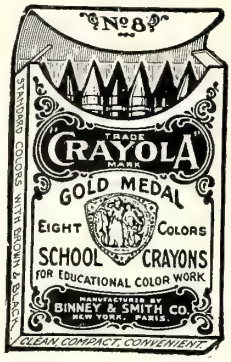
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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Continued)

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

ONE of our readers has a stamp of the 1903 issue of far-away Madagascar, and asks what we can tell him about the design. Not very much, we fear. It is oftentimes very difficult to get information about these matters. However, we can tell him that the two animals shown are the so-called "sacred bull" and the "lemur." The plant we are told is a traveler's palm, but of this we are not quite so sure. The traveler's palm is a most interesting tree, however, and ought to appear upon some stamp. We think our readers might enjoy looking it up in the encyclopedia and reading about it, or, if possible, going to some horticultural garden to see the tree itself, an enormous, fan-like plant.



On August 5th thousands and thousands of boys and girls will begin a new serial in ST. NICHOLAS.

Are you going to be one of them? If you don't receive ST. NICHOLAS *regularly* it would be wise to book your "passage" now, for the "good ship" clears, on that day and date, for a six-months' cruise—six instalments of as salty and seaworthy a story as you have ever read.

"Rick," the sailor-lad, missed his vessel and that's how the story started; but if *you* miss out on the ST. NICHOLAS during the next six months, you are not only going to lose this splendid serial, but scores of other good stories and sketches as well.

The author of "Phantom Gold" is Kenneth Payson Kempton, a new writer to our old friends, but one you'll add to your favorites soon. Mr. Kempton has sailed boats off the Maine coast ever since he was a lad, and during the war he was an officer in the Navy.

Our August number has other good stories, too. The titles of some are: "The Haunted Swamp," "The Unromantic Sea-Chest," "The 'No-Hit' Game," and "The Black Leopard of Sumatra." Besides there is a generous ration of fun by Oliver Herford, Charles F. Lester, and Berton Braley.

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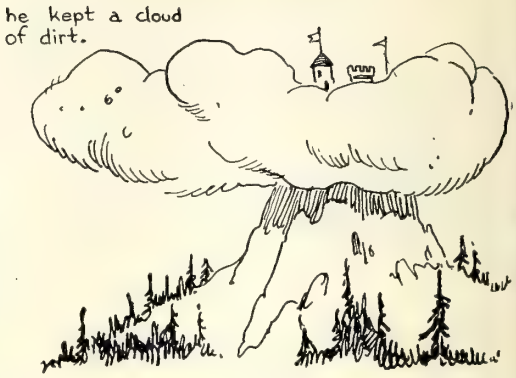
S.N. 7-21



OUR little heroes would have had good reasons to be proud, if they had looked their records up and read them all, aloud. But they had not a moment's time for self-congratulation; until their work was finished, they would hold no celebration. They had a brand new cleansing task which they must undertake —'twas scrubbing up old Baron Dirt for IVORY cleanness' sake. Gnif Gnome was in a dreadful stew to be off in a minute. Bob said, "A battle must be *planned* if we expect to win it."



And so it was decided that this brave ex-robber band should stay and clean their stronghold up, while *one* should take command and lead our little heroes in their air fleet expedition, lest they, alone, should fail to



find the castle's strange position. That most uncleanly Baron kept a smoky, grimy cloud of dirt and dust to cover up his castle, grim and proud.

At last, old Dragon gently rose, the pilot at his head. Gnif with the 'plane came on behind, contented to be led. Snip first espied that smoky cloud and growled warning growls. Our heroes circled over it with disapproving scowls. High over moat, and wall, and tower, straight to the donjon-keep, the Dragon and the aeroplane came down with graceful sweep. The fearless heroes swarmed around, all armed with IVORY SOAP, whose whiteness helped them through the gloom and murkiness to grope.

At length they found the windows and they washed, all high and wide, some places on the window-panes which let the *light* inside. Within his cell sat Baron Dirt, a-grumbling at his slaves who daily came before him from their most uncleanly caves. The Baron glowered from his throne, with gruesome, grimsome spite, and as he saw the windows, cried —"Who *dares* let in the light? What ho, ye minions, slay for me the villain persons who *dare* clean my dirty windows up and let the sunlight through!"

Then came a most exciting time,
But we will have to wait
Until we take this story up
In Chapter Number Eight.

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Galsworthy, Sinclair Lewis, Agnes Repplier, Harvey O'Higgins, Donn Byrne, Lincoln Colcord, Tagore, Dorothy Canfield, James Lane Allen, H. L. Mencken, Harry Franck, Alexander Black, Charmian London, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Vachel Lindsay, Frederick O'Brien—these are a few among the contributors to recent and forthcoming numbers.

The August Century is now on the news-stands. The September number will be out August 25th. But we suggest that if you are not already a subscriber, you tear out this sheet, write your name and address across the bottom of it, and enclose with a five dollar bill to

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

353 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

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The third of a series of sketches on tennis by the world's champion. This time the article deals with the boys who have excelled in the game. A timely article, for September is the month of the big matches in the United States.

A Pig Under a Gate — FRANK FARRINGTON

"Persy" almost eats the Morans out of house and home, but in the end he wins a prize and earns a friend for Tony, more than paying for his board and keep.

The "Divine Poet" of Florence — KLYDA R. STEEGE

Dante's name is on many lips these days, for it is six hundred years since his death. Can you imagine the life of a boy six centuries ago? Mrs. Steege, writing from Florence, pays a tribute to this poet of immortal fame, and gives you a brief picture of the time when Dante was young.

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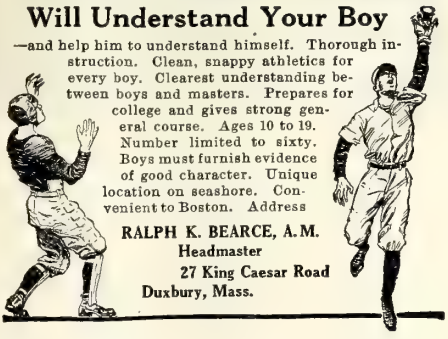
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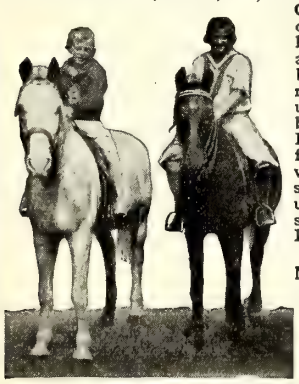


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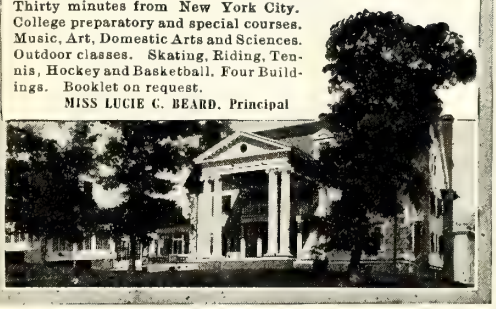
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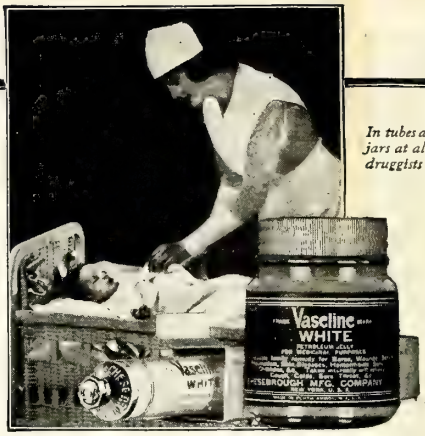
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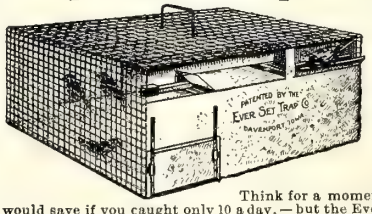
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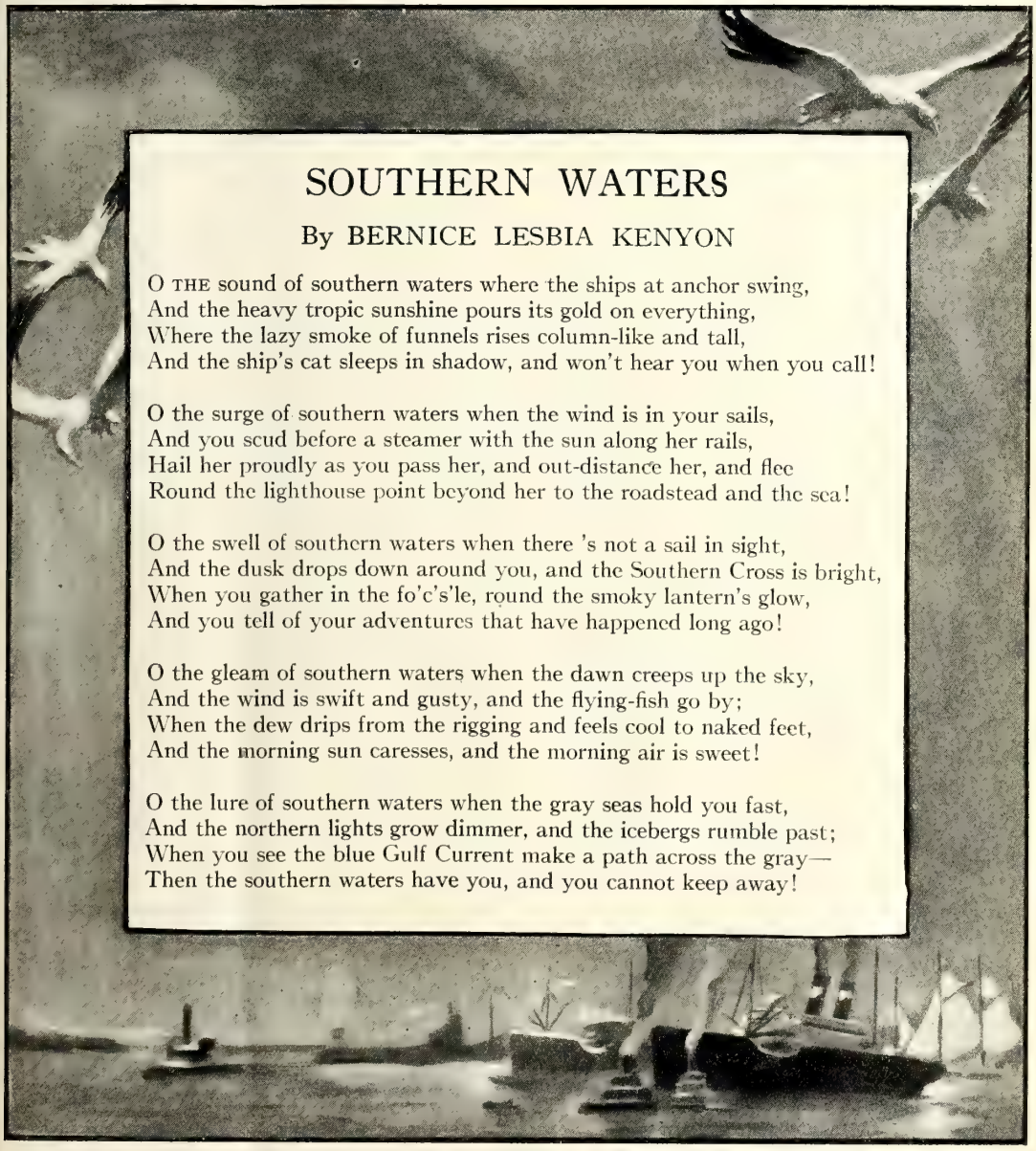


"O THE SURGE OF SOUTHERN WATERS WHEN THE WIND IS IN YOUR SAILS,
AND YOU SCUD BEFORE A STEAMER WITH THE SUN ALONG HER RAILS"

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVIII AUGUST, 1921 No. 10

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SOUTHERN WATERS

By BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

O THE sound of southern waters where the ships at anchor swing,
And the heavy tropic sunshine pours its gold on everything,
Where the lazy smoke of funnels rises column-like and tall,
And the ship's cat sleeps in shadow, and won't hear you when you call!

O the surge of southern waters when the wind is in your sails,
And you scud before a steamer with the sun along her rails,
Hail her proudly as you pass her, and out-distance her, and flee
Round the lighthouse point beyond her to the roadstead and the sea!

O the swell of southern waters when there 's not a sail in sight,
And the dusk drops down around you, and the Southern Cross is bright,
When you gather in the fo'c's'le, round the smoky lantern's glow,
And you tell of your adventures that have happened long ago!

O the gleam of southern waters when the dawn creeps up the sky,
And the wind is swift and gusty, and the flying-fish go by;
When the dew drips from the rigging and feels cool to naked feet,
And the morning sun caresses, and the morning air is sweet!

O the lure of southern waters when the gray seas hold you fast,
And the northern lights grow dimmer, and the icebergs rumble past;
When you see the blue Gulf Current make a path across the gray—
Then the southern waters have you, and you cannot keep away!



PHANTOM GOLD

BY KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

CHAPTER I

"LET go aft!"

The words, muffled in a great brown megaphone on the bridge of the *Arrowdale*, went echoing hoarsely down the slip. Drenched hawsers splashed and were hauled slowly inboard. Beyond the big gray hulk, two towboats sent little fleecy puffs of steam up into the hot morning sunshine and churned the harbor water to brown froth. There came a long, imperative growl from the ship's siren; then two sharp notes from one of the tugs. The *Arrowdale* stirred; seemed to gather herself in hand, ponderous, but ever faithful; backed slowly out into the harbor.

The bulk of the huge boat was more apparent, once she reached midstream. She lay inert there, while the towboats plied busily underneath her massive freeboard. One of them came swiftly round her stern and set its cordage-laden nose squarely against her bow plates. Then she turned—slowly, with infinite dignity, yet with amazing grace.

Two men stood by the cap-log, watching the *Arrowdale* get under way. You would say, of one of these two, that he had seen his best years. Yet there was still a flicker in Dodd's eyes that made men jump when he spoke. He walked with a limp, hardly noticeable because of his height. He was a big man and he made a commanding figure. His clothes fitted him neatly and showed scrupulous care; his shoes shone; but the man's hands proclaimed him a toiler by the sea. They were hands of calloused brawn, the intricate pattern of tattoo upon their backs almost obliterated by a leathery tan.

This was the dock superintendent for the Dale Line. Once he had been errand-boy; and since then, everything between the two grades. Dodd spoke little, but he measured every syllable. He was a hard man, but in the city office, over mahogany tables covered with ledgers and manifests, it was said—and openly—that he ran the port for Dale's.

You would say that the other of these two was the exact opposite of Dodd. Levi Galton stood five feet six inches with his shoes on, and his frame was lean. His little wizened face peered out from behind enormous steel spectacles whose thick lenses seemed always shrouded in a mist. He was perpetually shirt-sleeved; he had, perpetually, a long black penholder resting over the lobe of his right ear; and the look on his face led strangers to believe that he was, also perpetually, engaged in multiplying 7,329,462 by five sixteenths—and getting the correct answer. In short, this Galton was sharp as a shark's tooth. He had to be—he was Dodd's chief clerk.

So these two stood, at seven of a warm July morning, watching the *Arrowdale* start for Liverpool. There was a grim sort of satisfaction in Dodd's manner. Why not? He had loaded the *Arrowdale* in record time and got her away a day ahead of her schedule. Both men had been up all night—Dodd directing the stowage of the deck load, Galton scratching out his manifest with that black pen and cleaning up a thousand irritating details. But neither showed lack of sleep. This was the customary thing.

"The Mediterranean boat will be in this afternoon, Galton. I will put her where the *Arrowdale* laid. She has nothing much—five hundred tons or the like. We will give her the grain to-night."

"Yes," said Galton.

"I 'm thinking it would be well to put another man on with Melton. One watchman is not enough these days. Yorke says he found five smashed cases in that car of milk down on the bunter. We can't afford it. Insurance comes too high—I would rather pay wages. Attend to that, Galton. Keep the dock clear of men we don't know. They get down here in the daytime while the place is open, spot stuff they want, and come back at night for it. Now you fix it, Galton."

"All right," said the little man.

It had been a long speech for Dodd. The chief clerk knew his man. The voice had been quiet, unassuming. But underneath the superintend-

ent's slow drawl, his first assistant had noted the iron determination that spelled necessity. He had caught that note before and had found it best to be governed implicitly by it. There could be no argument; excuses were out of all reason. Petty thievery, he knew, had for some time been increasing on the Dale docks. Yet the authority of chief clerks is limited; they are not encouraged in initiative. But the matter had come to the superintendent's notice, as in time it was bound to come, and, "You fix it, Galton." That was all.

"Right," said Galton, and continued, seemingly, his mental task concerning 7,329,462 and five sixteenths.

Dodd spoke again: "I will go get something to eat, Galton. You better pay off the time men and send the book up to the office. Tell Morgan to have some men here to take the *Silvio's* lines at four. We 'll want two gangs on the grain tonight—eight more in the morning."

The superintendent moved slowly away, his lame foot dragging a little on the planking. Galton took a worn note-book from his pocket and scanned its figures.

The *Arrowdale*, by this time, was standing well down the harbor. Her union jack made a dot of red against the dark gray of her stern, and a little splash of white on her main truck showed the house-flag whipping bravely in the morning sun against a turquoise sky. Is there not always an indefinably festive air about a ship bound home?

Back on the cap-log, Galton raised his head. He had heard something like a timid foot scraping just lightly on the plankings behind him. Galton raised his head and turned it about, to see who could be on the dock at this hour.

It was a man—no, a boy; not over twenty, anyway, and slight. He was leaning against the freight-house and looking down the harbor at the *Arrowdale*, now only a gray blob in the distance, the fort abeam. Galton saw a strange look in this boy's eyes—he called it a "hunted" look. Now and then he would glance about him on the dock, at a loss, searching for something, bewildered, yet intent. Notwithstanding, he obviously tried to assume an indifferent air, leaning there against the freight-house.

Now this was strange. Galton was accustomed to gage men by a glance, just as his eye ran up a column of figures on a bill of lading. But he paused here. The stranger was clothed in the cap, and dark, loose-fitting coat and trousers that constitute, almost universally, the dress uniform of the waterfront. His face was finely molded; the eyes were alert and the chin and jaw clean. But he did not look like any wharf-rat Galton had ever seen on the Dale docks. He did not look like an American; he did not look foreign. The boy's shoes showed the last stages of dilapidation, and they were thickly encrusted with caked mud and dust. His eyes wandered here and there, almost desperately, and sought the harbor roadstead, where the *Arrowdale* was sending a thick black curl of smoke into the wind.

"Would there be any way of getting aboard that 'un?"

Galton stared.

"You have an airplane in your pocket, I suppose," he snapped.

There was a pause. Galton waited for the next surprise. It came.

"I be one of 'er quartermasters."

"*What!* You 're what? Say that again!"

The boy spoke slowly, patiently. "There was Doolin an' Arnold an' Beaman—I be the fourth."

"Why ain't you aboard?"

"My shore leave, last night. The chaps said she 'd be another day loadin'. We took turn about on shore leave—I was last, bein' youngest."

Galton's brows puckered. He scratched his thinning wisps of hair. The boy's words sounded true. Yet—ah, here was a thought!

"Where 's your papers?"

At once the stranger showed confusion. His pretended assurance fled. He stumbled over an answer, and again Galton noted that restless, shifting glance.

"I—I lost 'em."

So! Lost his papers.

"Then can you prove this tale I 'm hearing? Tell me what 's the ship like."

"It was me first trip. I ain't knowin' 'er very well."

Things were clearing up. Yes, this case was getting pretty plain.

"Don't you know her skipper's name?"

The boy seemed fairly caught. He shifted uncertainly from one foot to the other. His hands went twisting about in the pockets of his coat.

"We called 'im always just Cap'n—a big bloke like, with a whoppin' gray beard. But I can tell you this—her steers counterwise."

"Yes, yes," said Galton, "she steers counterwise, along with one fourth of all the freighters afloat—more than that, counting the lakers."

The boy was silent. Then:

"Of a Sunday they give us duff with raisins. There be a life-belt over me bunk. A rat had chawed off one corner, and the strap was gone. Her rolled somethin' fearfu' in an easterly. And —" the words came eagerly, with something of the old assurance— "an' the first officer, he wears red undershirts."

"Yes, yes," said Galton, "of course. I see just how it is."

In the chief clerk's ears there echoed the quiet, masterly drawl of his boss, "You fix it, Galton." That was all—but it was enough. He was quick at figures, was Galton. Quick too, he told himself, at men—quick and sure.

The little man became suddenly brisk.

"Now you wait right here. I 'll go up to the office and see what can be done. You stay right where you are."

Swiftly Galton's wiry little legs carried him up the dock. Once he turned and looked back. The boy had turned too, and was gazing furtively, eagerly, after him. Oh, the thing was clear as noonday. This was the scout Dodd had mentioned. He was down here spotting. He did n't know the *Arrowdale* from a hole in the wall. Seamen don't lose their papers.

Galton hurried on. He was sure, now.

At the big gate a man was standing. He had a little nickel badge pinned to his vest, half hidden by the lapel of his coat. There was a bulge to the right-hand hip pocket of his trousers. He was reading a newspaper.

Galton stepped up to this man and spoke a few words close to his ear.

CHAPTER II

THE CASTAWAY

Nothing like this had ever happened to Hartley before. Of course, he had found new experiences, disquieting events, on the ship. It was amazingly different, being actually afloat, from what it had seemed. The big freighters had come creeping in to Plymouth, Dover, Liverpool, London, and they had looked enticing. Clean they had looked, smelling marvelously attractive, of salt air and hemp, of tar, of cylinder-oil. Rick Hartley had watched them whenever he could get away from home and reach the docks. The men looked happy. He would see them gathered by the rail on the forepeak, talking contentedly, excitedly: "There 's Ella now—ain't she growed!" "Hi! the Blue Dragon 's burnt t' the ground."

Rick had not run away to sea; but he had done the next thing to it. Abram Hartley, his father, had been master of the fastest packet between Dover and Calais. An uncle was second officer aboard a great floating palace, the *Lavernia*. Oh, the Hartleys, just like the Morgans and the Groats, had but one calling. They lived in Plymouth; but the wide blue was their home. If a Hartley went into the city and sat on a stool, or if a Hartley did anything but hold a wheel or haul a line, the good folk of Plymouth were wont to shake their heads. It was bred in the bone—inevitable.

When Rick was fifteen, his father had him aboard the *Channel Belle*. Now, Dover Straits is a good place in which to learn the ways of steam and sail. There is a chop, as every one knows; and there are fickle winds and a treacherous current to be reckoned with. In less than a month the boy could hold that bucking little hulk on a single degree of the compass-card. That is not child's play, with steam gear. His father took a marvelous pride in him. There were long afternoons in the wheel-house of the *Belle*, and long evenings in the little white cottage in the High Street. Adventures of a lifetime were told over into eager ears; and other matters, too—knots and splices, rules of the road, buoyage, lights, the thousand and one odds and ends of the craft, each in itself an insignificant detail, but one upon which some day lives may hang.

Then the war had come like a thunderclap. Abram Hartley received the two stripes of a lieutenant in the Auxiliary Reserve and the command of a drifter. He had sailed away into the North Sea with a crew of Groats and Morgans and Pipers. The Admiralty had sent no word to the cottage in the High Street. But after a year, two years, every one knew what had happened. Abram's drifter had found somewhere a funny black ball with little horns sticking out all over it. And when the vessel's blunt nose touched that black thing, a demon had been loosed. The sea had roared, the sky had been split by a shaft of withering lightning; and every bolt and splinter of Drifter No. 236 had scattered to the four winds of the North Sea—leaving silence.

Rick had heard them saying all this, down in the village. He did not believe it; in fact, he told Nutters so, very hotly, having thus a fight on his hands. But after Nutters had been attended to, Rick ran home—gasped out the ridiculous story to his mother. And at her grim silence a consuming doubt became bleak certainty. The thought was devastating. Abram had been the boy's life. In his tiny attic room Rick stared up into the blackness for many a long night. His whole scheme of existence had been shattered, swept away by a black ball with loathsome horns, a sea monster merciless, unreasoning, dastardly. In his fitful dreams he would hear again his father's voice:

> "Green t' green an' red t' red,
> Perfect safety—*go ahead!*"

And he would waken, calling to him.

But the sea was still that lovely, greeny, blue. The docks were still cool when you peeked through cracks in the planking and saw white barnacles crusting the piles and brown kelp washing with the tide. The freighters still crept in, smelling so jolly—still went bravely out again.

Rick would climb the hill and watch them steam out of sight. He would lie there in the heather and furze, one brown hand shading his eyes to catch a final sight of that tiny black dot under the smudge of smoke, away off on the horizon. The war was over now; but occasionally he would see a lean gray destroyer shooting white foam and belching smoke, or a flat, low cruiser steaming arrogantly. Rick had finished with the village school. There was nothing, apparently, for him to do. Walking slowly down the hill to supper, he wondered. Scraps of yarns kept running in his head: "leave the red buoys to starboard inbound"—"one long blast for full astern"—"*fear nothing but fog*—"

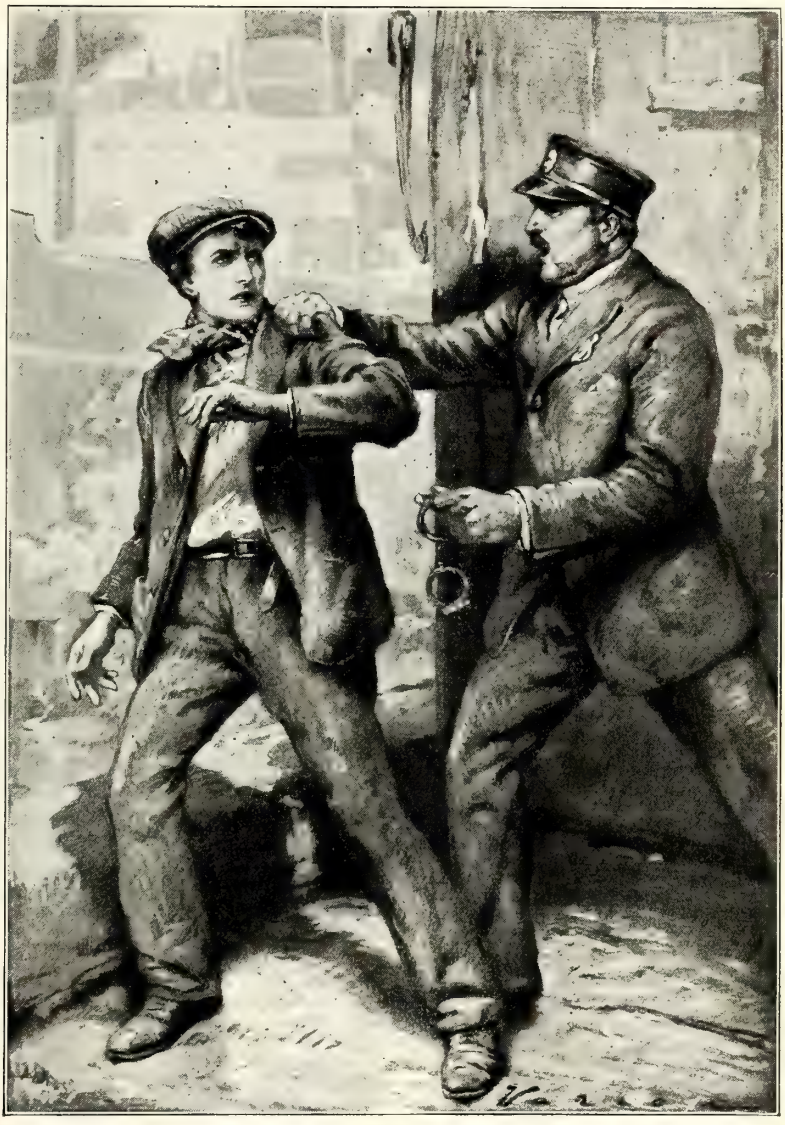
At table his mother watched him closely, anxiously.

Then one day down on the dock he had heard two men talking.

"Myself, I don't care a mite," a big man with an iron-gray fringe of beard on his cheeks was saying; "but it 's hard on the helmsmen, having only three. Worrall left me clean—the best man I 've seen in many a year."

"Will you wait to get another, Cap'n Bullard?"

"No. When the fitters get done with those boilers I 'm going to sea. They 've got ten thousand of steel and lumber ready and waiting on the other side for me now."



"'NO FOOLIN', YOU. COME ALONG QUIET TO THE STATION'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

Rick ran all the way home. His mother saw the flush on his cheek, the light in his blue eye. She knew—then waited.

"May I—Mother?"

The woman had looked long at her only child, long and hungrily—proudly, too. Then she raised her head and smiled at Rick.

"Yes," she had said.

Now the boy on the dock two thousand miles from home stirred restlessly. These were not the things to think about. There was a present desperate emergency that dwarfed those other things to insignificance. The sense of it returned to his consciousness with the smart of a handled wound. It was the injustice that hurt most. Five days, every one had said—always five days at the least. And the other quartermasters had taken their liberty first as a matter of course. Only one could go at a time; for three must be aboard to stand gangway watches. This was the rule—his father had told him this.

Then when the fourth night came, Rick had been undecided. There was nothing to take him

ashore. He had hardly any money: the crew, he knew, would not be paid off until the ship got home. But Doolin had said, "Why hain't yuh in yer shore clo's, young 'un?" And the others were ready to sneer if he stayed. They thought him a green horn, anyway.

So he had gone, with two and fourpence and his father's luck-piece, which he had found to be of no use. He had walked in the night until his legs ached; through dark and crooked cobbled streets first, then out on smooth tar roads, where he saw the sky and heard night sounds in the trees; and at length into the broad country, the road shining white at his feet, heavy with dust and sand. He would pass a little house occasionally, nestled in by the road, with a great barn behind it; and light would be streaming from the window across the road. Once he crept up and looked over the sill.

A man was reading. Across the table sat a woman, her spectacles well down on her nose, darning stockings. Her hair was gray. A nameless longing clutched at Rick's throat; he turned back to the road. The croak of a frog down in the marshes made him jump. The night was very still. Every one seemed to be indoors—busy—content.

Rick had plodded back along the way he had come until he was again in the dirty city, down near the waterfront. He wanted to go back aboard. But Doolin would be at the gangway. He could not pass Doolin's questions, his sneering tongue. And the lights of a Sailors' Haven shone just across the street.

They had taken, grumblingly, one of his shillings in exchange for half a bed. But Rick found a friend in the room they led him to—a real friend, he told himself. This was a grimy man who moved over to make room for him and slapped him on the back and talked volubly until far into the night. Rick was cheered. He dropped to sleep, at last, hearing how "We painted Valparaiso red, by Hokum!"

Some hidden menace obtruded on his dreams and woke him. Bolt upright he sat in bed, a vague distrust heavy at his heart. His bunkmate had disappeared. It was early morning: the sun streamed through a murky window into his eyes. He got out of bed; picked up his coat—

Registration papers, pay voucher, identification list and number were gone! One hand slid into his trousers. The lone bob and fourpence, and his father's luck-piece—gone!

Then, as if marking the inevitable progress of a malignant fate, had come from the waterfront the long, low growl of a ship's siren—dreadfully familiar. The *Arrowdale* was underway!

He had run every step from his bed to the dock. And there she had lain in midstream—he could recognize Arnold up on the bridge, at the wheel. Two officious little tugs were pushing her farther away every minute.

The boy stirred again. Rehearsing did not ease matters. He was on the rocks, for the first time in his life—desperately washed down on a lee shore. But wait! Lee shore—lee shore—

The back garden in the High Street. An old man, his white beard on his chest, sat among blossoming phlox and foxglove, talking to a boy.

"The ways of the sea no man will ever fathom. 'T 's best to take them as they come. A sailorman is always on the watch; 'e don't let things pester him; 'e don't get riled at a ten-knot breeze. But—mark me, son—but when 'e *does* get druv a-down on lee shore, as every deep-sea man will be one day—then 'e don't get riled neither; 'e don't get riled nor 'e don't get pestered; 'e watches—and 'e waits. And if so be 'e is a seaman, 'e *sails her out!*"

Rick's head went up, at that. The *Arrowdale* had disappeared. It was impossible that the little man with the spectacles and black penholder could get him aboard of her. He was very hungry; last night's supper had been a hurried meal, and it was now mid-morning. He would go, first, and work for his breakfast. There must be work somewhere. He was strong and quick; he knew things. Longshoremen drew two bob an hour. Perhaps he could clerk a bit; he had tallied some. Someway, somehow, he would scrape enough for the passage—or the *Arrowdale* would be back. Then—home!

Rick heard a step behind him. This would be the little man in spectacles, coming to tell him there was no hope. He would smile in the little man's face. Lee shores held no terrors now. He could always remember that back garden—the smell of harebells on a still night. Why, here was a chance to prove his father's words! Here—

A heavy hand fell on the boy's shoulder. A voice rasped in his ear: "No foolin', you. Come along quiet to the station."

CHAPTER III

TWO CONFERENCES

A BLAZING June morning, but the city offices were cool. They occupied the second floor of a big corner building, high enough to escape the radiation from the pavement, sheltered from the blistering heat above, yet nicely calculated to catch the fresh harbor breeze that wafted gently up the street.

As you reached the top of the stairs, two doors, one straight ahead, the other to your right, confronted you. The first was the general entrance; it gave into the busy outer offices, the switch-

board and wire rooms, the files. The other, that door on your right, opened directly into a large board-room, a conference room; and this room connected at its farther end with the manager's private office. That right-hand door was marked "Private."

No gilt lettering proclaimed the location of these business quarters. But on every window, on them hung colored engravings of steamships—always sailing perfectly calm reaches of bright blue sea, always flying rainbows of variegated bunting. The floor was thickly carpeted in strips of a brilliant green, whose nap felt like velvet underfoot and hushed the stormiest tread. In its very center stood the desk, a massive piece of mahogany, on whose plate-glass top rested a tele-



"AS THE MAN BROKE INTO SWIFT ANGER, MR. BOLLES RAISED A THIN BROWN HAND" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

from the switchboard to the local manager's room, house-flags and line-titles in gay blue, green, snowy white, and golden yellow, announced the allied and associated companies which the Dale system controlled or operated. These emblems were painted skilfully on the plate-glass; they lent an air of festivity, of gala decoration, to a place whose general atmosphere was exactly the opposite. There were thirty-two windows, and each bore a different design. Mr. Bolles considered this display the best, indeed the only permissible, form of advertising. However that may be, it is true that Dale's needed no other.

The local manager, this Bolles, sat at his desk in the inner corner room. The office was large and airy, but it held the companionable intimacy of a ship's cabin. The walls were tinted gray, and phone, an inkstand, and a letter-basket. But underneath this glass a Mercator chart showed red-lined pilot-routes on all the seven seas.

A clerk opened the door.

"That man is here."

"What man?"

"That man—from the *Glendale*. You wanted to see him?"

"Oh—that one. Yes. Tell him to come in."

Mr. Bolles continued reading a letter which he had been holding in his hand. As he sat there,—a long man with thin hands and piercing eyes,—you would have remarked his nose. It was very straight and sharp. Heavy beetle-brows met above it; thin lips closed beneath it. But the nose was the remarkable thing. Not that it was in any way a prying nose, but searching, eager,

intent on the ferreting out and pinning down of eternally elusive truth.

Mr. Bolles never spoke above the ordinary tone of conversation. When he did speak, clerks jumped and rattled papers, and directors bent close to listen.

The door opened again. There entered a walrus of a man. His feet were like those of a negro comedian, except that they suggested nothing comic. Baggy trousers led the eye an amazing distance to a rotundity of dirty blue sweater. Higher still lay folds of flesh and sloping shoulders, from which depended gorilla arms, ending in great shapeless things one must call hands. But on the shoulders, above virtually no neck at all, hung down two enormous mustaches—there was the walrus look. They were stained a light brown, and they jutted from his face and swept down over his chest. But they failed to hold the attention from his eyes. These were very small—pale gray-blue, set close together, and constantly wavering over a button nose, as if in quest of food.

There *was* something comic about this walrus man, but only if you saw him at a safe range. In a cage he would have been funny. But he was not in a cage.

He fumbled with a greasy cap, while his eyes ranged the room swiftly and covertly. The manager looked up from his letter; laid it in a drawer. His nose aimed straight at the man. His voice was low.

"You are—have been—third officer aboard the *Glendale?*"

A muttered assent escaped the jutting mustaches.

"I directed you to come ashore with your dunnage because—I cannot employ you any longer."

As the man broke into swift anger, Mr. Bolles raised a thin brown hand. His voice was still low.

"No, no, that 's no good. Your ship is standing down the harbor at this minute. I cannot afford to hire thieves. I have it on good authority—the best authority—that this last manifest was short. It was short by about ten cases of spices. I know, too, that you were down in No. 5 hold last Tuesday night, late. I have not enough direct evidence to turn you over to the police. Yet I know—you see?"

The man made no reply. A dark red flush was mottling his face.

"They will fix your papers in the outer office. I cannot give you any recommendation. That 's all."

The man turned silently. At the door he ran into a clerk who was entering in a hurry. The walrus man stopped with a sort of snarl.

"The gentlemen from the banks—may they come in?"

As the walrus man passed through the door he heard the manager's voice behind him:

"Yes—wait! Ask them to step into the boardroom. I will see them there."

The walrus man passed through into the outer office. There he was detained while his papers were adjusted and his pay account closed. They let him go, finally, and he lumbered out.

In the white stone corridor he stopped. On his left there stood the closed door marked "Private." From behind it came the hum of earnest talk.

The great bulk of this man became taut. He crouched like a cat and laid an ear close to the door-knob. The hum of talk grew a little louder.

Five minutes later there came a step on the stair. At the same time was heard behind the door marked "Private" a scraping of chairs and the louder final civilities of a meeting. The walrus man stood erect. He put on his cap and shuffled quickly down the stairs, brushing past a scrub-woman who stared at him curiously.

There was an odd light in the man's little pig-like eyes as he left the building. He walked now very swiftly through the crowd, very intent, yet unobtrusively so. Due east he headed, until the tall office buildings shrank to riggers' lofts, junk sheds, tiny shops crammed with gear. Through crooked, cobbled streets he passed, his baggy trousers flapping, his long feet shuffling along with astonishing agility—until he came suddenly upon the docks.
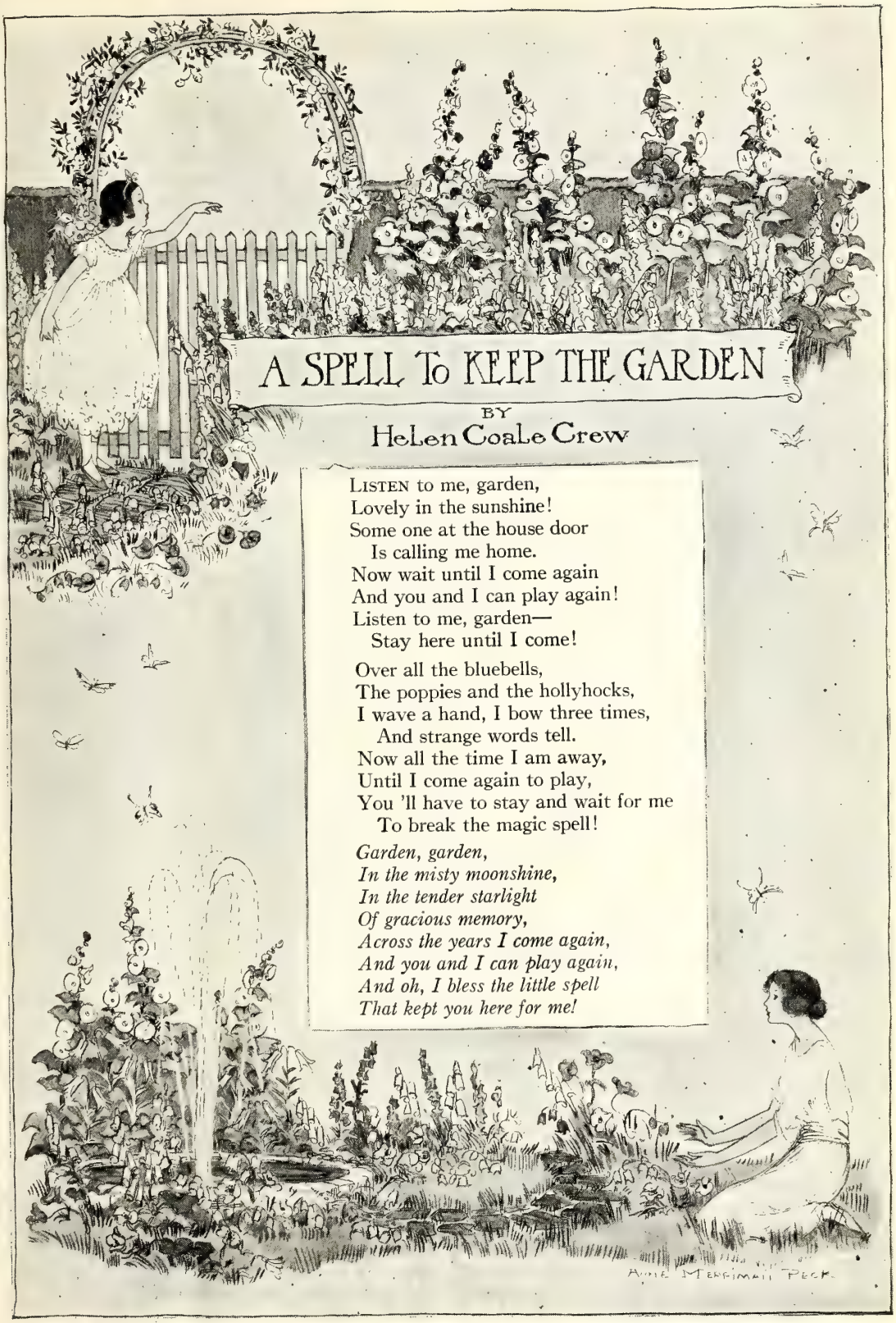
The wooden pier down which the man now walked was small and very old. In the slip on either side lay schooners—beautiful boats, black mostly, their raked spars glistening with new varnish, their scrubbed decks wet, but roughly clean and precise. These little ships were moored abreast in platoons. But near the end of the dock lay one a little apart from the rest. No canvas was bent on her booms; there was no cordage on her deck, nor any running-gear aloft. She was a trim boat, but had the unmistakable appearance of abandonment.

The walrus man stepped over the cap-log to the deck of this disused schooner. He passed quickly down the after companion, as one upon familiar ground. At the foot of the steps, a door on either side led into musty state-rooms; but the man went straight ahead into the main cabin.

In this room a figure was hunched over the center-table. The walrus man sat down opposite and began to talk quite rapidly.

Four hours later those two were still busy. A pile of yellow-backed bills lay between them on the table.

(To be continued)



A SPELL TO KEEP THE GARDEN

BY

Helen Coale Crew

LISTEN to me, garden,
Lovely in the sunshine!
Some one at the house door
Is calling me home.
Now wait until I come again
And you and I can play again!
Listen to me, garden—
Stay here until I come!

Over all the bluebells,
The poppies and the hollyhocks,
I wave a hand, I bow three times,
And strange words tell.
Now all the time I am away,
Until I come again to play,
You 'll have to stay and wait for me
To break the magic spell!

Garden, garden,
In the misty moonshine,
In the tender starlight
Of gracious memory,
Across the years I come again,
And you and I can play again,
And oh, I bless the little spell
That kept you here for me!

SMALL BUT GAME

By MARIE DANCY

"WHAT are all them things you got tacked on you?" asked Tom, as he inspected several dollar-sized holes in the smaller lad's skin-tight bathing suit.

"Oh, them 's ust my medals!" replied Bobby, blandly.

Bobby was small for his age, red-haired, blue-eyed, and his chief claim to beauty lay in the vast amount of freckles on his small face.

"Say, Tom," he asked after a pause, "are you goin' in the race?"

"Surest thing you know! Would n't miss that hundred-yard dash for nothin'. There 're gonna be swell prizes, too! Pity you ain't bigger," he added, viewing the small boy contemptuously.

"That 's all right about my bein' bigger! You 're not the only one who is goin' to be in that race." And with this parting shot, Bobby stalked off to more congenial company.

The regatta was at its height. Launches, skiffs and canoes lined the little river, or creek, as it was called, which, with its width of about fifty yards and its depth of twenty-five to thirty feet, offered advantages for all kinds of sport, from small motor-boat racing down to high-diving contests. On one of the longest wharves was the judges' stand, where, also, the prizes were to be awarded to the winners of races. A band, stationed near, tromboned forth inspiring melodies. Hundreds of gaily dressed women and children and white-suited men lined the wharves and the decks of the boats. Boys and girls in plain and fancy bathing-suits were to be seen everywhere along the shore, on the narrow beach, and in canoes on the water. Tables, protected from the sun by awnings, offered cooling drinks, ice-cream, and sandwiches. The air was filled with the sound of merry voices and gay laughter.

Suddenly there came a bugle-call. This was the signal that another race was about to begin. The people, old and young, were crowding down to the water's edge to obtain the best view possible.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" roared one of the judges, through a huge megaphone; "we will now have the hundred-yard dash, a swimming race participated in by boys only, from the ages of twelve to sixteen. The girls will have to do the admiring this time! Has everybody got a good place? The hundred-yard dash! The swimmers will dive from this wharf and swim across the creek to that stake with the flag; they will round that and swim back here. Let 's have the music! On with the band!"

Then came cheering and clapping, and the band burst forth into a violent melody.

The boys who were entered in the event lined themselves along the wharf near the judges' stand, under the direction of two markers whose duty it was to see that everything should be fair during the race, as well as at the start and the finish. There were twelve boys in all, straight, slim, and keenly alert for the signal to start. The band stopped playing. Every one waited tensely.

"Bowerman!" roared one of the judges, to the nearest marker.

The man addressed swung around, none too well pleased at the interruption.

"Eh, Bowerman," continued Judge Davis, "what is that 'pewee' doing there on the other end?"

Bowerman's expression changed from impatience to a broad grin.

"Sh-h, Judge!" he stage-whispered. "That 's little Bobby Evans. He 's small, but within the age limit. He is twelve and can swim pretty well too. Been raised in the water, here. Of course he has n't a chance with the others, but it would break his heart to have to get out. He is a good little sport, eh, Judge?"

Bobby was a good little sport for sure. A head and a half shorter than any of the other boys, he was standing there, chin set, arms at his side, freckles and "medals" very much in evidence.

Judge Davis turned to the others on the stand. There was a moment's consultation. Then, again, came the voice through the megaphone:

"Get ready!" a thrill went through the bodies of the twelve boys.

"Set!" a quiver of excitement passed over the watching, waiting crowd.

"Go!"

The boys went over the pier simultaneously. Bobby came up from his shallow dive with a swish of his short hair and fell at once into his long-distance stroke, rapid but easy. Not once did he waste time glancing behind him to see the others; his mind and whole aim were centered upon the stake with the flag, around which he had to go before doubling back. Out from the water, first one arm flashed and then the other; water poured from his mouth, as he brought his little red head up at regular intervals for air. His sturdy, sun-tanned legs scissor-kicked to perfection. As he neared the other side, he changed his stroke abruptly, keeping his head above water. Now was the time to see his position and to avoid

any contact with the others as he rounded the stake. There were two ahead of him. Bobby increased his speed slightly. He caught his breath as he saw that Tom was the first to double back. The other boy ahead of him also went around, and then came Bobby. Once on the home-stretch, he felt easier. Tom and the other boys were some little distance ahead, swimming hard. Bobby estimated his distance, took a good deep breath, ducked his head down, started his little legs and arms with renewed vigor, and shot his slim body skimming off in his favorite Australian crawl.

Judge Davis gave Bowerman an excited thump on the back.

"Oh boy! Look at the pewee, will you?"

Bowerman, who had a secret liking for the little fellow, grinned with great glee.

"He 's second, now!" he cried.

"Second nothing!" the judge shouted excitedly. "He 's neck and neck with the big one!"

The crowd was breathless. All eyes were riveted on little Bobby.

Bowerman was waiting in readiness as Tom and Bobby approached. He had at first feared a tie. But Bobby, who had been steadily gaining, was shooting through the water like a little arrow, an arrow which went straight to its goal without a swerve.

The crowd went wild. Shouts, hurrahs, clapping, and horns came deafeningly from all sides.

Judge Davis had descended from the stand and was shaking Bobby's little wet hand. Bowerman gave him a slap on the back with enough force to knock him down. Even Tom took his defeat in the right spirit and stood looking on with a grin.

"Well, well!" Davis was smiling into Bobby's flushed face. "You are some little sport! You are going to get the first prize and it 's a brand-new, wool bathing-suit—a beauty, too. But it was n't made to fit *you!* However, we can fix that all right, and a new suit won't be a bad thing for you, eh? But what was that last stroke you used which sent you so ahead of the rest of the boys?"



"JUDGE DAVIS WAS SHAKING BOBBY'S LITTLE WET HAND"

"That 's the Australian crawl, sir," proudly answered Bobby.

"Maybe you are right, son. I don't know. You looked more like a minnow crawling, seems to me, but I don't know. Anyway, you are going to be a big man some day. I can see that!" and Judge Davis turned away to attend to the prizes.



THE TRUE STORY OF THE HAUNTED SWAMP

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

AS anybody knows, who has slept with a mosquito in the room, it is not always the largest bodies that can make the most disturbance. Consequently, when I tell you that the trail into Wilderness House ran down, for a moment, by the Haunted Swamp, and that it was the most interestingly terrifying place in all the wide wonderland of Wildyrie, you must not jump to the conclusion that its dark recesses hid three-headed hobgoblins or that the deep, still waters were the home-lairs of fire-eating ghosts. There were creatures in the Haunted Swamp far worse than these. For a ghost, you know, can be mortified and even put to flight by your refusing to believe in it, and a three-headed hobgoblin, naturally, can bite only one third as hard as the one-mouthed gnat and is not nearly so distressing as the No-See-Ums, whose jaws resemble an alligator's—when highly magnified.

Such creatures as these, and worse, infected the beautiful swamp from the first of June until the middle of July. Essex Lad and I had learned from Prunier how to guard ourselves from their hungry tricks and, indeed, knew better than to approach their boundaries at dusk or at dawn, when they forage forth to gratify their thirst for warm blood.

But the day that we had gone in for Mr. Gordon, had fought the fire, and had had lunch on his private car was so full of incident that we had forgotten the horrors of the Haunted Swamp. We failed to remember we should pass at just the hour when the four tribes of mischievous fairies (or unfairies as E. L. called them, because they bit him behind his back) were getting ready to take their pleasure on any humans who might be near. We forgot, too, that Mr. Gordon, plump and succulent millionaire that he was, knew nothing of the perils into which he was to run. The only thing we thought of was the seven miles between his car, *Capital*, and Wilderness House and whether he could walk it.

"I am a little fatigued," he said, "and would prefer a taxi if there is one in this village of yours."

I told him that the villagers had never heard of a taxi; and furthermore, that the only approach to our home was a winding climb on a very indifferent highway, about six inches wide, which we called a trail.

"I 'm going to see Wilderness House," he exclaimed, "if it costs me a leg! Harrison, take these wires, will you?"

Harrison was his confidential secretary, who came darting out of a little room of the private car, which we had not noticed, very like a cuckoo-bird striking "one" in a Swiss clock. He quickly took these messages:

Mr. Hamilton Hamiltons,
Treasurer, Amalgamated Money-making Concern,
New York City.
Defer action on new $10,000,000 issue for two days. Am going fishing.

GORDON.

Mr. Augustus Guss,
Secretary, Universal Upheaval and Reclamation Miscellanies Co., New York City.
Notify directors postponement annual meeting. Am unavoidably entertained in North Woods.

GORDON.

"There," sighed the financier, "that is all for to-day. I will be back in time to take up to-

morrow's business to-morrow. Which is better," he added to me, "than doing to-day what, on second thought, need never be done at all. Where do we get the horse?"

"The horse!" I repeated, amused. "There are no saddle-horses here. To be sure, some of the farmers have nags, but you could n't use them."

"In my young lexicon, my dear Mr. Lucky, there is no such word as *stalled*."

"And in ours, there 's no such word as livery-stable," I said. "What quadrupeds exist here are now in use for the spring plowing."

"Come!" exclaimed the president of twenty corporations, jumping up. "We have talked long enough. It is time to act. I shall go to Wilderness House. I shall ride, and that on a horse."

Essex Lad and I followed the energetic soul from his shiny mahogany shell, our packs upon our backs, exchanging amused glances, for we knew from past experience how hard it was to secure what one wanted where it had never before existed.

"There 's one now," said Gordon, and we followed his well padded figure across a half-plowed field where a melancholy steed was surveying its recent efforts, the owner leaning across the plow-handles in private enjoyment of the same.

"Good afternoon, my man," said Mr. Gordon, briskly; "I wish to hire a saddle-horse. Do you know where I can find one?"

"Naw," said the plowman.

"Do you mean there is none?"

"Yep."

"What will you take for yours?"

"Git up," said the plowman to his horse.

"Whoa!" said the financier and the civil animal obeyed the louder voice. "Let us be clear from the start. It is getting late. I need a horse. You have a horse. I have money. What is he worth to you for a day."

"The 'taters must be got in," replied the owner.

Mr. Gordon flushed. It was disconcerting to be able to run twenty corporations by telegraph and then be balked in person by a mere plowman and a horse.

"What 'll the whole crop be worth?" he asked.

"Aw, nothin' much, I reckon, bein 's it 's so late."

"Well, what 'll it be worth?"

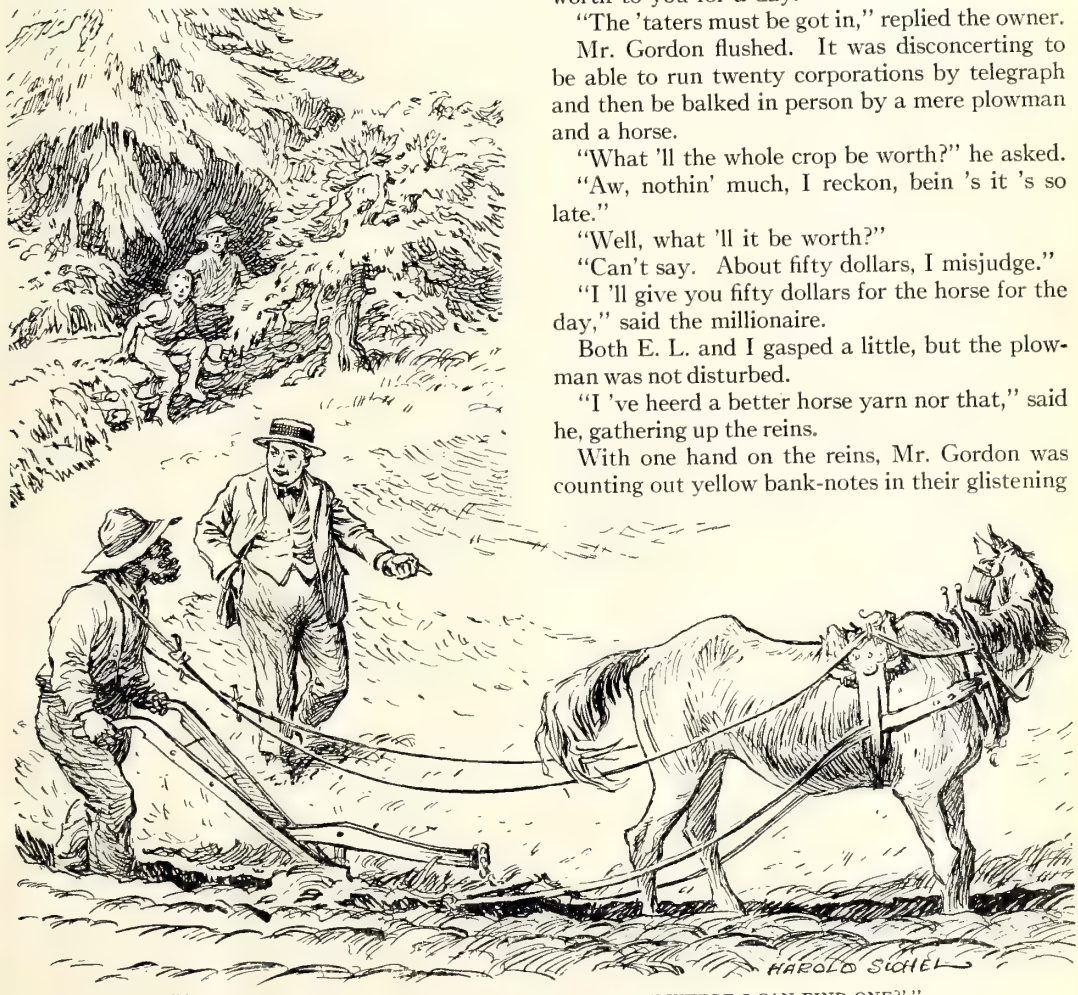
"Can't say. About fifty dollars, I misjudge."

"I 'll give you fifty dollars for the horse for the day," said the millionaire.

Both E. L. and I gasped a little, but the plowman was not disturbed.

"I 've heerd a better horse yarn nor that," said he, gathering up the reins.

With one hand on the reins, Mr. Gordon was counting out yellow bank-notes in their glistening



"'I WISH TO HIRE A SADDLE-HORSE. DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND ONE?'"

newness, and extended a sheaf of them to the farmer, whose brow imitated the furrows of his field. Then slowly he stretched out a hand and picked one ten-dollar note from the sheaf, saying, "I reckon that 's what he 's worth as a saddle-horse—by the year." It took ten minutes more of our precious time to induce him to accept the rest of the money, and even then he threatened to send on the potatoes "when they was growed," now that they had been paid for.

"That 's honesty for you," said Gordon, when, after only slight damage to his trousers, he had got through an opening in a fence of barbed wire and had rejoined us with the horse; "and he was honest about the beast, too. He said he was well-mannered."

"Well-mannered? What do you mean?" asked E. L.

"He said he 'd stop, regular, to save me the trouble o' saying whoa!" and Mr. Gordon, now mounted on the back of the plodding beast, laughed at the success of his bargaining. "What shall we call him?"

"Taxi," suggested E. L., "because he 's tired."

"Taxi," I echoed, "so that we 'll have one for you next time."

"There can't be a next time," laughed the high-perched financier, "because there 'll never be an end to this at this rate."

It did n't seem as if there would, for the solemn horse pursued his careful way along the trail, exercising his judgment at the expense of velocity. But we did n't care, for at last we were in the enchanted forest of Wildyrie. We laughed and joked some more, and got acquainted as only those who undergo the forest spell can do; and E. L., finding that our guest was totally ignorant of the woods, began to tease him about the dangerous beasts of the vicinity, although there was nothing larger than a bear near by, and nothing more dangerous than a mouse. For even in Wildyrie, where wildcats, beaver, bear and deer, and foxes, ermine, and otter, and mink and bats, and many another creature haunt the shadowy places, not one of these can even be glimpsed by the careless woods-goer—let alone, teased into attack. Not one of these is of the slightest menace to E. L., or Prunier, or me, even if alone in the most solitary places. Indeed, Wildyrie is the safest sanctuary in the world—if one but keep away from the Haunted Swamp.

But when Mr. Gordon said he supposed that we were worried a good deal by the bears E. L. was quick to elaborate on the suggestion, though he had never in his life seen a bear out of captivity.

"I should say! Why there are armies of them, sir. If Taxi did n't grunt so, you 'd hear them woofing around now. Take a blueberry-patch like that one there, and in the season you can't get near it for the bears. If you want berries, you 've got to take your place in line, and—"

"I guess the line 's forming," said Gordon. "There are three bears now."

"Where?" The question jumped from E. L. and me in unison.

"There—down the trail."

And sure enough, while Taxi obligingly halted, we stared and stared, while an old mamma black bear shunted two ungainly cubs out of the trail down which they had been strolling. It was all over in a moment, and not even the waving of the high bushes told us where this family of old residents was moving to. E. L. and I, realizing the rarity of the sight, were still speechless, when we caught the financier staring at us as hard as we had stared at the spectacle, and then he began to chuckle.

"If it 's such a common sight, what are you looking like that for?"

"Common!" I exclaimed. "Do you realize, man, that you 've been luckier than most?"

"How so?" he asked coolly.

"You 've seen something that even the best guides can live in a bear-ridden district for years without seeing. You deserve a night in the Haunted Swamp if you are n't excited." A night in the Haunted Swamp was the common expression at Wilderness House for the most extreme punishment, and had been uttered unconsciously by me. But the words recalled our nearness to it, and to twilight as well, and I shuddered at what was to befall our guest if Taxi could be made to go no faster.

"The Haunted Swamp!" repeated Gordon; "another one of your fictions, I suppose? Tell me that story, E. L." He was getting fond of the boy, for all his fooling.

"You 'll *feel*," said E. L., mysteriously.

"Oh! It 's real enough," said I, "and really haunted. Can't you make Taxi crawl a little faster?"

Mr. Gordon began a series of percussions on the lazy flanks of his mount, with the result that the well-mannered animal stopped and looked around, as if he wished to have interpreted more clearly the desires of his patron; at the same moment, one of the goblin scouts, flying early from the swamp, began to sample the millionaire's leg in order to make a report to the awaking legion of the quality of fare which was arriving. It was very beautiful in the twilit aisles of the windless wood.

"What is this place, a bug nursery?" exclaimed the business-man, beginning to dab at his brow and rub his leg, alternately.

"We are nearing the portals of the perilous

place," I said. "In all the vast geography of Wildyrie, the half-mile we are about to traverse is the only one of danger for man. Let me tell you about it, scientifically. It will be more interesting to you."

"Go on," he said to me and to Taxi, at the same time.

"You must know," I began, "that for eleven months of the year, nature runs on more or less sedately. But come spring, and there is carnival everywhere. Now, spring with us in the North Woods is a very short season, and so, to get our share of fun out of it, the carnival must be fast and furious. The birds hold two concerts a day, some of the flowers don't close their eyes all night long, the solemn firs put on decorations of new green, and all is gaiety and celebration. Even the mischievous sprites are given liberty to play their tricks. They are not really evil, you know, but excessively annoying. Fortunately, their home in Wildyrie is confined to the Haunted Swamp, although bands do go straying forth on muggy days. And fortunately, also, there are but four families, or tribes, of these goblins."

"So called because they gobble you," interposed E. L.

"The mosquito, you know," I continued.

"I can say that I do," groaned Mr. Gordon, cuffing at his person.

The plump personage upon the stagnant steed had much before him, thought I, but continued my explanation.

"We can dismiss the mosquito in a few words."

"Why don't you then?" said he.

"In a few words, or even one—*inescapable*. He breeds in legion, flies in regiments, settles in companies, and sings in chorus. He dreads no ointments and fears nothing but cold. To visit the Haunted Swamp is to meet him; to meet, is to entertain; and to entertain, is, alas! to pay for, even if he takes his bill with him. There is but one remedy, a net. But our nights are so cool in August that he dies of chills and we have him no more."

I paused. Through the darkening forest came the distant solo of the hermit-thrush, accompanied by the increasing chorus of the not-so-distant mosquitos.

"Even larger than the mosquito is the deer-fly, that spot-winged and businesslike creature on the back of your hand. See, he has flown away now with a piece of your flesh, and will settle in some bush to eat it. If one be nimble enough, one can slay the deer-fly before he has cut out a very large lump. He does not sing nor come in large numbers nor make you itch particularly. But he is very persevering."

Mr. Gordon began anxiously to prod other portions of his person, lest other deer-flies should be trespassing on his property.

"The third tribe is the black-fly family, which has made the North Woods infamous, but which is in reality the sweetest tempered and least exasperating of all the swamp-haunters. The black-fly (a dull brown in color) does not sing, does not saw out portions of one's flesh, does not fly after sundown, and, best of all, does not act nervously on the body, but picks out a place to drink, settles, and drinks without annoyance to the fountain. If one happens to observe this, one can easily press a thumb on the little suction-pump without lost motion, as in fighting a mosquito. If he flies away unobserved, there is no after-itch, only a pool of one's own blood to mark the place where tapped."

"Then these mounds that burn so are not the work of the black-fly," said Mr. Gordon, pointing to new pink welts upon his person.

"No, they are the work of the fourth family of unfairies, the punkie. The mosquito is a noisy witch,—only the females bite, you know,—the deer-fly a winged ogre, the black-fly a lazy elf-goblin. But the punkie is worst of all, a sprite noiseless and invisible, whose touch is torture and whose memory is the itch. The witches ride slowly and you can extinguish them; the deer-flies and the black-flies can easily be swatted on one's self; but how can you annihilate an invisibility or prevent a damage that you cannot realize until it 's done! The punkie, luckily, succumbs to smoke."

A short staccato yell from our guest interrupted my lecture. "Quick, let 's get out of this; something 's carrying me off!"

The something was not Taxi. The trail had dipped sharply down to a stream, the outlet to the Haunted Swamp, about six feet broad and two deep, which seemed to the ease-loving horse a natural resting-place. So he had reduced his almost invisible rate of progress to a positive standstill. Then he arched his neck, and while the stream cooled his fetlocks, began to drink. In brushing through the shrubbery on the stream-border, we had awakened several companies of the four mischievous tribes, and now they were flying, singing, biting, and sucking about us, testing our tempers and our blood.

E. L. and I were driven up the bank, laughing (as secretly as possible) to see Mr. Gordon jousting at the unfairies that "flibbertigibbeted" over his features or sang in his ears or persecuted his legs or covered his beast, while he could do nothing to urge that stubborn animal to go on. For, unfortunately, the posture in which Taxi now found himself with his feet braced wide, his head dangling comfortably down, the water flowing in slow swallows up his throat, was a posture of exceptional ease. And even after he had drunk his fill, about



"OUR GUEST BEGAN A RAPID BUFFETING OF HIMSELF, CRYING OUT: 'RESCUE ME! I 'M BEING SWALLOWED!' "

two tubfuls, he was loth to resume motion. Furthermore, as each thwack of Mr. Gordon's switch merely dislodged more mosquitos from his flanks, the intelligent beast regarded the beating in the light of a kindness rather than as an invitation to proceed. Suddenly our guest left off thumping Taxi and began a rapid buffeting of himself, crying out: "Rescue me! I 'm being swallowed!"

"Pull up his head," I shouted.

"Slide off and come up here," urged E. L.

"I can't!" Several rapid circulations of his arms swept new clouds of insects into activity.

"Make a smudge, Lad, quick!" I shouted. "I 'll pull out the horse."

I rushed down the slope again and laid coercive hands upon Taxi's bridle. But his feet were planted like the supports of the Eiffel Tower.

"Get off and run up hill," I advised Gordon. He looked at the water, then at his neat shoes, and shook his head.

"Can't you built a fire under him?" he asked, rather fruitlessly, considering the fact that a fire is difficult to kindle in a running brook. "I once took my wife buggy-riding and the horse Nero, for that was his name, balked. I made a small fire beneath him and the nimble-witted creature moved up three paces so that the fire was under the buggy, which was consumed to a cinder. But in this case—"

"In this case even dynamite would n't be effective. Get down, please."

At this moment, Essex Lad came running into the stream with a blazing torch of birch-bark. The oily and crisp-smelling fuel sent pleasant fumes into the nervous nostrils of the millionaire

and at the same time beat back the swarms of swamp-haunters half a yard.

"That 's worth a thousand dollars!" said the financier.

It was a strange picture—a lean horse knee-deep in a slow-flowing stream, with a plump and rosy millionaire upon his spine holding a spiral of white-birch, whose blaze sent flickerings into a swampy dusk where hordes of witches, winged ogres, elf-goblins, and punkie-sprites were either digesting the first course that they had had from us or licking their gimlets for the next, while a weather-tanned lad and I strove to dislodge a fifty-dollar-a-day horse from the brook bed.

"Come on, Taxi," said E. L., into his lazy ear, "I hear a mosquito coming."

"What a fearful country!" began Mr. Gordon, "I think I 'll go back. We 'd all be much more comfortable in my car."

"We 're too near Wilderness House to go back. You take the torch and stand on the bank. There, hang on to me."

He hung on, and I got him to the bank dry-shod. E. L. handed him a fresh torch. I turned for Taxi, and at the same time an idea must have flashed into that space within his head where it is said that Nature has deposited the brains. It must have been a vision of his stable, his stall, a manger, oats, and fresh straw, instead of a cold creek beneath him for repose. At any rate, with an electric leap, he extracted his four feet from the mire, whinnied, wheeled, and was off up the homeward slope in a cloud of gnats; nor did he pause at the summit, but disappeared trippingly down the trail.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed E. L., between gulps of laughter.

"No, you never will," responded Mr. Gordon, "Ouch, my finger! Ouch!"

The torch had burnt to his thumb, really the last straw of misfortune. "Oh! This awful, terrible place! Why did you ever bring me!"

I have felt just like that many a time in the woods and was sorry for his various little pains. "A little speed," I suggested, "and we will be out of this—this—"

"*Fairyland*," said the magnate, sarcastically, between slaps. "If I ever get out with my reason, I 'll make it worth your while."

E. L. and I put an arm under each of his and ran him up the steep slope, then urged him along the trail until we reached a breezy ridge whence the panorama of Wildyrie opened before us. And there we sat him down. The hide-pricking elves of the Haunted Swamp could not face the breeze, and winged disappointedly back into their dank abode. Cloud's Cobble rose like an immense garnet in the last rays of the sun; far away rolled the leagues of forest that covered the birds and beasts of our realm with the protection of northern boughs that never grow bare. In the west the sparkle of the Evergreen Lakes lit the soft haze of spring, and the carnival lantern of a large daffodil moon hung in the east.

"And to think I wanted to turn back!" said the city-man, quietly. "I 'm glad I never give in."

Behind his back, E. L. and I exchanged a smile.

"In the woods there are many times when one wants to give in, but it always pays to go on. It always pays. But if you are going to be a good comfortable Wildyrie-ite," I went on, "you 'll have to go through the paces and learn the dodges. E. L. and I live an enchanted life, because we are slowly learning the laws that are better than magic. Even these goblins that you thought were getting you, obey the laws. They delight in mischief, but they are not all-powerful."

"Tell me the laws," implored the millionaire.

"It takes years," I said, "though bug-magic alone is easy to learn. The rules-of-bug are very simple—go out only at the proper time, take the right equipment, and forgive them easily."

"Forgive them easily!" he repeated, in wonderment.

"Remember that the little elves have n't a grudge against you. You did n't blame that torch for burning you. You must n't blame the little sprites for biting if you give them a chance. *It is n't the blood they take that hurts; it 's the blood they leave boiling that matters.* The most important rule in the woods is, '*Keep your temper.*'"

"What is the proper equipment?" asked the financier, abruptly.

"Citronella, when fishing, a net when sleeping, smoke (caused by green stuff, like ferns, put on a good fire) when you pause for a meal. Smoke drives them all away. Citronella mixed with a little sweet-oil makes them ill. A light net over the head at night insures a full rest. The active times are at twilight and at sun-up. Mind these simple rules, and go out in carnival-time as much as you please."

"I believe I will," said Gordon, solemnly. "This is glorious!"

He had forgotten the past unpleasantness, as one will in the woods, when we came to a turn in the trail and in view of the hospitable doorway of Wilderness House that framed blue-shirted Prunier with his blue-breathed pipe afar off. Essex Lad broke into a lope, to acquaint him with the news, and as he went he sang lustily a song he and I had once made for carnival, beginning:

Come visit us in tickle-time, in tickle-time
When all the bugs are in their prime, in their prime,
When flies and gnats and nice mosquitos
Go out of their way just to eat us.



"BUT ALAS, POOR JOAN! THE ONLY ROMANTIC THING ABOUT THE SEA-CHEST WAS—" (SEE PAGE 887)

THE UNROMANTIC SEA-CHEST

By DOROTHEA CASTELHUN

"RATHER tough on the kid, though, is n't it?" said Jim, staring out of the window.

"Well, it can't be helped," replied Aunt Esther, tartly; "we 've gone all over that before. Great-aunt Abby can't be left all alone, and who else could go to live with her?"

"But Joan was—was—counting so on going to college this fall," persisted Jim, talking slowly and setting his mouth to conceal the fact that his seventeen-year-old lips wanted to quiver.

"It won't hurt her to wait a year or two. The money really ought to go to you, Jim, for *your* education. It 's more important for a boy to go to college."

"I don't want the money," said Jim, carefully, still keeping his eyes out of the window, "I can work my way through. I want Joan to—"

"Now that will do; we won't have any more arguing about the matter," interrupted Aunt Esther, impatiently.

Jim got up and stalked out of the house. Halfway down the block, he met a girl whose curly brown hair, big gray eyes, and frank, winning expression were so like his own that no one was ever surprised to learn that Joan was Jim's twin sister. The unhappy scowl on Jim's face disappeared like magic as he came up to her.

"A fellow named Jim met a girl named Joan"—

he chanted and paused a moment, expectantly.

Joan's eyes sparkled as she calmly piled into Jim's not too eager arms three library books and several grocery-store packages. Then, with no hesitation whatsoever, she took up his limerick-challenge:

"A fellow named Jim
Met a girl named Joan
Said he, 'I am glad
To meet you alo-an!'"

"Not bad for one so young," said Jim, with a patronizing air.

Then they walked on in a silence unusual to them, both thinking of the same thing, but neither wanting to speak of it. They were a devoted brother and sister, and so congenial that, while both had many good friends of their own sex, Joan had no girl friend to whom she confided her troubles and thoughts so freely as she did to Jim, and Jim had no chum in whose company he could be happy for so long a time as in Joan's. They were perfectly contented to spend hours and days together in varied occupations. Joan, under the spur of her affection and adoration for Jim, had kept almost abreast with him in every way. Though Jim could usually beat her in swimming and tennis, she did both so well that contesting with her was no tame sport. They both enjoyed long tramps, and Joan was never too tired to keep up with Jim. Another

taste they had in common was their love of books. Their Christmas and birthday presents to each other never took any other form.

They had planned to enter the same college in the city. Since they would live at home, going back and forth by train, they would still be together. Now that it had been definitely decided that Joan must go to live with Great-aunt Abby, a full hundred miles away, the significance of the separation was beginning to sink in. They felt as if they must keep a brave front, or else give up entirely to rebellious unhappiness.

"Where 've you been?" asked Jim, to break the silence which was beginning to become quite uncomfortable.

"Oh, Jim! to think that I 've always looked up to your superior intellect. I *am* disappointed! How can you carry those library books and those obviously-from-the-butter-and-eggs-store bundles and ask such a question! Where do I ever go, except downtown?" Teasingly, to hide her unhappiness, Joan chanted in the peculiar sing-song they reserved for their impromptu verse-making:

"His eyes are lovely,
His name is Jim;
He has very few brains,
But it does n't worry *him!*"

"Ungrateful wretch!" retorted Jim, grinning; "is that your return for my acting as your beast of burden? Just wait a moment till I pay you back in your own coin." And as they turned in at the gate, he chanted triumphantly:

"Her tongue is sharp,
Her name is Joan;
If she were n't our twin,
We 'd leave her alo-an;
And as for *her* brains,
They never were know-an!"

"You win," laughed Joan; and seizing her bundles, she dashed into the house to help get the belated supper.

But that evening, as they all sat in the little sitting-room, it suddenly came over Joan just how much she loved her home and how hard it was to leave it. It was an unusually cool evening at the end of August, and they had lighted a little fire in the grate to take off the chill in the room. The two younger children, ten-year-old Roger and Aline, two years older, sat on a rug before the fire, playing checkers. They were quietly absorbed in their game, but both were lively little people during the day. Pat, the shaggy Irish terrier, lay stretched out with his funny black nose on Roger's knee. Buddy, a plump little Maltese kitten, curled up sedately close to the hearth. The firelight flickered on the gold lights of Aline's short, thick hair and flushed the smooth roundness of Roger's adorably babyish face. Joan and Jim and Aunt Esther sat in the circle of light from the reading-lamp on the center-table.

Aunt Esther, in spite of her sharp tongue, had been a good mother to her brother's orphaned children. His death had come soon after that of his wife, and the responsibility of bringing up four children on a very limited income had not sweetened her disposition, though she worked untiringly for them from morning to night. She loved them sincerely, however, and wanted them to have every possible advantage in the way of education. She was knitting now, new school sweaters for the younger children, and the lovely warm crimson of the wool glowed in the lamplight.

Joan was embroidering and Jim was reading aloud. Joan was glad that they happened to be in the middle of "Pickwick Papers"; she was grateful for *Sam Weller's* delightful funniness. "If it had been 'David Copperfield,'" she thought, "or any of the sad ones, I just know I could n't help crying."

There were apples on a big plate on the side-table; and during the winter, there were always ears of popcorn in the little cupboard at the side of the chimney.

It was such a happy quiet time! Joan realized that she was often going to recall it with homesick longing; but though it took all the will-power of her seventeen years, she refused to give way to her emotions or allow her family to see the sacrifice she was making.

She kept her brave front up to the last minute, even when Jim, forgetting all the dignity of his sex and age, held on to her tight and kissed her good-by on the station platform. The next minute Joan was looking out of the train window to catch one last glimpse of his long legs as he strode away.

In Perkins Center a new life began for Joan. It was hard to get used to living alone in the quaint country-house with one quiet old lady who sat in a chair all day, after the bustle of a home where young people were running in and out, doors slamming, Pat barking excitedly, the children squabbling good-naturedly, Aunt Esther scolding (at the same moment handing out molasses cookies warm from the oven), and above all, the cheerful sound of Jim's whistle.

When Aunt Abby had written to ask that some member of the family come to keep her company, Aunt Esther had in reply invited the old lady to make her home with them. But this she had absolutely refused to do; it was simply out of the question for her to leave the old house where she had lived all her life, and her father before her. In

addition, she was so lame that the long journey would have been too taxing to her strength, and she had such a violent aversion to automobiles, that nothing could persuade her to set foot in one.

Aunt Esther's sense of duty was as strong as Great-aunt Abby's loyalty to her home. When Aunt Abby said she wanted some one of her *own* name and family to live with her, now that she was reaching her last years, Aunt Esther felt that there was nothing to do but send Joan.

But it *was* hard on Joan; and in spite of her best efforts, she had many homesick spells when the tears would come. She kept them for rainy days up in the attic while Aunt Abby was taking her daily nap, or for the long, solitary walks into the woods down at the end of Green's Meadow. Her letters to Jim were as cheerful as she could make them.

"Aunt Abby is really a dear," she wrote, "and lets me do about as I please, so long as I get meals on time and go to the post-office twice a day. And the neighbors are nice, too, only there are so few young people! Mrs. Bassett has given me two kittens—they 're black-and-white, marked exactly alike!—the twinniest kind of twins! There 's hardly any use giving them separate names, because you simply can't tell them apart. So I call them Pin and Twinpin—and, of course, I never know which is which.

"There are lovely walks around here and I wish you could see them with me. I have made friends with Mrs. Bassett's dog, a nice frisky collie, and now he always goes with me. Mrs. Bassett is so pleased that Jeremiah Ginger takes to me—she says, 'Dear Jerry has no young people to play with, and it 's so good for him to get out for walks. He needs the exercise.' And since I need the company, we 're both satisfied."

The autumn came early that year, and it was a rainy September. To Joan, it seemed as if she had never known so many dark days and such muddy roads in all her sunny life. A rainy day had never been an occasion for lamenting in the Duncan family. In the first place, if she and Jim wanted to walk, they simply put on old clothes, which was one thing they seemed never to lack, and set cheerfully out, coming back, damp and muddy, but rosy-cheeked and hungry, to a warm bath and dry clothes, with a ravenous appetite for supper. Or if they stayed indoors, there were all sorts of delightful occupations which made time fly. There were candy-pulls in the big, cheerful kitchen, or crisp popcorn balls to make: there was Jim's workshop where he was happy for hours, experimenting with electric devices or working absorbedly over a new bookcase for the upstairs den; there were romps up in the attic and old clothes to dress up in; there were comfortable corners all over the house where one could curl up with a book and an apple and forget rain and all else. There were always Jim and Aline and Roger and Pat and Buddy,—and of course, Aunt Esther,—and, more often than not, Joan's two best friends, Ellen and Jessica, or Jim's special chum, David Newcomb.

It was now the fifth rainy day in Perkins Center. Joan had finished the breakfast dishes, tidied up the already neat rooms, and planned and prepared as much of the simple noonday dinner as she could at that hour. She stood and stared bleakly out through the driving rain at the gloomy landscape. Muddy streets and wet, soggy common lay before her; the porch of the post-office across the way was entirely deserted; the houses around the common looked utterly expressionless; no one was in sight anywhere. In Perkins Center, people all stayed at home on rainy days. There was no sense, they held, in ruining one's clothes unnecessarily, and as for going out merely to walk—it simply was n't done in bad weather. Nobody had called at the house in the course of the five days, and Joan knew that it would have been considered odd for her to have called on any one. Joan had not even felt comfortable about staying out very long.

Inside the little house, it was extremely quiet; Aunt Abby was not a great talker, she sat and knitted, read the paper or the Bible, and wrote occasional letters. Just now her clicking needles made the only sound. The two kittens were curled up into one ball of fur close to the kitchen stove.

Joan gazed about her desperately. It was all right to be brave, but at that moment she was so homesick for Aunt Esther and Jim and the children and the comfortable, familiar home that it seemed to her she simply could not stand another day of this quiet and loneliness. She had sewed and cooked and cleaned, she had read and written long letters to every one she knew. Before evening of the fifth day she had used up all her occupations. She had talked to Aunt Abby, played with the kittens, tried to coax some music from the old-fashioned square piano, which had not been touched for years and was very much out of tune, and she had read until her head was tired.

"It 's not fair!" she thought miserably; "why should *I* be buried in this little hole of a place? I can't stay—I *won't* stay! I don't see why Aunt Abby could n't get a housekeeper—"

Just then, her unhappy meditations were interrupted by Aunt Abby remarking with the usual energy and emphasis characteristic of all her conversation: "You 're much too young to be cooped up with an old lady like me—I know it. But I

could n't stand those gossiping neighbors any longer—Minnie Beasly always comin' around sayin' about how queer it was not to have any of your *own* folks take a little interest in you—and talkin' about the old days, and wondering what had happened to all the Duncans! And Mis' Byers, with her long face, setting there all afternoon, sighin' and wonderin' why some of my folks did n't ask me to live with them! I 'm real sorry you had to leave home, but you 're a comfort to me now you 're here."

Joan flushed with a mixture of guilt at her own rebellious thoughts and pleasure at Aunt Abby's blunt expression of satisfaction.

"Of course, you want some one of your own folks to live with, Aunt Abby," she said, as cheerfully as she could. But she winked hard to force back the rising tears.

"This kind of weather 's not much fun for young folks," continued Aunt Abby; "not much to do in the house all day. You seem real fond of books and readin'—I bin thinkin' I guess I 'd give you the key to Nathan's sea-chest up in the attic. He was my youngest brother, and he spent all his days sailin' around to heathen countries and never would stay safe on dry land. The chest has got a heap of old books in it. Mebbe you 'll find somethin' to amuse you. You can have whatever you want in it." As she spoke, Aunt Abby rummaged in a work-box by her side and produced a large iron key, which she handed to Joan.

Joan did not feel particularly elated at the prospect of exploring a lot of dusty old books, but at least it was something to do, so she thanked her and went upstairs.

The sea-chest was a long, battered, wooden box bearing the name NATHAN DUNCAN in bold letters, a little faded, but still clear. At each end were loops of thick rope for handles, and the hasp and hinges were of heavy iron with that rough look that makes hand-wrought metal so attractive.

Joan sank down on the floor and fitted the key into the lock without much enthusiasm. As the cover swung open, she began to feel suddenly interested and hopeful. Perhaps it was, after all, a treasure-chest—who could tell what wonders from foreign lands it might not contain? Aunt Abby had said "books," but perhaps she might find, tucked away in a corner and overlooked, a mysterious Egyptian beetle or a piece of shimmering silk from India or some carved ivory from Japan.

Her first glance, however, showed nothing but books, seemingly packed solid. The curious smell of old leather and dusty, yellowed paper had mingled with it something foreign, which she could not place. She sniffed vigorously—it seemed to be a hint of warm spice and of sandalwood and the pungent odor of marline! Visions of coral islands in the tranquil blue of the far Pacific, green palm-trees and vivid birds, the hot, tropic sun blazing on yellow sands rose in her imagination—it was a very satisfying smell, Joan decided, and one that promised interesting and romantic developments.

But alas, poor Joan! The only romantic thing about the sea-chest was its alluring odor, and when the last book was out, she had not found so much as a single sprig of coral! The books were not even interesting enough to compensate for her trouble, at least so far as she could see from her first examination, since most of them pertained to such subjects as astronomy, navigation, and history. Altogether, Joan felt herself defrauded, and she wrote to Jim that day, "Can you imagine anything more disappointing? Any self-respecting sea-chest would have had something left in it to make it worthy of the name. It did smell so promising, too. I was quite prepared to find a secret compartment with the ruby necklace which once belonged to a beautiful Indian princess, or a map showing where they had buried vast treasure in one of the cannibal islands, or—but why go on! The rain was pattering on the roof; it was a dusty old attic in an old house; and there was a sea-chest which had traveled around the world! Now I ask you, Jim, in any story you ever read, would n't the fair heroine (fair being purely figurative—I know my hair is dark!) find something romantic? I tried to make Aunt Abby tell me about Uncle Nathan, but she said there was nothing romantic about him; he had no use for pretty things, and never brought them home from foreign lands when he was on his voyages. All his other personal belongings were either given away or destroyed by himself before he died, except the books.

"It 's an awful blow to me—sea-captains ought always to leave a few interesting relics just specially to put up in old attics for their grandnieces to find! To change the subject, I had a long letter from Ellen saying she and Jessica have been making curtains for their room at college and have their courses of study all picked out. Think how near the time is—only two more weeks before college begins! Of course, it would be lots of fun to live over there in one of the dormitories, but I 'd rather be going back and forth with you, Jim."

Joan paused and swallowed hard. "Look out, old dear," she cautioned herself, "no use spoiling Jim's fun." She ended the letter with an amusing description of Jeremiah Ginger's visit, and how the kittens had not been at all afraid of him, but had insisted upon playing with him, and how Jeremiah Ginger had acted very much bored by their attentions, but that she felt sure he was secretly flattered.

But the letter which Joan raced over to the little post-office to get into the first mail the next morning was quite different in tone from her disappointed account of the sea-chest's prosaic contents.

"Oh, Jim! I 'm so excited I can hardly write. I think the sea-chest is going to turn into a treasure-chest after all! If everything turns out right, I 'll get what I want most in the world right now. I 'll let you know just as soon as I 'm sure; it will probably take several days. Meantime, Jeremiah Ginger and I are going off for long walks, and when we get out in the country where there is n't a house for miles, we 're going to run and sing—and bark—like mad!"

The next few days Joan haunted the post-office. She was always on hand, waiting impatiently for Miss Jenny Evans, the post-mistress, to sort out the mail. Miss Jenny found this very trying! She declared it made her quite nervous to have "that fidgety girl" watching her every move through the grated window.

Four days after the rainy one on which Joan had explored the contents of the sea-chest, she set out as usual to be present at the distribution of the morning mail. It was a perfect autumn day of bright warm sunshine; the air was crisp, but not cold; against the vivid blue of the sky, the maples on the little common flamed out in their gorgeous red-and-yellow foliage. Joan took a deep breath as she glanced about at this happy world—to-day its cheerful, riotous colors and the fresh breeze on her face reflected her hopeful mood. At the gate, Jeremiah Ginger leaped up at her in excited welcome, barking rapidly his joy at seeing her again. Glancing back as she started to cross the street, Joan saw the two fat little furry kittens standing at the gate watching her with wide round eyes. They looked so solemn and so irresistibly funny that she burst out laughing.

Somehow she felt that on such a perfect day something pleasant must happen, and she could hardly conceal her impatience when Miss Jenny stopped in the middle of sorting the mail to puzzle out a particularly involved address. But all things come to an end at last. And even Miss Jenny's slow fingers finally reached the bottom of the little pile of letters. And lo! the last two were for Joan, one from Jim and the other addressed to Aunt Abby. Much as she loved to get Jim's letters, it was on the other letter that Joan's thoughts and hopes hung that morning.

"Here it is, Aunt Abby!" she exclaimed, bursting into the quiet room where the old lady sat knitting. Aunt Abby adjusted her spectacles, took the letter, examined the address carefully, and smiled grimly.

"Humph!" she said. "Well, I hardly expected we 'd get an answer, but I guess once a body settles in Stayville, Ohio, they *stay!*" She opened the letter while Joan sat on the edge of her chair and clenched her teeth to keep from giving voice to her excitement and impatience.

Then the old lady read deliberately:

"Dear Cousin Abby: To think of you finding a letter of mine in that old book of Cousin Nathan's! I was very much surprised to hear from you. I came here eighteen years ago with my baby, after Nathan told me that my husband was drowned in the China Sea. My husband's mother was all alone and wanted me. Both of my sisters had married and gone out West, so when my mother-in-law died I stayed right here. That was twelve years ago, and I have worked to make the small income she left cover my living and help educate my boy, who is now ready to go to college. He plans mostly to work his way through. I have talked the matter over with him, and we both feel your invitation to me to come and share your home is nothing short of a miracle of good fortune. Walter has wanted all along to go to an eastern university, but did not like to go so far away from me. If I could keep house for you, it would solve the problem. Of course, he would live at the university, and if you did not object to his being with me occasionally for the short vacations, I shall be only too glad to come East immediately. It will be so nice to have a home once more with some one of my own folks.

"Gratefully yours,
"Meta Duncan Wright."

"Oh, Aunt Abby, is n't it great!" burst out Joan, her eyes shining excitedly! "and you 'll have a real Duncan, too. You did n't know she had a son, did you?"

"No," answered Aunt Abby, in her usual abrupt way, but there was a gleam of satisfaction and pleasure in her eyes. "And now you can go back as soon as she comes and live like you should with young folks and go to school some more, though land knows what you need any more high-fangled learnin' for! We did n't go to college in *my* days."

Joan did n't stop to argue the matter with the old lady; she hurried to write the good news to Jim:

Oh, Jimsy-jim, I 'm really coming home and I 'm going to college and all, and all! When I went to put back the books in Uncle Nathan's chest, one of them fell down and an old letter dropped out of the leaves. I took it to Aunt Abby, and she discovered it was from a niece of hers whose husband had been on Uncle Nathan's ship with him. She told Uncle Nathan in it that she was going to Stayville, Ohio, but he died right after her letter came, and no one ever knew where she had gone, or else they forgot about it. And she is coming to live with Aunt Abby, and that means I can come home again. Blessings on the old sea-chest! Aunt Abby has given it to me, and I 'm going to bring it home, and we 'll have it in the den and keep our most cherished possessions in it.

Ten days later, Joan and a tall thin boy with mischievous blue eyes stepped off the train and

were immediately surrounded by an eager group talking and barking—Jim, Roger, Aline and Pat were all at the station to meet her.

"This is our new cousin, Walter Wright," explained Joan, after the first excited greetings were over; "he 's going to live with us and go to college too!"

"Good!" exclaimed Jim, heartily; "what else did you get out of that unromatic sea-chest?"

"Unromantic indeed!" retorted Joan, "it turned out that several of the books were really very old and valuable, and Aunt Abby is going to sell them and give me the money for college. She insists that everything I can get out of the sea-chest is to be mine. But the best thing of all is being home in time to begin college with you. Oh, Jimsy!" she said taking his arm as they all started for home, Roger and Aline in charge of Walter, "I 'm the luckiest girl in the world—"

"Well," said Jim, "you went like a trump, and never yipped when you hated to leave. All I can say is you deserve all the good luck that 's coming to you."



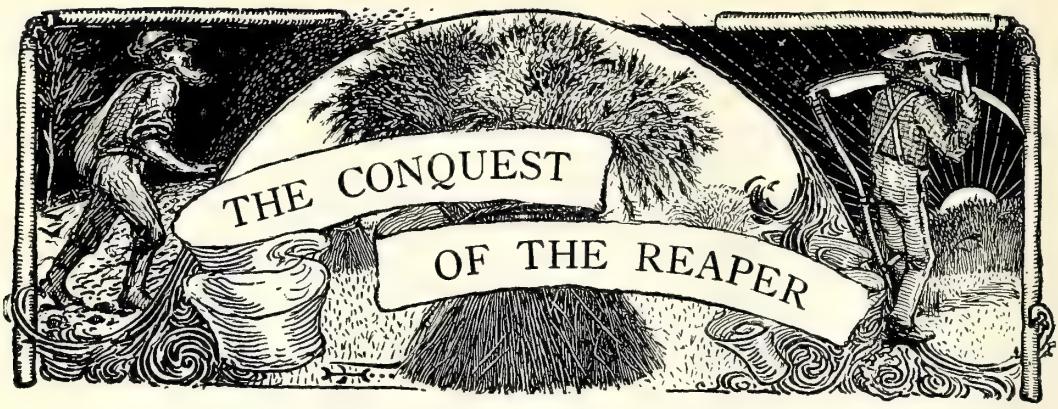
"THEY WERE IMMEDIATELY SURROUNDED BY AN EAGER GROUP TALKING AND BARKING"

Joan squeezed his arm and, with happy eyes, she looked up and chanted:

"A girl named Joan
Had a brother named Jim—"

She paused, and Jim, with scarcely a moment's hesitation, added

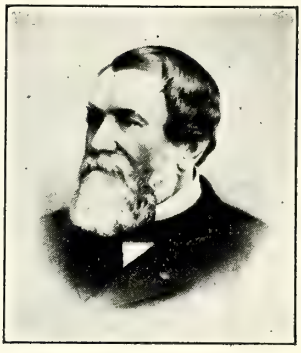
"Who said that his sister
Was good enough for him!"



By MARY R. PARKMAN

Author of "Heroes of To-day," "Heroines of Service," etc.

"It is strange that after all the years that have passed over the world since men began to plant wheat they still gather in the harvests slowly and painfully by hand—much as they did in Bible times," said a hard-working Virginia farmer one day. He was speaking aloud a thought that had come to him more than once, and for Robert McCormick to think meant to act. He could think even when he was swinging a heavy cradle under a July sun, when most harvesters were conscious of nothing but aching backs and addled brains. And in a log workshop that stood near the farm-house, he worked away on every rainy day as industriously as ever he made hay when the sun shone. Here there was a forge, an anvil, and a carpenter's bench, and here he put together much of the furniture that made the home comfortable, as well as tools and machines for making the farm work easier.



CYRUS HALL McCORMICK

"It will, perhaps, be a farmer who invents some better way of getting in the wheat than by sickle or cradle," he said to himself, over and over. "And what if it should happen that Robert McCormick is that farmer!" So he set himself to the task of making something to lighten the labor of the next harvest-time.

"What is that funny thing for?" asked his little son Cyrus, who stood in the door of the workshop one day looking with wide eyes at the queer, big machine his father was making. "What are you putting all those sickles on sticks for?"

"It 's to cut wheat, my boy," said the father, "if I can only make it work. When our horses pull it along, it should cut as much grain as several men, without getting a crick in its back or having to stop to mop its brow and drink cider."

The boy liked to see the lively twinkle that came into his father's eyes when he was happy over an idea. It must indeed be jolly to know how to make what you wanted, and nothing could be better fun than to discover new ways of doing things. He, too, would learn the cunning of tools. So on the days when his father worked over his reaper, Cyrus stayed near by, watching and keeping up a *rap-a-tap* of his own with hammer and nails.

There were, it seemed, many difficulties in the way of getting a machine reaper to do its work as it should. The whirling rods whose task it was to whip the wheat up against the line of waiting sickles found the wiry, bending grain unexpectedly obstinate. It got so twisted and tangled and bunched that the machine was choked and the sickles helpless. If only the wheat could be depended on to grow straight and even, till the great moment of the harvest! If it were never wet or bent to earth by storms—if the ground itself were free from bumps and hollows!

"You 'll find that there is nothing yet to take the place of honest toil, Friend McCormick," said the neighboring farmers, winking at each other slyly with a solemn relish.

"I don't look to see the day when work will be out of date," replied Robert McCormick, quietly. "But I do hope that the day is not far off when we shall be able to do more things—to get more that is worth while by the sweat of the brow!"

He did not give up trying to make a machine that would reap his grain, but he worked and experimented within his workshop, where no one but those of his own family knew of his attempts and his failures.

That farm between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany mountains was at once a home and an independent community. The wool of their own sheep was spun into yarn and woven into cloth for their winter clothes and blankets. Shoes were cobbled there, too, and stockings, caps, and mufflers were knitted in odd moments. There were days when soap was boiled, candles molded, meat cured, and the various kindly fruits of the earth dried and preserved. To have been a child in that home was in itself a practical education. Cyrus's mother may never have heard that the ideal training for a child is that where head, heart, and hand have chance for free and natural exercise, but she acted as if she had.

Mrs. McCormick, too, believed in hard work, but she was never too busy with her own affairs to do a good turn for a friend. Happening along one day when some neighbors were hurrying to save some hay from an approaching storm, she tied her horse and seized a rake, saying, "If we don't make haste, the rain will beat us." There were no dull days to one of her ambition and power of enjoyment; each hour was full of rich possibilities.

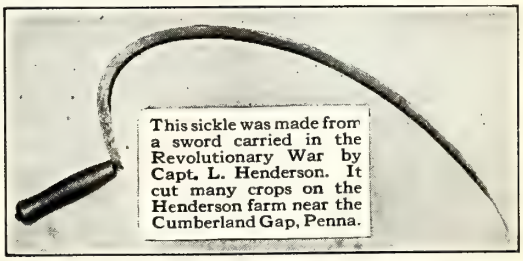
Not Robert McCormick, but Cyrus, the son of this wise, progressive father and an energetic, ambitious mother, was destined to give the world the first successful harvesting machine.

But if conditions in the past explain a man's power, his present circumstances mark his opportunity. The thousands of hardy pioneers who had marched westward taking up the limitless, fertile lands that the Louisiana Purchase brought to the newly formed nation, found their farming with plows, sickles, and scythes a life-destroying round of drudgery for a bare subsistence. Is it any wonder that many of them dropped sowing and harvesting to push still further westward for adventure and for gold? Is it any wonder that the hard struggle for a poor living in a rich, unworked country sharpened the wits of the workers and led them to seek out ways of saving labor? The industrial revolution to win freedom from the tyranny of toil followed the political revolution. Machines for spinning and weaving came into being. The steel plow came, the cradle succeeded the sickle, and still the fields of grain cried out for a better way of gathering in the harvest. Many had tried to devise some sort of a reaper. Cyrus McCormick, who made the machine that stood the test and won success, was the forty-seventh inventor of a harvester.

"I began to work on my reaper when I was a boy sitting on a slab bench in the 'Old Field School,' looking at the daylight through the window that was just a gap where an upper log had been cut away," he said. "I had borne the heat and burden of the long summer days in the wheat-fields, and I knew what work meant. As I sat in my father's workshop, watching him struggle with his reaper, I whittled a smaller cradle that would not be so back-breaking to swing as the one that had fallen to my lot, and my thoughts flew faster than the flying chips. The reaper *must* win out."

The "Old Field School" got its name because it was built on one of those stretches of land which had been starved and overworked by the wasteful farming of single crops that took all and gave nothing back to the soil, so the very spot where the boy was sent to learn spelling and arithmetic was an object lesson.

Cyrus McCormick decided to study surveying, showing his inventive turn here by cleverly fashioning the quadrant that he was to use. "I



This sickle was made from a sword carried in the Revolutionary War by Capt. L. Henderson. It cut many crops on the Henderson farm near the Cumberland Gap, Penna.

shall be ready to mark out the new fields that your reaper will conquer one of these days," he said to his father.

But after fifteen years of effort, Robert McCormick gave up the struggle. The reaper promised well, and it did cut the grain—but only to toss it about in a tangled mass.

"Not much gained after all the planning and contriving!" said the father, ruefully.

"It *is* good, and I shall make it my business to prove it," vowed Cyrus.

He believed in the reaper as he believed in his father; and for the sake of both, he mightily resolved to carry on the work to the day of success. So he began where his father left off. The reaper must be something more than a powerful mowing-machine. It must meet the practical problem of dealing with the grain as it stood in the field—it must divide it systematically for the cutting and handle it properly when cut.

Look now at the model of the first machine that cut real wheat in a real field. Remember that forty-six other inventors had struggled without success for the same end. All of them had failed to deliver the grain in a way to make their inventions a practical saving of time and labor. Cyrus McCormick's reaper had at the end of its knife a curved arm, or divider, to separate from the rest the grain about to be cut, and a row of fingers at the edge of the blade to hold it firmly in position. The knife not only pushed forward as the horses

drew the machine over the field, but it also gave a side sweep, so that none of the grain was left uncut, but it all fell on a platform from which it was raked by a man who followed the harvester.

The practical economy of this was shown first in the way the shafts were placed on the off side, so that the machine could be pulled, not pushed, the horses walking over the stubble while the cutter ran its broad swath through the bordering grain; and second, in the way the big driving-wheel that turned the reaping-blade also carried the weight of the machine. Compared with the complete harvesters that we know to-day, this was indeed an uncouth, clattering, loose-jointed contrivance—but it worked! Drawn by two horses, it cut six acres of oats in one afternoon, the work of six laborers with scythes. It was as if Hercules had appeared to add to his great labors a still greater work.

Nowhere was help needed as it was in the harvest-fields, for grain must be cut when it is ripe. All that cannot be reaped in a few days is spoiled. A farmer might plant his wheat; the fields might laugh with the golden plenty; but if there were not laborers enough at the right moment, there could be no bread.

The short reaping season also made a special difficulty for the inventor. So short a time was there for putting his machine to the test; so long a time to wait before fresh fields of waving grain made another trial possible!

There were, as we have seen, difficulties enough in the way of making a machine to cut grain; but there was a harder task than that of cutting wet wheat in a bumpy, hillocky field—the obstinate prejudice of ignorant men who feared anything that spelled change.

Look at Cyrus McCormick when he brought his machine for a public exhibition near Lexington, in 1831. There were as many as a hundred interested or curious spectators—lawyers and politicians eager to see a new thing, farmers with excited, doubting faces, and sullen laborers who feared that this monster might steal their bread.



AN OLD LITHOGRAPH WHICH DEPICTS THE TESTING OF THE FIRST REAPER, NEAR STEELE'S TAVERN, VA., JULY 25, 1831

Young McCormick's strong, serious face was pale, but determined. He did not wince even when his reaper side-stepped at a particularly ugly hump in the hilly field.

"Here, here, young man!" cried the owner of the field. "That 's enough now! Stop your horses! Can't you see that you are ruining my wheat?"

The red-faced farm-hands were no longer tongue-tied. "Any one might know it was all humbug!" rumbled one.

"We 'll keep to the good old cradle yet, eh, boys?" jeered another. A group of pickaninnies, teeth agleam with mirth, chuckled and turned handsprings of delight.



BINDERS, EQUIPPED WITH GRAIN SHOCKERS AND PULLED BY 10-20 HORSEPOWER TRACTORS

Cyrus McCormick looked about at men and boys, calloused and bent by toil that yielded them less than a nickel an hour through long days of twelve and fourteen hours. "We are all slaves to the things we know and are used to," he said to himself. "I shall have to go slow—but I 'll be sure." Farmers and laborers, no more than the jovial negro boys, dreamed that the thing they feared and ridiculed would prove the great bread-giver that was destined to set them all free.

At just the moment, however, when Cyrus McCormick was resigning himself to defeat, a champion came to the rescue.

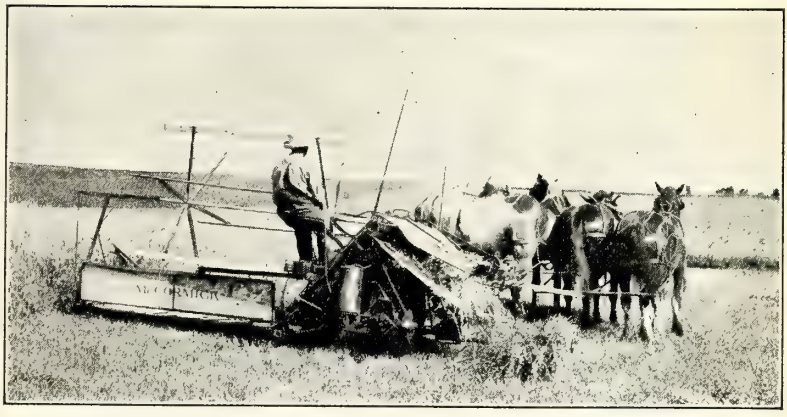
"You shall have the chance you are after," said a man who had been watching McCormick and his machine narrowly. "Just pull down that fence over there and see what you can do in *my* field."

Here was new hope and fairly level ground. The inventor drove gratefully to the test and laid low six acres of wheat before sundown. He had made good! The conquering reaper was driven in triumph into Lexington, where it was put on exhibition in front of the court-house.

"That machine is worth a hundred thousand dollars!" declared a learned professor of a finishing school for young ladies, with solemn emphasis. But young McCormick knew it would prove nothing more than a fortnight's wonder unless he could first make machines and then make farmers buy them. The inventor would have to turn manufacturer and promoter. And if Cyrus McCormick had not been an inspired man of business as well as an inventor, the reaper would probably have shared the fate of the forty-six other attempts at constructing a harvesting machine.

For several years he worked on—farming to earn his bread and the chance to go on studying how his reaper would behave under various conditions. A happy day came when a new sort of cutting edge handled wet grain almost as well as the dry. The future looked really bright when, in 1842, after ten years of toil in his father's little log workshop, without encouragement and without capital, he succeeded in selling reapers to seven farmers who were interested to the extent of one hundred dollars each.

The great day of the reaper really dawned, however, when it first saw the prairies. Here, on the vast fertile plains of the Middle West, the harvests so far outstripped the power of the harvesters that the cattle were allowed to feed in the wheat-fields that the farmers were unable to cut. When Cyrus McCormick saw the Illinois prairies at harvest-time—saw men, women, and little children toiling frantically to save as much of the wheat as possible during the short time of crop-gathering before the heads of grain were broken down and spoiled—he knew that the hour had come for him to leave his log workshop.



FOUR-"HORSEPOWER" GRAIN BINDER WHICH CUTS A SWATH EIGHT FEET WIDE

"I must make my reapers myself to be sure that they are made right," he said, "and I must pick out the right place for getting material and shipping the machines through the West."

There were anxious hours spent in studying the map for the most favorable spot on the waterway of the Great Lakes. The hour of the inventor's destiny had indeed struck when he selected Chicago as the site of his future factory. It certainly took faith and imagination to see in the rude little collection of unpainted cabins huddled together on a dismal, swampy tract, without sewers, paved streets, or railroads, the place of opportunity for a big business. But as Cyrus McCormick had seen in vision his machine triumphantly gathering up for the use of man harvests that would vanquish the fear of famine and give daily bread to thousands that should people the vast lands of the untouched West, he now saw a great city rise in the place of this dreary, little frontier settlement.

The story of the success of McCormick through the building up of his business was now one with the story of the prosperity of the prairie States and the growth of Chicago as a leading railway and shipping center and mistress of the wheat markets of the world. Year by year, as the country grew and the task of reaping harvests for ever-increasing hordes of hungry peoples from many lands who came seeking bread in the generous new States, the power of the reaper grew. Other inventors added to its strength. It was a proud day when the self-raking, self-binding machine passed over the great wheat-fields, one driver on the high seat replacing a score of sweating farm-hands that the old method of farming had employed.

To-day, every child who has been to the country thinks the brisk self-binders and the great community threshing-machines as natural a part of the farm world as the sheep and the cows. He sees a huge tractor, fed by oil or gasolene, pull plows, harrows, harvesters, and threshers; or sometimes a dauntless little motor-car gaily leading now one and now another sort of planting or cultivating machine along the furrows. None of these things seems strange or particularly remarkable. To him the miracle will be seen in that first rude reaper put together by Cyrus McCormick in the little log workshop among the Virginia hills.

THE FLAWLESS AIR FLEET

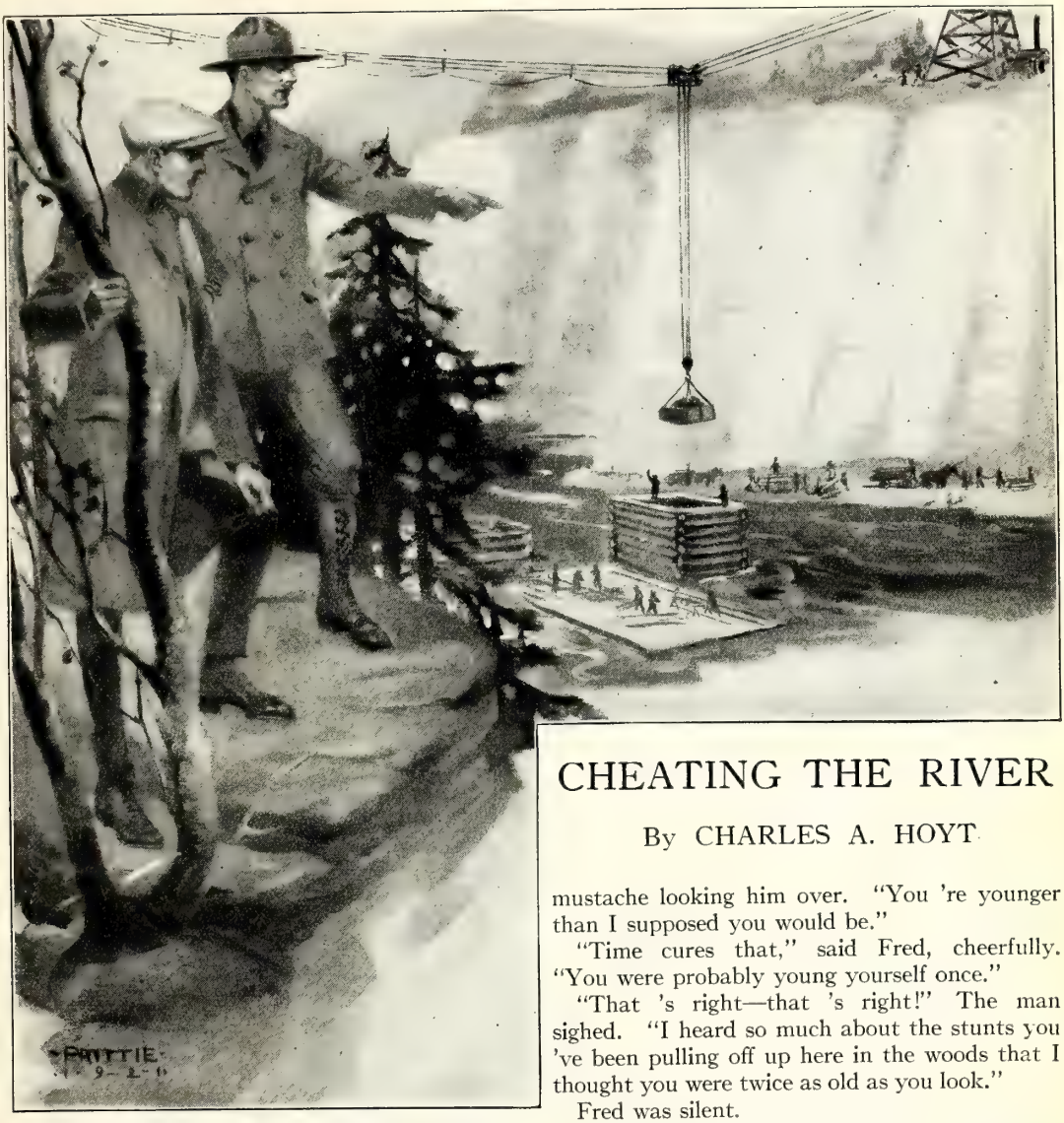
TACKING, spiraling, "zooming"—oh, 't is a marvelous fleet
Of flawless, tireless airships, beautiful, swift, and sure,
That I watch from the farm-house windows, drawn by such shining lure,
Nonchalant swoopings and swervings, over the waves of the wheat!

Never an exquisite wing that fails, when put to the test;
Never a throbbing engine unequal to the strain;
Never a sensitive steering-gear that does not answer the brain
Guiding its evolutions with imperious behest!

Dusky glowing purple and ruddy golden gleams
Smolder and sparkle and shine, as they turn in their flashing flight;
There—it is over now, with the chill of coming night—
Home to their sheltering hangar, 'mid the old barn's shadowy beams!

Minnie Leona Upton.





"THAT IS THE WILDEST BIT OF WATER I EVER TACKLED" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

CHEATING THE RIVER

By CHARLES A. HOYT

FAR back in the mountains of northern Vermont, a certain river breaks through a range of hills, with several miles of rough rapids between towering walls of granite. A tangle of rigging loomed high on a cliff, a hundred feet above the water.

Fred Bowers, the handy-man of the village electric plant, ten miles down the river, stood looking over the network of wire ropes, the gangs of men and the rafts on the river below, as they lowered something that looked like a log house down to the white-capped, racing flood.

"So you 're the man, are you?" said a voice behind him.

He turned to see a short man with a bristly mustache looking him over. "You 're younger than I supposed you would be."

"Time cures that," said Fred, cheerfully. "You were probably young yourself once."

"That 's right—that 's right!" The man sighed. "I heard so much about the stunts you 've been pulling off up here in the woods that I thought you were twice as old as you look."

Fred was silent.

"I 'd never have tackled this job," said the man "if I 'd known my old foreman was going to quit; but I 'm in it and I 've got to get out. We 're going to build the dam right through between these two shoulders of rock."

"Good place," commented Fred. "Looks as if it would hold."

"Best place on the river," said the contractor, whose name was Dahlgren. "And we 're going to build a coffer-dam—a sort of temporary dam—around one half of the site of the dam, and let the river run in one half of the channel while we get the foundation in and half the dam built up above high-water mark."

He ran away, waving his arms, and put in a lively half-hour while the men were anchoring the

log house a short distance from the shore. Then he came back.

"That crib out there,—or log house,—is the first one of a line I 'm going to string clear around the first half of the dam."

A shout behind, "Overhead! Overhead!" and Dahlgren ran to one side, pulling Fred with him.

"That 's the rock we 're going to fill it with," said he, as a skip-load ran out on the great cable over their heads, paused a moment, then, at a signal from a man near them, dropped like a plummet into the plunging log crib. "We fill each of those cribs with rock and sink them about twenty feet apart. Then we lay logs lengthwise around the outside and run long, matched deck-planks up and down all the way around, with sand-bags—hundreds of them—piled on the toe at the bottom; then we pump out the inside."

"Sounds easy," said Fred.

Dahlgren frowned at the white caps in the river. "Yes, it sounds easy. But this is the wildest bit of water I ever tackled. That bottom is full of pot-holes, apparently."

"I know it is," said Fred. "I 've been fishing up here in low water lots of times. It 's nothing but deep holes, some of them twenty feet deep where the rock is washed out in great pockets, like. Some are full of gravel and some are empty."

"I thought so," Dahlgren nodded. "No two soundings are alike. Now, we want to get the first half of the dam built with portals under it—big arches, with steel gates on the upper side, big enough to carry the river in low water. Then we 'll dam the other half, and get that half done before winter, then let next spring's flood run over the top of the whole thing, and finish the job before the next winter sets in."

Fred drew a long breath and looked around.

"Quite a program. I think you 'll do it all right, though. What do you want of me? I don't know very much about dams."

"I 've got to have a man that does n't get scared and quit; one that can think and think quick. We 're going to work day and night—three shifts. I need a foreman for one of the owl shifts, from midnight till eight in the morning."

A few days later, Fred's father was outside, taking care of the repair work, with a new man running the plant. Fred was on the owl shift, helping build the big dam.

It was to be a barrier closing the river between two shoulders of rock at the White Horse Rapids. A big lake over farms on the river flat would be created, storing water enough to carry the plant over the driest times in the summer.

The job had to be driven with furious haste in order to complete the program mapped out. From daylight until dark, the lumbermen cut and hauled in logs for the thirty cribs that were to encircle the area which was to be pumped dry.

Other men built the cribs, big square affairs, that were to stand the tremendous pressure of the river. As fast as they were built, they were placed and filled with rock. Two overhead cable-ways, sometimes called blondins, spanned the river, each capable of lifting ten tons, dead weight. These great structures were a new thing to Fred and he studied them with interest.

Two heavy wire cables, two and a half inches in diameter, spanned the river and were fastened to high towers on each side. These towers traveled on tracks placed parallel to the river, in order that the rope might be placed over any desired point on the river-bed below.

The lifting was done by a contrivance driven by a hoisting-engine placed on the tower. This was called the carriage, and could be sent to any point on the cable with a load; then the load could be lowered, or anything picked up from the depths, by the same means.

Fred went down to the water's edge in the gorge to have a closer look at the river. He was appalled by what he saw. The spring flood was on the wane, but even then a terrific volume of water was surging through the narrow portal. Great waves, some of them ten feet high, raged and tore at the cribs, which were being filled with tons of boulders; but the heavy guy-ropes anchored to the ledge on each side held them firmly; and when completely filled with rock, they held securely in place.

"How long will it take to get the coffer-dam in?" Fred asked Dahlgren, who paused in passing.

"Just three weeks is the time allowed for that. Everything is scheduled—just so much time for each part of the job."

"It 's those pot-holes that make the water so rough, is n't it?" said Fred. "The rough bottom just throws it to beat all."

"Rough or not, the whole thing has to be in in three weeks, rain or shine."

The ensuing three weeks were the most strenuous Fred ever passed through. Every night at twelve he stood ready, with eighty men, to take the place of the crew that went off duty. Flaring electric lights swung on wires everywhere. Some nights it rained and the wind blew, but they worked steadily on. Every morning they handed over their tasks to another crew, the rivalry between the three shifts being keen.

Finally, the great fence was in place and three rotary, engine-driven pumps started just at dark to empty the space enclosed by the coffer-dam. Dozens of men were dumping sacks filled with sand around the outside to plug up the holes at the lower end of the deck-planks.

"I don't like the looks of the weather," muttered Dahlgren, as flashes of lightning flared in the heavens to the eastward. "A rain right now would rip us up good and plenty. All we need is a couple of days to get our sand-bags and gravel banked up good on the upstream side of the coffer-dam; but high water now may push over the whole business."

"All we can do is to speed up and do the job before high-water gets here," said Fred, who was usually on the job sixteen hours a day. "If you say so, I 'll roust out my crew and we 'll work all three shifts at once."

"I guess you 'd better," said Dahlgren, as a heavy peal of thunder shook the ground. "Tell Austin to turn out with his gang as soon as they have had supper."

Fred made the rounds of the bunk-houses and dining-halls, and inside of an hour, three hundred men were rushing with sand-bags to fortify the three sides of the dam.

The rain started about an hour after dark, but not a man fell out of the ranks. The swaying arc-lights threw dancing shadows into the swirling water, lighted up the dripping figures that ran back and forth dumping their loads into the sullen waters, that swallowed them up and gave no sign whether or not the labor was in vain.

Two hours passed and the river began to rise. It crept up over the runways which the men had placed close to the water; they drew them higher and kept on dumping in sand-bags. The pumps were throwing great geysers of water over the barrier, and as soon as the water was drawn down enough, Dahlgren waded around inside with a torch, watching to see where the water came in, while scores of men dumped sacks on the outside.

"I 'm having an awful time getting sand enough," reported Austin. "The river has come over the sand-flats up-stream, and on the last trips the teams made along the shore the water was knee-deep."

"No sand!" said Dahlgren, horror-stricken.



"THE SKIP SWUNG DANGEROUSLY BUT THE MEN CLUNG TIGHTLY AND THRUST THE NOZZLE OF THE STIFF HOSE STRAIGHT DOWN INTO THE WATER" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"We 've got to have it! The water is within two feet of the top and forcing its way in in a dozen places. The pumps are losing ground now!"

A dripping man leaned over the bulwark over their heads:

"Mr. Dahlgren! We 've been fishing around outside here and the water has washed away a lot of the sand-bags we 've been dumping in."

"It has!" Dahlgren climbed up on the dam.

"Quick here! Rock and sand-bags everybody! Feel the whole business tremble, will you?"

They quickly moved the great towers until the blondin ropes were over the threatened portion, and quickly dumped in loads of rock, but no sand or gravel was to be had.

"We can't do any more," said Austin; "my crew is ready to quit. All we can do now is to let it fill, then wait till the water goes down."

"If I know anything about it, there won't be any dam here by morning unless we bank this upstream side with tons of rock and sand!" said Dahlgren, wildly, running back and forth. "Sand-bags! Hurry up! Sand-bags!"

The men only stood and looked at him. He stopped, gazing moodily into the water. Sheets of rain, flung by the wind, swept down the gorge. The crew, ducking their heads, edged toward the shore. If the dam was to go, the shore was the best place to be.

Fred stepped to Dahlgren's side and talked earnestly a few minutes. The latter shook his head impatiently.

"It 's the last chance," urged Fred, insistently. "If I fail, you don't lose anything."

"All right," said the contractor, with a despairing gesture; "give it a try."

Fred rushed after his crew and shouted orders rapidly. They gazed at him as if he were crazy. "Bring down the big hose from the storehouse!" he shouted. "Raise steam in the spare boilers! Shut off two of the pumps and speed up the other, the big one, as fast as you dare to!"

Fifty men came with a six-inch armored hose about two hundred feet long. By the time they had attached to the discharge end of the big rotary-pump, one of the blondins was waiting with an empty stone-skip. Fred climbed in quickly with eight men.

"Now, boys, just run the two towers up the river and lower this skip till it is just above the water. We 'll take this hose with us. When we give the signal, start the pump and drive her just as fast as you dare to and not tear the lining out of her. Now then!"

The skip moved slowly above the racing river. The signal-men, on the brink of the gorge far above, watched intently. Just before the towers reached the end of the rails, they signaled with their lanterns to stop; the engineer on the pump turned on the steam.

Instantly the great hose began to stiffen and writhe as the water-pressure straightened it out. The skip, at the end of the long wire ropes of the blondin, swung dangerously, but they clung tightly and thrust the nozzle of the stiff hose straight down into the water.

"What kind of a kid performance is that?" asked Austin, angrily, of Dahlgren. "Pumping water down into the water!"

Dahlgren said nothing, but ran to the battery of boilers on the bank, and, there being plenty of steam, started the other two pumps and began to lower the water inside the coffer-dam again.

The writhing of the hose under pressure, aided by the threshing wind that roared down the notch, swung the skip in a wide arc, as far as the ropes that held it would let it go. The water boiled like a caldron. Dahlgren ran back and scooped up a handful of the dirty water which raced by the dam. His tired and worried-looking face burst into smiles.

"Stick to it, old boy!" he shouted through cupped hands. "It 's coming all right! Hang to it!"

"I 'm goin' to bed!" snorted Austin; "come on, boys. This is like dipping the ocean dry with a teaspoon."

Dahlgren, hanging first over the edge of the dam watching the slowly receding water inside, then turning to dip up handfuls of muddy water from the river, did n't notice the departure of his other foreman.

All night long they fired the boilers under forced draft, and pumped water into the bottom of the river. All night the rain poured and the wind blew great guns, but the little band hung doggedly to the great hose, while the skip swung sickeningly back and forth.

When the dawn broke, the river was within six inches of the top of the barrier but the bottom inside was bare in places and they were able to stop one pump. Drawing the skip back, they helped the stiffened and weary men up the bank. The blondins were rattling in rocks by the wagon-load as they staggered wearily into the bunk-house.

"I 'm so dizzy!" said Fred, vaguely. "That skip swung round and round so I can hardly stand."

"How much did it amount to?" sniffed Austin. "What were you trying to do, anyway?"

"Did n't amount to much of anything," Fred heard Dahlgren say. "That jet of water, with the nozzle digging into the bottom of the river, just stirred up several hundred tons of gravel out of those pot-holes up above the dam. It washed a bank of it about ten feet deep the whole length of the upstream side—plugged every hole tight as a drum. Hustle your crew out and get busy holding what we 've cheated the river out of. Pile in rubble-stone for all you 're worth, and keep the current from wearing away that reef of gravel—"

But Fred was lying across his bunk, asleep in his wet clothes, and heard no more.

The "No-Hit" Game

By J. RAYMOND ELDERDICE
ILLUSTRATED BY
VICTOR PERARD



BILLY DWYER, star pitcher and sensational left-fielder of the Bannister School baseball team, dashing into the locker-room of the gymnasium, found his team-mates already donning uniforms and spikes for the big game. A Babel of voices and the odor of witch-hazel and arnica greeted the youth. There was a rattle of bats on the cement floor, and excited athletes were pawing the air wildly, drawing sweaters over their heads. Old Marcus Aurelius Jackson, the trainer, was busily massaging a "charley-horse" from the arm of shrieking, protesting "Fats" Emory, the big catcher. Narcissus McBride, second baseman, amid the loud jeers of his comrades, was taking his customary shower-bath before the game, while little Buddy Walton, Billy's room-mate, fussed angrily at a knotted shoe-string. The athletic senior grinned at the turmoil.

"Hello, fellows—ready for the fight?" he called, diving for his locker, "I want one hundred per cent. support from you future big-leaguers this afternoon! Of course, our slogan is always, 'Bannister School first'; but please remember that it 's Billy Dwyer's last game for the gold-and-green,—his last chance to pitch for old Bannister, —and that his dad, once a great ball-player for this school, is going to be in the stand to see his son perform. Now, is n't that enough to make a fellow determined to pitch a regular Christy Mathewson game? The old whip is in first-class condition, and, well—just back me up, and the gold-and-green will be state inter-scholastic baseball champions when the sun goes down!"

Whistling happily, Billy sat on the bench before his locker and commenced to disrobe, pulling his baseball togs out on the floor. The end of his locker row was at an open window, and the senior thrilled as he heard the enthusiastic Bannister boys, jamming the gold-and-green section of the stands of Bannister Field, roaring with fervor their famous old "Marching Through Marston" song, ending by spelling out, with an increasing din on each letter, their old rival's name. The stands were filling rapidly; directly across from each other the frenzied rooters and supporters of each team yelled, cheered, and sang; a blaring student band inspired the Marston red-and-black, while string-bean cheer-leaders, clad in white and waving big megaphones, leaped wildly about before the gold-and-green, inciting the students to noisy clamor.

"My last game for old Bannister!" murmured Billy Dwyer, a mist before his eyes as he gazed at the familiar scene on which he now looked for the last time as a member of the gold-and-green team. "And Dad in the stand to see me step into the box and fight for the school, as *he* used to do years ago—why, I 've *got* to win to-day, and I 'll pitch my arm off to do it, for Dad and Bannister School!"

In this joyous mood, occupied by thoughts of the coming contest, Billy Dwyer had failed to notice the atmosphere of the gym locker-room upon his arrival; he had not seen the glances exchanged by his team-mates, nor remarked the strange absence of the usual tender queries as to the "old wing," which always greeted a twirler before the game. Now, as he drew on his jersey, he saw his room-mate, little Buddy Walton, standing at the end of the locker-row, gazing at him with a look of sympathy.

"Hi, Buddy, old top!" laughed Billy, striding over to his chum, and putting an arm across the short-stop's shoulders. "Say, Buddy, you just can't realize what it means to be going to pitch for my school to-day! My dad is a busy man, a New York lawyer, and he has never been able to come to Bannister and see me in any game play for his alma mater; but this being my last chance, he chucked an important case to rush over and root for the school and for me. I—why, Buddy—"

"Billy, I—er, that is—oh, go look at the bulletin-board, Billy!" stammered the short-stop, in mental torture. "And say, old man, I know there is some hard feeling between you and Captain Hildreth, and this won't help any, but—it surely must be for old Bannister, for I can't think that Don would do such a thing except for the good of his school, and—"

But Billy, alarmed at the expression on Buddy's cherubic countenance and a chill dread clutching at his heart, had hurried over to the bulletin-board, at the other end of the locker-room. He recalled the sudden silence of his team-mates as he had entered, and knew something was wrong,

and hastily he scanned the notices. The first one was posted the day before, and nothing in it caused the gold-and-green twirler any grief:

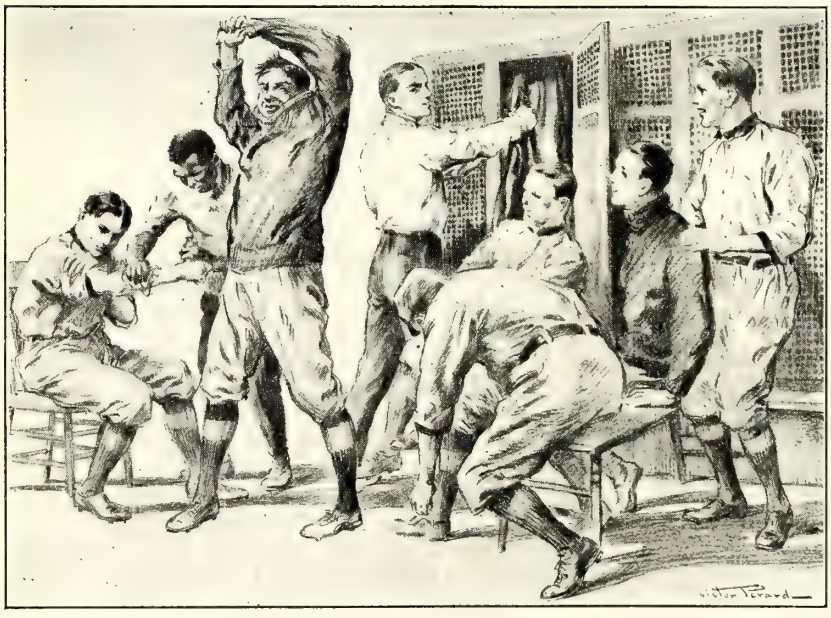
NOTICE TO BASEBALL SQUAD

Owing to sudden illness in my family, I am called to Philadelphia, and may not return for the Marston game. I have full faith in my boys and I am confident that they will obey orders and win for old Bannister just the same as if their coach were on the field. In my absence, Captain Donald Hildreth is in complete command, having full responsibility for the line-up, and the squad will obey unquestioningly his decisions, being answerable to me for any breach of discipline. *Fight and win for Bannister!*

PATRICK HENRY CORRIDAN, COACH

But just below this, signed by Captain Don Hildreth, leader, and a pitcher for Bannister, was the line-up of the gold-and-green for the big game, and Billy Dwyer, after hastily running down the list, gasped suddenly, for there, after the name of "Emory—catcher," he read, "Hildreth—pitcher."

A hot wave of unreasoning anger shook the senior. Naturally, no definite promise had been made, but it had been a foregone conclusion that he was to be on the mound for the big game, as Don Hildreth, also a fine pitcher, had held that position, the week before, against Dunham School. In fact, Coach Corridan had groomed Billy for



"HIS TEAM-MATES WERE ALREADY DONNING UNIFORMS FOR THE BIG GAME"

the Marston battle, and the senior, a shade more brilliant than steady Captain Don Hildreth, had looked forward to playing, with his father in the stand, in this final game that was to decide the state inter-scholastic baseball championship. Between these two clean-cut, straight-forward, and intensely loyal athletes of Bannister, a bitter feud had existed ever since Don's freshman year. Playing side by side on the school eleven, Don had cheerfully obeyed Captain Dwyer's orders; and now, on the diamond, Billy had unquestioningly followed Captain Hildreth's commands, each confident in the school spirit of his rival, though they never spoke to each other off the athletic-field.

Turning from the bulletin-board, dazed by the cruel blow, Billy Dwyer found himself face to face with his rival. There was a moment of tense silence, while the team-mates of the two pitchers waited; then Captain Hildreth started to speak, but Billy, beside himself with anger and disappointment, blazed out wildly:

"So this is the sort of school spirit you have!" he stormed, glaring at Don, who stood before him, a trifle pale, but quiet and self-possessed. "Hildreth, we have been rivals and enemies from the first, and this year it has been neck and neck between us to see who will get the most points as the best all-round athlete and win the Wentworth Cup at commencement. But no matter how I may have felt toward you, I have always believed that you were on the square, that your school came first, and that you would make any sacrifice for the gold-and-green. But now you have misused your power to your own advantage!

"You know perfectly well that Coach Corridan figured on my pitching against Marston, because I 'm a southpaw and the red-and-black has a left-handed batting order. You know my father has come all the way from New York to see me pitch in my last game for old Bannister. And yet because you are in full command and we must obey *you* in Coach Corridan's absence, you order me to left-field, and go into the box yourself! Why—?"

Captain Hildreth, his pale face flushing angrily, essayed to speak, but the frenzied Billy hurried on:

"Because you are *jealous* of me!" he panted,

his voice rising in his rage; "because you are afraid I 'll pitch a sensational game, one that you believe would put me in the lead in our contest for the Wentworth cup! I 'd scorn to be so *small*, to betray my school for my own ambition!"

"Billy Dwyer—*keep quiet!*" Captain Hildreth, his face blazing, gripped his rival by the shoulders. The team waited eagerly for his justification of his decision to pitch the game himself, but none came.

"I am going to pitch that game against Marston!" said the captain, in a low, steady voice; "you are under my command, and if you refuse to obey, I shall have to report the matter to Coach Corridan on his return. You have just said you would gladly make any sacrifice for the gold-and-green—well, are you willing to do your best in left-field to-day, fighting for the school, or, angry at me, are you going to lie down, and not fight your hardest, because *I* am pitching? I ask your word of honor that you will do your level best for the school. If you refuse it, I shall use a substitute. Which is it, Dwyer?"

"I am not a traitor to old Bannister!" flamed Billy, shaking free from the other's grip. "I am not contemptible enough to allow personal enmity or spite to keep *me* from serving my school to the best of my ability! Of course, I shall do my best, and I 'll show you, Donald Hildreth, that *my* school spirit is *real*."

There was a moment of silence. Puzzled at their captain's decision to pitch the big game, sympathizing keenly with the disappointed Billy Dwyer, the members of the gold-and-green nine looked from one to the other of the rivals; somehow, they could not believe that Don had purposely misused his power as acting-coach to further his own ambition, and yet—

"Don—*please*—" faltered big Fats Emory, hesitatingly, "if you will just explain to Billy—we know there is *some* good reason, and—"

"Everybody on the field!" commanded Captain Hildreth sharply, his jaw set firmly. "Dwyer, you will play left-field!"

Billy Dwyer set his spikes in the turf of the Bannister diamond's deep left-field and gripped himself for a quick start, in case the Marston hitter should connect with one of Don's fast ones. The gold-and-green player muttered angrily to himself as he gazed at the tall figure of his rival poised in the box, ready to deliver the ball. A glance at the big score-board showed him the figures: "First half—ninth inning: Bannister 2; Marston 0; Out—2; Strikes—2; Balls—3." If the next ball pitched made the third strike or an out, the state inter-scholastic championship would go to old Bannister! No wonder the gold-and-green supporters, wild with joy, created an ear-splitting



"CAPTAIN HILDRETH GRIPPED HIS RIVAL BY THE SHOULDERS"

din in their section of the stands—it would end in the ninth, unless, by a miracle, Marston tied the score, for two of the red-and-black players had been retired, and there were two strikes and three balls on the hitter. But there was even more at stake for Captain Hildreth—one more ball pitched, and he might realize the pitcher's greatest ambition, the golden dream of every twirler, from the American League down to the urchins on the vacant lots.

"*No-hit! No-hit! No-hit!*" the Bannister cohorts, aided by all the spectators not rooting for Marston, yelled steadily, accompanying the chant by a monotonous thumping of feet and clapping of hands; it swelled to a great roar,—"*No-hit! No-hit!*"—rolling across the Bannister field, and out to Billy Dwyer, in left-field, beside himself with jealous rage.

"He 'll make it—he is going to get his no-hit game!" Billy bit his lip in the intensity of his wrath. "Shoved *me* out into the field and pitched the big game himself because he was in full charge! And now he 's going to gain the greatest possible glory, a no-hit game, and win the Wentworth Cup by doing it. Oh, it 's a shame!"

It had been a brilliant struggle, with dazzling



"EVERY EYE FOLLOWED THE BALL TOWARD WHICH FLEW BILLY DWYER AT FULL SPEED"

fielding on both sides, marked by spectacular catches in the out-field, and remarkable pitching by Captain Don Hildreth, of the gold-and-green, and the famous "Rube" Stearns, of Marston. In the first inning or two, uncertain as to how Billy Dwyer would play, despite his promise of loyalty to his school, the Bannister in-field had wobbled a bit, but after the brilliant pitcher, playing left-field, had saved his rival twice by catches that brought the spectators to their feet yelling madly, old Bannister breathed more freely. Then Don had steadied, and, pitching with a cool, sure, machine-like ease, had literally mowed down his enemies, and, most surprising to Billy, the three left-handed batters of the red-and-black—because of whom he had been originally slated to pitch, being a southpaw—were the easiest victims of the Bannister captain!

As inning after inning reeled away, and still not the slightest indication of a hit was chalked up against the steady Don, his admiring schoolmates began to shout, half jokingly, "*No-hit! No-hit!*". In the seventh, thanks to a safe triple by Billy Dwyer himself, driving in his team-mates, Bannister had scored two runs, apparently "putting the game on ice" for the school. Only three hits had been made off the toiling Rube, but compared with Captain Hildreth's dazzling performance, it went unheeded in that ever-increasing howl of "*No-hit! No-hit! No-hit!*" And with the passing of each inning that brought his rival nearer to the greatest goal, Billy's anger, fanned by jealousy and the memory of the captain's injustice, grew hotter.

"For old Bannister, yes," he growled, in the sixth, "I 'd play my hardest, whatever happens; but—just give me a chance to get even with Don, a way to spoil his no-hit game, without harming my own team! I 'd show him!"

Though Billy would not confess it to himself, in his heart swelled keen disappointment—actual shame that his rival, whom he had always secretly admired for his honor and sportsmanship, should have yielded to temptation and shunted him out of the box. Their feud, starting in some trifling school-boy argument back in Don's first year, had been kept alive by false pride on both sides; each would probably have welcomed a reconciliation, but were ashamed to seek it and so the breach had widened. But now Billy was actually shocked at the unfair advantage taken by his rival.

"*I* could never have done such a thing!" he told himself, self-righteously, after making a difficult catch in the sixth, keeping Don's no-hit record clean. "But if that had been a grounder now," he thought grimly, "Marston might have got a hit off him—if I can just get a chance to sprint hard after a drive, but manage to miss it by a hair's-breadth and make the fellows believe I *tried!* And they will, if I play it right, for I have already saved him twice from a hit— Oh, just give me the chance!"

Gloating over his plan, Billy began to visualize the act—a long, fast drive toward the left-field foul-line would do it; he would sprint with all his sensational speed,—but at such an angle that he would delay meeting the ball,—a great leap, so timed as to just miss the sphere— No one could dream that he might have caught the fly, if he played it right; for with a natural fielder's instinct, he would know just how to turn the trick. He laughed to himself as he figured Don's disappointment—to be so near his hard-fought goal, and then *he*, Billy Dwyer, whom Don had so unjustly treated, would have evened the score!

And now, in the ninth inning, with but one ball between Don and the no-hit game, Billy resigned himself to the fact that his enemy had triumphed; true, Hildreth was laboring under a terrific strain, no longer pitching with ease, but

carefully giving everything to the ball pitched, while the great crowd was thundering, "*No-hit! No-hit! No-hit!*" But if he could only put the next ball over for a strike, or cause the batter to go out on an easy grounder, or drive to the out-field, the gold-and-green captain's troubles would be ended, the great glory of a wonderful game would be his. Winding up very slowly, Don shot the ball over the plate; a crash, as the big red-and-black catcher met it squarely; and a white streak shot over short-stop Buddy Walton's finger-tips, lined out for left-field!

"*Hit! Hit! Hit!*" screamed the excited Marston boys, drowning out their rivals—a home-run drive, shooting to pieces Don's hopes of a no-hit glory, on the ball that would have given him undying fame and which might make the gold-and-green twirler weaken, so that the red-and-black would drive him from the box, winning the championship! Every eye followed the flight of the ball, fixed on the flying white sphere, toward which, sprinting madly, flew Billy Dwyer at full speed.

Not a soul in the great crowd, not even those of old Bannister who had often witnessed Billy's phenomenal catches, dreamed the fleet left-fielder would get near the ball—it was labeled a home-run, if ever it passed him. But Billy Dwyer, even as he sprinted at the crack of the bat, instinctively felt that it was possible for him to head off the drive. If he missed, a score would cross the plate, but that would be 2 to 1 for his alma mater; and even then, with the bases cleared and two out, Don could surely retire the side and win his game, for the next hitter was a woefully weak batter. It was Billy's chance; he could, without jeopardizing his team's chances of victory and the championship, so play this seemingly impossible drive as to make his fellows think he had strained every nerve and muscle to catch it, but miss by an inch or so and shatter Don's hopes of a no-hit game.

Then, somewhat to his amazement, Billy Dwyer found he could not do this dishonorable thing! Something within him revolted at the thought of doing less than his best. Sprinting as he had never run before, he flashed toward the foul-line. Faster and faster he flew, glimpsing the ball coming, just ahead of him. One final effort, a great upward leap, his outstretched gloved hand flung high in air, and—

Smack! the ball struck fair in his palm and *stayed in his glove*, while Billy thrilled to the heart at his lucky catch!

"Saved him his no-hit game!" Billy told himself, as he jogged toward the in-field. "Well—he is welcome to it; I could never have forgiven myself if I had deliberately let that ball go for a safe hit—even if no one dreamed I might have nabbed it! Call it my professional pride as a fielder, or maybe my sense of sportsmanship, but I 'm just mad enough to tell Don I was tempted to throw him!"

The Bannister students were swarming on the field, but Captain Hildreth was ahead of them, sprinting toward the dazed Billy. After him came Billy's father and Coach Corridan, who after all had returned in time to witness the sensational finish of Don's no-hit game; even in their frenzied joy the gold-and-green supporters, and especially the members of the school nine, remembering the last meeting of the two rivals, slowed up and waited for the scene that would ensue.

"Captain Hildreth," Billy faced the gold-and-green leader, speaking with extreme dignity, "I saved your old no-hit game, but that last hit was a temptation to make you lose your "no-hit" glory, for I could easily have played that drive, you know, so as to let it fall for a safe hit, and yet make it seem that I had tried hard. You would have believed it, after my catches that saved you earlier in the game, but—I could n't do it, when the time came. I 'm sorry you gained such undeserved glory, but I 'm glad that Bannister won."

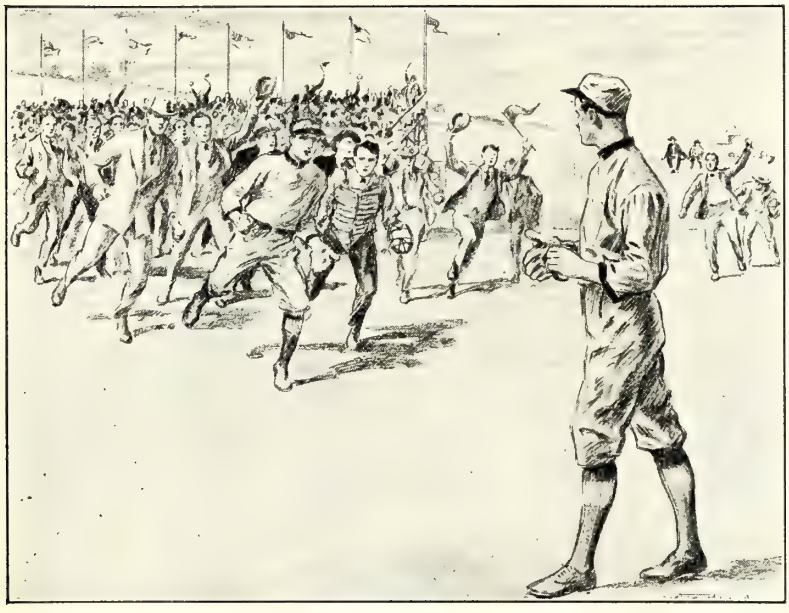


Don Hildreth, who had stepped forward to meet his team-mate, stopped; the friendly look on his face changed to one of resentment, and he was about to turn and stride away, when Coach Corridan suddenly ran forward, seized him and brought him face to face with Billy Dwyer again.

"Listen, you two hot-headed lunatics," he said sharply, "this has gone far enough! Billy, when I left the campus, I intended you to pitch the big game; but of course no promise was made, for every member of the nine is supposed to be eager to do what is best for old Bannister. In Philadelphia, last night, I ran into a Marston man—he took it for granted that I would pitch Don, and seemed to think Don had told me that the three heaviest hitters on the Marston nine had batted against him time and again and were afraid of him to-day, for he knew their weak points and could hold them hitless! They figured, of course, that Don had told me of this and that he would naturally be in the box; knowing that what I had learned would make Don the better choice for to-day, and acting for Bannister, I wired to Don, as captain and acting coach, *to pitch the game*, and I would explain on my return—"

"Oh, then—you had the telegram," faltered Billy, looking at his rival, "when I—I flew into a rage in the locker-room? And you never even told Coach Corridan you could puzzle Marston's heaviest hitters, though that would have made you sure of being in the box! Why did n't you tell me the truth, that you were acting under the telegraphed orders from Coach Corridan, and—"

"I reckon I was angry, too," grinned Don, sheepishly. "I did n't like being berated by you before the rest of the team; I had intended to show you the wire in private, Billy, but before I could do so, you had seen the line-up and jumped all over me with both feet; and then I got pig-headed and would n't explain! But it 's all right, Billy—I had to obey his orders, and you obeyed mine by playing a marvelous game in the field and at bat. And as for the Wentworth Cup, old man—your triple drove in the one run for Bannister, winning the game; your three catches kept Marston from scoring; and those big stunts are more valuable to the gold-and-green than my no-hit game, which I could never have won without your splendid support—"



"THE BANNISTER STUDENTS WERE SWARMING ON THE FIELD, BUT CAPTAIN HILDRETH WAS AHEAD OF THEM"

"Bannister's *one* run!" ejaculated the bewildered Billy. "Why, I don't understand, Don; I drove in two runners with my triple, and—"

Then Billy Dwyer's father, grasping Hildreth's shoulder with his one hand and his son with the other, beamed on the two young athletes, who had been so long and so foolishly estranged. "Now listen to me, Billy," he said; "you fought a mighty fine battle with yourself, and *won it.* You believed it would not jeopardize Bannister's chances of glory if one run slipped in—if you let that ball go for a home-run—a safe hit, shattering Don's hopes of a no-hit game. But—in the eighth, when there was a gold-and-green runner on third, and another one on second, you hit your triple. The man on third dashed for home and the runner on second, in his desire to make a score, cut inside third base by a bare margin. Your hit fell safe, and both men crossed the home-plate. But the second runner was out, having failed to touch the third base, and only one run scored, though, at the time, the score-keeper chalked up two. The protest by Marston was recognized and the error rectified later. Billy, had you let that last ball in the ninth go for a hit, a home-run, just to spoil Don's no-hit game, your error would have tied the score for Marston; and because Don had given all he had and was weakening fast, while Stearns was getting better, the gold-and-green undoubtedly would have lost the big game and the inter-scholastic championship.

"But Billy—Donald—" Mr. Dwyer smiled happily, remembering his own school-days, "both of you acted splendidly—Don, in refusing to tell the coach of his ability to quell the Marston hitters, his former rivals, and thus insure his pitching to-day—in fact, he really should have told, but he thought it might be taking advantage of you; you, by fighting down an unsportsmanlike impulse to ruin his no-hit game, though it would have meant betraying your school, losing the victory, in your ignorance of the real score. Now, it seems to me that the best thing to do is—"

Captain Don Hildreth, his face a broad smile, stepped forward, his hand outstretched.

"Put it there, Billy, old man!" he exclaimed.

And Billy Dwyer, gripping it in loyal comradeship, responded fervently:

"Shake, Don, old fellow—shake!"

AESOP'S FABLES

RETOLD IN VERSE BY OLIVER HERFORD

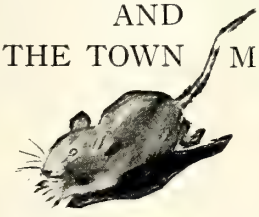
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THE DONKEY IN THE LION'S SKIN



ONCE a Donkey, wondering
How it felt to be a King,
Donned a Lion's skin he found
Left by hunters on the ground.
Thus, in regal robe arrayed,
All the other beasts, dismayed
When they saw him coming, fled,
Save the Fox, who laughed and said,
"You 're no Lion, that I know
By your voice, my friend, for though
I 've seen some Lions in my day,
I 've yet to hear a Lion bray!"

THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE



A COUNTRY Mouse once asked a friend,
Who lived in town, to come and spend
The day and breathe his country air,
And taste his simple country fare.
But simple fare like cheese and rye
And oatmeal failed to satisfy
The City Mouse's pampered taste.
"Your life, my friend, is going to waste
In this outlandish hole," said he.
"Come into town and visit me,
And I will show you how (forgive
Plain speech) a gentlemouse should live."
His host accepted with delight;
So off they set and that same night,
Arriving at the city house,
Sat down to dine. The Country Mouse,
Bewildered, scarce believed his eyes,
For here were almonds, nuts and pies,
Honey and custard, cream and cake,
And—"What 's that noise? For mercy's sake!"
The Country Mouse exclaimed in fright,
As through the floor with all their might
They scampered, panting, out of breath;
"It almost frightened me to death!"
"Oh, that—" explained the City Mouse,
"That is the Man who shares my house;
But he won't hurt you—"
"That may be,"
Replied the guest, "but not for me
This whirl of cake and custard gay;
It is not worth the price you pay.
I 'm just as much obliged, but I
Prefer the Simple Life—good-by!"



KIT, PAT, AND A FEW BOYS

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Author of "Cinderella's Granddaughter"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

KATHERINE EMBURY is a sophisticated, rather blasé girl, who belongs to one of those touch-and-go families that see very little of each other. By a series of coincidences, she finds herself in surroundings utterly strange to her experience, with the Wards, a family that is very much of a family. The spectacle of Phil and Pat and the rest on such intimate, friendly terms with each other surprises Katherine, and in the loneliness of her first sleepless night at Birch Camp she writes a letter to her brother Don, summering on a ranch in Wyoming. Although everything is new to her, Katherine takes to camp life like the sportswoman she is, morning dips, coöperative cooking, forest tramps, and the like, and wins the respect and admiration of the Wards. Incidentally, she wins, too, a keen zest and interest in living which she had not felt since her little girlhood.

CHAPTER X

LETTERS

ARRIVAL of mail was an event in camp routine. It was odd, Katherine thought, how good letters tasted in camp. They had never seemed so good before, not even when she first went away to school. She opened the letter under the Bermuda postmark and read:

My dear little daughter: I can never be sufficiently thankful that your adventure turned out as it did. To think of my little girl alone in a strange town, with the house closed where she expected to stay, makes me shudder. If it were not for Isabelle, I should take the next boat for home—I want to get my hands on you. But this climate is setting her up wonderfully, though I can see it will take all summer to finish the process. I think I should come, anyway, if it were not for Elinor Ward. She is a wonderful woman, and I loved her dearly as a girl. I am glad you have a chance to know her now, and Pat and the boys. It was exactly like her to take you in. But never again, Kit, no matter how certain the landing looks, never again jump on guesswork. Mercy, when I think how blindly we trusted to Aunt Marcia's twenty-year habit of home-staying, you and I—

And then she awoke to a glad hubbub around her. "Of course you will!" Pat's voice was exclaiming. "My goodness, think of all three of them up here just at this time. What luck!"

"Second week in August, Mater?" Fred was saying. "Clear the decks for Mother's house-party."

"Would n't I like to see that Horton one!" Marian's tone was touched with envy and admiration. "The stories you tell about her are great."

Katherine's glance sought Mrs. Ward's face. That lady, also, held an open letter in her hand, and her dark eyes shone with a look of anticipation quite as keen as any girl's.

"Here?" smiled the guest; "a house-party here?"

"Oh, no," Pat explained, "at Fairford. It 's quite near, only forty miles north. Mother 's just heard from an old school-friend who lives there and who expects two more of Mother's old friends to visit her and wants Mother to come too. They 're a bunch that always went together and had the best times! One 's from California now, and the other lives in South America, and Mother has n't seen either of them for years. Won't it be wonderful for her!"

"It will be beautiful," said Katherine, simply. The radiance of her smile dazzled Pat a bit by its warmth and happiness.

Then she plunged once more into her mail. Uncle Edwin's house was out of quarantine, her Cousin Della informed her; the family had lost no time in packing for the shore. The letter ran on:

Off to-morrow, praise be! Even father. What do you think of that? No more home-sweet-home for us this summer. Father 's bought a motor-boat. He thinks he 's going to use it a lot. So do Dick and I—think we are. Better come down and help us. Shake Aunt Marcia's dust from your pumps about the first of August and toddle down to Magnolia. What say? I think something 's due me after scarlet fever, and I 'm out to see that I get it. Come along, that 's a good sport.

"I really must write," thought Katherine, "and tell her I am not at Aunt Marcia's."

A postscript said that Della had just met a friend of Katherine's, a charming girl, Hildegarde Gray, who seemed to be hoping for a visit from Katherine.

And here was Hildegarde ready to speak for herself, in the bold sprawling hand that needed no signature for recognition.

Katherine lifted her eyes to the dingy canvas of the camp, and from the tents let her gaze wander to the people busily employed about their quiet concerns. Fred's whistle fluted from the kitchen tent. Marian lay on the grass, absorbed in "Little Women." Pat, pigtailed, gipsy-faced Pat, worked with deft brown fingers at the reel of her fishing-rod. Mrs. Ward still read her letters. Into the opening between two saplings shot Phil's tall form, advancing swiftly in shabby flannel and corduroy. Beyond these figures, framing them in a setting of utter tranquillity, lay

the strip of beach, and on either side pressed the white birches, bathing their slim shadows in the lake. It was all so peaceful, so happy, so—abruptly Katherine recognized the truth—so dear. At last she had an alternative, two alternatives, in fact; she could go to her cousin or to Hilda, and she discovered that she wanted to go to neither. It would positively hurt to have to go away.

For a minute she contemplated this state of mind with interest and astonishment. Then she picked up Don's letter; she had saved it for the last. Mother's first, Don's last—the two choicest.

Good for you. I would n't have objected to a seat on the other side of that camp-fire myself. Things look queer in the middle of the night, don't they, Kit-Kat? Never shall forget my first night in a sheep-wagon. Longest I ever knew. Now the nights are n't long enough. Ditto with you?

Do I remember the Wards? Hope I 'll never live long enough to forget 'em. Pat had curly hair and black eyes—oh yes, I remember *her*. She stampeded the goats once; did it on purpose, little imp! Saw Phil at a game last fall. Fine chap. Just tell Mrs. Ward there 's one fellow that keeps a mound green in his memory over her gingerbread. Do you get any of that in your camp?

Mail is delivered to this place about once a week. Pretty near the jumping-off place, you see. That 's why your letter did n't reach me sooner. Hope Aunt Isabelle is n't in deep. I can't imagine her sick. Aunt Isabelle 's about the liveliest proposition I ever came across. She 'd tackle even a bucking broncho, and that 's an animal I know more about and have more respect for than I did. Phip and I have been riding lately.

What are you planning to do all summer—stay at camp? Phip moves on in three weeks to the coast. I move—somewhere. Had thought of bringing some of the fellows home—asked 'em, in fact. No go now, of course. Perhaps I 'll run on with Phip or stop off at Goldy's—Salt Lake, you know. I 'll furnish you with a copy of my itinerary. And see here, Kit, you might do worse than keep on writing a fellow. It 's easy enough to form a habit. All you have to do is—do it again.

DON

"She 's done," announced Marian, suddenly, having finished her book some minutes before. "She 's read the last one. I 've been watchin'. Now let 's do something."

Everybody laughed at Marian's exuberance.

"Heard from Don lately?" Phil asked.

"I had a letter to-night." No girl accustomed to hearing often from her brother could have experienced the high pride Katherine felt in that simple statement. "They are coming out of the mountains soon," she added.

"Got his plans made for the rest of the summer? He could n't come here, I suppose."

Pat woke up with a jump from absorption in her reel. "Oh, jolly! Let 's ask him."

"That would be delightful," said Mrs. Ward. "I 'd like to see Don again."

"Would he come?" Pat swung around on Katherine. "Would he come, if we asked him?"

"I don't know why not," said Katherine. Her face flushed, her clear eyes kindled with surprised pleasure. "I almost think perhaps— Do you really want him?"

"Of course we want him," said Mrs. Ward. "Write to-morrow and ask him, Katherine, and I 'll put a note in your letter."

"Let 's all put in notes," suggested Pat. "He can't refuse us all, I 'm sure."

"I don't think he will want to refuse," said Katherine.

Her heart gave a quick throb of pleasure. Don in camp. *Don!* Now that the idea had been suggested it seemed astonishingly attractive. Odd, when she had never hitherto thought of Don's presence or absence as making in any noticeable degree either for or against her peace of mind.

CHAPTER XI

WATER SPRITES

THE late July sun slanted on Birch Camp with a caressing fervor, too warm for the complete comfort of the campers.

"Father and the boys will have a hot tramp," remarked Mrs. Ward, pushing her needle in and out of an emery-bag.

"Just the same," said Pat, "I wish we were with them. It makes me fidgety to waste even one nice day in camp. Let 's go somewhere. You know you can't sew, Mother, when your needle sticks like that."

"It is easy to see that Pat has finished her book," scoffed Katherine, but she jumped up with alacrity from the middy she was mending.

"I knew *you* 'd be game." Pat nodded approvingly. "Marian 's gone already to put on those new tramping boots Father got her. You 're coming, Mother?"

"As soon as I fasten my thread."

Pat executed a pirouette. "Jolly! Aunt Ida?"

"No, thank you. The notion of jumping from the frying-pan into the fire does n't attract me."

A care-free, happy quartette struck off through the cool green light under the birches, Mrs. Ward quite as erect and firm-footed as the older girls, if not so full of scampers as Marian.

"Where shall we go?" asked Pat.

"Don't ask *me*." Katherine's feet tripped into a dancing step.

"What do you say to Loon Lake?" asked Mrs. Ward.

Marian clapped her hands. "Oh, goody!"

"Are there really loons at Loon Lake?" asked Katherine.

"Used to be. *We* 've never seen or heard any."

"Most people call it Bill's Pond, Katherine."

"Mother! We ought to have left you at camp. I was going to suppress Bill's Pond. It does n't sound half so well as Loon Lake. Oh dear, it *is* hot!"

The air around them was now perfectly still. Looking up through the trees, Katherine saw that even the topmost branches held their leaves motionless. Once or twice the path ran through an opening in the woods, a fairylike glade thickly carpeted with ferns. Then it plunged once more into the heavy breathlessness of the forest. Marian's enthusiasm began to flag, but Mrs. Ward walked steadily, with the light firm tread of the trained tramper. Pat by turns dallied and caught up. Katherine's skin was bathed in a warm dew,—even her hair felt damp on her head,—but she moved with the long springy stride that, whatever the weather, seemed inseparably connected with flat, rubber-soled tennis-shoes and the woods. When the trail meandered across a sun-baked pasture, through thickets of sweet-fern and scrub-oak, the girl's feet sprang zestfully to the rise. And when the path flitted away into an aisle tunneled under towering pine-branches, her rubber soles fairly danced over the thick brown carpet of needles. She liked the sun and the pungent tang of sweet-fern; she liked the shade, fragrant with the odor of resin; she liked to feel something inside her, like a coiled spring, leap up jubilantly with the rise of the hill.

As they came out of the pines Mrs. Ward pointed up the slope. "See those branches moving! We shall find a breeze up there."

"And Loon Lake is just beyond!" cried Pat. "Oh, Katherine, it 's so pretty! Prettier even than our lake."

"I don't see how that can be possible," said Katherine.

But when they had crossed a mossy log that spanned the rocky bed of a parched brook, scrambled up a sheep-path flung at a precipitous angle across a tawny bar of short-nibbled pasture, and defiled through a fringe of hemlock woods, the girl had to acknowledge that Pat had spoken the truth. Loon Lake lay like a tiny jewel in its setting of velvet hills, the shining water wandering in and out among green-clad banks in miniature bays and inlets. From a diminutive island, a single pine-tree shook its plumes over the water.

"Oh!" cried Katherine. "Oh, how *exquisite!*"

Pat threw herself down on the bank with a happy sigh. "I keep forgetting, between times, how perfectly lovely it is here!"

"Don't you *wish* we could go in!" Longing spoke in Katherine's voice.

"Let 's go."

"We did n't bring our bathing-suits."

"That does n't matter. We can devise something that 'll answer. There 's no house within two miles of us, or camp, either. May we, Mother?"

"When you are quite cool—not before."

"I 'm almost cool now," chirped Marian. "Just see," and she danced over to her mother.

Mrs. Ward touched the child's flushed cheek gravely. "I am afraid I don't agree with you."

Pat 's look challenged Katherine. "I 'll go in if you will."

"Oh, I 'll go." Mischief and a tingling sense of adventure thrilled in Katherine's laugh. "I 'd go in even if you did n't go."

"I 'll bet you would! Now let 's all lie and look at the water and think how good it is going to feel. Come, Marian!"

So, under the shade of the trees, the three lolled in cooling comfort and watched the lake. Just above them, Mrs. Ward sat at ease on a flat stone, her back against a hemlock. Now and then Katherine let her gaze follow the course of a little cloud drifting almost imperceptibly across the translucent blue of the sky. The only way by which she could tell that it moved at all was that, each time she looked, she saw it through a different branch of the scraggly hemlock. The girl was perfectly happy. Physical content wrapped her senses like a luxurious garment, and through the content pricked her thoughts, a-tingle with anticipation of the dip. She thought that she had never in her life felt so free, so completely independent of what people would say and do and think. It was as though she and Pat and Mrs. Ward and Marian, here on this Vermont hillside, had the whole world to themselves; it belonged to them. Why, they could do anything they liked, anything. Oh, how good that water was going to feel!

"I am quite cooled off now," she remarked.

Pat's mother, responsive to the eagerness in her face, nodded.

The next minute the girls were pulling off shoes and stockings and middies. Katherine darted in first and waded out till the water covered her shoulders and her little head; the two great braids wound closely about it seemed floating on the lake. Damp curls framed the bewitching face she turned toward the shore.

"Oh," cried Pat, "I 'd like a picture of you this minute! Why did n't we bring a camera!"

"Because Nick had it," Katherine was supremely indifferent to preserving the record of her own appearance, "and we never thought of it; and what 's more, we did n't want it. Come out here and stop staring at me."

"I can't stop," Pat waded out slowly; "you 're always pretty, but never more so than now."

At that, Katherine reached for her and ducked her.

"Oh, my *hair!*" squealed Pat. "You—you sinner!"

"To punish—you—for making—personal—remarks," Katherine explained as best she could between her efforts to hold Pat off. But Pat, determined, was a Pat difficult to withstand. She wriggled under the other's guard and pulled her down. The two girls emerged, flushed and dripping.

"*Now* see what you 've done!" they chattered, rocking hilariously on the water.

"It takes *forever* to dry," groaned Pat.

"Never mind if it does n't dry," said Katherine. "The weather 's so warm it won't hurt us."

Then Marian, like a frolicsome young puppy, began to splash water over them and they threw it back at her and the three fell into a water romp that left them weak with laughter.

"Oh, Mother, it 's been such fun!" Pat cried as she waded, dripping, on the tiny beach.

"Oh, Mumsie, you 'd just ought to have come in!" squealed Marian, hopping up and down in an ecstasy of shivering excitement.

"Come up here, dear, and let me dry you off," smiled her mother. "Two handkerchiefs can't accomplish a great deal, but they will help."

Amid gusts of cheerful laughter, the older girls were already reinvesting their exhilarated young bodies in the dry clothing left on shore. Then they hung the improvised bathing-suits on bushes and spread out their hair in the sun.

"We should n't have had to do this," giggled Pat, "if you had been a perfect lady, Katrinx."

"You will have to go farther back than *that* for the reason," Katherine retorted.

After that they basked in the sun and talked of everything that came into their heads,—and a motley assortment of things came,—surf-bathing and roller-skating and hairpins and heroes and mosses and the Australian crawl.



"'THAT IS THE GIRL WE WERE AFRAID TO BRING TO CAMP WITH US'"

"I don't see," said Katherine, at last, beginning to braid her hair, "I don't see how people can *bear* to stay all summer shut up in towns and villages or even summer resorts. There is everything at a summer resort except the country. This—" with an inclusive sweep of her arm, "I never knew anything like this existed till I came here. I never knew people did such interesting

things as the things we do at this lovely camp."

"But you like it?" said Pat.

"Like it!" Katherine tossed the heavy braids behind her. "Why, Pat, I think I must have been only half alive before this summer. I know I never felt a quarter as—as *awake* as I do now. I did n't care for things; they did n't matter. Do you remember quizzing me about 'wanting things terribly'? I did n't know what you meant. Now I believe I could 'want terribly,' just as easily as you. And as for liking camp, I don't like it—I *love* it!"

As she spoke she put out a hand to a gorgeous-winged butterfly that eluded her fingers and fluttered away over the low-growing stubble. Acting on a blithe impulse, the girl sprang lightly to her feet in pursuit. Pat watched her as she went, elated with the chase; her face all sparkling light. Phil had been right when he had said Katherine was growing prettier. The daintily exquisite girl who had come to camp had given place to a radiant creature. The firm strength of the slender figure was the same, but it moved now with a buoyant zest that was a delight to see. The gray eyes looked out as clear and steadfast as ever from under the delicately penciled brows, but there was no indifference in their happy glance. Flitting lightly in pursuit of the elusive butterfly, her cheeks glowing, laughter curving her lips, Katherine looked the embodiment of the very spirit of the woods.

"And that is the girl," Pat said slowly to her mother, "that we were afraid to bring to camp with us."

(*To be continued*)

THE SONG-PEDDLER

By HENRY C. PITZ

JUST at the magic hour when the sun dips over the hill,
I saw, where the road turns southward, a stranger pass by the mill.
He leaped the stile with a graceful bound, then strode where the weeds grow dense,
And, turning beneath our aspen-tree, spied me astride the fence.

"Good even!" he cried, and his merry brown eyes sparkled like fairy lights,
And he hummed, as he spoke, a haunting snatch of the pæan of victor knights.
"And who may you be?" I questioned him, too curious to be wise.
"I," and his brown eyes twinkled, "am the Song-Peddler of the Skies.

"No gold carry I in my buckskin bag, nor a pack these many moons,
Only the clothes upon my back and a pocketful of tunes.
And you may choose, my little man, a tune of your own!" he cried,
Then he opened wide his wallet brown and showed me the tunes inside.

"Now this," and he hummed a stanza, "is the chant of the autumn leaves;
And this " (how the music mounted!) "is the song that the south wind weaves.
To each living thing I give the tune that tells its mission best—
A trill to the lark, a hymn to the trees, and three chords to the wind of the west."

Then he gave me a tune for my very own that *I* may hum when I please—
A tune that lilts and mounts and shrills like the wind in the hawthorn-trees;
A tune of laughter and boyish glee, a tune of joy and fun,
A tune like the heart of a happy boy when he plays in the wind and the sun.

Then, ere I had time to thank him, he doffed his chequered cap,
Made me a bow and a flourish, and closed his wallet-flap;
"I must be over the hill, now, to sell a tune to the bees."
And he strode across the highroad and vanished among the trees.

I sometimes doubt I 've seen him, it seems so like a dream;
But then the tune comes bubbling forth, like a flashing, gold sunbeam—
The tune of laughter and boyish glee, the tune of joy and fun.
The tune for the heart of a happy boy when he plays in the wind and the sun.



"'AND WHO MAY YOU BE?' I QUESTIONED HIM, TOO CURIOUS TO BE WISE.
'I,' AND HIS BROWN EYES TWINKLED, 'AM THE SONG-PEDDLER OF THE SKIES'"



ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG

BY BERTON BRALEY

ONCE on a time, so the ballad is sung,
Two Chinamen, known as Wun Lung and Lung Chung,
Lived happy and free where the temple bells rang
On the beautiful banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang.

(Are they "beautiful banks"? I 've not traveled so far,
But, to fit with my lay, we 'll assume that they are,
For I 've built my refrain, with its far-eastern tang,
On "The beautiful banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang.")

Wun Lung and Lung Chung were both handsome and young,
"In fact," said the people they mingled among,
"These two are undoubtedly stars of our gang
On the beautiful banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang!"

But ah, when these model young men came to view
The shy, tender grace of the maiden, Ah Chu,
Their friendship blew up with a terrible bang
On the beautiful banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang.

There was blood in the eye of the splendid Wun Lung;
There was fire in the heart of the dapper Lung Chung;
With swords and with knives at each other they sprang,
On the beautiful banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang.

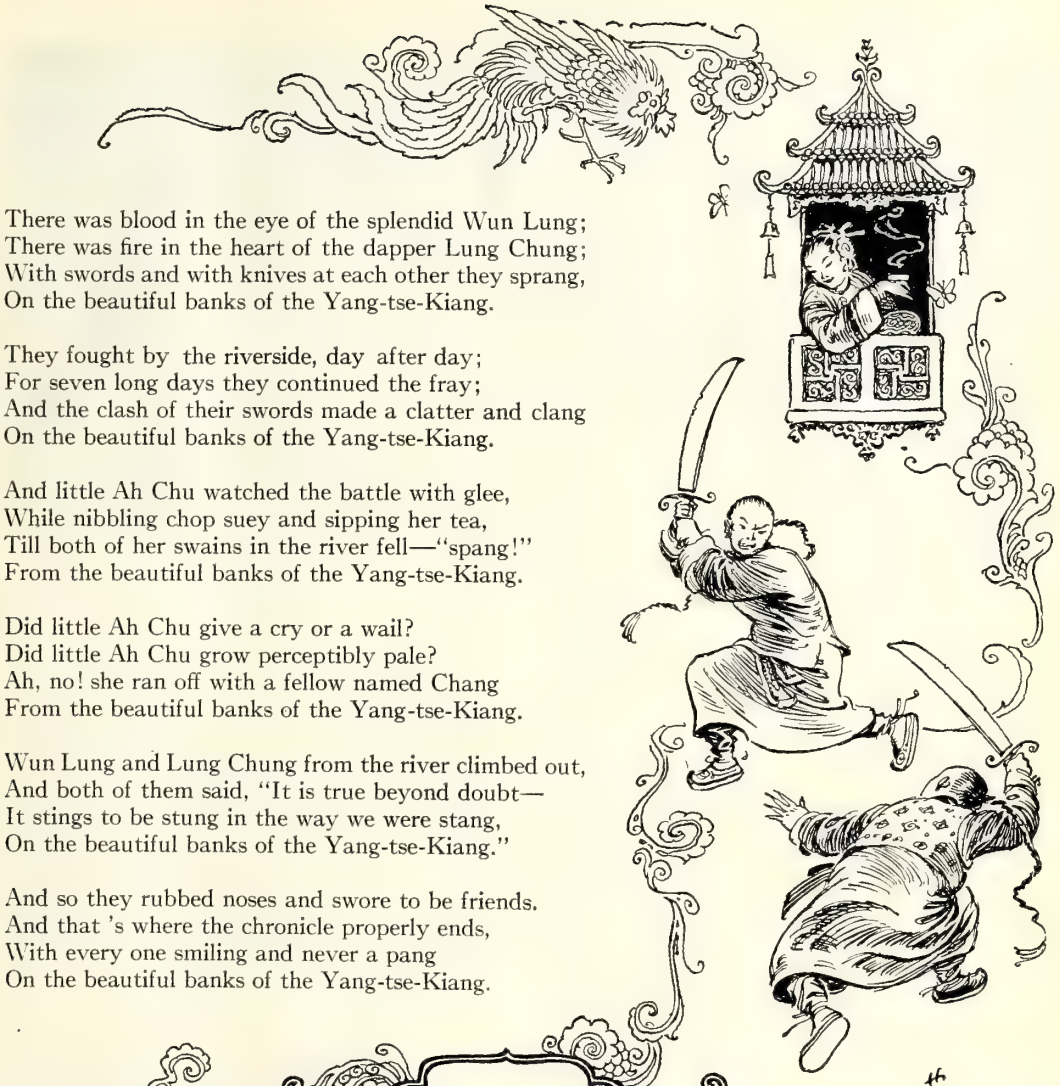
They fought by the riverside, day after day;
For seven long days they continued the fray;
And the clash of their swords made a clatter and clang
On the beautiful banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang.

And little Ah Chu watched the battle with glee,
While nibbling chop suey and sipping her tea,
Till both of her swains in the river fell—"spang!"
From the beautiful banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang.

Did little Ah Chu give a cry or a wail?
Did little Ah Chu grow perceptibly pale?
Ah, no! she ran off with a fellow named Chang
From the beautiful banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang.

Wun Lung and Lung Chung from the river climbed out,
And both of them said, "It is true beyond doubt—
It stings to be stung in the way we were stang,
On the beautiful banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang."

And so they rubbed noses and swore to be friends.
And that 's where the chronicle properly ends,
With every one smiling and never a pang
On the beautiful banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang.





HAROLD SICHEL



"THE POLICEMAN CURBED OUR AMBITIONS TO BECOME THE PRESENT-DAY RUTHS AND COBBS"

GOLF AND YOUTH, GOOD TEAM-MATES

By FRANCIS OUIMET

A FEW years ago it would have been a most difficult matter to have induced a youngster to cast aside his baseball glove and bat for a mid-iron and golf-ball. And you could not blame the boy. Unquestionably, his greatest pleasure was to be had in the game of "scrub" that he played with his schoolmates. Even to-day it takes a great deal of persuasion on the part of a father to get his young son interested in golf; that is, unless he happens to live on the border of some golf-links and, in addition, there is no neighboring baseball diamond or football gridiron. Just the same, I think the youngster—or the father, for that matter—makes a mistake in not taking up golf.

In my boyhood days I was less fortunate than the average youngster of to-day, because our baseball games were invariably played upon a much traveled highway where passing teams and machines interrupted us far too frequently. There was no field adjacent to our homes which we could convert into a playground. It was the road or—golf. When an automobile did not put a stop to our play, we were vexed in other ways. Balls were easily lost, or the policeman of that neighborhood curbed our ambitions to become the present-day Ruths and Cobbs. There was the country club, where golf was played, and we *did* attempt to convert this fine course into a diamond, but only to find our ambitions again ran counter to the power which held sway. We soon came to the conclusion that this property was for golf, and so we used it for that purpose.

How well I recall our ball games on the street. The picked-up nine which was at bat had other duties to perform than the all-important one of pounding in runs. It was up to this "side" to post one of its players at the turn, down the road, where he might easily note the movements of the policeman. Once this officer started our way, we would clear out at a signal, previously agreed upon, from our watchman. As a result of constant vigilance, we became so familiar with the habits of this representative of the law that I really think we knew in advance, even better than he did, where he would be at given periods in the day. For many reasons this was important information for us to have for the ball game might be completed only if we selected the proper hour for starting. And we had much the same difficulty with golf. There were times when we could escape the watchful eyes of the grounds-keeper, but this did not entitle us to use the links unless we also evaded the policeman.

All this seems to have little to do with the subject of youngsters playing the game of golf; yet I think it has. First of all, golf demands the proper setting. As boys, we had no playground other than the highway and the golf-course, although we did eventually improvise a three-hole affair in a cow-pasture, secure in the knowledge that play here was not to be interrupted. That and early hours on the links,—usually *very* early ones,—when the grass was still wet with dew, gave us our first experiences with this game. We found it as attractive and as fine a test of skill and strength as the other sports which were more generally

followed in those days. And some few of us came along fairly well as players. Indeed, I am convinced that environment had everything to do with us, just as I am sure that some youngsters from my neighborhood who are showing up well at golf owe their present success to the fact they live where they do.

There is proof of this in other and far-off parts of this country; for example, the outstanding example of "Bobby" Jones, of Atlanta, now but nineteen years of age and well up in the U. S. Open championship at Toledo last year. Bob won his first championship when he was only thirteen years old, thereby knocking into a cocked hat the saying that golf is a game for older people. In 1916, he not only qualified in the U. S. Amateur championship, but won two of his matches before going down before "Bob" Gardner, a champion, in a brilliant battle. Jones was then only fourteen years old, and one of his victims was a former amateur title-holder, Eben Byers. For a boy playing in his first big tournament, this was a never-to-be-forgotten exhibition of skill and nerve.

Now nothing in the world but nearness to a golf-course made such a remarkable performance possible. Of course, Bobby is the unusual boy, one in a thousand, but there is no denying that other young chaps would do almost as well. Another factor that helped Bobby was the aid of a very good professional, Stewart Maiden, who took delight in steering him along the proper path when he noted the boy's keenness for golf. Bobby was always going to the club to practise or play. The game caught his fancy, just as baseball caught the fancy of some of us and of most of our "dads" when they were boys. It was helped along, too, by rivalry, for Bob found another youngster who was equally keen for the game. There is no gainsaying the fact that the presence of his friend Perry Adair meant much to his golf. That kept up his enthusiasm and insured him a great golf future.

While on the subject of Bobby Jones, it might be well to correct a false impression about him. Much has been written about his lacking the ideal golfing temperament. At the Oakmont Country Club, in the summer of 1919, he played "Dave" Herron for the amateur championship of the country, and, because he lost, it was said he had a temper. While there, I had the good fortune to be able to study him closely and also to play with him. I availed myself of this chance to judge for myself, because these stories about him had already been printed. I found Bobby Jones one of the best players and most ideal sportsmen I ever met. It makes me hot all over to read such statements about him. Let me tell you right now that his temper needs no curbing, as one report hinted. Watch him play a few important matches, as I have, and you will agree with me that his sole uneasiness comes at a time when he is leading. One thing more about this youthful marvel: his game is without a flaw! Most boys of his age are apt to let their free playing muscles enter too prominently into their game. Their fault is that they play their various clubs alike. But Jones is a veteran in this respect.

That gets us down to the technical side of golf, so I might as well explain what I mean by citing an example from a recent match I played with a youngster. We were having quite a struggle and in due course came to the fourteenth hole. From tee to green, the measurement was 140 yards, though this distance was really equivalent to a hole of about 115 yards because of the elevated tee. It is an easy mashie shot. A forced mashie-



"THERE WERE FEW TIMES WHEN WE COULD ESCAPE THE WATCHFUL EYES OF THE GROUNDS-KEEPER"

niblick will sometimes carry one home. Now the tendency of a youngster is to force his iron shots, and it is one that he must overcome early in his career. The first essential in iron play is to keep the ball on the line. There is no better way of doing this than to learn what you can comfortably accomplish with each club. On this occasion, I came to the fourteenth tee with the scant lead of one up. I could ill afford to offset this advantage by a mistake on my part. Consequently, I selected a mashie which was good for 160 yards, had I chosen to play to my limit. My first object, therefore, was to make sure that the ball carried in the general direction of the whole. Next, I had to make sure of my judgment of the distance. I figured it a three-quarter's shot, a shot wherein the club is taken back about that fraction of the distance you bring it back for driving. My ball landed nicely about fifteen feet from the pin.

To my surprise, my opponent selected a mashie-niblick, and, with a full swing, sent his ball curving off to the left and many yards beyond the green. He was somewhat in a daze over the result, and, when he saw the club I had used, was greatly surprised to think that his ball, played with a much less powerful club, had gone far beyond mine. I won that hole easily, and, with it, the match. My young friend left the course with a fine, but costly, lesson to his credit.

I learned many like it, myself, before I finally came to the conclusion that it was much easier, and certainly more satisfactory, to choose a club that would carry well beyond the distance needed, than to take from the bag one with which I had to strain in order to make the carry. There was a concrete example of this very thing in the recent open championship at Toledo. There were many young professionals in this event who drove almost as far as the powerful Briton, "Ted" Ray, the winner. This was a wonderful feat. But in playing the next shot, it was quite noticeable, so I am told, that Ray used a mid-iron, whereas these other contestants relied on their mashies. Ray simply knew he could get on with the longer club without forcing the shot. The others, straining to the utmost to reach home, were frequently finding trouble.

Mentioning last year's Open calls to mind the fact that none I can recall better served as a stimulant to young golfers. There was young Bobby Jones, already spoken of, playing in his first Open, but performing in splendid style. That he succeeded in placing among the first ten in the classic of American golf is certainly encouraging to young players. And there was Harry Vardon, of England, the greatest player of all time. Vardon won his first title in 1896, six years before young Jones was born. Although fifty years of age and leading the field in this big event after fifty-four of the seventy-two holes had been played, there was nothing about his game which showed his years. At the finish he was one stroke behind the winner. His game held out till the last stroke had been played; and except for the severe physical strain he went through, he might have won. Think of it, boys, here was a lad of eighteen and a man of fifty playing great golf in our most important event! And you can put it down as a fact that one thing only kept Vardon in the fight right up to the finish—it was nothing else than his early start. Vardon began playing when quite young, otherwise his game would have failed him during that critical and long test of skill. And you can rest assured that Bobby Jones will be another like him. At fifty, Bobby will be playing as well as he does to-day and having just as much, if not more, fun.

Let me ask you if there is another game you know of that will give you the same amount of fun, competition, sport, and health all through life as does golf? I think you will agree with me there is no other. Age bars football by the time you graduate from college. Baseball stars have been known to reach almost forty before being discarded. Occasionally, a tennis champion may have thirty or more summers to his credit, but there is no other sport that does not yield the odds to youth, and its full flush of strength, except golf. Here is Vardon at fifty playing well beyond most of our champions; and just a few years back, Walter Travis, almost ten years older than Vardon is to-day, was playing golf on even terms with all of us.

I am inclined to believe older and wiser men, those who have to do with our educational problems, will take note of the value of golf in making plans for the curriculum of the lower grades at school. It would be a splendid move were instructors appointed to give the youngsters lessons in the fundamentals of the game once or twice a week. In my own days at school I recall one period that came two or three times a week, and, although it was compulsory, it was by far the most popular hour of those days when it came. This was known as the physical-training period. The idea was to give the pupils a little exercise as well as a change from the monotonous grind of study.

Would not golf fill the bill even better? To be sure, there would be many schools where links would be out of the question, but here the students could easily be given "a course of sprouts" in swinging a club and in bending the body in the same way one would do in executing a shot. This pivoting from the hips, which in golf is highly important, would be a fine exercise in

itself. This may appear somewhat silly at first glance, but when one is constantly on the links he is duly impressed with the need of just such a thing because he is invariably meeting players who greatly regret that they did not have such a training.

There is one school I know, for boys of twelve and under, where they do play a great deal of golf after school-hours. It is an interesting and pleasing sight of an afternoon to witness these little chaps playing with their small clubs. They may not follow this game as keenly as other boys may do with baseball and football, but they will soon reach that age in life when they will acknowledge a debt of gratitude to their masters of to-day, because they will not be hopelessly outclassed in playing about the only game possible to them, once they become breadwinners.

At the Woodland Golf Club, recently, I watched Charley Burgess, the club's professional, teaching a girl about seven years of age. It did my heart good to see her free, easy, and graceful swing. It will not be long before she will be the envy of her elders.

For youngsters have only to be started in the proper manner to become most proficient at golf. Their natural aptitude at imitation will soon mold them into players of promise. If they delay until they reach manhood and womanhood, there is never any certainty that even a good steady game will result.

To show that this is so, it is only necessary to point out that, in American golf history, only one player has risen to national prominence who took up the game when a full-grown man. This was Walter J. Travis. But Mr. Travis was able to rise to the top only because he devoted his entire attention to golf. Failing health, I believe, forced him into the open air and sunshine. His reward was that he was able to play on even terms with almost any star in the world up to the time of his retirement from competition play in 1917.

These are the reasons why I would urge boys and girls to give attention to golf. Not that I would have the former entirely cast aside their bats, gloves, and footballs, for that would be asking too much. These are strenuous games any boy loves to play and to excel in, and they do him much good. At the same time, he would be penny-wise and pound-foolish, once he thinks of his future, to give all his spare time to baseball, football, and hockey, if it is at all possible to play and practise golf.

That our football stars feel this way about it was brought to my attention recently during a practice match between Ed Garbisch, captain and guard of the strong Washington and Jefferson football eleven of last autumn, and his first college coach, Sol Metzger. Both are excellent athletes and fine fellows, but they did not take up golf until recently, Garbisch only last season. At the end of their round they were bemoaning their poor luck. "I like this game better than any I ever played, and would do almost anything to be able to play it well," said Garbisch. "So would I," remarked Metzger, "but I reckon we started in a bit late to make good."

Now these two men have played almost every game under the sun and played it fairly well. Yet each acknowledges that he made a great mistake in not having taken up golf when in school.

It is the one game they can play in the future. And one's future, upon leaving college, is many times as long a part of your life as are your school-days. The time is coming when you boys and girls who read these lines will feel the same way about it; that is, unless you learn the game now when you are young and well able to master most of its fundamentals.

THE LAND OF TOT

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

I 'LL sing you a song of the Land of Tot,
Where there is no rain and the snow is not;
Where rivers of lava flow down to the sea
And the chow-chow sings in the chutney-tree·
Where, over the Desert of Mustard Seeds,
Hot-Bed-ouins race on their fiery steeds,
And the winds that blow bring tears to the eyes
Of the lightning-bugs and the Spanish flies.

Oh, the strangest spot in the Land of Tot
Is the valley that 's called the Peppery Pot;
For a wonderful people dwell therein,
With flaming hair and a coal-black skin,
Who live on tamales and cinders red,
And quench their thirst with molten lead.
But you, my friend, would expire on the spot,
For it 's fearfully, frightfully hot in Tot!

A BLACK LEOPARD OF SUMATRA

By WARREN H. MILLER

CAP'N JOHN SLOAN had been ashore three days in Amboina, the capital of Ceram, in the Moluccas, the Spice Isles of the East. George Sloan, his son, awaited the captain's return with increasing eagerness, for he knew that his father was planning a big change in their lives. His curiosity as to what that change would be grew and grew, until he could think of nothing else. He knew that the captain was done with pearling for good; that their old pearl-schooner days on the *Kawani*, diving and tending air-pumps—a prosaic, toilsome, and sweltering business down on the Fisheries—were over. Awaiting the captain's coming, George and Migi, his Dyak boy chum, were idling out the hot days under the awning of the Sloan's little steamer, the *Mauie*, while she swung at anchor, seemingly suspended in mid-air over the boundless forests of purple and orange coral-beds forty feet beneath them in the crystal depths of Amboina Bay.

Migi had the art of idling developed to a science. All he cared for was hunting, with fishing, perhaps, as an infrequent side-line. Aboard ship he would play chess by the day. If George tired of this, even doing tricks with a string suited him. Anything, as long as it was a game! Back in Borneo, where they had captured the *Mauie* from a renegade crew of smugglers, George and Migi had spent most of their time hunting in the jungle near Long House, where Datu Bulieng, Migi's father, ruled as the datu, or chief of a small Dyak principality. George loved the jungle, too; its grand columnar trees, hung with lianas that climbed to the uppermost branches under the green foliage, its savage beasts and troops of monkeys, its gorgeous blue-and-green butterflies, its vivid-hued tropical birds, its air of silence and mystery, all called to his love of hunting. Both he and Migi hoped that the captain's next move would take him where some enterprise of mining or animal-collecting would lead them back again to the jungle that they both loved.

On the morning of the third day, a small boat put out from the old Portuguese quay that fronted the palace and the government buildings of the Dutch Residency. George reached for his glasses and trained them on it eagerly.

"Here he comes, now, Migi!" he cried. "That 's Father, in the stern. I 'd know that white officer's coat and vizored cap of his anywhere! And the fellow with the red turban, rowing, is Kubing, our serang. Now we 'll know something!"

Migi grinned broadly under his bang of blue-black hair, and his merry almond-shaped brown eyes danced with excitement and expectation.

"Cap'n Sloan, him go *blakang tana* [jungle] *sahya fikir* [I think]," he grinned, mixing up Malay and pidgin-English in his usual verbal jumble.

"What makes you think he is going into the jungle, Migi?" laughed George, indulgently, at the young Dyak prince.

"*Sahya fikir!*— I *think* so!" quoth Migi, sententiously, and there you had the whole Malay philosophy in a nutshell! "In other words, that 's your hunch, eh?" chuckled George, "I hope so, too. We 'll know pretty soon."

The gig neared the steamer, with the captain bellowing out his news while he was yet a cable-length off. "I sold our pearls, son!" his voice shouted across the glassy water. "Got twenty thousand for 'em! Banked it, and cabled your mother to come out East! She 'll be here in about three months. Sa-ay, son, but we 've landed a bang-up commission!" he yelled. "Tell you all about it when we get alongside. Give way on those oars, lad!" he wheezed at Kubing, too much out of breath to call out any more news.

Presently the gig shot alongside, and in a trice the captain had climbed the side ladder and stumped aboard. "Warm up the engine, boys—we 're going to Sumatra!" he announced, greeting George and Migi. "You know that collection of paradise-birds you made on Aru for the Sultan of Tidore, son?" he inquired, grinning broadly through the tropic tan that made his face the color of a beet.

George nodded, smiling delightedly, for he felt that something good and exciting was coming. Well he remembered those Aru days!

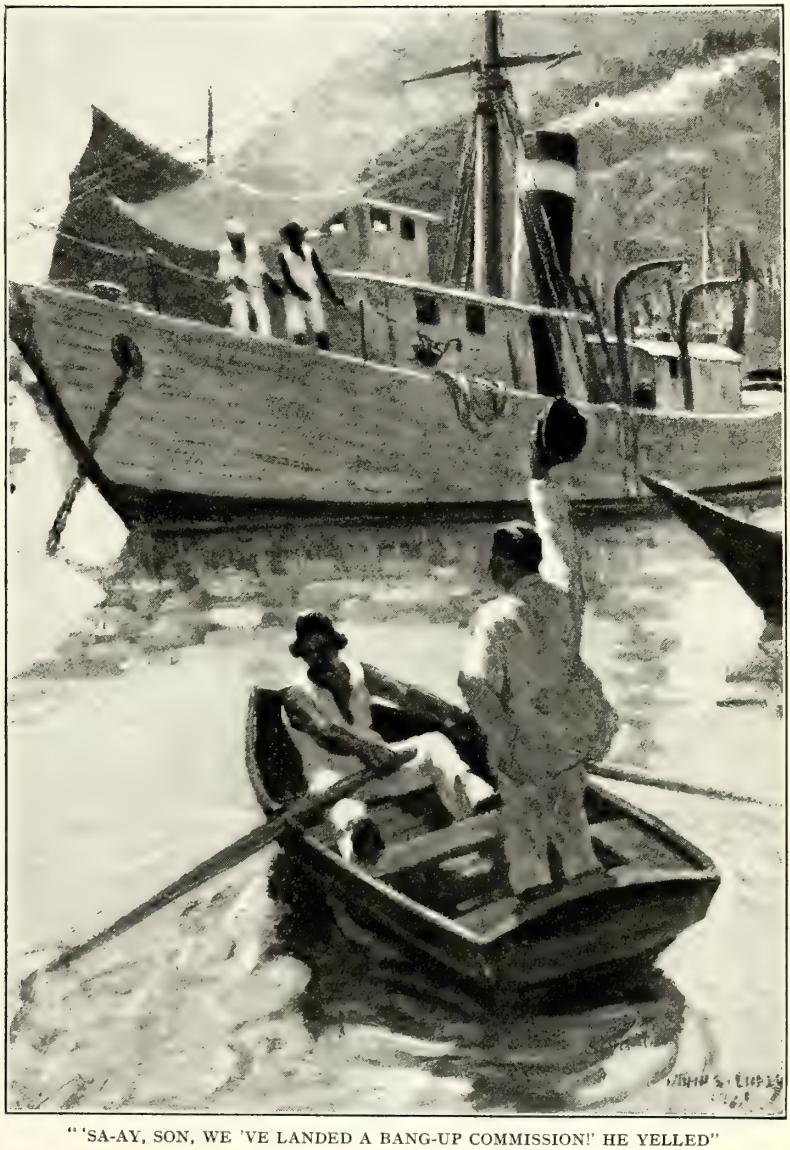
"Well, it seems that made a hit with the sultan! He thinks we 're jest *it* in the collecting line, and he 's tired of dealing with old Mahomet Ariff up at Singapore—and getting cheated; so when I called on him at the palace, he was all for us going to Sumatra for him. He wants a black leopard, dead or alive, a python alive,—the biggest one we can find,—a clouded leopard, and a whole consignment of monkeys for his menagerie. Money 's no object. We can send in our bill and he 'll foot it. D'you like that, son?" queried the captain, facetiously, digging George in the ribs.

"Oh, lead us to it!" gasped George. "Come on Migi, what are we standing here for? We 'll have the engine ready in half an hour, Dad! And what 's this about Mother coming out? Whoops!" he yelled, beside himself with joy.

"Yep. She 's coming *here*, instead of us v'yaging back home. She leaves New York February tenth. That 'll get her to Colombo 'bout April, and then she takes a Dutch steamer to Batavia, where we meet her with the *Mauie*. She 'll get here jest about the opening of the dry season; and meanwhile, we 'll clean up this Sumatra business," rumbled the captain, mopping his face with his bandana.

George and Migi hurried below to warm up the engine, while the captain and the serang set about heaving the anchor short. Migi unbanked the boiler fires. George opened the steam drains, started up his condenser pumps, and let live steam come screeching through the by-passes into the cylinders of the *Mauie's* hundred-horse-power compound engine. Presently he turned her over, slowly, back and forth a few times, and then, at the "ready" bell, the anchor was broken out and the *Mauie* got under way and stood out of the coral-bottomed harbor of Amboina.

From there to Palembang, in Sumatra, is a cool seventeen hundred miles, but the fast little *Mauie* did it in six days, through the Batong Passage and across the Java Sea, due west, arriving at Banka Straits on the evening of the fifth day. The midget steamer, as she was called all over the Archipelago, was only a little over a hundred feet long, a former steam-yacht that at some time in her history had been sold to merchant owners and converted into a seaworthy little steamer by adding a trunk-cabin forward and captain's cuddy aft, under a sort of raised turtleback deck. Then she had been stolen by a gang of smugglers, who tried to run their cargo up-river to the Dyak villages in East Borneo. There the captain and Datu Bulieng had trapped her by felling a great tapang-tree square across the river, down-stream. George and Migi had been in the thick of the fight which followed. After it was all over, the Dutch authorities had jailed the survivors of the smugglers, condemned the midget steamer, and the captain had bought her and renamed her the *Mauie*.



"'SA-AY, SON, WE 'VE LANDED A BANG-UP COMMISSION!' HE YELLED"

Palembang is a hundred miles up the river from the coast. Imagine a wide bend of three miles of river, crowded along both banks with bamboo houses on piles and floats out in the stream, where one goes to market in a canoe (for the shops

are a long distance out from shore), and you have the Malay town of Palembang. The *Mauie* anchored out in midstream, with dozens of proas and junks swinging to the current above and below her. George and Migi now almost lived in the ship's gig, exploring the water-lanes and canals along the shop fronts, buying ship stores, and every other day or so taking the captain up to visit an old hadji who lived back in the flooded jungle above the town. This old fellow was in constant touch with the tribesmen, the Orang Ulu of the interior, who advised their hadji by runners whenever a tiger, leopard, rhino, or any wild beast of interest to the menagerie world, was reported by any of the villages.

After some ten days of waiting, and endless powwows in floods of voluble Malay chatter, a native came alongside the *Mauie* one morning with word from the hadji that a black leopard had been located far up in the mountains of the interior. The creature was a cattle-stealer and a man-eater, and had evidently been driven out of some district to the west, still ruled over by native princes and, therefore, swarming with wild beasts.

"Jerusha's cats, son!" exploded the captain, when he had finally got the matter straight, out of the tangle of talk and exaggeration which constituted the Malay's message; "there 's luck for ye! A black leopard ain't yanked out of *every* passel of jungle! We 'll go right up river to-day! Start loading our stores and camp outfit in the gig, son, while I break out our rifles and a supply of ammunition."

He stumped back to the cuddy. George and Migi and two of the Dyaks packed up food, bedding-mats, a tent and cooking paraphernalia, and stowed them in the gig. The captain had, meanwhile, shifted into khaki hunting-clothes, and now came out on deck with a heavy rifle in each hand, for himself and George, and canvas belts of cartridges hung over his arm. Migi fetched his long ironwood sumpitan, the blow-gun of Borneo, and laid it carefully in the bow sheets of the gig. With its bamboo quiver of poisoned darts and its heavy spear-blade lashed like a bayonet to the muzzle of the blow-gun, he felt himself better armed for the jungle than with any white-man's gun. A parang, the Dyak chopper sword, and the inevitable kriss stuck in his belt completed his armament. For outfit, he carried a cadjan, or square mat, slung in a tight roll on his back. This to him was house, blanket, and mattress in one; also an umbrella, for it had a pocket sewed across one corner, so that he could wear the thing like a peak over his head when it rained.

The captain unfurled the gig's sail, and they shoved off. She swept up-stream, and they were joined shortly after by the long log canoe of the hadji who, with his son, joined their expedition above Palembang. Two days of alternate rowing and sailing around bends and up reaches brought them to the foothills of the mountains, where the river became too swift for the gig to navigate farther. There they stopped and beached her, where a trail came down to a landing, and here was a Sumatran village of queer, peaky huts—a jumble of pointed gables, all curved up like the eaves of pagodas.

News of their landing went out into the back country like wild-fire, and crowds of natives came in to stare, and to jabber in a Sumatran dialect that was scarce Malay. After a whole evening of talk between the hadji and the village chief, a guide was engaged to go with them at dawn to where the black leopard had been seen.

Next morning, after a short march along the state road, the native branched off into a narrow trail that plunged immediately under the vast leafy arches of the high forest.

"My stars!" ejaculated the captain, mopping his brow as he peered about him through the hot, shady depths of the jungle; "this is the real thing, boys! You 've got to keep your eyes peeled and be ready to shoot quick and sudden in here! There 's not much for us to fear from tigers in the daytime. Old Stripes always slinks out of sight till nightfall; but Spots—he 'll stand his ground and fight, every time!"

"But is n't the leopard considerably smaller than the tiger, Dad?" objected George. "He can't do much against such rifles as these!" he declared, looking confidently down at the heavy .35 lying in the crook of his arm.

"'T ain't that, son; it 's the habits of the creeter, and his strength and orneryness. You 'll find him, layin' for what comes along the trail, high up on some great tree limb—and he don't care whether it 's man or deer that he springs for, either! Hev ye any idee of a leopard's strength? Well, I 'll tell ye," quoth the captain oracularly, waving his free arm about. "This happened once at an animal show in Singapore, and I saw it. There was a spotted kitty in that show, and her trick was to leap twenty feet and land on a big iron ball that hung by a chain. Well she missed it, the time I saw her—and, sword of Jehosophat! but did n't she flare up, hot as pepper, right sudden quick! She hit that iron ball a crack with her paw like a flash of light, and it broke the chain and druv the ball clear across the cage, where it bent the iron bars! Don't talk to *me!* You *watch* these trees overhead, mighty careful, as we go along, boys!" snorted the captain, leading on, with his heavy .50–110 express-rifle poised in both hands for instant shooting.

The party moved silently along in single file.

Presently, a shrill squalling broke out ahead of them. It seemed to come from a little to one side, in the depths of the jungle.

"*Munyeet!*" [monkey] yelled the Malay guide, springing into the underbrush. The squalling grew louder, and changed to short barks as the monkey perceived the man coming for him. George and Migi ran to where the small insurrection was going on—and then laughed until their sides ached, for, lashed to the trunk of a tree was an ordinary blue-glass bottle covered with pandanus leaves, and a large monkey had his paw in it and was hopping up and down, tugging at it frantically, and squalling at them.

"There 's the funniest trap ever invented, boys!" he-hawed the captain as they watched the angry monkey. "All there is to it is a little sugar-water and a ball of rag inside that bottle. The monkey put in his paw to grab the rag, and now he has n't sense enough to let go of it and get his paw out—did you ever!"

Without more ado, the native seized the monkey by the nape of his neck, and then, with finger and thumb, pinched his elbow, forcing his fingers to release the rag ball. He then pulled the monkey away from the bottle, gagged his jaws with a stick, trussed him up, and, with the captive hanging over a stick, they set forth again.

The going became wilder and wilder as they climbed up into the mountain ravines. After a long, silent march, from away off to the left in the jungle came a distant squealing and trumpeting.

"Hist!" exclaimed Captain John, as they all stopped to listen. "Marsh elephants!" he declared. "Too small to be worth capturing, compared to those of India and Siam, so they 're let alone by 'most everybody—"

"*Haie!*" interrupted Migi, with a sudden yell. He cast his spear aloft, and at the same instant George's rifle sprang to shoulder and crashed out up into the foliage. A ferocious snarl, a spitting and coughing sounded above them. Then the air seemed filled with flying claws and paws striking out, as a large catlike animal fell, its head, with ears flattened and teeth bared in a hideous wrinkle, snarling at them with murderous rage.

"Look out!" shouted the captain, springing to one side. His heavy express roared out, and a howl answered it as the leopard bounded among them just where they had all been standing. Migi's spear still stuck in his right flank; George and his father leapt back, covering the leopard with their rifle muzzles, ready to fire again. But the big express-bullet had finished him. They watched the wild ferocity die out in the green eye-balls, as, with a convulsive leap, the leopard fell over on his side and lay gasping. No one spoke for a moment; they all stood breathing heavily with shock and surprise.

"That 's luck!" chortled the captain, at length, finding his voice and his good humor at the same time, in the relief of the moment. "No one hurt? —Hosts of Pharaoh, boys, it 's a *clouded* leopard! And he was up there watching us all the time we were listening to those elephants! Good eye, and good spear-shot, Migi!" he laughed, gripping the Dyak boy's brown hand warmly. "You saved all of us that time!"

"*Me* see um! Jump! Shoot spear!" grinned Migi. "Gun, him go-bang! All kill!" he laughed.

They examined the savage little leopard curiously. Beautifully marked, his fur was clouded like a tortoise-shell tabby's—an exceedingly rare species. Smaller than the ordinary spotted leopard, he had nevertheless the same dangerous instinct of lying in wait up in trees and springing upon whatever might pass beneath.

The hadji and his son now climbed down out of the trees in which they had taken refuge and set about skinning their prize.

"I guess we 'd better halt for a stop, now, endurin' the heat of the day," remarked the captain, watching them. "This kitten 'll do for a starter! The jungle 's gettin' mighty hot and moist, and it won't do to move about much, now, until the cool of the evening."

The party slung their hammocks and spread out their mat cadjans for a noonday siesta. Until after four, it would be foolhardy to attempt any farther march, for the thermometer would climb to 125 degrees in another hour—and stay there!

Along about five o'clock, they took up the march again, and stopped for the night about five miles farther on, up at a little plateau on the mountain flank, where it was cool, with a noisy brook rippling around a bend. Here the tent was pitched, a fire started, and the natives spread their mats out under a tent-fly, with a mosquito-bar hanging down all around its edges. The hadji explained that about a mile above here was a water-hole where most of the jungle-folk came down to drink and bathe. It was decided to kill a deer and stake out the carcass at the edge of the water-hole. Watching it at night, they could await the coming of the black leopard, for this region, the hadji declared, was his present hunting-ground. At dusk they went to reconnoiter.

"These black ones are larger and more ferocious than the ordinary spotted kind, boys—and besides, there might be a tiger around," quoth the captain, looking over the ground. "We don't want to be in any ground-hide in such case, or we 're likely to get nabbed from behind. Up that little thorn-tree will be the place for us, I jedge."

He pointed out a stout thorn-tree which grew

on the jungle edge commanding the pebbly beach of the water-hole. Up it climbed Migi with his parang, and soon he had cleared a space in its depths and had begun a screen of the hacked-off boughs. George and the hadji cut bamboo poles for a platform and passed them up, and soon Migi had a serviceable "hide" ready for them. Then the natives returned to camp, leaving George, his father, and Migi on watch.

Darkness fell. The tropical stars came out, filling the heavens with a blaze of splendor—such starlight as we never see in our colder northern climates. Hardly had the gloom hid the details of the jungle, before night noises of animals coming down to drink filled the air. Troops of monkeys came first, jabbering and chattering and chasing each other all over the beach. After them, there were little half-heard rustlings, and what looked like moving turtles creeping across the pebbles—small rodents of every kind. As the party watched and listened, far off in the jungle sounded the hoarse, ropy caterwaul of the great hunting-cats; once or twice, even, the long-drawn hunger call of Lord Tiger, out for his nightly foray. Then through the darkness came the heavy breathings of cattle, Sumatran wild bulls from the depths of the jungle. They waded in and drank deep, blowing from their moist noses with a sound like the sigh of bellows. After them the dainty thud of hoofs on loose stones betokened the arrival of deer. Now the Sloans cocked their rifle-hammers noiselessly, for with them would come the carnivorous hunting-cats, leopard or tiger or both.

All was now dead silence throughout the jungle; an ominous, foreboding silence, which showed that *they* were about! The deer drank nervously, stopping just long enough for a plunge and a frightened leap back to the safety of the jungle.

Suddenly a thunderous screech rent the silence of the night. The remnants of the deer herd scattered with a frantic scramble of hoofs. There was an agonized bleat and the gurgle of some animal being submerged under water and drowned, while the Sloans strained their eyes, striving to pierce the gloom; but they could see nothing. It was the black leopard himself, George was certain, black as the night—and as invisible! The agitated surface of the pool danced with myriad stars reflected from its wavelets. George peered and aimed his rifle—in vain! Nothing that he dared pull trigger on appeared over the sights! He raised his head and stared at the pool, eagerly, shivering with excitement, for he knew it would not be a moment more before the leopard would leap away with his prey in his teeth, like a cat carrying a mouse. Then his eyes made out—*something!* Among those myriad dancing points of starlight was a space where they did *not* show! He aimed his rifle at the spot, but the faint vision was instantly lost in the blur of the sights.

Then an inspiration, a grand idea, came whizzing into his mind. The leopard would rise, presently, and he would blot out those star reflections in the pool above him! *Then* would be the time to shoot! Carefully picking a bright star glint above the dim black bulk that was the leopard's form, George sighted on it, held steady—and waited.

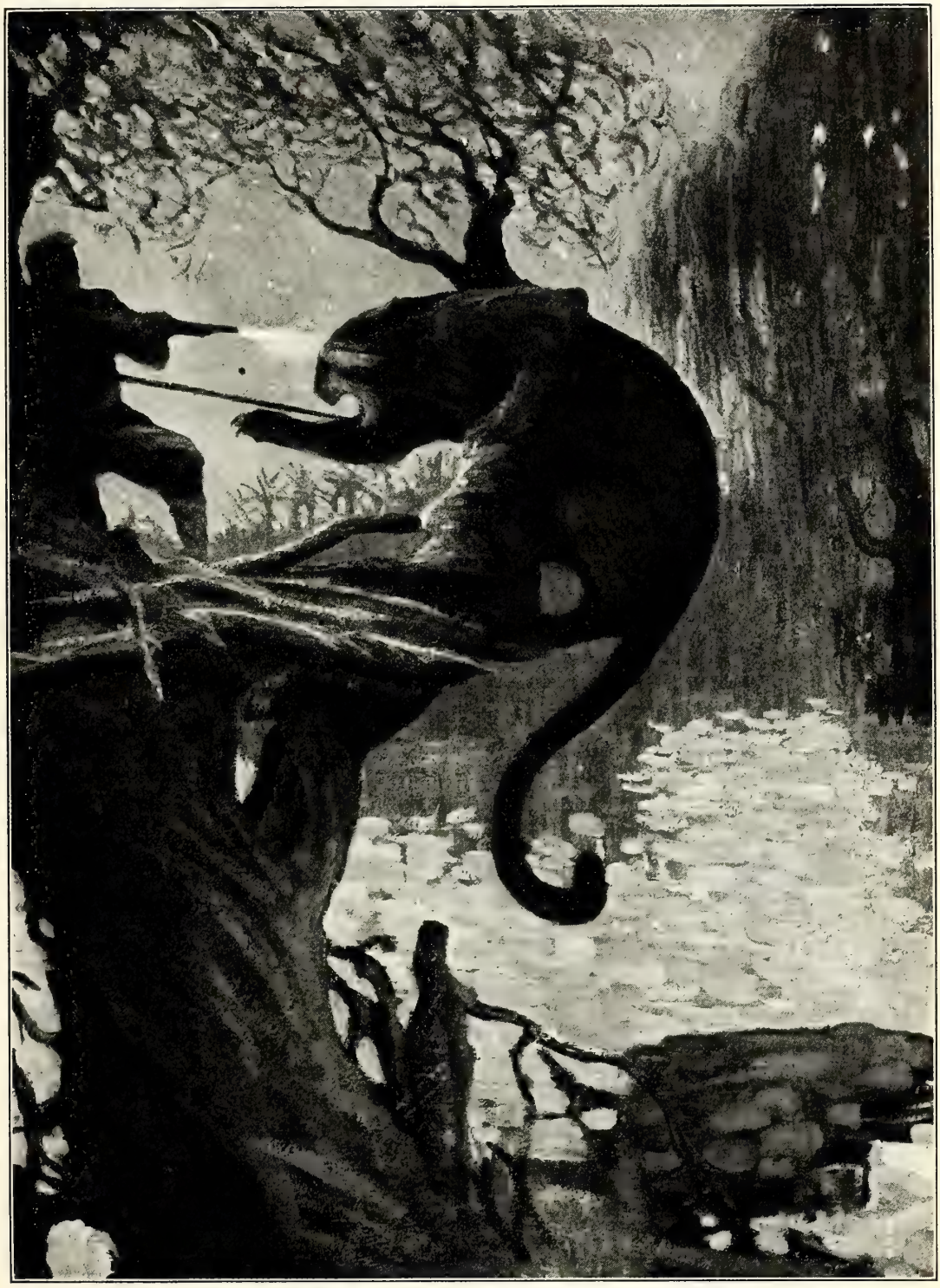
Then a thrill went through him like an electric shock—that star reflection had ceased shining! Instantly, George pulled trigger. Upon the crash of the rifle, a deafening roar rang out. The dropped deer splashed back into the pool, and then something black and awful, without shape or form, charged swiftly toward their tree! The captain's express barked out its streak of flame, but *it* came on, vague and indistinguishable, but growling vengefully below them. It would not be vague an instant longer, but striking for them with sledge-hammer blows of paws armed with simitar claws, George realized, as he fired again, blindly, hoping to hit, but more than expecting to have to use the muzzle of his gun as a frantic prod to fend off the black terror.

With a hideous screech, paralyzing every nerve with freezing, animal fright, the leopard launched himself like a thunderbolt for their hiding-place. A thick bough, smashed aside like a straw, broke in front of them—and then Migi yelled out like a wild beast, driving his spear full into the throat of the hungry terror striking at them with flying claws. The captain's express went off with a stunning crash at the same instant, and the black leopard fell back, striking right and left at the branches around him. The tree shivered and shook under them; Migi pulled himself back out of the tangle of thorns where he had been driven by the impact of the spring. Then they all waited, hearts pounding so that they could hear the pulse-beats through their open mouths, while, with a flurry, a grunt, and a growl, savage to the last, the life went out in the jungle bushes below.

"And that 's that!" exploded the captain, with a mighty surge of relief, as they listened to make sure that the black leopard would strike no more. "How did you ever manage to hit him in the first place, son?" he inquired, curiously. "I thought surely he would get away, as no one could see him."

"Oh, well," laughed George, nervously, "I just sighted on the reflection of a star in the pool, and when he rose and blotted it out, I knew he was there and let him have it. That was all!"

"Right there with the pinch-hit, son, as usual!" grunted the captain, admiringly. "Good work! And you, too, Migi—that spear of yours was the boy! Well —the Sultan 's got his black kitten, all right! Let 's get down and skin him out."



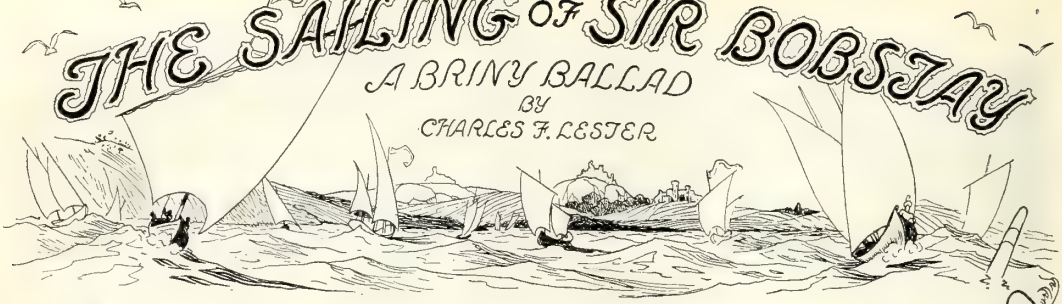
"WITH A HIDEOUS SCREECH, THE LEOPARD LAUNCHED HIMSELF LIKE A THUNDERBOLT FOR THEIR HIDING-PLACE"

THE SAILING OF SIR BOBSTAY

A BRINY BALLAD

BY

CHARLES F. LESTER





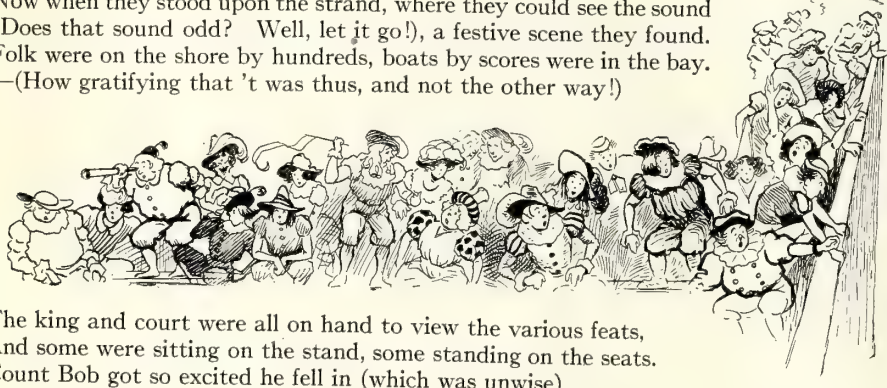
Up rose the bold Sir Bobstay, and down the street did go.
"Ahoy!" quoth he, "Lay to!—Lay three! Avast! and eke, Yoho!
'T is eighteen bells already! Zounds! How the time doth slip!
I 'm skipper of the *Pancake*, and methinks I 'd better skip!"



Lady Clare, his neighbor, hailed him.
"Good day, good Knight!" she cried,
"Pray, whither bound so fast?" "The water fête," Sir B—— replied;
"There 's lots of fun afoot ahead! I prithee come with me.
One does n't often see the scene now seen upon the sea!"



Now when they stood upon the strand, where they could see the sound
(Does that sound odd? Well, let it go!), a festive scene they found.
Folk were on the shore by hundreds, boats by scores were in the bay.
—(How gratifying that 't was thus, and not the other way!)





The king and court were all on hand to view the various feats,
And some were sitting on the stand, some standing on the seats.
Count Bob got so excited he fell in (which was unwise),
And the judge of fancy diving granted him a special prize!

Sir Bob's Fancy Dive

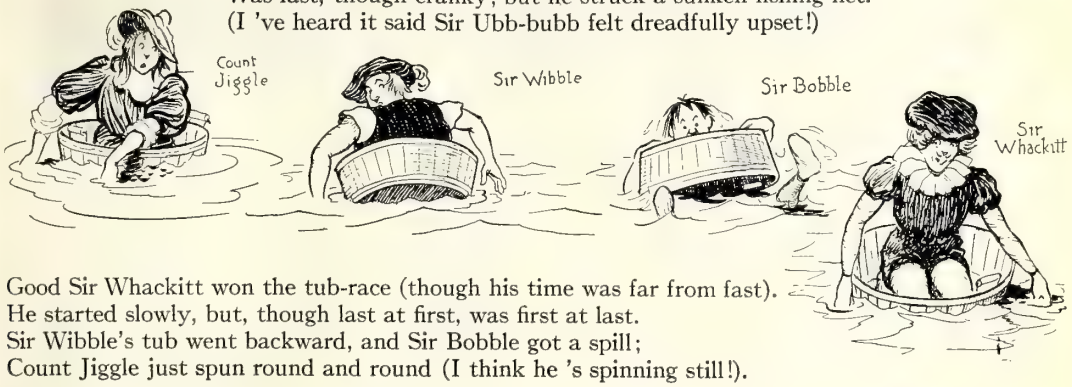




The high dive went to stout Sir Tubbe (three hundred was his weight).
The judges all agreed the form he showed was simply great.
While the cup for girls was captured by his pretty niece, Estelle.
"Methinks," remarked the king, "the maid 's a perfect diving belle!"



First place in the canoe-race was won by Count Kazoo.
Sir Ubb-bubb hoped to beat him, for he knew his new canoe
Was fast, though cranky; but he struck a sunken fishing-net.
(I 've heard it said Sir Ubb-bubb felt dreadfully upset!)



Good Sir Whackitt won the tub-race (though his time was far from fast).
He started slowly, but, though last at first, was first at last.
Sir Wibble's tub went backward, and Sir Bobble got a spill;
Count Jiggle just spun round and round (I think he 's spinning still!).

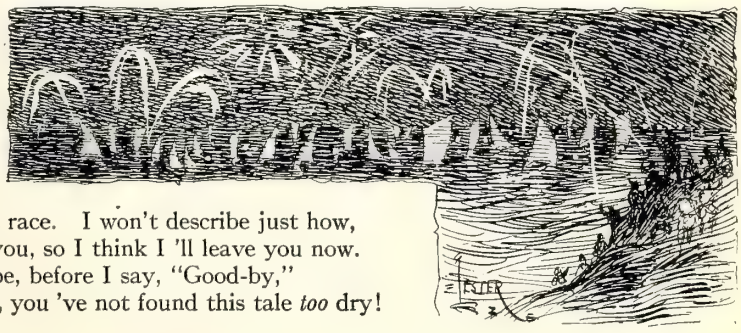






Sir Dink

The yachtsmen had their troubles. Count Elgardo tried to tack,
But found he 'd lost his hammer; Lord Algernon turned back
When a dog-fish chased his cat-boat; while Sir Dink (quite ill at ease),
Quoth sadly, "I 'd much rather see the sails than sail the seas!"



Oh yes!—The *Pancake* won the race. I won't describe just how,
For 't would augur ill to bore you, so I think I 'll leave you now.
But let me just express the hope, before I say, "Good-by,"
That, with so much water in it, you 've not found this tale *too* dry!



AT A STATION PLATFORM, KOREA

A TRIP TO KOREA

By CHARLES BURNETT

If you are going to take a trip to Korea with me, you must get out your geography, for there will be many new and strange names to learn. It will be necessary for you to know a bit of history as well, so I will tell you a little about Korea before we start.

In the first place, you must realize that Korea is a very, very old country; its history dates back over 2000 years, and we may see a stone monument that was erected in 178 A. D. In those early days, and for many centuries later, it was a Chinese colony; for China is even much older. The Japanese first came over to Korea about 1600 years ago, and there has been more or less fighting between the two countries ever since. Lying between China and Japan, and being smaller and weaker than either, Korea has been invaded time and again from both sides, and both countries have tried to control her. This resulted in a war in 1894 between China and Japan, in which Japan was victorious and China was driven out. However, the Koreans did not like the Japanese at all; so when Russia began pushing down from Siberia, toward the Pacific Ocean, the Koreans rather welcomed their coming. This, however, brought on the Russo-Japanese War in 1904, in which Japan was again victorious, and Korea was formally annexed in 1910. So you see, Japan has fought two big wars for Korea, and now Korea is a part of Japan, just as Illinois is a part of the United States. There is this difference, however: the Koreans are very proud of their long history, and proud as well of the fact that much of Japan's civilization, religion, and art came from Korea, and so they resent being under Japan's control.

With this bit of history in your mind, you will board the express-train for Shimonoseki with me. The station in Tokio is a new one, built of brick, and very impressive in appearance. It has one imposing entrance and a suite of rooms that are never used except by the emperor when he makes a railway journey. You will find the cars very different from the ones you travel on in our own country—these are quite a bit narrower, but fairly comfortable. The porter has "BOY" printed on his collar, so when you want him, you simply call out "Boy"!

We pass through many towns on our way: Yokohama, where the ships come in from America; Nagoya, where they make so much of the china that you buy in America—there is an old castle here with two big gold fishes on top of it; then Kioto, the ancient capital, full of old castles and temples; then Osaka, which is called the Chicago of Japan—perhaps you can guess why; then Kobe, another great seaport.

From here on to Shimonoseki we travel along by the famous Inland Sea, with islands always in the distance and everywhere the kind of fishing-boats you used to draw in school. At every station, the platform is crowded with boys who let you know in a very noisy way that they have lunches, fruit, and newspapers for sale. If you would like to get some tea, you will buy a little

pot with a tiny little cup and take it on the train with you. When you have finished the tea, you may leave the pot on the train and the "Boy" will collect it.

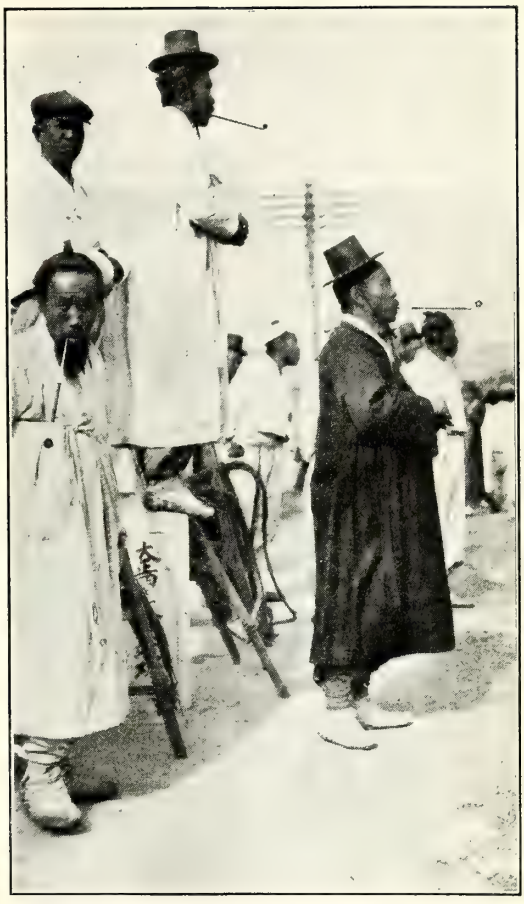
You will notice that most of the Japanese passengers have curled their feet up on the seat under them, because they are accustomed to sit that way and find it more comfortable than the way you sit. Of course, I am quite accustomed to Japanese scenery and I see nothing strange or unusual in many things that would keep your nose constantly pressed against the window-pane. The clatter of the wooden *geta* (clogs) on the station platforms; the farmers, knee deep in mud, transplanting rice in the terraced, checker-board rice-fields; the funny-looking straw rain-coats they wear while working in the rain; the old temples on the hill-sides, surrounded with trees; and the swarms of children of all ages, sizes, and description that you see everywhere—all these things would keep you busy asking questions, I am sure.

We have arrived at Shimonoseki, and must



A KOREAN GENTLEMAN OUT FOR A STROLL

hurry along and get on the boat, for we are going to cross the Japan Sea on the way to Fusan, our point of arrival in Korea. The trip has been rather tiresome, so we will go to our state-room



THE PIPES AND HATS BELOVED OF THE KOREANS

and go to bed, knowing that we shall see Korea when we wake up. The boat is a comfortable one, and we shall get a good night's rest and be ready for the new sights that await us in Korea, or Chosen, as the Japanese call it.

When we first see Fusan, we notice that it looks very much like a Japanese town, as indeed it has been for several centuries. The train is down on the wharf; but before we get on, we must go over and show our passports—the officials want to see if we look like the very ugly pictures that are on these documents. When we examine the train we notice that it is very much like our own trains at home, the cars much larger than in Japan and the road-bed quite a bit broader.

As we travel along in this fine train, there are many things that appeal to you as being different from anything we have seen in Japan or America. Notice the people themselves; they are larger than the Japanese, and all are dressed in white. There is a very practical reason for this. In Korea, white is the color for mourning. Every time a relative dies, all the family must wear

mourning for three years. As the families are large, you can see how often they must wear white. So they have adopted white for their regular dress, which is pretty sensible of them, is n't it?

You know from your own experience how hard



A TYPICAL OLD KOREAN WOMAN

it is to keep a white dress clean; so it is no wonder that at every stream we pass we see the women busily pounding clothes in the water. I am afraid that many of the poorer people are not able to keep very clean.

The women's dresses are different from anything that you have ever seen—the style is practically the same for every one, both winter and summer. What little girls or big girls are wearing in Paris, London, or New York is of no particular interest out here. The shirt-waist is very short—then a cloth is wrapped tightly around the body as far as the waist-line; there is then a pair of voluminous trousers tied in at the ankles and covered with a skirt reaching almost to the ground. The richer class may wear silk, but the great majority wear plain cotton cloth.

The women do not look very pretty—their hair is slicked down tightly on their heads, parted in the middle, and made into a knot low on the neck. You try that style some time, and see how you look. The babies are tied on their mothers' backs, lower down than the Japanese baby. They ride very contentedly there, often asleep and rarely crying.

The men's costume resembles the women's in a general way, of course without the skirt. But it is the men's hats that attract the eye. You know the Korean man wears his hair long, tying it in a sort of topknot on the top of his head. Now he has a little high-crowned hat just big enough to fit over the topknot, and held in place by a string tied under his chin. It does look queer to see this little white hat perched up on the middle of a man's head. He prizes it highly, however; and if a rain comes along, he has with him a little oiled paper umbrella, just big enough to cover it, which he puts on to protect his treasure. Here and there we see a man with a huge straw hat that completely hides his face—and we know that he is in deep mourning for a recently deceased relative and must hide his face from the passers-by.

You must bear in mind how the natives look, for we see them almost every moment as we speed along northward toward the capital, called Seoul by the Koreans, and Keijo by the Japanese. We see processions of women going along the country roads with big bundles on their heads, walking easily and gracefully. Many of the men carry heavy loads of wood or sacks of grain on their backs by means of a rude, wooden pack arrangement. They have been carrying loads in this manner for centuries, for they have few ponies or oxen, and it is only recently that any roads have been built. Out in the country districts we see the farmers riding the oxen, just as we ride a horse. On the ox's forehead is a bell that tinkles as he moves his head from side to side—some say that is to keep the tigers away while going through the mountains. These oxen sometimes pull wooden carts which have wooden axles, and you can almost hear the creaking of the wheels above the noise of the train.

Every few minutes the train passes a little village or group of farm-houses—and very miserable they look, too. The houses of the poorer people are made of mud and plaster, with a thatched roof. The heating arrangement is different from houses in any other country—for Korea has ice and snow in winter and the people could not live unless there was some kind of heat. The fire is built under the floor, and the smoke and heat make the floor quite warm. If you should lie down on the floor to sleep, as the Koreans do, it would be quite comfortable at first; but gradually you would become too warm for comfort, while you would be too cold if you should get up.

The richer people have better houses, built chiefly of wood, with a tiled roof, but the heating system is just the same.

A little after noon we arrive in Seoul, which has been the capital of Korea for over five hundred years. It is much the largest and most important city in the country, and seems quite impressive after the little villages we passed on the train. At the station we find rickshaws and even automobiles, not to speak of the Japanese street-car line that runs well over the city. As we ride to the hotel, we see the ancient gates of the city with their temple-like roofs. Seoul, like all Korean towns, was surrounded by a wall from ten to twenty feet high, but the walls are practically gone now, leaving only the gates.

The old and the new jostle one another—here a new Japanese bank or public building of brick or stone, and right beside it the little Korean mud house. The streets are full of white-robed people, the old men with their long-stemmed pipes, while on a vacant lot some school-boys are playing baseball. There are also many Japanese and Chinese in the streets. I expect that if a Korean boy and a Japanese boy dressed just alike were placed before you, that you could n't tell which was which. I have seen Japanese who could n't tell the difference.

You must not wait too long before coming to Korea, for native dress and native customs will change rapidly in the future. The old men's topknots and their long pipes will pass with another generation, and their successors will indulge in cigarettes and dress like the men you see at home. The women, of course, change more gradually, and it will be many years before they begin to wear high heels, or dress their hair as Americans do. But come as soon as you can, and you will never forget the picture of a procession of white figures stalking silently along the country



A KOREAN (AT THE LEFT) WEARING THE HUGE STRAW MOURNING HAT

roads. You will feel rather sad about it, too, without exactly knowing why. Perhaps it is because Korea is called "The Land of the Morning Calm" —and the people look calm —but not happy.

A COMICAL STATE O' THINGS!

Apples have cheeks, and matches, heads;
Corn has ears, and pumpkins have beds;
'Taters have eyes, and clocks have faces;
Watches have hands inside their cases!

Tables have legs, and so have chairs,
And 'twixt them all, my goodness! there 's
Enough to make, if one proposes,
A boy—'cause loaves of bread have noses,

And books have backs; and tell me who 's
To say that tongues are n't found in shoes?
Windmills have arms, and yardsticks, feet,
And rivers mouths—our boy 's complete!

Ruth Plumly Thompson.

THE LUCK OF DENEWOOD

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Vive la France!" etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

PEG TRAVERS, joint heir with her brother Jack to the estate of Denewood, in Germantown, which they are too poor to keep up and have rented as a school for girls, receives a letter from her brother, an officer with the A. E. F., saying that a relative of the family, a French girl named Béatrice de Soulange, has come to him asking for assistance, and he has thought it best to send her to America. Her brother, Louis de Soulange, an officer in the French army, in an aëroplane flight over the lines, has disappeared and is "missing." Peg, who lives with her aunt in the lodge at Denewood, is talking this news over with her cousin, Betty Powell, when Béatrice arrives. Her first desire is to see the lucky sixpence, their family talisman, and when she is told that it has been lost for a century she is astounded at the girls' indifference and declares her belief that with it was lost the luck of Denewood. Béatrice plans to hunt for it, and, to that end, becomes a pupil at Maple Hall, as the school at Denewood is called, and begins her search for the sixpence. Miss Maple discovering this and thinking it a waste of time forbids day-scholars to go above the first floor of Maple Hall. Peg is vastly excited by a letter from Jack asking for a description of the Soulange ring and warning her to stand guard over Bé lest unauthorized news of her brother rouse false hopes. Shortly after, a young man, who announces himself as Captain Badger of the British Army, calls, saying that he has news of Louis which he will give to no one but Bé. With Jack's letter in her mind, Peg refuses to let him see Bé. The next day he mistakes Betty for Bé, and Peg persuades her, in order to obtain news of Louis, to impersonate her cousin and, seated outside the spring-house, hear what he has to say, while Peg, concealed inside, could also find out what the stranger proposed. The two girls learn that Captain Badger is in search of three hundred thousand francs to ransom Louis de Soulange, whom he declares to be held by a band of robbers in France. Betty, posing as Bé, insists upon having time for consideration. He finally gives her till the next day, and Peg tries to consult Mr. Powell, but finds he is ill. Meanwhile, Bé, ignorant of this crisis in her affairs, has gone to search the spring-house for the entrance to a secret passage she believes may be there. She unexpectedly discovers it, and, hearing some one coming, conceals herself in it. She examines the passage and finds it blocked by a solid partition at the other end. Then, retracing her steps, she tries to reënter the spring-house, but the trap-door refuses to open. Bé finally discovers a way to pass the partition and comes out in a dormitory of the school. Being upstairs is an infraction of Miss Maple's rule, and she goes to the principal's room to acknowledge the fault. Miss Maple is out; but Miss Hitty Gorgas, an elderly sewing-woman, encourages her to search for the lucky sixpence. Bé finds half of it, cunningly concealed in a sampler worked by the first Beatrice, and escapes with it through the secret passage, where the trap-door, to her surprise, opens easily. Meanwhile, Peg and Betty agree that they dare not tell Bé about Captain Badger, for fear of raising false hopes. Wishing to gain time until, perhaps, Mr. Powell shall recover, they decide, if no other way can be found, to tell Badger that he has not yet seen the real Béatrice. Bé on leaving the spring-house meets Captain Badger and he, not knowing who she is, asks if she has seen a ring which he has lost. Hurriedly answering no, she runs home. The cousins are all overjoyed at the recovery of the lost coin, and, on Horatia's suggestion of a new way to search for the other half, they go up to the school. Miss Hitty helps them and they find the second half, Peg and Bé each wear a piece for the luck it will bring, and agree to go at daybreak to explore the Mouse's Hole, an arrangement that will not interfere with the appointment with Captain Badger.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SIXPENCE AT WORK

THE parallelograms of window-pane were beginning to show gray, when Peg was roused from sleep by a finger pressed against her lips. She was broad awake in an instant, and looked up into Bé's face as she stood beside the bed, fully dressed, but carrying her shoes in her hand.

Five minutes later the two cousins were hurrying along the drive, whispering excitedly and intent upon the early morning adventure.

Inside the spring-house, Bé flashed the lighted lantern about the floor, looking for her friendly toad, but could not find it.

"We mus' wake up poor Monsieur Crapaud," she said. "It is there that he live'," she added, pointing out to Peg the depression in the floor. "See now—he will 'op out." She knelt and began tapping with a small stone, until at length, much surprised and no doubt greatly annoyed, the little creature emerged, blinking, into the open.

"Poor thing!" murmured Peg, sympathetically.

"But yes, it is too bad," Bé agreed. "It is uncomfortable to 'ave your 'ouse so upset. See, it rise up like this."

She pulled the trap-door and Peg examined it carefully.

"There is n't any kind of lock on it," she said, after a moment. "I can't understand how it could have held. I 'm going to try to open it from inside. If I can't, you 're here."

To think and to act were almost one motion with Peg. She was down in the hole and had the door shut over her head in a moment. Then it lifted again promptly, and Peg looked up at Bé.

"I can't explain it," she said. "It opens all right for me."

"And for me, it did the second time," Bé replied. "Let us go below and see from there."

As she started down, another thought entered her mind.

"Shall I shut down the little door, Peg?" she asked.

"No, leave it open," her cousin replied. "There 's nobody about but the watchman, and he 's probably asleep in the kitchen. He would n't come near here, anyway."

But Peg was mistaken. Just before Béatrice disappeared, the face of Captain Badger showed outside of one of the little windows, looking in with open-mouthed surprise.

Under the combined illumination of bicycle-lamp and flash-light, the girls quickly discovered the reason for Bé's previous difficulty in opening the trap-door. A few paces beyond, there was another short stairway, which, upon closer examination, proved to be walled up.

"That 's the old way out," Peg explained. "You must have passed the other steps in the dark the first time."

"Of course, that is it!" Bé said; "and once I 'ave foun' the good little sixpence, it lead me right. I am glad I was not so stupid, after all. Come. I will show you that thick partition."

Flashing their lights here and there as they moved, Bé and Peg explored the passage to its very end; but they dared not open the narrow door behind the fireplace in the dormitory.

"If one of those giddy creatures happened to be awake and saw our heads sticking out, she 'd have a fit," Peg whispered in Bé's ear. "My word, what a fuss there would be!"

They turned and went back down the steep stairs, and Peg passed under the barrier, set the step in place once more, and followed her companion.

"I don't think much of this place, anyhow," she grumbled. "It 's nothing but stone and mortar."

She was flashing her light right and left, revealing a monotonous continuation of rough masonry, till suddenly she bumped into Bé, halted at the archway which gave into the narrower tunnel leading under ground.



"'BUT I 'AVE FIN' SOMETHING!' CRIED BÉ, IN EXCITED TONES"

"Goodness!" cried Peg. "What 's the matter? Have you seen a ghost? Do go on. I 'most fell over you."

"But I 'ave fin' something!" cried Bé, in excited tones.

She turned her light on a spot at their feet and Peg saw, in a niche cut in the living stone of the foundation, a large square box, bound and studded with metal. It stood to one side of the passage, so that it was quite invisible to one coming from the direction of the spring-house. Going out, a glimpse of it might be had.

Peg pushed past Bé and grasped the coffer to pull it into plain view, but her best efforts failed to budge it.

"Hum!" said she, under her breath. "It 's heavy, all right! What do you suppose is in it?"

"Per'aps gold," said Bé, in a most matter-of-fact tone. "We 'ave fin' the sixpence—why not?"

"Bé!" cried Peg, a little excitedly, "you do talk of that sixpence as if it were *Aladdin's* lamp! Why should there be gold in this box? It 's probably nothing but rubbish."

"Per'aps," Béatrice answered complacently; "but one does not go to so great trouble to 'ide rubbish. However, open it and see."

"But I don't know that I should," Peg said hesitatingly. "We don't know to whom it may belong."

"Is it not yours?" Bé asked in surprise. "Surely it belongs to Denewood!"

"Why, of course," Peg admitted, and then suddenly grew very animated. "Oh, Bé! suppose it should be something valuable, after all, that 's been hidden here all these years. And—and—"

She darted to the box and wrenched at the lid.

"Nothing doing, my dear, it 's locked tight."

"Of course, that is to be expected, and we cannot carry it, eh?" Bé took hold of a wrought-iron handle and tugged with all her might.

"It 's no use. We can't get it out of here, but I know where there are a lot of old keys. Come on." Peg started down the passage as fast as she could go. Bé followed, and in a few moments they were back in the spring-house and, as Peg closed the trap behind them, Bé, with a little exclamation, pointed to the door.

"It is ajar," she whispered. "Surely we shut it when we came in."

"I don't remember whether we did or not," Peg answered. She was thinking of nothing but the box and its possible contents. "It does n't make any difference. There 's never anybody around here, especially on Sunday mornings." She opened her lantern and blew out the light. "Come on, Bé. If we can find the keys, perhaps we 'll have time to come back and get the box open before breakfast."

"Where are they?" asked Bé, as they stepped outside and hurried to the driveway.

"In Aunt Polly's desk," Peg answered. "There 's a whole drawer full of them—old ones that she 's saved for years. Some of them are great big things. I used to play with them when I was a kid. Oh!"

They were half-way to the lodge when Peg interrupted herself suddenly.

"What is it?" Bé asked.

"Nothing," answered Peg, promptly, "I sort of stubbed my toe."

"You cried as if it hurt you," Bé said. "I think you wear too pointy shoes. They walk so far in front of you that it makes you trip up."

"Of course I wear *two* pointy shoes," Peg retorted, laughing a little wildly. "You don't want me to wear only one shoe, do you? Wait just a second, there 's something I must get."

She turned suddenly and ran back to a bush that grew beside the drive. Here she broke off an armful of small branches before she rejoined Bé.

"Now why did you do that?" asked Béatrice, astonished at her actions.

"Don't you see the buds are almost out?" Peg said, with pretended innocence. "We 'll put them in water and have a lot of yellow flowers in a day or two. Come on."

She hurried forward again as she spoke. Whether her explanation quite satisfied Bé she could n't tell, for her cousin made no answer; but it was not because she had stubbed her toe that Peg had cried out. Neither had she gone back for the bunch of forsythia.

Tightly clasped in her hand, which she kept concealed in her coat pocket, was something that she had plucked from a twig on the bush where she had glimpsed it hanging like a Christmas-tree ornament. However it had chanced, it was a fact that the Soulange ring had returned once more to Denewood.

But the girls had scarcely left the spring-house when Captain Badger slipped out from behind some bushes and, with a sharp glance around, disappeared within it, closing the door behind him.

CHAPTER XXIV

AN ECHO FROM THE PAST

THE two girls entered the lodge quietly and started for Aunt Polly's room; but Peg, mindful of what she had found, made the forsythia an excuse to turn back.

"I 'll be up in a minute," she whispered. "I want to put these in water." She held out the twigs, and Bé nodded her comprehension.

Once safe in the kitchen, Peg drew forth the ring and looked at it. There was no mistaking its identity. It was the Soulange ring, without a doubt!

A little thrill went through Peg as she slipped it on her finger. The old Peggy Travers, Béatrice's ancestress, had worn it long, long ago, and now, by the strangest of accidents, it was on the finger of another Peggy Travers. But the girl had not time to sentimentalize over the past. Her thoughts were all on the present, and she was intent upon putting the ring in the safest place she knew.

With this in mind, and not caring whether Betty waked or not, she ran up to her own room, opened her desk, stowed the ring in one of the small drawers, and locked it. Then she went to join Béatrice.

She found her cousin standing before a dainty satin-wood escritoire, with a puzzled look on her face.

"It is so lovely, that," Bé murmured admiringly, nodding toward it. "It is made for a lady and it look' like one, eh?"

"It came out of Denewood," Peg explained. "Aunt Polly would n't let any one else use it."

"But should we hunt through it?" Bé demurred. "Per'aps we ought to telephone to Aunt Polly?"

"Nonsense!" Peg protested. "There 's nothing private about her desk. She 'd think we were crazy to wake them up for that. Besides, I know right where those keys are." She pulled out a drawer as she spoke, but gave an exclamation of surprise to find it empty. "What do you think of that?" she went on, half to herself. "I 'll bet Aunt Polly 's put them away somewhere and, if she has, we 'll never find them. We 'll have to telephone, after all, and then perhaps she won't remember. Aunt Polly is just mad for systems. The only trouble is that half the time she forgets which one she 's using. Those keys may be in a trunk or the medicine-chest or the jam-closet. No one on earth will know but Aunt Polly, and I hate to wake them up at such an early hour in the morning."

"Wait a minute," said Bé, thoughtfully. "There is something on my min'. Tell me, is this not the desk the old Béatrice use' long ago?"

"Of course," Peg responded; "did n't I tell you?"

"Then I think the key to our box will be in that desk," said Bé, ignoring the question. "That is, if what I am guessing is right."

"What are you guessing?" demanded Peg.

"That the old Béatrice know of that chest in the Mouse's Hole," Bé said. "I don't know, I only guess—but she had used the passage, and she might want to 'ide something. Would that be a good place?"

"Yes, but she could n't carry a thing as heavy as that box down those stairs," Peg suggested.



"IT WAS THE SOULANGE RING, WITHOUT A DOUBT!"

"No, no," Bé agreed, "but if the box was empty, eh? It would weigh less. Once there, per'aps she put things in it that were quite heavy, and each time she would lock it and so she want' the key near her always."

"That 's possible," Peg admitted, "but hardly probable. It seems to me she would have said something about it in her letters or journals somewhere."

"Ah, it was like that chain and the sixpence," Bé pointed out. "She had no wish that it lay hidden forever; but one night, when she did not

expect, she lay down quietly and die. You see she did not guess it was time to let people know where things were."

"Hum!" murmured Peg. "That sounds reasonable; but then the key would have been lost by this time, or else it 's mixed up with that other bunch we can't find."

"Per'aps," Bé said, "I only guess, you know; still, if she is careful to 'ide that box in the passage, she would not leave the key about just anywhere. Is there not in that ol' desk a secret drawer? That would be the place to fin' that key."

"That 's an idea, all right," Peg answered, with growing conviction. "If the old Beatrice Travers had anything to do with that box in the Mouse's Hole, then your guess is a good one. We 'll look, anyway. Even I have n't the nerve to call up Chestnut Hill at this hour of the morning, so we 'll have plenty of time."

She went to the desk and began a systematic search for hidden drawers, but found none. Bé, meanwhile, was down on her knees tapping on either side of the one large drawer which opened beneath the middle of the writing-table.

"There is room here," she suggested to Peg, who dropped down beside her.

Peg pulled out the drawer and, setting it on the floor, looked into the opening. The desk was beautifully finished, inside as well as out, but there was no way of reaching the adjoining spaces on either hand.

"We can't get in from there," she said in a rather discouraged tone.

By this time, Bé was on all fours under the desk.

"Listen," she cried, a little excitedly, as she tapped first on the right and then on the left. "You hear? It is like a drum; but it is not the same. I think there is something inside over here."

So absorbed were the two girls in their investigations, that they did not notice that the door had been gently pushed open and, consequently, they both jumped guiltily when Horatia's accusing voice broke on their ears.

"If I had a dear little cousin come to stay with *me*," she said, "I would n't sneak off and have mysteries and all sorts of fun without her."

"Horatia!" cried Peg, "you scared me out of a year's growth."

"That 's your own guilty conscience," Horatia replied. "I think, after yesterday, I deserve to be treated as something better than this. Anyhow, I 'm going to stay right here and see what you 're doing to Aunt Polly's desk."

"Bless its little heart, so it shall!" Peg replied banteringly, "as soon as it puts some clothes on."

Horatia stamped a slippered foot.

"I tell you, Peg Travers, I won't be treated like an infant in arms any longer," she snapped. "My pajamas are warm and so is my bath-robe. What are you looking for now? You 'd better tell me if you want to find it."

"Listen to Miss Sherlock Holmes!" Peg gurgled. "Well, my dear, we 're looking for an old key, an old iron key."

"Oh!" Horatia's tone suggested disappointment. "There is n't any iron key in there; it 's brass!"

"What 's brass?" demanded Peg.

"The big key that 's in Aunt Polly's desk," returned Horatia, imperturbably. "You said you wanted an iron one, and I was—"

"See here, you precocious baby," Peg said, getting to her feet, "you show us that key! We don't care what it 's made of, and we have n't any time to waste."

But Horatia put her hands behind her back and smiled a superior smile.

"Go right ahead and search for it, my little dears," she purred amiably, curling herself up in the big chintz-covered chair and sitting on her feet to keep them warm. "You won't find it in a thousand years. Why, even *I* only happened on it by accident one day when Aunt Polly sent me up here for pills. It 's really quite an ingenious arrangement."

"Oh, it is, is it?" laughed Peg. "Well, my dear, we 're ready to admit your superior qualities as a huntress. You 've proved that, so go ahead whenever Your Majesty 's ready, and tell us all about it."

"But I 'm not ready," Horatia calmly declared. "I 'm only ready to bargain with you."

"Oh, come on, Horatia! Get busy! We want that key," said Peg.

"I 'm not asking much," Horatia protested "but I 'm the youngest girl in my class, and the youngest girl in school, and the youngest when I 'm with you, and I 'm tired of it. You have secrets with Betty and secrets with Bé, and you all treat me as if I was still in the kindergarten. I 'm not. I 'm very matronly for my years. Miss Maple says so herself."

"You mean mature, my dear," laughed Peg.

"It 's just the same thing," retorted Horatia, a trifle embarrassed. "A matron is a mature woman. I looked it up in the dictionary, and that 's what I feel like, no matter how old I am. Anyway, I won't be cuddled up like a teddy-bear."

Both girls pounced upon her and smothered her with embraces until, in desperation, she consented to show them what they wanted.

"If you did n't keep secrets from me, I should n't mind," Horatia confessed. "It hurts my feelings when I think you don't trust me."

"Never min', *chérie*," Bé whispered to her. "Betty and Paig 'ave a secret from me, so you are n't the only one; and after breakfast sometime we 're going off all by ourselves."

"All right," Horatia said, dimpling with pleasure; "you never were so superior as Peg and Betty, so if you want me to,I 'll show you the old key in no time."

"Now this is the way it happened," she went on, after seating herself in front of the desk. "I was looking for pills, you know, and the door to this closet here was stuck." She touched the little rounded cupboard on the left of the writing-table. "I took hold of the desk *here*," she continued, illustrating, "and braced myself for a good pull. Then I heard a click, and the closet part swung right over, so!"

Suiting the action to the words, she moved the cupboard over and revealed an opening into the space below at one side of the central drawer.

Three heads bumped in their eagerness to look within.

On the top of two or three neatly folded garments lay a large, old-fashioned brass key.

Peg seized upon it eagerly.

"It look' as if it might fit!" exclaimed Bé, excitedly.

"Fit what?" demanded Horatia.

"A chest that you 'll see some day," Bé assured her.

Peg, however, was gazing at the garments in the secret compartment, and after a moment picked them up with reverent fingers, one at a time. Each was labelled with a small tag sewed to it, and she read these aloud:

"'Jackie's christening robe, worked for him by dear Granny in England and sent overseas by the hand of Captain Timmons.'

"'Marjorie's first short coat, of which she seemed vastly proud.'"

"Jackie and Marjorie were two of her children, and Captain Timmons commanded the Travers's ship that brought her from England," murmured Peg.

On a quantity of beautiful lace folded in a napkin was fastened the following:

"For my grand-baby Peggy's wedding-dress, from her godmother, Peg de Soulange in France."

In almost perfect silence the three girls looked at and touched the dainty fabrics. For each they held a wordless message, as if the spirit of the old Beatrice had come and kissed them gently, and gone away again, leaving with this new generation of her blood a tiny bit of her own sweetness. For a moment all else was forgotten, then Peg broke the spell.

"Is there anything on the other side?" she asked Horatia.

"I don't know," was the half-whispered answer. "You see, when I first opened this so unexpectedly, I was thinking only of pills. I did n't read the labels, supposing, of course, that the things were Aunt Polly's."

"I 'm positive Aunt Polly does n't know they are here," Peg interrupted. "We 'd have heard of it if she did. We 're the first to have seen them since the day they were put there."

"Well, anyway, I did n't look any further," Horatia explained: "and I did n't say anything about it, because I sort of felt that I 'd been meddling, though I had n't meant to. Then I forgot all about it till this morning."

"Let 's open the other side and see," said Peg, beginning to fumble at the opposite cupboard.

"It soun' all empty when I knock," Bé remarked.

"Where do you press, Horatia?" Peg asked.

"I think on that flower," Horatia indicated the spot, and after a moment they heard the click that marked the release of the catch.

Inside, close to the wall of the desk, were several flatly folded sheets of paper fastened with small, pale wafers.

Peg picked them up and the three girls moved over to the window. A feeling of awe had taken complete possession of them. None of them were indifferent to the influences of venerable things. All of them had been well schooled in the traditions of the past. They had lived with old pieces of furniture that had served the members of their families for generation after generation, but in these few simple objects which they had just discovered, there was an intimate and personal significance of which the girls were acutely conscious. It was as if the gentle hands that had laid them there had waited all these years to place them in their keeping.

Peg turned over the packet. On the cover was written the following:

"To my husband, John Travers, or any member of my family who survives me, these; Beatrice Travers."

"We 're members of her family," Peg murmured, looking from one to the other of her cousins; and at their nod, she slipped a paper-knife under the seals. Carefully she spread open the paper and read aloud:

"Urged thereto, in the first instance, by my dear friend and foster-mother, Mrs. Mummer, who proved to me that the Travers' trait of unthinking generosity is like, in the end, to impair our patrimony, I have each year laid by a certain sum out of the moneys so generously supplied me by my dear husband. This saving, of nigh fourteen thousand pounds, hath grown to such proportions as amazeth me; yet more clearly every day do I perceive the wisdom of good Dame Mummer, for this hath ne'er been missed; and with marriage portions to provide for our two daughters, some bad management

of the estates since our trusty Mummer died, and many bad debts due to my husband's faith in reckless friends, I greatly fear that, should Jackie marry, Allan and his family would be meagerly provided for, were it not for this fund that I have accumulated. Therefore it is my wish that my husband, or those who succeed him, apply this money where it is most needed to keep up the standing of the family. The necessities of the master of Denewood must ever be the first charge upon us all; but also let him bear in mind that it is his duty to aid those of his blood who require his support.

"My daughters, I expressly enjoin, shall have no share in these moneys. They have both been generously provided for, and both have married husbands who are rich. This I say, not from any lack of affection, but because, when a suitable amount is set aside for the support of Denewood, they are always assured of a home there should aught unforeseen befall.

"I know not if such a womanish expression of wishes be legal; but I am well assured that in the hands of my beloved husband and sons it will be obeyed as if it had been writ by a score of lawyers.

"The key to the chest I leave with these lines. The gold will be found in a metal-bound box in the secret passage. It is set in a hole cut in the wall, which Mummer contrived for me when the doors were made and the passage altered to avoid the wetness from the spring. With a good lanthorn, you cannot fail to find it. Let me pass on to you two wise saws of Mummer's, that may not come amiss in this connection. 'Waste not want not,' is one any of the Travers blood may take to heart. The other runs in this wise: 'Who spends a penny less than he hath, needs not to beg.'

"To Denewood and the dear ones who belong there, I subscribe myself, with the devotion of a lifetime,

"Beatrice Travers."

Peg's hand was shaking and her voice almost broke into a sob as she finished.

"I—I feel so queer," she murmured. "Somehow it is as if she were talking to us."

"Per'aps she is, in our 'earts," Béatrice breathed softly; but a moment later she threw an arm about Peg and smiled joyously. "Now you mus' believe all I say of the lucky sixpence," she went on. "All has come about as the old Béatrice would 'ave wished. Such a dear, wise lady to save and save, and no one know! I am so 'appy for you, Paig dear."

But for the moment, Peg's heart was too full for words. She put her arms about Bé's neck and looked at her cousin through tear-dimmed eyes. It had been Béatrice whose faith had never wavered, who had brought all these riches to Denewood. Peg smiled through her tears, feeling a great weight lifted from her heart.

"And now you 're going to be rich, Peg, and have Denewood back again," cried Horatia, joyfully. "I 'm glad!" She threw her arms about her cousin lovingly. "Everything is going to be perfectly beautiful," she rattled on. "Are n't you glad you belong to the family, Bé? I am. But I 'm 'most frozen, after all, so I 'm going to dress."

She ran out of the room, to return a moment later and stick her head through the doorway.

"We 're going to have sausages and buckwheat cakes for breakfast," she announced hungrily. "I can smell 'em. You two had better hurry up and get ready," and she was off again.

"Great kid," murmured Peg, and Béatrice nodded in agreement. "But I had no idea it was so late," she went on. "We can't go back to the spring-house now, and I 've got that engagement with Betty this morning."

"There is no hurry," Bé assured her. "It is safe, that money in the spring-'ouse."

"Yes," agreed Peg, "after all these years it is n't likely to be stolen within the next few hours. Oh, Bé, I can hardly believe it!" She was on the verge of tears.

"You 'ave need of your breakfast," Bé replied banteringly. "Come along. We will put these things away and then get ready. I am not half dressed—and so dusty!"

"Me, too," said Peg, recovering quickly, "and I 'll have to wake Betty up. She 'd never forgive me for letting her miss the sausages."

With haste, but tenderly, the little dresses and the lace were stowed away. Peg, carrying the big brass key, ran off to her own room, while Bé joined Horatia in hers.

Betty was curled up in a ball, sound asleep, when Peg leaned over the bed.

"You certainly are the original dormouse," she cried. "Wake up!"

Ruthlessly she pulled the pillows out from under her cousin's head.

"I 'm so sleepy I don't think I 'll get up for breakfast," murmured Betty, not even opening her eyes.

"Oh, yes you will," Peg insisted. "You 're going to get up this minute. You have an engagement with a gentleman this morning, remember. I 've been up for hours planning and planning, and you 've done nothing. Hop out of bed and get busy!"

Betty consented to open one eye.

"Such slang," she sighed, and promptly closed it again.

Peg went to her desk and, unlocking the drawer, took out the Soulange ring, then she returned to the bedside.

"Betty," she whispered, "look at this."

Again Betty opened an eye, but as she caught a glimpse of what Peg held, the other also came open with something like a snap.

"Don't shout," Peg warned her. "Bé and Horatia are in the next room."

"Where on earth did you get it?" demanded Betty, in a careful undertone.

"I found it hanging on a bush," Peg explained. "It was just as if the captain had been playing

ring-toss with it. The only explanation I can give of how it got there is that he must have flicked it out of his pocket with his handkerchief. Anyway, he knows it 's gone. Bé met him as she was coming out of the spring-house yesterday. I almost dropped when she told me. He asked her if she 'd seen it, and never guessed who she was; and, of course, she had no idea what ring he was hunting for."

"I wish we did n't have to meet the person," Betty grumbled, out of bed by this time and beginning to dress.

"Oh, don't let 's go into that all over again," Peg protested. "It 'll be all right. You must go."

"Oh, very well," mourned Betty. "I 've got to go through with it, I suppose."

"You have," Peg declared promptly. "We 'll be off to the spring-house as soon as the school starts for church."

Betty nodded and began to speculate mentally upon which was the most becoming frock she had with her.

In the other room, Bé and Horatia dressed rather silently; but at last the younger girl voiced the desire that was uppermost in her mind.

"Bé," she said, hesitatingly, "I 'd love to see that secret passage and the box you found. I suppose I 'm too young, though," she added.

"Of course you 're not," Bé replied, with a smile. "Certainly you shall see it. It is n't a secret from you."

"Oh, good!" cried Horatia. "You know I just love to be in things with the rest of you."

"I 'll tell you," Bé proposed. "This morning Paig and Betty, they 'ave an engagement—do you see? Well, we wait till they go away, and then you and I will visit the spring-'ouse and I introduce you to Monsieur Crapaud."

"But we won't tell them a word about it, will we?" Horatia suggested, nodding toward the door between the rooms.

"But no," Bé agreed. "We, too, shall 'ave our own private affairs."

And while their plans were being made, Captain Badger slipped out of the spring-house and made his way rapidly out of sight. His face was rather red and he looked as if he had been exerting himself unduly, but he smiled complacently and seemed very well satisfied.

(To be continued)

WHEN THE POPPIES DOFFED THEIR COATS

By FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

Once I visited our garden plot
when all that could be seen
Were rows of drooping poppy
buds in sweater-coats of green;
But suddenly the sun came out,
and when I went again
You should have seen the glad
array of satin and delaine
And crinkled silken petticoats
a-fluttering in the breeze!
"Pray, tell me, poppies," I ex-
claimed, "when donned you
gowns like these?"
"This morning," laughed the
poppies. "We 've been wear-
ing them since dawn;
You did n't notice them because
we had our sweaters on!"
And so, when none was looking,
I took a peep around,
And lifted up the grasses; and,
sure enough, I found
The little, woolly sweater-coats
all lying on the ground!





THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

TWO INTERNATIONAL TRIANGLES

ENGLAND, America, Japan, and England, America, France: two triangles that include a very large part of the area of international relations.

The Anglo-Japanese Treaty, originally made to check Russian expansion in Asia and German aims in China, involved neither of these considerations when it came up for renewal. Both England and Japan were anxious to avoid anything that might "get them in bad" with America.

France, eager to be closely allied with the United States, and also with England, was unwilling to make any engagement with England so long as there was any possibility of a clash between the United States and Japan. Such a conflict might force England and France either to break their treaties or to take sides against America.

It is frequently said that the peace treaty did no good, but left the world just where it had been. But it does seem as though these problems of international partnership were being discussed rather more openly than in the old days.

THE MISSING SHIPS

A REMARKABLE thing happened in June. It became known that since the first of the year twenty ships had disappeared, without anything to explain their disappearance. That meant that nearly one ship a week, leaving port in the normal way, had failed to arrive at her destination. It was as though the war had begun again, and German subs were in a *spurlos-versenkt* campaign.

You might have thought of icebergs as a possible solution of this mystery of the sea. Icebergs had been numerous during the spring, had been reported much farther south than they commonly get. Or, if you have an extraordinary amount of imagination, you might have invented solutions such as would have pleased Jules Verne, the author of those wonder-stories that boys used to love.

The solution actually offered by the governmental authorities, who investigate such occurrences, was that piracy was being committed on the high seas. I am inclined to regard this explanation as rather more remarkable than the Jules Verne possibility, for it seems as though if there are any out-of-date-isms in the world, piracy in 1921 would be one of them. And yet, it must be admitted that if there are persons who need ships and are willing to steal them in the middle of a voyage, the very fact that piracy is such an unheard of thing nowadays would help them "get away with it." Nobody is on guard against it.

It was suggested that the ships might have been taken in charge by crews who mutinied, got rid of their officers, organized a soviet aboard, and ran off with the vessels. If this were possible and had actually happened, it seems certain that the ships would have been heard from and would not have dropped so completely out of sight.

As we read the stories in the newspapers, we wondered if it could be that the Russian Communist Government, needing ships for trade, could have taken such a method to get them. The Russians might, as far as mere physical possibility counts, have sent out crews in fast steamers and captured the unsuspecting merchantmen, and sent the ships into a secret port to be refitted, perhaps disguised, and used as a Russian trade fleet. Yes, I know, it does sound wild, and of course it 's pure speculation. Probably by the time you read this the riddle will have been solved.

But for twenty ships to disappear, in these days of wireless communication, when a ship at sea can so easily keep in touch with other ships and with stations ashore—well, it does set your imagination going, does n't it?

WASHINGTON'S ANCESTRAL HOME

WHILE some Americans and Englishmen were saying things that were not exactly calculated to make everybody happy, in England and America there were other things being said, and done, that strengthened the very desirable friendship between those two countries. One of them was the re-dedication of Sulgrave Manor, the home of George Washington's ancestors in England.

In 1912 there was formed an organization known as the Sulgrave Association, the object of which is to foster that friendship. This institution conducted a successful campaign for the restoration of the old mansion, and the exercises in June marked its completion.

Services were held in the Sulgrave parish church, where some of the ancestors of the first President of the United States are buried, and a program was held on the lawn of the manor-house. The president of the American branch of the institution, Mr. John A. Stewart of New York, presented a bronze bust of President Washington, to be kept at the manor-house, and letters from distinguished Americans were read. These came from Vice-President Coolidge, President-Emeritus Eliot of Harvard University, Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and many others. On the main doorway of the manor-house are the arms of the Washington family, and these also were dedicated.



Wide World Photo

SULGRAVE MANOR, WASHINGTON'S ANCESTRAL HOME, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, ENGLAND

Some folks seem unable to realize that the Revolutionary War is over. Some others seem to think that it is wicked to criticize anything English. Both are wrong. We are friends with England, and the friendship of the two nations is one of the strongest forces for peace in the world.

LABOR'S LOYALTY AND AMERICANISM

IN June the American Federation of Labor held its annual convention, at Denver. In two of its acts the Federation showed its good sense and patriotism.

The first of these was a unanimous refusal to establish a single union of all workers. The Federation is made up of representatives of many unions, each composed of members of a single trade. The organization copies the idea of our union of States. Each union has its own organization, and each is responsible to the Federation, and goes to its central government for settlement of its relations with other unions and with the whole body of organized labor. The "One Big Union" idea would have concentrated the workmen of all trades in an organization which would surely have been tempted to use its power against the interests of the rest of the country. Such an organization would be un-American, and in refusing to make it, the Federation proved itself capable of good, sound action.

The second evidence of good sense was given in the Federation's refusal to reconsider its action in holding aloof from the international organization so long as that organization is tainted with anarchistic ideas. The Federation expressed the hope that the international association might soon come to a change of ideas and methods that would make it possible for American labor to join in with it whole-heartedly for the good of working people everywhere.

The leaders of labor have made mistakes, and more than once have seemed to put the interests of a section of the populace ahead of those of the whole citizenship. But labor was loyal in the war and has acted with wisdom since; and we hope it will always be as sensible as it was at Denver.

THE MAN WHO GOT THE BOYS TO FRANCE

Major-General Peyton C. March, whose retirement from the Army was announced shortly before this Watch Tower went through the type-writer, was the man who made it possible for American soldiers to serve so gloriously "over there." The Secretary of War said in a letter to General March: "I especially wish to mention your success in directing the transportation of troops to Europe during the war, which was a service of great magnitude, and in which you accomplished really remarkable results."



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MAJOR-GENERAL PEYTON C. MARCH

There are folks who are so anxious for peace in the world that they would like to see the United States discharge its army and send the Navy to the scrap-heap. Reasonable folks, who know that such things cannot be done, want our Army and Navy to be so fine and fit that no power will care to attack us, and that if ever again we have to join in a war in defense of civilization, we may be found ready. Certainly, General March would not advocate either aggression by the United States or unpreparedness to resist aggression by others.

General March's career is an example of the fine spirit of Uncle Sam's army men. He graduated at West Point in 1888, and won his way up the ladder of rank by merit, by skill and faithful service. He served brilliantly in the Philippines and was chief of artillery in the A. E. F. Early in 1918 he was ordered home as Acting Chief of Staff —and then those transports with the thousands of soldiers began to move fast.

Remember General March as the man who put the second million in France, and convinced Germany that victory was impossible for her.

THE LEAGUE

Some readers of The Watch Tower are absolutely opposed to the idea of the League of Nations, and refuse to believe it can do any good. Some go to the other extreme, and think the League is going to solve all the world's problems. A good many think it may be all right for Europe, but must not be considered by the United States; and a good many others are quite indifferent to it and have stopped thinking and talking about it. So you can see it 's not an easy subject to discuss, and the chances of pleasing every one are slim.

But, whatever you may think of America's interest in the League—whether you believe we have to share in Europe's affairs or still ought to avoid entangling alliances—the League is one of the most remarkable movements in history. A century or two from now, students will read the story as we read the story of the formation of great empires after the Middle Ages.

The next great move will be the establishment of the International Court of Justice. Although America was not in the League, the council turned to Elihu Root as the man to draw up a constitution for the court. Four Americans, Mr. Root, Judge George Gray, John Bassett Moore, and Oscar S. Straus, were invited to nominate four judges. It began to be a question how far the United States could go, in view of the fact that the election last November had been declared to be an order to the Administration to have nothing to do with the League.

The Permanent Peace Court at The Hague had rendered useful service when the war knocked peace on the head. The future of the League and its court can be written now in one mark: ?

IMMIGRATION AND UNEMPLOYMENT

The law restricting immigration to a certain percentage of the number of persons admitted to this country in a standard before-the-war year, caused some complications in the early days of its enforcement. The quota for each country each month was calculated in advance, but some countries sent, in June, more than their allowance.

At New York, Boston, and other ports the immigration authorities confronted this condition, and a number of persons were held up. Perhaps



Underwood & Underwood

AN HONORARY DEGREE FOR MAUDE ADAMS

The Honorary Degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Maude Adams, noted for her "Peter Pan," and other famous successes, at the 125th Commencement of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.—the first woman to be honored by that institution.

Other notables upon whom degrees were conferred are, left to right: Dr. James R. Angell, new President of Yale University; Thomas W. Lamont, financier and Harvard University overseer; President Charles A. Richmond of Union College, Chancellor of Union University; Maude Adams, actress; John W. Davis, former U. S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and the Hon. Nathan I. Miller, Governor of New York State.

the steamship companies were at fault for permitting persons to embark for America without first making sure that they would be admitted.

Finally, the problem was solved by letting through all those who had sailed before the first of June. To keep within the law, it was necessary to deduct a corresponding number from the allowance for later months.

It must be a pretty hard experience, to come to the New World expecting to walk right in and get rich, and be told at the gate that you are not welcome and will have to go back. But we cannot manage such matters on a footing of sentimental interest and sympathy. It would only make trouble if we did.

We are sorry for immigrants who are turned back, and we are sorry for American men who cannot find work. It was asserted during the debate in Congress on the question of admitting the people who were held up in June that there were five million men in this country looking for work and unable to find it, and there were hundreds of thousands of persons working on part time. Is it not wise to take care first of those who are here?

MAUDE ADAMS, MASTER OF ARTS

At Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., in June, Maude Adams, the actress, received the degree of Master of Arts. I do not know what the colleges do when the recipient of such a degree is a lady. If they give the degree in English, M.A. will do just as well for a woman as for a man, because "mistress" begins with "m" just as much as "master" does. But if your degree is in Latin, "Artium Magister," what happens? I have one like that myself, but I don't remember enough Latin to quote the word for "mistress." Can some one in our Latin class tell me?

Maude Adams is certainly a Mistress of Arts, no matter what letters she writes after her name.

She always was, and she certainly proved herself mistress of the great art of interesting young folks and understanding their world when she played in "Peter Pan." How time flies! It was away back in 1906–7 that she did that.



Underwood & Underwood

THE AMERICAN POLO TEAM IN ACTION. WATSON WEBB IS HERE SHOWN CLEARING FROM THE RAIL. DEVEREUX MILBURN, THE AMERICAN'S CAPTAIN, SCORED, THOUGH HEAVILY PRESSED

The person who received the largest number of honorary degrees this year was Madame Curie. She received nine, one from each of the following colleges: Smith, Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, University of Chicago, University of Pennsylvania, University of Pittsburgh, Columbia, Northwestern University, Wellesley, and Yale. As one member of her party stated, "They are killing her by degrees!" Madame Curie sailed for France, Saturday, June 25, taking with her the radium presented to her by American women.

INTERNATIONAL SPORT

WHEN American athletes go to England, or English athletes come over here for a contest in any sport, the international rivalry appeals to everybody, whether the sport itself does or not. People go to the games to see the Britons beat the Americans, or the Americans beat the Britons, and not merely to see golf or tennis or polo, or yachts sailing over a course.

This year the Englishmen and Englishwomen defeated our men and women at golf, but our polo players beat the English at polo, so honors were divided. As the pessimist might say, everybody was delightfully unhappy, each side having been defeated. In THE WATCH TOWER view, everybody was happy, because each side won a glorious victory.

Our photograph shows the American polo team at an exciting moment.

THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

MISS ALICE ROBERTSON of Oklahoma, the only woman in Congress, presided over the House for an hour one day in June. Dr. Johnson said that the point about a woman preaching was like the fact of a dog walking on its hind legs—not whether it was done well or poorly, but that it was done at all. There have been many women in the pulpit—and mighty good preachers, too—and now women do everything. We 'll have a woman President yet; you see if we don't.

WISH we knew more about things! The war between Greece and Turkey puzzles us. Is Turkey always going to make trouble for the Christian part of the world? What are England and France really after? And just where do the people of Greece stand? How much does the Russian part in it all amount to? It 's pretty hard for a reasonable, peaceful sort of chap to understand it all.

THE floods of Pueblo, Colorado, in June, brought out once more the quickness of Americans to help Americans. Like Baltimore after the fire, Galveston after its flood, and San Francisco after the earthquake and fire, Pueblo resolved at once to have a better city than ever. Most people are heroes!

THE WATCH TOWER still thinks, as it always did, that even if things don't go as well as they might, it 's better to be cheerful than to be always melancholy.

The fellow who 's always expecting something good to come along has at least the pleasure of anticipation. And if realization fails to happen, the perpetually gloomy person has only doubled the trouble.



CREWLESS TRAINS ARRIVING AND DEPARTING WITH THE MAILS

CREWLESS RAILROAD TRAINS

WHY do we need train crews on our railroads?

This is the age of automatic machinery. We make machines that perform marvelous pieces of work without requiring any attention. Gear-wheels, cams, levers, rods, all operate in perfect harmony as long as there is plenty of oil to keep down friction. Some machines seem almost to have the power of thinking. Now a railroad is just a vast machine, spread over miles and miles of territory, and composed of a lot of conveying mechanisms. Its only job is to carry loads from one point to another, a very simple task compared to that of an automatic screw-machine. Why can't we have automatic trains that will run without motormen or engineers and firemen?

The answer is that we can, but we do not like to trust the lives of passengers to blind machinery. We want a human being, and one of long experience, at the throttle-valve of the locomotive behind which we ride. Machines are all right until something happens, and then we prefer to rely on human intelligence, because no automatic machinery is so hedged about by safety devices that it will be equal to *all* emergencies, and, in case of an accident, the brainless, blundering machine may work frightful havoc. Even if a perfect automatic railroad were devised, people would be loath to ride on it, because they would not have sufficient confidence in a mere machine.

However, passengers are not the only load carried by rail. By far the greater tonnage is freight of all kinds. There is no reason why freight should not be transported in crewless trains, because, in case of accident, there would be no loss of life. The idea of running crewless freight-trains must have occurred to hundreds of boys as they played with their electric trains, and the wonder is that we have waited all these years without building such a railroad.

Recently, plans have been published for the construction of a railroad of this kind about the port of New York, to take care of the tremendous amount of package freight that has to be distributed from one point to another. While this may seem like a very novel idea, we must admit that the British have stolen a march on us, for an experimental line of this type was built and operated in England nine years ago. Because it proved so successful, work was started in London just before the war on a tunnel six and a quarter miles long for a crewless underground railway. The tunnel has been completed, but work on the railroad and equipment has been held up for the present because of the high cost of labor and materials. This railroad is being built to carry mails through the busy parts of the city, where traffic is so thick that mail-trucks have to move along at a snail's pace.

The scene here pictured is, of course, an imaginary one, representing an artist's vision of what the line may look like, but it is based on the experimental line that was actually built and tried out.

In the experimental line, the cars were only two feet wide, two feet high, and six feet long, and they traveled at the rate of thirty miles per hour when running at full speed. The London crewless railroad will run through a tunnel nine feet in diameter in which a double line of track will be laid. The cars will be three feet wide, five feet high, and ten feet long. Electricity, of course, will be used to run the cars, and it is most ingeniously applied. In the station yards they will be under direct control of a despatcher, who from an elevated position, such as that shown at the right in the drawing, can throw switches and run the cars back and forth to make them up into trains or bring them up to the loading and unloading platforms. At the left of the picture a train is being loaded with mail-bags. The roof of each car opens up like the lid of a trunk, so that it is a simple matter to stow away the mail. By fitting the roof with double hinges, it may be swung open from either side, so that it can be loaded or unloaded from either a left-hand or a right-hand platform. After a train has been loaded, the despatcher sends it out on the main line. All this he does merely by throwing switches in a control-table. Above the table there is a lay-out of the line on which the positions of the trains, as they move over the system, are indicated by lighted sections.

After the train moves out upon the main line, it passes out of the operator's control. He can watch it progress by seeing the sections in his lay-out light up progressively, but he cannot stop or start the train. This is all attended to automatically.

The line is divided up into blocks, and no train can pass out of the block it is occupying until the next block is clear. If the next block is occupied, the train is automatically slowed down and stopped. When the line is clear again the train starts up automatically and is brought up gradually to full speed. When the train comes to a sharp curve it slows down to a safe speed; and after the curve is passed, it picks up speed again. In the experimental line, there is a very sharp curve that a train could not take at full speed without upsetting. Frequently, passengers would ride in the miniature cars, and as they saw the sharp curve ahead and the train plunging on toward it at a rate of thirty miles an hour they would grow decidedly nervous, but just when it looked as if they were going to have a fatal spill, the train would slow up to twenty miles per hour and take the curve in perfect safety.

The trains do not all go to the same station, and in order to make the cars pick out automatically the station at which they are to stop, they are furnished with contact-arms that may be set for different heights. Near the stations there are contact-plates set at different heights. Trains will pass stations without faltering until they encounter the plates for which their contact-arms were set. This will automatically slow up and stop the train, and then the train-despatcher may bring it up to the loading or unloading platform, or switch it off on a siding.

Common brakes would not do on a system such as this, because they would be uncertain in their action. The more heavily a train was loaded, the farther it would travel before coming to a stop. To insure perfect control, electric-motor braking is used. A type of motor known as a "shunt-wound" motor is provided, which may be set to run at a fixed speed. It is certainly a most frugal type of motor, for it automatically takes up only as much current out of the line as it needs to give it that speed. The less work it has to do, the less current it will consume, and when coasting downhill it actually acts like a dynamo and produces current which it feeds back into the line. If set to run at thirty miles per hour, it will maintain that speed whether the load it carries be heavy or light, or whether it be running up hill or down. Observant readers of St. Nicholas will notice that each track has four rails. The two outer rails are the ones the wheels run on; the two inner rails are the conductors that carry electricity to the motor. A direct-current motor is always made up of two parts, the inside, revolving part, known as the "armature," and the outside, stationary part, known as the "field." There are shoes that slide along the conductor-rails and pick up electric current. The current from one

rail goes to the armature, and from the other, to the field. In order to raise or lower the speed of the motor, the voltage or pressure of current in the armature must be varied, the current in the field remaining constant. And so to slow down the train, the armature conductor-rail is divided off into sections in which the voltage is progressively reduced. This acts as a perfect brake and stops the train within a certain distance, no matter how heavily loaded it may be. To speed up the train, the operation is reversed; the voltage in the armature conductor-rail is progressively increased. In this way, the system is worked out economically, because, whenever the train is slowed up, the motors are automatically turned into dynamos, which generate current and pump it back into the line.

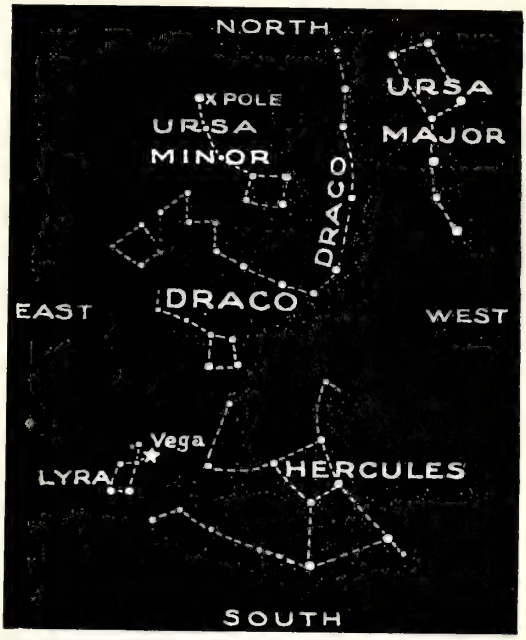
A. Russell Bond.

THE CONSTELLATIONS FOR AUGUST

It was one of the twelve labors of Hercules, the hero of Grecian mythology, to vanquish the dragon that guarded the golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides. Among the constellations for July we found the large group of stars that represents the hero himself, and this month we find just to the north of Hercules the head of Draco, The Dragon. The foot of the hero rests upon the dragon's head, which is outlined by a group of four fairly bright stars forming a quadrilateral or four-sided figure. The brightest star in this group passes in its daily circuit of the pole almost through the zenith of London. That is, as it crosses the meridian of London it is almost exactly overhead. From the head of Draco, the creature's body can be traced in a long line of stars curving first eastward, then northward, toward the pole-star to a point above Hercules, where it bends sharply to the westward. The body of the monster lies chiefly between its head and the bowl of the Little Dipper. The tail extends in a long line of faint stars midway between the two Dippers, or the constellations of Ursa Major and Ursa Minor, the tip of the tail lying on the line connecting the Pointers of the Big Dipper with the Pole-star, Polaris. (See chart.)

Draco, like Ursa Major and Ursa Minor, is a circumpolar constellation; that is, it makes its circuit of the pole without at any time dipping below the horizon in latitudes north of fifty degrees. It is, therefore, visible at all hours of the night in mid-latitudes of the northern hemisphere, but is seen to the best advantage during the early evening hours in the summer months. There are no remarkable stars in this constellation with the exception of Alpha, which lies half-way between the bowl of the Little Dipper and Mizar, the star at the bend in the handle of the Big Dipper.

About four thousand seven hundred years ago, this star was the pole-star—lying even nearer to what was then the north pole of the heavens than Polaris does to the present position of the pole. Owing to the pull of the sun and moon upon the earth's equatorial belt, the point where the polar axis of the earth, extended, pierces the heavens, which is called the north pole of the heavens, is not a fixed point, but is slowly describing a great circle in a period of twenty-five thousand eight

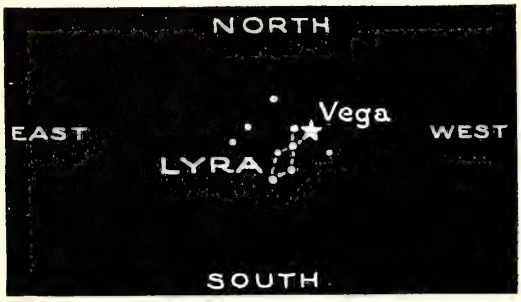


THE CONSTELLATION, DRACO, THE DRAGON

hundred years about a fixed point which we know as the pole of the ecliptic. Each bright star that lies near the circumference of this circle becomes in turn the pole-star sometime within this period. The star Alpha, in Draco, had its turn at being pole-star some forty-seven centuries ago. Polaris is now a little over a degree from the north pole of the heavens. During the next two centuries, it will continue to approach the pole until it comes within a quarter of a degree of it, when its distance from the pole will begin to increase again. About twelve thousand years hence the magnificent Vega, whose acquaintance we will now make, will be the most brilliant and beautiful of all pole-stars.

Vega (Arabic for "Falling Eagle") is the resplendent, bluish-white, first-magnitude star that lies in the constellation of Lyra, The Lyre or Harp, a small, but important, constellation just east of Hercules and a little to the southeast of the head of Draco. Vega is almost exactly equal in brightness to Arcturus, the orange-colored star in Boötes, now lying west of the meridian in the early evening hours, with which we became acquainted in

June. Arcturus was formerly estimated to be slightly brighter than Vega, but later estimates place Vega ahead of Arcturus in brightness. Vega is also a near neighbor of the solar system, its light taking something like forty years to travel to the earth. Vega passes nearly through the zenith of Washington and all places in the same latitude. It is a star that we have no difficulty in recognizing, owing to the presence of two near-by stars

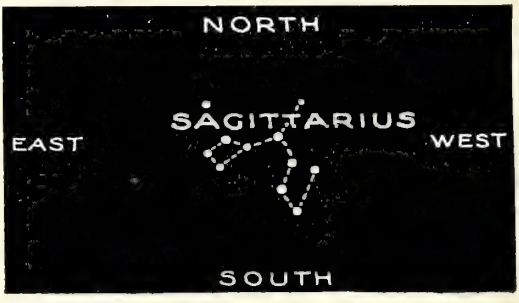


LYRA—THE LYRE, OR HARP

that form, with Vega, a small equal-sided triangle with sides only two degrees in extent. If our own sun were at the distance of Vega, it would not appear as bright to us as either of these faint stars, so much more brilliant is this brilliant sun than our own. The two faint stars that follow so closely after Vega and form the little triangle with it are also of particular interest. If you are of the opinion that your eyesight is particularly good, test it on Epsilon Lyræ, which is the northern one of these two stars. This is the finest example in the heavens of a quadruple star—that is, "a double-double star." A very keen eye can just separate this star into two without a telescope; and with the aid of a telescope, each of the two splits up into two more, making four stars in place of the one visible to ordinary eyes. Zeta, the other one of the two stars that form the little triangle with Vega, is also a fine double star. The star that lies almost in a straight line with Epsilon and Zeta and a short distance to the south of them is a very interesting variable star known as Beta Lyræ. Its brightness changes very considerably in a period of twelve days and twenty-two hours. This change of brightness is due to the presence of a companion star. The two stars are in mutual revolution, and their motion is viewed at such an angle from the earth that, twice in each revolution, one star is eclipsed by the other, producing a variability in the amount of light that reaches our eyes. By comparing the light of this star with the light from the star just a short distance to the southeast of it, which does not vary in brightness, we can observe for ourselves this variability in the light of Beta Lyræ. There are a number of stars in the heavens that vary in brightness for the same reason as Beta Lyræ and they are called eclipsing-variable stars.

On the line connecting Beta Lyræ with the star that we have just mentioned, and one third of the distance from Beta to this star, lies the noted Ring Nebula in Lyra, which is a beautiful object even in a small telescope. It consists of a shell of luminous gas surrounding a central star. The star gives forth a brilliant, bluish-white light and is only visible in powerful telescopes, though it is easily photographed because it gives forth rays to which the photographic plate is particularly sensitive. In small telescopes the central part of this nebula appears dark and is surrounded by a ring of luminous gas, whence its name; but with a powerful telescope a faint light appears even in the central portion of the nebula. This is one of the most interesting and beautiful telescopic objects in the heavens.

It is in the general direction of the constellation of Lyra that our solar system is speeding at the rate of more than a million miles a day. This point toward which we are moving at such tremendous speed lies a little to the southwest of Vega, on the border between the constellations of Lyra and Hercules, and is spoken of as "The Apex of the Sun's Way."



SAGITTARIUS, THE ARCHER

In the southern sky we have this month the constellation of Sagittarius, The Archer, which is just to the east of Scorpio and a considerable distance south of Lyra. It can be recognized by its peculiar form, which is that of a little short-handled milk-dipper, with the bowl turned toward the south and a trail of bright stars running from the end of the handle toward the southwest. This is one of the zodiacal groups which contain no first-magnitude stars, but a number of the second and third magnitude. It is crossed by the Milky Way, which is very wonderful in its structure at this point. Some astronomers believe that here—among the star-clouds and mists of nebulous light which are intermingled with the dark lanes and holes formed by the dark nebulæ that give forth no light—lies the center of the vast system of stars and nebulæ to which our solar system be-

longs. Whether this is so or not, some of the most wonderful views through the telescope are to be found in the beautiful constellation of Sagittarius, which is so far south that it is seen to better advantage in the tropics than in the mid-latitudes of the northern or southern hemispheres.

Among the planets, Jupiter may be found during the first part of the month in the evening twilight and Saturn just to the east of Jupiter. Both planets will soon disappear from view in the rays of the sun, to reappear about the middle of October in the eastern sky just before sunrise.

Early risers may see Venus, resplendent as Morning Star throughout this month. Mars also appears just before sunrise this month, rising about an hour before the sun on the fifteenth of August. It is now over two hundred and forty million miles from the earth and is at the most distant part of its orbit. From now on, it will be approaching the earth and its brightness will increase.

ISABEL M. LEWIS.

A TOAD'S DRINK

SQUATTING in a little depression that he has hollowed out in the soft ground in the friendly shade of the overhanging leaves, where the heat of the blazing summer sun cannot reach him, our toad passes the long day. Well dusted with the dry earth, he is so camouflaged as to be hardly noticed as he lies contentedly dozing.

But when the lengthening shadows begin to creep across the garden and the cool, flower-scented breath of evening tells of the closing day, then the toad wakes up and begins to bestir himself.

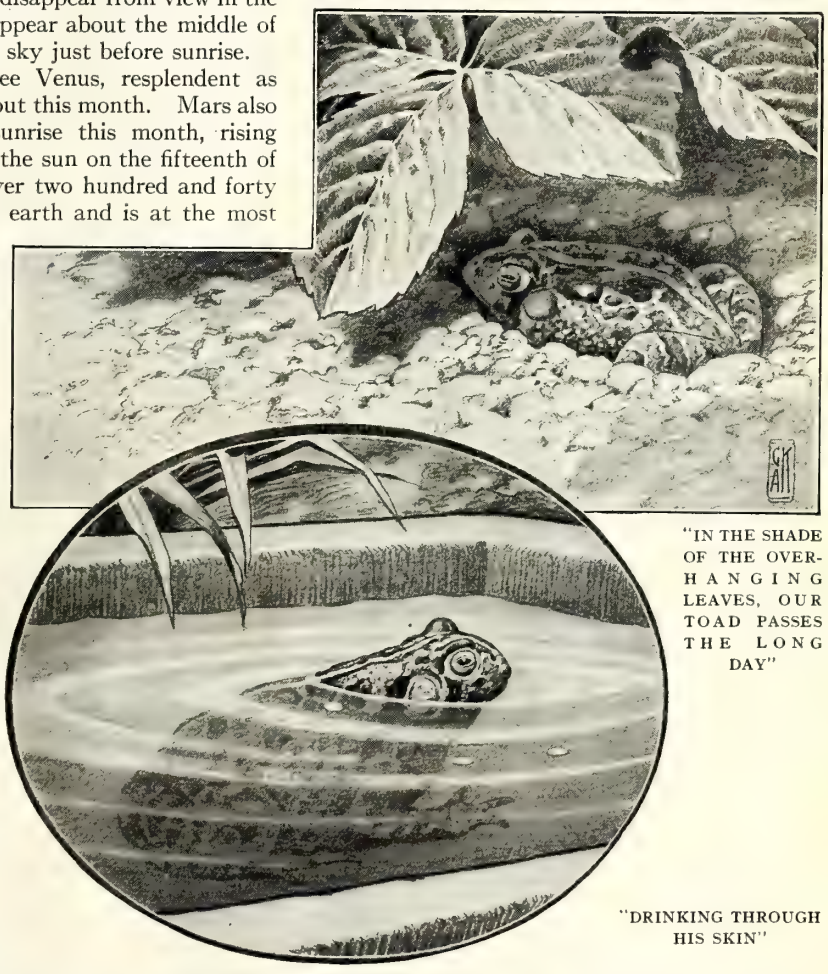
As we follow, we find his course is leading toward the birds' drinking-dish, and presently he lands right alongside the shallow pan of water. Evidently he woke up thirsty. His first thought was for a drink, and he seems to know just where to get it. He does n't appear to be in any great hurry about it, though, but sits beside the dish, blinking, as if wishing to prolong the pleasant anticipation. Finally, the spirit moves, and taking a big hop, with a splash, he strikes the water fairly in the middle of the dish.

And now comes our great surprise, for, naturally, we expect to see him enjoy his drink in the same manner as a bird or animal would, but we soon learn that he does nothing of the kind.

If we watch closely now, we shall see that instead of lapping or sipping the water, our toad simply settles down until he is completely covered, except his head, and in this position he sits, letting the water soak in through his skin. In this way he will spend minutes at a time, only varying it occasionally by lowering his head until he is entirely submerged, then backing rapidly around the dish under water.

After enjoying himself in this way for some time, he seems to feel that he has had enough of a good thing and hops out on the ground again, looking clean and bright, and apparently feeling greatly refreshed.

GEORGE A. KING.



"IN THE SHADE OF THE OVERHANGING LEAVES, OUR TOAD PASSES THE LONG DAY"

"DRINKING THROUGH HIS SKIN"

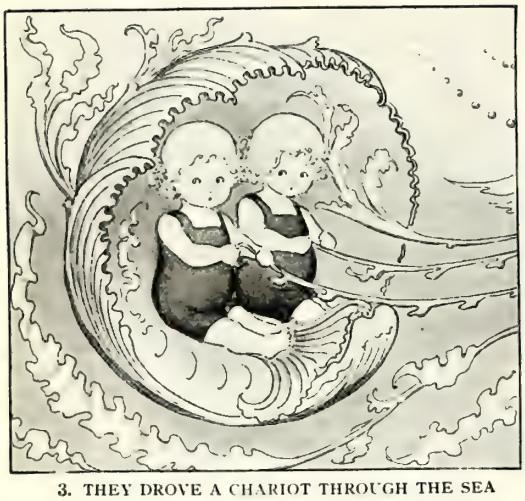
THE TIPTOE TWINS AT THE BEACH



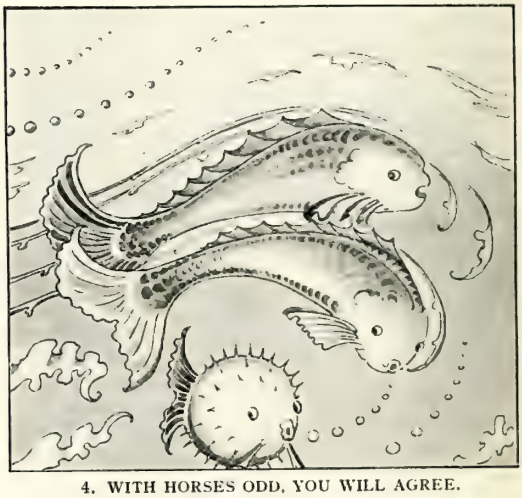
1. BENEATH A BEACH UMBRELLA GAY



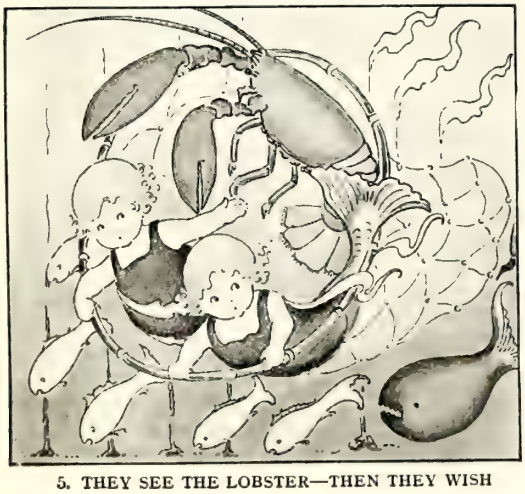
2. THE TWINS OF STRANGE THINGS DREAMED ONE DAY.



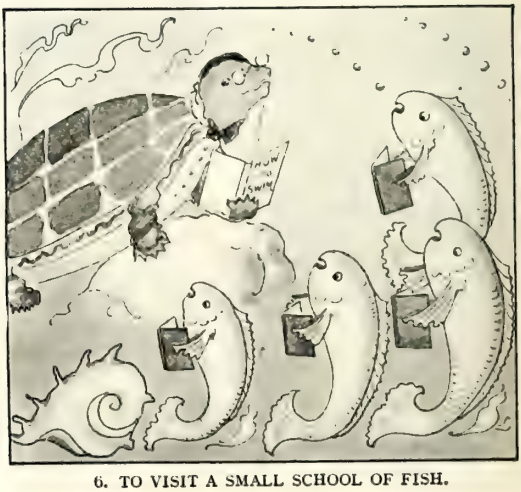
3. THEY DROVE A CHARIOT THROUGH THE SEA



4. WITH HORSES ODD, YOU WILL AGREE.



5. THEY SEE THE LOBSTER—THEN THEY WISH



6. TO VISIT A SMALL SCHOOL OF FISH.

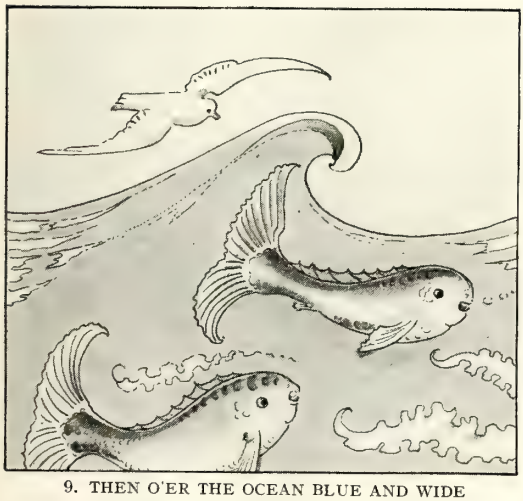
FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



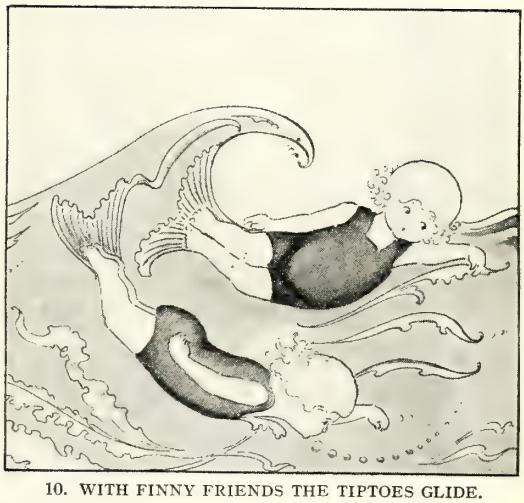
7. OVER THE TOPS OF WAVES THEY SLIDE.



8. AND TAKE A COZY SAIL-BOAT RIDE.



9. THEN O'ER THE OCEAN BLUE AND WIDE



10. WITH FINNY FRIENDS THE TIPTOES GLIDE.



11. BUT THEN THE CREATURES GREW SO QUEER



12. THEY WOKE AND SAID, "WE 'RE GLAD WE 'RE HERE!".

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY CORNELIA JONES, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

THIS month's LEAGUE pages fairly pulse with the spirit of midsummer, from the drawing at the head of this column to the final "Outing Adventure" on page 956. There are a goodly number of these interesting adventures, by the way, and you will enjoy each and every one of them; while the names in the "Special Mention List" stand for quite as many more that would surely have found place here if room could have been made for them. This is true not only of the prose offerings but of all the other contributions as well, Verse, Photographs and Drawings. There is not a month in the entire twelve, indeed, when we do not "suffer" from an embarrassment of riches in making selections for the LEAGUE; and we take occasion, therefore, to express once more our sincere thanks to all those ardent young members who refuse to let their enthusiasm wane because of two or three or a dozen disappointments, but "keep everlastingly at it" with the firm resolve that their turn shall come. And it does come, sooner or later. We are all the gainers from their patient zeal and unfaltering determination.

Almost all this month's pictures, too, are of out-door subjects; and as for the tributes in rhyme, it was nip and tuck between the young versifiers who found their inspiration "by the sea" and those who sought it "in the woods." Much of the verse, moreover, was of unusual merit, as witness this unique little poem:

BY THE SEA

BY KATHARINE L. KOSMAK (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

By the sea on the golden sands the children play,
And the ships sail off to foreign lands, far away, far away,
To many a gorgeous island and to many a distant shore,
Perhaps to return with glory or to return no more;
And the sapphire waves catch in their arms and toss away
The golden, golden sunbeams of the day.

But in the night, when mermen sing and all is dark,
The blackening sea with armor rings, and voices. Hark!
A roar is heard as warriors ride
On the ever moving tide.
They are the waves, in armor of blue steel,
As they go with grim, gigantic rocks to deal,
And on their steeds of frozen foam so white,
They gallop, gallop out into the night.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 257

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badge, **Alice Walworth** (age 16), Mississippi. Silver Badges, **Reed Harwood** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Casimir Johnson** (age 12), California; **Louise D. Catherwood** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Nancy Claire Glave** (age 14), New York; **Helen Nelson** (age 16), Colorado.

VERSE. Gold Badges, **Harriott Churchill** (age 13), New York, **Dorothea Wilder** (age 14), Calif.; **Helen W. Stanford** (age 16), Calif. Silver Badges, **Priscilla Fitzell** (age 16), Calif.; **Katharine L. Kosmak** (age 12), N. Y.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badges, **Evangeline R. Mortenson** (age 15), Illinois; **Barbara Traub** (age 13), Michigan. Silver Badges, **Howard B. French** (age 15), New Jersey; **Dorothy E. Cornell** (age 16), California; **Cornelia Jones** (age 14), New York; **Katherine Cole** (age 14), California.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver Badges, **Rafael A. Peyrè** (age 15), Central America; **Helen F. Corson** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Merva Martin** (age 12), Calif.; **Melissa Steele** (age 15), Iowa; **Mary Joy Reeve** (age 12), N. J.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold Badge, **Margaret H. Sims** (age 14), Rhode Island. Silver Badges, **George E. Utterback** (age 13), Indiana; **Mary Wissler** (age 13), Indiana.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver Badge, **Elizabeth Elich** (age 12), Illinois.



BY CLARA F. GREENWOOD, AGE 15



BY ALICE MCNEAL, AGE 14

"NEIGHBORS"

BY THE SEA

BY HARRIOTT CHURCHILL (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1921)

Listen, I hear her calling
From beside the deep blue sea:
"O ye people in the cities,
Come where the winds are free!
Come where the sea-birds fly
Over the water blue,
Where the warm sea-sand is lying,
I 'm waiting to welcome you!"

She is waiting with hands outstretched
On the sand by the deep blue sea;
Watching and waiting for you,
Where the winds are forever free.
And there on the white sea-sand
You can meet her in all her wealth,
With her golden hair, and sea-blue eyes,
The wonderful goddess—Health!

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

BY ALICE WALWORTH (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1921)

One bright winter day in the year 1892, two men left a little country settlement in West Australia on an expedition into the desert. They made their way through the dense growth of scrubby bush, which dwindled down till they stood on the edge of the great sea of sand—the Never-Never Land, as Australians call their desert. But there is a weird beauty in the glowing rocks and ghostly mirages. These men were experienced and knew how to find their way, but a desert journey is a grave undertaking. They were delayed by a sand-storm, and their water-supply gave out. But all they could do was to push on, hoping to find a spring. They knew of those who, having ventured into the desert, never returned, having been buried in a sand-storm—then losing the trail—dying of thirst!

Searching frantically for water, they found, among the rocks, flakes and nuggets which they knew to be gold—gold in great quantities; the rocks were full of it. The sight of gold, so valuable, yet so worthless, deepened their despair. What use was gold when they were dying of thirst? They struggled resolutely on and at last they found a water-hole. Everything was forgotten in the unutterable joy caused by the sight of that little spring. When at last they reached the settlement, they told of their adventures and their discovery of gold. The news spread like wild-fire, and soon people from all parts of the world were streaming across the desert.

Now a city stands in the heart of the Never-Never Land—the desert which, year by year, is slowly receding under the encroachments of an adventurous people.

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

(A True Story)

BY REED HARWOOD (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

In the Easter vacation, I went to visit a friend, Ned Dane, in New Hampshire. We were very desirous of catching a porcupine alive.

One day, we found one in a hollow tree. We tried to smoke him out, but he did not seem to mind the smoke at all. So, taking a long time, we chopped down the tree. We must have jolted the porcupine, but did him no serious damage. We spent the whole afternoon trying to get that animal out of the tree. We were awfully tired, but kept on, eager to capture him.

By six o'clock, after trying various plans, we had made a hole sufficiently large to push the porcupine out with sticks and into a two-bushel basket we had ready for him. I had the unpleasant task of holding the basket for the porcupine. I knew that the chances were ten to two that I would get my hands full of quills, and the idea did not strike me as a pleasant one. The porcupine was about to drop into the basket. I could see his glaring, angry eyes, and knew he would never give in.

With a final push from Ned, "Porky," as we called him, dropped into the basket. But the basket rolled over, upside down, with Porky underneath. I held the basket firmly until the porcupine humped up his back, and made the quills come through the cracks in the basket. In my excitement, I let go, and Porky pushed over the basket, and bolted faster than we thought he could go, to a cave, where we could not touch him.



"GOING UP." BY EVANGELINE R. MORTENSON, AGE 15
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON FEBRUARY, 1920)

IN THE WOODS—THE LONE PINE

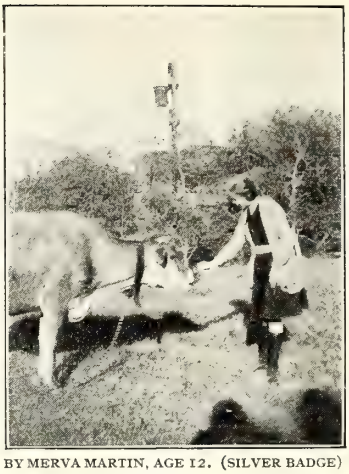
BY MARION CLEVELAND (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

O monarch of the forest, straight and tall,
Thy dim form stands forth in the fading light,
And o'er thee, yet not hiding thee from sight,
The dark'ning shadows of the evening fall;
And in thy branches, lo, the birds' clear call
Bids to the drowsy world a sweet good-night;
Below thee on the lake the moon so bright
A silv'ry path to thee reveals to all.
Thou art a sentry, watching lest some ill
Befall the silent wood, the quiet deep,
And, tow'ring high above thy fellow trees,
Thou seest that all is peaceful, calm, and still,
So that the wood folk may in safety sleep;
And mortals, too, may rest in peaceful ease.



BY CHARLTON M. LEWIS, JR., AGE 15



BY MERVA MARTIN, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)



BY ELIZABETH PRINCEHORN, AGE 12

"NEIGHBORS"

SAN FRANCISCO BAY AT NIGHTFALL

BY PRISCILLA FITZELL (AGE 16)
(*Silver Badge*)

THE sun goes down and o'er the sea a dusky shadow steals,
The sea-gulls hurry to their nests, and to their homes, the seals.
Each little wave is thankful that Mother Night is near,
Each waits with whispered murmurings for Luna to appear.
And soon the night comes softly down from out her realms above,
Bringing to each little wave a wondrous tale of love.
And now the moon begins to rise so slowly all the while
Until the ocean's peaceful crest is gilded with her smile.
But brighter than the gilding, a golden path, it seems,
She makes across the ocean for the King and Queen of Dreams.
All night the golden pathway gleams upon the crested sea
—A pathway through the Golden Gate, that brings my dreams to me.

IN THE WOODS

BY BETTINA A. BUSH (AGE 10)

Oh, the sparkling, lovely glimmer
Of the dancing streams which shimmer
Babbling, tumbling, singing, falling,
With the veery's sweet voice calling,
In the woods.

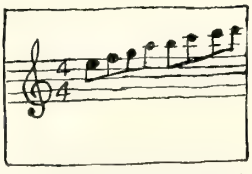
Oh, the great majestic trees
Under which one lies at ease,
While he dreams away the summer
To the drowsy hum of bees,
In the woods.



BY BARBARA TRAUB, AGE 13
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOVEMBER, 1919)



BY ELIZABETH L. THOMPSON, AGE 14



BY ROSALIND SERRAT, AGE 10



BY RACHEL HAMMOND, AGE 13



BY E. K. MURRAY, AGE 12



BY DOROTHY C. MILLER, AGE 17
(HONOR MEMBER)

"GOING UP"

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

(*A True Story*)

BY CASIMIR JOHNSON (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

ONCE, George and I were going lizard-hunting in the hills. We each had a bow and arrow. When we were going, we saw six hawks. George said we were going to have good luck. When we got to a big rock, at one end of the rock we saw a lizard, and we both shot at it. It went in a hole. I put my hand in the hole and pulled out a twenty dollar gold piece. George put in his hand and pulled out another. We went running home, and we told George's father about it.

He took a spade, and we went up to the rock, where we began to dig a hole. Soon we heard something rattle, and sure enough! There we found a rusty can full of twenty-dollar gold pieces and some nuggets. The amount was about eight hundred dollars.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE

IN THE WOODS

BY DOROTHEA WILDER (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1921*)

OUT through the kitchen garden
And past the kennels, too,
Into the fairy forest—
Oh, I 'd love to go with you!
If nurse would only let me,
I 'd take you right away,
But I go to bed at seven
And they never dance by day.
If we fill our shoes with fern seed
From the ferns beside the wall,
We can watch the fairies dancing
And not be seen at all.
We 'll go through the kitchen garden,—
Do you really think we can?—
Out into the fairy forest
To play with *Peter Pan*.

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

(*A True Story*)

BY HOPE WHITTEN (AGE 11)

DADDY, Mother, and I were going to make a visit at my uncle's home in Norfolk, Connecticut.

In the morning we arrived at Pittsfield and were met by the car, driven by my cousin Peter. When we were on Giant's Despair (Monument Mountain) just beyond Indian Maiden's Leap, we saw a car skidding from one side of the road to the other. It was very slippery with rain and oil, and there was a cliff on one side of the road and a precipice with a fence on the other. Peter put on the brakes, and our car skidded. First we crashed backward into the fence, which held us from going down the mountain-side, and then rebounded and went into the next section of fence, head first. That also held; and on getting out, we discovered that a wheel was broken.

Peter went to Great Barrington to get a wheel, and as the road was blocked by our car, Daddy walked on to a curve to signal approaching cars to slow down.

Before he reached the curve, a car crashed into ours on one side, and then smashed into the cliff, breaking one of its wheels. Just then a taxicab came from Great Barrington to take us to Norfolk. The driver said that the road was so dangerous that there were sometimes several accidents a week in this spot.

Every one agreed that we had had a narrow escape.



"NEIGHBORS." BY MARY JOY REEVE, AGE 12
(SILVER BADGE)

BY THE SEA

BY CAROLINE RANKIN (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

THE loud resort is left behind,
From noise and mirth I flee;
And calm and peace and rest I find
Beside the summer sea.

The tide is low, the sun creeps slow
Into the golden west,
And sends a path of crimson glow
To where I lie at rest.

Out yonder, where the sea and sky
Are mingled into one,
A passing sail goes sweeping by
Between me and the sun.

The waves lap softly on the sand,
And croon a lullaby.
And soon I am in slumberland,
Beneath the darkening sky.



"NEIGHBORS." BY DOROTHY TIMMONS, AGE 16

I wake. I feel the flying spray.
I see the twinkling star
Of many lights, far, far away,
Where other people are.

The purple shadows of the sea
Are flecked with whitest foam.
The tide is rising, so must I,
And turn again toward home.

off our chairs. We rushed up on deck and asked the captain what had happened. He said we had struck a rock, and that we had better get into the life-boats at once. So we all piled in, but we did not know in what direction to go, because the fog was so thick. We drifted around for half an hour, and then the fog began to lift very slowly and we made our way to the shore.

The next day we found out that our yacht was safe. On asking how it was saved, we were told that the captain and his men had kept the water out with the pumps, and that a boat had come along and pulled them to shore.



BY MARIE PEYRÈ, AGE 16



BY WORTHEN BRADLEY, AGE 17
(HONOR MEMBER)



BY MARCELYN LICHTY, AGE 14

"HEADINGS FOR AUGUST"

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

BY RICHARD H. THOMAS, JR. (AGE 14)

One night our leader at the scout camp said, "Let 's go on a snipe hunt." We assented, although some did n't know what a snipe hunt was. A burlap bag and three lanterns were procured.

We then went into the woods. On the way we, who were to hold the bag, were given our instructions. Two other boys and myself were to lie in the woods with the bag and two lanterns behind it, while the others were to scare the snipe in toward the bag.

When we were placed, the others went out and started to round up the snipe. In about half an hour they came in, accusing us of having let one go past. They went out again and in about an hour the lanterns began to flicker. On investigation we found no oil in them and we realized that we were the "goats."

The lanterns went out and we did n't know in which direction the camp lay, so we settled ourselves for the night. In the morning we found that we were only about five hundred yards from camp. We were then "kidded" by the other boys. They had walked us all around the camp the night before, and we thought that we were miles away.

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

(*A True Story*)

BY LOUISE D. CATHERWOOD (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

At Bar Harbor, where we went last summer, we had a lovely little yacht, and we used it every nice day.

One day, while we were out, a thick fog crept around us before we realized it, and we could not find our way home. At last, after wandering around aimlessly for a while, the captain told us that he thought we were headed the right way, so we all went down to sit in the cabin, as it was very disagreeable outside.

Suddenly, as we were all laughing and talking, there came a great crash that shook the boat, and threw us

BY THE SEA

BY HELEN L. RUMMONS (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

Green sea and a blue sky
And golden sand below;
And a dream ship floats with purple sails
From the Land of Long-Ago;
On deck are sights of days gone by,
By distance beautified;
And Yesterday reigneth there supreme,
With Memory by her side.

White foam and glad stars
And the visions fade and die;
And a golden ship lifts o'er the crests,
From the Land of By-and-By;
Her sailors, they are merry men,
And all her deck is fair;
And To-morrow sits on a jeweled throne,
With Hope in attendance there.

Cold sea, and a gray dawn,
And the visions pass away;
And a dark hulk sadly drifts, black-sailed,
From the Land of Work-a-Day;
There, chained, beneath the gaoler's eye,
Are Hope and Memory;
The ruler there is called To-day,
The guard, Reality.

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

(*A True Story*)

BY NANCY CLAIRE GLAVE (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

One afternoon, when Daddy was out rabbit-hunting, he heard a deep baying in the distance. Knowing that dogs use a different tone when hunting rabbits, he decided to hide and find out, if he could, what animal it was. He hid behind a clump of bushes near an open



BY MELISSA STEELE, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)



BY HELEN E. SEASHORE, AGE 14



BY HELEN F. CORSON, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)

"NEIGHBORS"

space. The baying grew louder and louder, when suddenly a little fox came bounding into the open space. He gave three distinct jumps in a triangle, and then instantly hid in the thicket, opposite where my father was.

Daddy almost shot him, as he would have been an easy mark, but, being curious to see what would happen, he waited. The hound kept hot on Reynard's trail until he came to the place where the first jump started, but there he lost the scent. Then, turning about, he went baying back the way he had come. A little red face peered over the bushes and looked after the running figure.

Then Master Reynard came into full view.

Once again Daddy's hand went to his gun; but he did not fire, thinking it hardly fair, as the wind was away from him and the little fox would have no warning of approaching danger. Then, too, he thought the cunning animal had earned his life by so cleverly fooling the dog. So he merely waited to see what the little creature would do. The fox rolled over and over, kicking up his small heels in glee, and, as Daddy often said, "If ever a little fox laughed, that one certainly did!"

IN THE WOODS

(A Fairy Song)

BY HELEN W. STANFORD (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1918)

IN my water-lily boat,
Down the limpid stream I float.
Dragon-flies before me guide
As I o'er the waters glide,
  Seeking pleasure dreamfully,
Till pale bluebells a summons ring
Which to Titania's feast do bring
  All fairy folk.
In a green, deep-hidden glade,
Where no flowers ever fade,
Our queen's fairy feast is laid
  Beneath an oak.
We drink of acorns filled with dew,
On mushroom tables white and new;
And while we dine, the thrushes sing—
Musicians for our queen and king.

IN THE WOODS

BY KATRINA E. HINCKS (AGE 12)

(Honor Member)

I KNOW a magic wood-path
  Where the blue-eyed violets raise
Their blithesome little faces
  Through the golden summer days

This path, far from the city,
  With its ceaseless clang and roar,
Leads where a stream flows seaward,
  And through the Magic Door
Of Silence and the Woodlands,
  Where the sunlight flickers through
The green of slender birch-trees,
  And a wood-thrush sings to you.

Where wood-nymphs hold their revels,
  And the pipes of Pan sound clear
And echo through the silence,
  While elves creep up to hear;
Where the water-nymph arises
  From the crystal brooklet cool,
'Mid the golden water-lilies,
  Floating light upon the pool.

Oh, the woods have wondrous magic,
  And their call is wild and sweet:
"Come out to the land of fancy,
  Where child and fairy meet!"



"NEIGHBORS." BY RAFAEL A. PEYRÈ, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY KATHERINE COLE, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

(A True Story)

BY HELEN NELSON (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

IN a rocky gulch in the Sangre di Christo's a boy and his father were camping. The boy was pale and thin, but had keen, observing gray eyes and a distinctly humorous twist to his mouth. His father and he were much alike, except that the man was strong and his son weak.

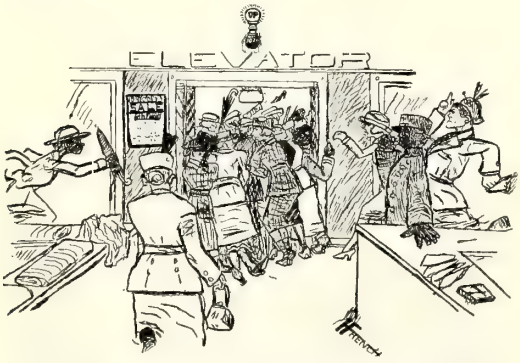
One morning, they were busily preparing breakfast. The bacon was sizzling on the fire giving off a very appetizing aroma.

"Well, my boy," said the father, "you 'd better go out and gather up some wood; our fuel, as you see, is getting pretty low."

"All right, Dad; but I think I 'll take my gun," the boy replied.

"Be careful and see that you don't frighten the mountain-lions with that blunderbuss of yours," his father answered, laughingly.

So the boy trudged off whistling happily. He had gone quite a little distance and had his arms filled with pitchy cedar boughs when he rounded a sharp turn and came face to face with a mountain-lion! He started violently, dropped wood and gun, and dashed back to camp at a speed only attained by a greatly frightened person.



"GOING UP." BY HOWARD B. FRENCH, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

His father rushed out of the tent as the boy came running in, white as a ghost.

"Oh, Dad! I saw a big m-mountain-lion up the trail!" he panted.

"Where? Did you shoot him? What did you do with your gun?" asked the man, excitedly, going into the tent for his own gun.

"I left it up there," answered the boy, sheepishly, and his father burst out laughing.

It was many years before the men in the little mining-town of Westcliffe ceased teasing the boy, and it took several mountain-lion skins to quiet the mirth created every time he held a gun.

But nevertheless, it could n't keep him from telling the story, for the grown-up man still possessed the sense of humor of the boy who was the "hero" of this story.

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

(A True Story)

BY VIRGINIA WALES BUTLER (AGE 12)

SEVERAL years ago, my father and another man, a Mr. McNulty, went camping together in the White Mountains. One evening, as they were going to bed on the mountain-side, it began to pour. They spread their ponchos on the ground and put a rubber blanket over them to keep off the rain. They wrapped their shoes up in paper so that they would n't get wet and put them down beside them.

The next morning my father woke up bright and early. He wanted to get up right away as it was pretty damp and uncomfortable on the ground. The rubber blanket was not big enough and he was partly uncovered, his friend having pulled it over, unconsciously, in his sleep.

My father got up and to his great surprise he could not find his shoes! He woke up Mr. McNulty and they both looked all around for quite a while, but they could not see them anywhere. Finally, Daddy saw something done up in paper about twenty-five feet above them, and it looked very much like their lost package!

He and Mr. McNulty hastened gladly up to the spot to get it, as they both had given it up for lost or stolen by this time, and, sure enough, it was their shoes.

The queer part of it, however, was that on closer investigation they found that they had slid several feet down the mountain-side, and that was how the shoes happened to be above them!

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Evelyn I. Perkins
Eleanor Fox
Helen Reynolds
Anne P. D. Lester
Marjorie M. Blanchard
Edward L. Carroll
Ellen M. Ryan
Esther Laughton
Helen Ruth Orr
C. Ladd Prosser
Hope Sterling
Harriet Shriver
Virginia Farrington
Katharine L. Adams
Louise Fowle
Marie Fowler
Helen Louise MacLeod
Charlotte E. Farquhar
Sylvia Scott
Lucille E. Sisk
Elizabeth Paisley
Pamela Burr
Helen F. White
Ruth Fowler
Margaret Mackprang
Josephine Rankin
Emily W. Smith
Ruth B. Lewis
Alice Hitz
John Welker
Bruno Marangoni
Helen Mead Walker
Katherine McHarg
Edwin Zimmer
Helen Mary Hagar
Reynolds Tilden
Elizabeth Moller
Rosalind Howe
Edmond de Ferrari
Elizabeth F. Toy
Margaret Palmer
Lucille Murphy
Alice Dow

VERSE

Mollie L. Craig
Amy Armitage
Katharine Curran
Willard Chamberlain
Phyllis Holt
Margaret Humphrey

DRAWINGS

Frances T. B. Martin
Selma Morse
Gerald W. O'Connor
Alison Farmer
Florence R. Mack
Kathryn Lissberger

PHOTOGRAPHS

Norman Kastler
Phyllis Dale
Georgia Hencken
Susie D. Barker
Babette Shanks
Marianne Welker
Lorena H. Coomber
Mary M. Armstrong
Alice Blodgett
Virginia Michaelis

ROLL OF HONOR

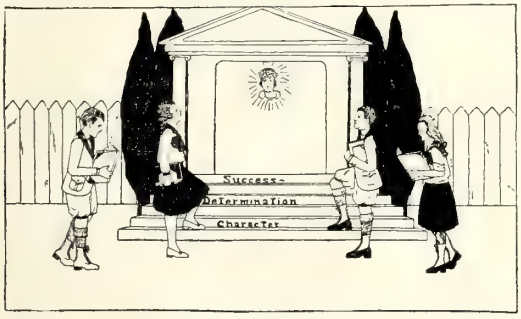
A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Dorothea Lutjens
Charlotte Raible
Margaret McGinty
Isabel R. Stafford
Caroline Stafford
Barbara Pearson
Maria Luisa de la Torriente
Elizabeth B. Noyes
Matthew Hale, Jr.
Dorothy W. Doty
Janet Barton
Gertrude Green
Laura M. Hanigan
Marjorie Phelps Koop
Mary Frances Murray
Dorothy Conzelman
Charlotte Underwood
Jean T. Fotheringham
Hugh L. Edwards
Mary V. Derr
Nancy Hodgkin
Martha Bragaw
Alice H. Frank
Charlotte L. Groom
Margaret Shatswell
Evelyn Richards
Dorothy Bartlett
Margaret Montgomery
Anita V. Hein
Bennett Moodie
Margaret Hamilton
Gertrude Lewis
Hazel Kuno
Jeanette Nathan
Dorothy Estabrook
Ada Y. Studholme
Darlene Brown
Lewis Hogg
Nina Abrecht
Caroline Crosby
Josephine Parke
Isabelle Haskell
Daniel Butterly
Margaret E. McCulloh
Lois A. R. Lord
Therese Fischer
Helena Wald
Carol C. Rogers
Frances Winfield
Elizabeth Smith
Mildred Frank
Mary A. Johnson
Marjorie I. Miller

PHOTOGRAPHS

Beatrice Clow
Dorothy Smith
Helen Willard
Betty Nichols
Josephine Mills



"GOING UP." BY DOROTHY E. CORNELL, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

Martha Sidway
Grace P. Hunter
Tony Bertocchini
Ruth Clevenger
Josephine Silberg
Geraldine Tenent
Helen Price
Robert L. Tarbox
Florence Johnson
Peggy Thomson
Alethea Hanson
Jeannetta Reeve Pennock
Marion E. Neahous
Janice Fink
Margaret Gott
Ruth Kappel
Elizabeth Watson
Miriam Knoer
Natalie Fenrich
Katherine Saunders
Margaret F. Clarke
May Cheney

VERSE

James C. Thomson
Mary King Loomis
Florence Searle
Laura L. Canfield
Mary Wallace
Frances Luce
Frances Broughton
Erminie Huntress
Elsie Brodkey
Elizabeth Hardaway
Christine Cameron
Dorothy Skolnik
Dorothy Osborne
Carol Hull
Helen M. Keene
Donald F. Robinson
Dorothy Stewart
Barbara Hills
Carlan S. Messler
Peggy Gregory
Richard W. Lisle
Alicie Slocum
Frances Sackett
Elizabeth Oppenheim
Anne B. Porter
Janet A. Henry
Marian Heritage Churchill
Janet Watson
Eleanor E. Hoag
Catherine Crook
Elizabeth L. Mead
Charles G. Bennett
Elizabeth W. Kingsbury
Carol Bower
Nina Ensign
T. Turner Rose
Jane Eads Clover
Virginia A. Daire
Dorothy Jayne

DRAWINGS

Margaret L. Milne
Theodore Hall, Jr.
Veronica M. Irwin
Katherine T. Conway
Harry Miller Jr.
Mary Janet Plum
Charlotte Meumeister
Mary Brewster
Allison Flynn
Elizabeth Grossmann
Dorothy A. Stephenson
Helen L. Johnson
Ruth McCloy
Gudrun Noack-Sorensen
Virginia H. Powell
Marcella Comes
Frances Ray
Elizabeth Page
Jinnie Watts Stacy
Carlos Peyre
Louise F. Paine
Lucia G. Martin
Sally Goodell
Edith A. Grew
Ann Hyde
Ruth M. Lyon
Virginia Mellor
Meredith Whitehouse
Henry Kirby-Smith
Betty Kirby-Smith
Katherine Burton
Margaret Lee Haggin
Marguerite Hadlock
Elizabeth Bloss
Virginia H. Miley
Alfred S. Lazarus
Margaret B. Jones
Eleanor L. Ludy
Carita Ortiz

PUZZLES

Florence Goddard
Elisabeth Freeland
Eleanor Forster Clark
Peter T. Byrne
Elizabeth J. Bleakley
Gertrude Wollaeger
Kate Denison
Kingsley Kahler
Earl Allendoerfer
Jocelyn Crane
Mildred Hooper
Betty Dering
R. C. Thulin
Nicholas Baldanza
Virginia Mason
Marion A. Rothschild
Linda Buffington

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 261

Competition No. 261 will close September 3. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for December. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"Long Ago"**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"A Christmas Story."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, **"The Finish."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"A Christmas Surprise"** or **"A Heading for December."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

WEST ROXBURY, MASS.

DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: I 've just simply got to thank you for the joyous entertainment you 've been to me for the last five years!

When a girl can do little else but read, and then has such a delightful magazine as you are to read from cover to cover,—yes, I do all that,—she ought to be even more "glad" than *Pollyanna*.

I am, and I look forward to you so much each month! Ever since paralysis, five years ago, I 've been hardly able to walk, so time does n't fly as quickly as it should.

I want to join the LEAGUE, too, before I 'm too ancient, and then I can send in some work, for I 'm almost as fond of drawing as I am of you.

I belong to a little class at the big museum, here, and don't we girls love you? ah, yes!!

I 'm afraid this letter is terribly flattering, but every single praise word is true, and comes from the depths of my heart. I should think, dear old magazine, that you 'd grow conceited with the homage that is paid you, but you don't; and let me add, you deserve every word!

Loads of well-wishes,

BEATRIX A. HALE (AGE 14).

MERIDIAN, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to tell you how much I enjoy you and how lonesome I should be without you.

I have never seen much in you about tornadoes or cyclones, so I thought I would write about my experience in a tornado.

I started out to school one hot, sultry morning—to be exact, the twenty-first of April, 1920. It looked very much like rain, but not having had a tornado in fourteen years, we did not expect anything unusual.

When I was near school, it started raining, so I hurried to shelter. From that time it rained steadily. About eleven o'clock it began to grow slightly dark. It was soon so dark we were given permission to put up our work and we played a little game. At first we enjoyed it, but soon grew too alarmed, for now it was very, very dark. Our teacher left the room to consult with the principal. No one could be heard crying or sobbing, but we heard some one say that it had been written on an egg that the world was coming to an end that day. Many thought this accounted for the strange darkness, for none of us knew the real cause—a tornado. Another popular belief was that it was an eclipse of the sun; but I knew this would have been predicted.

The sky was a strange, weird color, and we could barely see. When our teacher came back to the room she was very cheerful and asked some one to recite. When we were through, we sang "Bubbles," as she wanted to keep us from being frightened. All the while it was growing lighter, and our spirits were quite restored.

I was called for soon after. The streets looked like creeks, and a boy was wading in the gutter. On arriving home, I learned there had been a tornado in the south suburbs of Meridian and many were killed.

I cannot remember whether it rained or not during the darkness, nor did I hear any strange noises, though I was told they filled the air.

Only one girl in our room sobbed, but even she did n't really cry. We all felt very proud of our bravery.

It is an experience often boasted about, but one that we never wish to have happen again.

Whenever I want to say a poem or tell a story, I always look through you, being sure to find exactly the thing desired.

I have only one fault to find with you: that you are not five times as long, five times as thick, and issued twice a week.

Wishing you the best of luck, I hail you "King of Magazines!"

A devoted reader,

ELEANOR JANE BLUM (AGE 12).

HUELVA, SPAIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you for nearly two years and I could never do without you. My favorite stories are "The Luck of Denewood" and "The Dragon's Secret."

It 's lovely weather here, just like summer.

At Easter-time the people have processions here; some of them are awfully nice, but the only thing is that they never keep in order; little boys run in and out, and the soldiers do not try to keep them out.

I love the LEAGUE and always read it first.

Your devoted reader,

NANCY BRIGHT (AGE 13).

ATHOL, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for over four years, and I can truthfully say that you are a wonderful magazine. Every page and every story is very interesting, and the LEAGUE is the best of all. I guess you knew that every girl or boy likes to have some part in the magazine he subscribes to.

Last summer we all went on an automobile trip through the White Mountains to Quebec and home by way of Lake Champlain, Lake George, and the Mohawk Trail. It was a wonderful trip. We stopped at hotels over night and had our luncheons at little tea-rooms along the way. At Lake Willoughby, Vermont, we ran into a bad shower, but showers were not infrequent along the road. We were delighted with Echo Lake, Cannon Mountain, and the "Old Man of the Mountain," at Franconia Notch. On the way home we stopped at Ausable Chasm. We "did" the whole thing. It was perfectly grand! The Post-office, Jacob's Well, Devil's Punch-bowl, all thrilled us, and we were so sorry when we had to ride on again.

It was the first time we had ever ridden over the Mohawk Trail, and we enjoyed it very much. After the novelty and excitement of the journey, home seemed a rather poky place, but we were glad to see it, all the same. There is a lovely view around Athol, which we can always enjoy, as our house is on a hill.

Thanking you for the many happy hours you have given us. I remain yours sincerely,

ELEANOR TYLER.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We take you in our family and have taken you a number of years. No magazine is more welcome to us.

This noon, when I came home from school, a friend called Mother up and told her she saw a mirage.

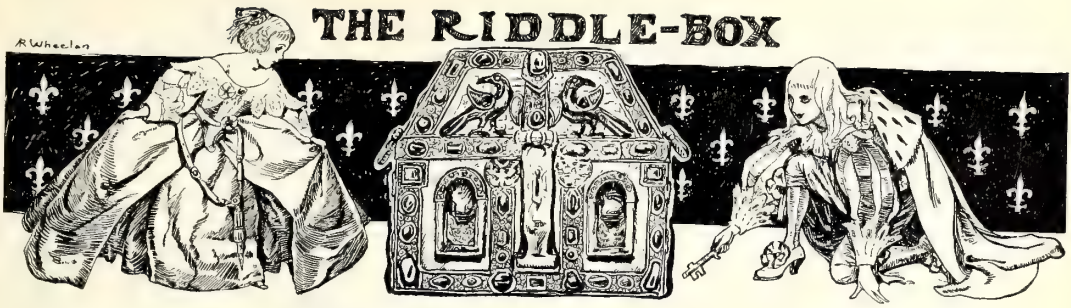
Rochester is quite near Lake Ontario, and the mirage was of Canada. We saw it with field-glasses from an attic window. It was very near the horizon. We could see the Canadian shores quite plainly. We could see little trees, too, and I saw one or two houses.

When I went to school, I told my teacher. None of the boys and girls knew what a mirage was, so she explained it to them. After school, when we came home, it was nearly gone. Only a dim outline remained.

Your interested reader,

MARY-ELEANOR SMITH (AGE 13).

THE RIDDLE-BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER

A Patriotic Puzzle. Initials, Julius Caesar. From 1 to 24. The Fourth, Independence Day. Cross-words: 1. Jocund, 2. United. 3. Lovely. 4. Inward. 5. Unions. 6. Search. 7. Carafe. 8. Apples. 9. Earthy. 10. Safety. 11. Allude. 12. Ration.

Numerical Enigma. "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Primal Acrostic. Revolutionary. Cross-words: 1. Reform. 2. Eleven. 3. Vacant. 4. Obtuse. 5. Linden. 6. Ulster. 7. Tenant. 8. Ignite. 9. Onward. 10. Narrow. 11. Abrade. 12. Revolt. 13. Yearly.

Signers of the Declaration of Independence. 1. Whip, l; Whipple. 2. Thorn-ton. 3. Wool, cot; Wolcott. 4. Witherspoon. 5. Heart; Hart. 6. Climber; Clymer. 7. Smith. 8. Tailor; Taylor. 9. Pain; Paine. 10. Rod, knee; Rodney. 11. Stone. 12. Carol; Carroll. 13. Pen; Penn.

Zigzag. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Cross-words: 1. Falter. 2. Cradle. 3. France. 4. Chance. 5. Church. 6. Prance. 7. Splash. 8. Mother. 9. Sooner. 10. Adding. 11. Girdle. 12. Asylum. 13. Avoids. 14. Change. 15. Crumbs. 16. Bureau. 17. Cheery. 18. Thinks. 19. Meekly. 20. Strict. 21. Trench.

Cross-word Enigma. George Washington.

Transpositions. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1. Atom, moat. 2. Time, item. 3. Read, dare. 4. Hoes, shoe. 5. Sued, used. 6. Oman, moan. 7. Team, meat. 8. Live, evil. 9. Gear, rage. 10. Line, Nile. 11. Coin, icon. 12. Shag, gash. 13. Hate, heat. 14. Rate, tear. 15. Lost, slot. 16. Made, dame. 17. Rare, rear. 18. Dine, Enid. 19. Mars, arms. 20. Lime, mile.

Double Acrostic. Primals, Silas Marner; finals, George Eliot. Cross-words: 1. Sting. 2. Inane. 3. Lasso. 4. Ardor. 5. Sprig. 6. Marne. 7. Abide. 8. Ravel. 9. Naomi. 10. Erato. 11. Rivet.

Metamorphoses. 1. Heat, meat, melt, molt, mold, cold. 2. Foot, fort, ford, lord, lard, yard. 3. Coal, coat, boat, boot, soot. 4. Rock, rack, sack, sank, sand. 5. Barn, bare, care, came, come, home. 6. Rose, lose, lone, line, link, pink. 7. Hear, tear, teal, tell, tall, talk.

To Our Puzzlers: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than September 3, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the League rules (see page 957) and give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the May Number were duly received from Elizabeth Elich—Margaret and Adelaide Sims—Virginia Ball—M. Williams—Charlotte R. Cabell—"The Three R's."

Answers to Puzzles in the May Number were duly received from Ellen Day, 10—John F. Davis, 10—Ruth T. Smith, 10—Helen A. Moulton, 10—Hester Ann Le Fevre, 10—"Sun and Moon," 10—Kemper Hall, 10—Elizabeth Stickney, 9—Arthur Knox, Jr., 9—Frances DuBarry, 9—Marion B. Giles, 9—"St. Anna's Girls," 8—Elizabeth Tong, 8—Betty Sharp, 8—Carlan S. Messler, 7—Gracia Johnson, 6—K. Daniels, 6—E. L. Tollefson, 6—Mary T. Arnold, 5—Marian L. Duschnes, 5—Margaret Sparrow, 5—E. Brooks, 5—H. A. Doyle, 5—C. Brogan, 5—M. Scattergood, 5—A. N. Morris, 5—Dorothy McGuinness, 4—Ruth Williams, 4—Richard B. Evans, 4—E. L. Hourwich, 4—Maxine G. Cushing, 3—J. Jenkins, 3—Edward Pugh, 2—Kathleen Goodman, 2—Mary Shelding, 2—B. E. Jowitz, 2. One puzzle, B. L. Duval—A. Miranda—C. Bowe—C. Stimson—R. P. Smithwick—A. Byrne—L. C. Hart—C. Mason—E. Bunn—I. G. Thorndike—B. Lee—A. I. Winston—L. Badger—W. Irwin—E. McL. Trapnell—E. R. Flick—G. Herbert. Delayed April answers, B. LeFrois, 10—M. E. Goddard, 10—V. Ball, 10—R. Merryweather, 7—E. Harrington, 6—M. Keeler, 1.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS

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I. Upper Diamond: 1. In traveling. 2. To perish. 3. A duck. 4. A poetic contraction. 5. In traveling.

II. Left-hand Diamond: 1. In traveling. 2. Era. 3. One who makes a business of collecting eggs. 4. A familiar contraction. 5. In traveling.

III. Right-hand Diamond: 1. In traveling. 2. The egg of any small insect. 3. Just and equitable. 4. A pronoun. 5. In traveling.

IV. Lower Diamond: 1. In traveling. 2. The egg of any small insect. 3. Legal power. 4. A common little word. 5. In traveling.

Mary Margaret Kern (age 14), *Honor Member.*

SOME "PERS"

Example: What per is clear in thought. Answer: Perspicuous.

1. What per is a character in *Winter's Tale?*
2. What per is stubborn?
3. What per is utter destruction?
4. What per is treacherous?
5. What per has a sweet odor?
6. What per is very mischievous?
7. What per lasts indefinitely?
8. What per gives consent?
9. What per is vertical?
10. What per is a hero of mythology?
11. What per is wayward?
12. What per will never give up?
13. What per is a tree whose fruit is astringent?
14. What per is endless?

Ann C. Terwilliger (age 14), *League Member.*

DIAMOND

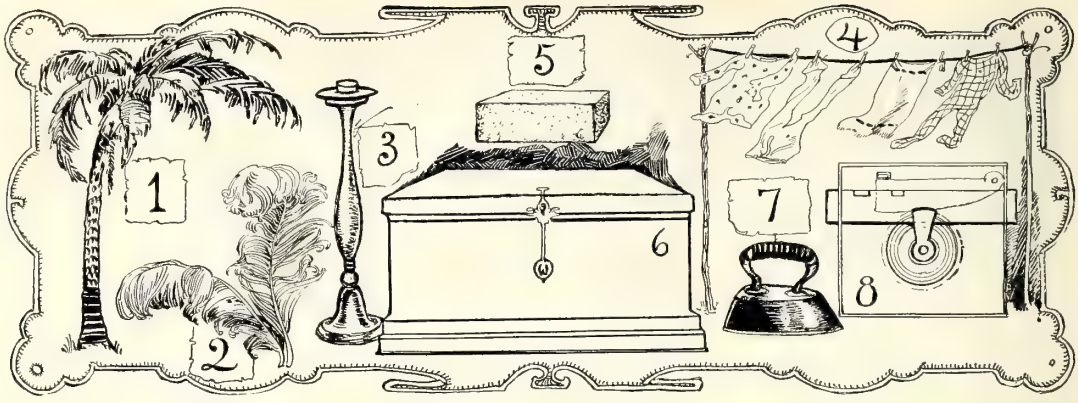
1. In Xerxes. 2. To free. 3. A beverage. 4. Enigmas. 5. A department of St. Nicholas. 6. Blots out. 7. An insurgent. 8. A call for help. 9. In Xerxes.

Edward D. Cushing (age 11), *League Member.*

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in bitter, but not in gall;
My second in large and also in small;
My third is in mallet, but not in mall;
My fourth is in short, but not in tall,
My fifth is in dragging, but not in haul;
My sixth is in Henry, but not in Paul;
My seventh is in ceiling, but not in wall;
My eighth is in somethings, but not in all;
My ninth is in rubber, but not in ball;
My tenth is in winter, but not in fall.
My eleventh is in visit, but not in call.
My whole is a useful garment at the seashore.

Marjorie S. Taylor (age 13), *League Member.*



PICTURED ANSWERS

A number of objects are shown in the above picture. Among them may be found the answers to the four following riddles:

I. Eight cornered, six sided, and every side flat,
And brittle and heavy and hard. What is that?

II. Made of iron, worked by iron, partly hidden from the view,
Prison warder, treasure guarder, thief retarder dark of hue

III. Uprooted from its native bed,
It droops, but does not fade or fail;
By nature it adorns the tail,
Transplanted, it adorns the head.

IV. Its body 's thinner than a snake,
Its load would make your shoulders ache;
Its height 's not great, but—this is droll—
Its length extends from pole to pole.

RICHARD PHILLIPS.

A FLORAL ACROSTIC

(*Gold Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

* 23 49 . 21 50
* . 1 7 48 .
* 26 39 . 17 .
* 36 44 . 19 .
* 12 . 35 47 51
* . 11 34 . 27
* 43 29 31 2 15
* 32 . 13 . 20
* 4 3 . 22 .
* 28 . 8 45 30
* . . 16 . 6
* 38 9 . . 25
* 46 41 . 40 18
* 42 14 . . 37
* 10 24 33 5 .

READING ACROSS: 1. Spears. 2. Pertain to a certain country in Asia. 3. Most recent. 4. A color. 5. To hold possession of. 6. To cease to have in mind. 7. A masculine name. 8. Customs. 9. Result. 10. A musical instrument. 11. On every side. 12. A kind of tree. 13. A device for ascent and descent. 14. An annual church festival. 15. A common plant having a strong aromatic odor.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters, indicated by stars, will spell a lovely flower. The letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 8, from 9 to 17, from 18 to 21, from 22 to 30, from 31 to 40, from 41 to 46 and from 47 to 51 will each name a beautiful flower.

MARGARET H. SIMS (age 14).

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

John and Frank have the same number of marbles. After John has bought 35 more and Frank has lost 15, they together have 100. How many did each boy have at first?

N. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals and my finals each name a book popular with young people.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. The associates of the Penates. 2. An ancient name given to the western coast of Lydia and the adjacent islands. 3. To become gradually smaller toward one end. 4. An inlet on the eastern coast of South Africa, near Cape Delgado. 5. Correct reasoning. 6. Mistake. 7. Indian corn. 8. Certain springs in South Carolina, the scene of a Revolutionary battle. 9. The wife of Amphion.

DOROTHY RASMUSSEN (age 12), *League Member*.

ADDITION AND SUBTRACTION

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

EXAMPLE: Wheel − heel + age − e + on. ANSWER: Wagon.

1. Line − ne + on = ?
2. Are − e + but + us = ?
3. Heel − eel + organ − gan + see − e = ?
4. Street − reet + nice − e + ho + last − t = ?
5. Hip + pop + of − f + tame − e + us = ?
6. Feel − eel + lane − ane + age − e = ?
7. Decent − cent + cem + ber = ?
8. Hie − e + a + wat + ha = ?
9. Feb + rural − ral + are − e + y = ?
10. Call − l + i + for + near − ear + i + all − ll = ?

MARY WISSLER (age 13).

PREPOSITION PUZZLE

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

EXAMPLE: Add a preposition to graceful, and make coarse. ANSWER: In-elegant.

1. Add a preposition to a loud cry, and make a great tumult.
2. Add a preposition to exact, and make erroneous.
3. Add a preposition to a glance, and make to excuse.
4. Add a preposition to might, and make to subdue.
5. Add a preposition to part of a watch, and make fraudulent.
6. Add a preposition to a room in a hospital, and make forward.
7. Add a preposition to termination, and make a secret purpose.
8. Add a preposition to nearly all, and make lowest in position.
9. Add a preposition to practised, and make unskilful.
10. Add a preposition to the lowest part of a plant, and make to eradicate.
11. Add a preposition to placed, and make an assault.
12. Add a preposition to a unit, and make to expiate.
13. Add a preposition to noisome, and make harmless.

The initials of the thirteen words added to the prepositions will spell the name of a famous American essayist and poet who was born in 1803.

GEORGE E. UTTERBACK (age 13).

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

The JOY *of* COLOR

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WELCH'S is just the pure juice of full-ripe, luscious Concord grapes. For each bottle, many bunches of the finest fresh fruit are required. A small glass of Welch's is a drink of real health.

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Ask for Welch's at the fountain. Or by the bottle or case from grocer or druggist.

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO.

WESTFIELD, NEW YORK

Before the child's fifth year

Occur most of those injuries to the psychic life which are *the real reason* why normally well-equipped human beings do not obtain satisfaction, success, health and happiness in life.

Lack of initiative and confidence, defective response to human contacts, wrong reactions to happenings, over-developed egoism, self-depreciation, timidity—practically every kind of mal-adaptation of the human being to his environment has its roots in some *conflict of the psychic life.*

Suppressed, covered up, forgotten by the conscious mind, but playing terrible havoc in that layer of the psychic existence below the level of conscious thought which is called "the sub-conscious," these troubles manifest themselves in every sort of inefficiency for happy life. Frequently the trouble is expressed in bodily derangements which may even feign the symptoms of organic disease, but most commonly in nervous disorders.

The careful father and mother

if they knew about the nature and seriousness of these conflicts, could do as much to guide, to explain, to avert, as they do in the protection of the physical life. Love-without-knowledge can do its worst in just this connection, and those who wish to be good parents to their children should not rest content with the totally wrong impressions usually gathered in casual ways of the Freudian discoveries about the sub-conscious, but

Should seek information

For this purpose there has not been until now an altogether suitable book, but ***Dr. Josephine A. Jackson,*** who for ten years has been searching out and curing these deep-buried conflicts (many of them occurring in early childhood, and many avoidable) *after* they have done all sorts of harm, has written—with ***Helen M. Salisbury***

OUTWITTING OUR NERVES

A book which every mother and every father of a child should read. Send for it today.

It is a 12mo of 300 pages. Price $2.50

Published by **THE CENTURY CO.** **New York City**

At All Bookstores

A Reader's Tribute to ST. NICHOLAS!

"I have only one fault to find with you: that you are not five times as long, five times as thick, and issued twice a week."

The above is the last sentence of a letter from one of our twelve-year-old subscribers.

It is certainly pleasant to have our boys and girls find *that* sort of fault with us. Another member of the ST. NICHOLAS family says:

"I should think, dear old magazine, that you'd grow conceited with the homage that is paid you, but you don't. Let me add, you deserve every word!"

Well, honestly, it is difficult at times to keep from feeling a bit set up,—just after reading a budget of such letters from our very own people—but then we remember we must keep on working to get out the next number and the next and make them as good as we can, so there is not half enough time left for chortling—much as we enjoy it.

We are now looking forward to a new year. We know 1922 is going to be a good one for ST. NICHOLAS and his great family. We can see already a fine feast of stories —serials and short ones. We'll tell you our plans soon.

In the meantime, don't miss a single number! "Phantom Gold," our new sea-serial, begins in this August number. Of course, those who are not our regular subscribers run the risk of missing the most interesting part of the story. Four dollars, however, will insure them against that, and also bring a great deal of fun and fact each month for a year.

THE CENTURY CO. { Concord, N. H., or
353 Fourth Ave., New York City:

Gentlemen: Please find enclosed $4, for which send ST. NICHOLAS for one year beginning with the September number to

Name.....

Address..... ST. N. 8-21

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW ISSUES

WE recently illustrated several very interesting stamps from Jamaica, stamps which we know every collector will be pleased to own and to study. There seems to be, too, a persistent rumor that various of the British Colonies in the West Indies and elsewhere are preparing to break away from the monotonous type to which they have held so long, and to issue new designs—many of them to be pictorial, illustrating the historic events and scenic wonders of the various localities. Let us hope that not all of them will be as prolific as Bermuda, which has already issued two sets of stamps in honor of the three-hundredth celebration of the founding of the colony. But that is another story, which we will tell about at some other time. The stamps of the British Colonies are always of excellent workmanship and this explains to a large extent their ever-increasing popularity among collectors. In view, therefore, of this probable influx of interesting new British Colonies, perhaps it would be wise this month to devote our entire space in STAMP PAGE to new issues, and so get before our readers some accumulated arrivals from New Europe. Among these are the stamps of Central Lithuania, a new country which we have neglected too long. This country will perhaps bother the beginner, partly because it is not yet featured in the catalogue and partly because on many of the stamps appears the word POCZTA, which makes one think of Poland. And this is evidence that Central Lithuania is strongly influenced by Poland. The words SKODKOWA LITWA seem to be determining marks upon these stamps of Central Lithuania. There are two issues of three stamps each, 25 F, 1 m and 2 m. These are of the same design, but differing in color, and exist both perforate and imperforate. The design is simple, yet attractive. The heart-shaped center shows an eagle on the left and a charging horseman with uplifted sword on the right, while the value (1 m) is in a circle at the lower part of the design. Then there is another series of larger stamps, of interesting design, but crude workmanship. We illustrate four of them. The 25 F, gray in color, is the portrait of a female with a curious head-dress. The 2 m, lavender, shows a large public building; while the 4 m shows a street scene. The 4 m is bi-colored, yellow and gray. The 10 m, brown and yellow, shows the head of some military official, apparently. Besides these, Central Lithuania has sent us a jolly little set of postage-due stamps, of which we illustrate five. The 1 m is green in color, the others purple. The design of all of them shows different buildings, but what these buildings are we do not know.



NEW STAMPS FROM CENTRAL LITHUANIA



CENTRAL LITHUANIA'S NEW POSTAGE-DUE STAMP



JUGO-SLAVIA'S NEW SET OF CHARITY STAMPS

Jugo-Slavia sends us a very pretty Charity set, the work of a well-known American company, which is a guarantee of the beauty of the workmanship. There

(Continued on second page following)

THE ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

is really a list of reliable Stamp Dealers. These people have studied stamps for years, perhaps they helped your father and mother when they first started their stamp collections. *St. Nicholas* knows that these dealers are trustworthy. When writing to them be sure to give your full name and address, and as reference the name of your parent, or teacher, or employer, whose permission must be obtained first. It is well also to mention *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Remember, we are always glad to assist you, so write to us for any information that will help you solve your stamp problems.

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Continued)

are three stamps only in the issue. The 10 F, carmine, portrays a scene representing a battle-field where a nurse is bringing help to a wounded soldier. The 15 F, brown, shows the figure of a wounded man who has raised himself to his knees with the aid of his rifle and a stick of wood. The 25 F is blue in color, while in the center are three male figures upholding a crown from which stream rays of light. Behind the figure at the left is a plow; behind the one at the right is a sickle; while the figure in the rear holds a rifle in his left hand. We take this to be symbolic of Serbia, Croatia, and Slavonia united in upholding a new union of freedom and intelligence. It is a very interesting stamp.



THE NEW LUXEMBURG STAMP

Last, but by no means least, we illustrate the new one-franc stamp from the grand duchy of Luxemburg. It is a charming little stamp and sure to be very popular with collectors. It is a bright red color—brilliant indeed. The central design portrays a village at the bottom of a hill, the top of which is crowned with a formidable looking castle, which certainly suggests all sorts of romantic tales of the days of feudalism, with knights and ladies galore. At the lower corner of the picture is the word "Vianden."

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(Continued from preceding page)

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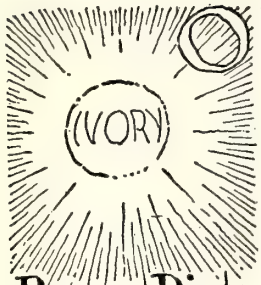
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Baron Dirt is checked

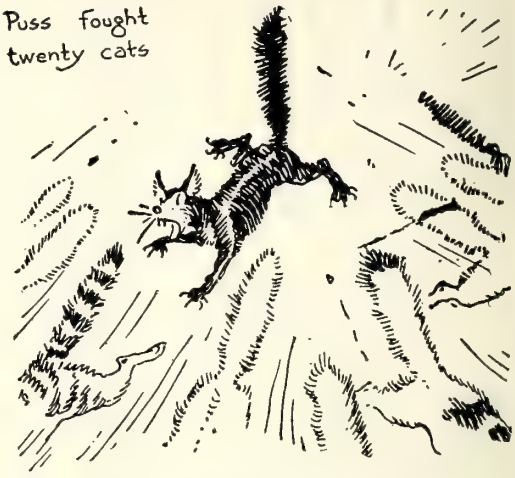
Chapter VIII.

IF all the strange adventures which our little heroes had, this was the worst, for Baron Dirt was so *extremely* bad. Old Dragon still was hopeful, for he said,

"Just look and see what IVORY SOAP, applied with care, can make of beasts like *me!* It's very plain that Baron Dirt can never stand the light; as soon as sunshine touches him away will go his might. Let's open up the massive doors and let the sunshine through. Let's wash the windows shining clean and scrub the Baron, too."



As IVORY SOAP suds touched the glass, the sunshine and the light reduced the Baron to a lump of villainy and fight. His minions tumbled in a heap upon the donjon floor. As for the Baron, all he did was just to roar and *roar.* With IVORY SOAP our heroes cleaned



the dust, and grime, and cinders, as Puss fought twenty grimy cats and scratched them into flinders. The dirt upon the massive doors was quite beyond belief, and when our heroes found the knobs, it was a great relief. Said Gnif, "Now as we do this work, let's do it up with style, and march with IVORY dignity; let no one dare to smile."

It was a great procession which the IVORY banner led. Gnif held it firmly as he strode quite gravely at the head. And next came Bob and Betty with Snip dog, and Yow, the cat; then Dragon came, and on his back the children calmly sat. The robber you would not have known although you've heard the truth, how IVORY scrubs had made of him a gentleman, forsooth. When Baron saw that clean parade his evil spirit quailed, and when he tried to make a fuss, his naughty efforts failed. Although they had disarmed him, still, he was not conquered yet. His was the deepest wickedness that they had ever met! But ere the Baron's slaves had grown accustomed to the light, our IVORY heroes were prepared to finish up the fight.

Gnif Gnome and Bob and Betty were
Not worried, for they knew
As well as we, what IVORY SOAP
And cheerfulness can do.

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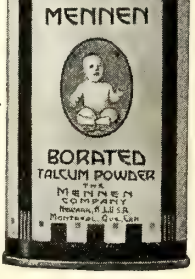
She has succeeded most remarkably in putting into her book something of her own buoyant personality and common sense viewpoint regarding baby culture. After reading it you will feel that bringing up a baby isn't so mysterious and difficult after all.

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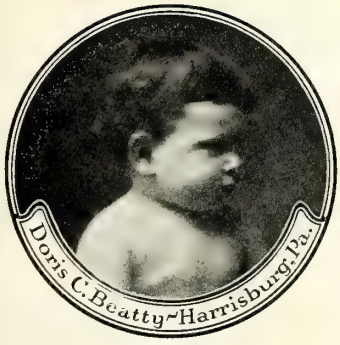
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NEXT MONTH AND TO COME

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The invasion of the southland has begun! Great flocks of birds are on the wing, bound for winter feeding-grounds. Mr. Scoville has described the tremendous annual adventure of the autumn migration, and Charles Livingston Bull has depicted some of the thrilling scenes which occur en route.

The Fun—and the Immensity—of Little Things — HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

What are little things? It depends on who you are, and what you think about things, big and little. Sometimes these little things, so easily come by, so free and generous, are the *great* things in life!

The Winner of the Blue — BREWER CORCORAN

Mark Billington and his sister give the older and more experienced farmers of their island the surprise of the season when awards are made at the county fair. Illustrated by Edward C. Caswell.

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On the Bamboo Mountain — NINA SUTHERLAND PURDY

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The Enterprising Enterprise — R. RAY BAKER

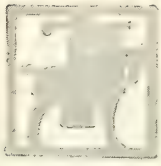
William Bradley, fourteen-year-old editor of "The Enterprise," "scoops" his grown-up rivals, and finds it a costly luxury although financially successful.

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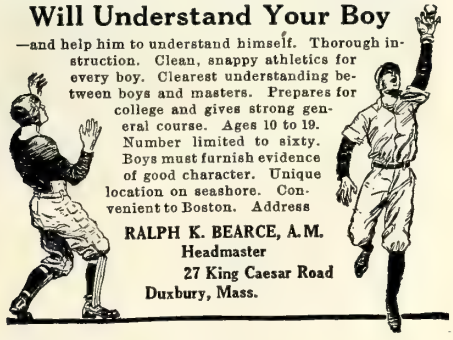
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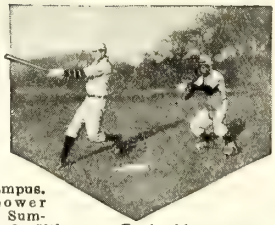
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THE SKY PIRATE

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

I HEARD his call this morning as I lay in bed. Down from the cold sky it drifted through the dawn-light, the one bird-note that can be heard in this part of the world every day of the year. Hot, cold, wet, dry, winter, summer—all weathers are alike to the crow. Hunted, hated by man and beast and bird, often with a price upon his head, this black outlaw of the air still lives right at our gates and builds within the very limits of our cities.

One April day I was walking across a city golf-course bounded by trolley-lines and railroad-tracks and with rows of apartment houses towering on its borders. Near the edge of the links stood a scrubby pin-oak tree. As I went past it, my eye caught sight of a stick apparently caught in a crotch some thirty feet from the ground. When I looked more closely I saw what seemed to be the ends of other sticks. Yet when I walked around the tree and studied it from all sides I decided that it could not be a nest. As I started away I threw a stone up into the tree. It struck just under the crotch, and presto! out flew a crow from a place which hardly seemed deep enough to hide a sparrow. I climbed up and found a concealed nest. First, there was a foundation of sticks, then a big cup of dry grass and cow-hair, with a little wet moss to keep the eggs from becoming too dry. The rim of the nest was lined with grape-vine bark. There were two eggs. One was long and pointed and of the usual color, sage-green marked with brown, while the other was a freak egg, rounder and beautifully marbled and mottled. A crow usually lays from three to five eggs; very rarely are there six in a nest.

On another April day I was birdnesting over in the southern part of New Jersey with three friends who, like myself, collect with a note-book and a camera, instead of filling cabinets with stolen nests and empty eggs. It had been a wonderful day. In a hollow tree we had found the nest of a barred owl, and not ten feet away, in another hole, the smaller round white eggs of a barn-owl. In a swampy thicket I had come across a covey of leaf-brown woodcock chicks just out of the shell, with the pips still on the ends of their little beaks. They squatted and froze among the leaves while we took their picture, and the mother woodcock prowled around through the thicket, whining and dragging her wings, trying to lure us away from her babies. Then a little later, on a high, dry bank a mile from any water, out from under a bush flew a black duck, uncovering a down-rimmed basin of a nest with ten big brown eggs in it. The last nest of the day was found by me. Pushing my way through low marshy woods, a crow flew off a nest not more than twenty feet up in a sour-gum tree, laced and guarded by a thicket of fierce green-thorn.

"Hurry up!" I called to the photographer. "Here's a crow's-nest with six eggs in it!"

He trustingly climbed up through those thorns with his camera on his back, and sure enough!

there *were* six eggs in that nest—the only time I ever knew it to happen.

When I was a boy, a little over a hundred years ago, we once found a crow's-nest up in Big Woods in the top of a white-oak tree. The trunk was far too big for us to shin up, and in



"HERE, I WANT MY DINNER!"

"A young crow can eat more food and make more noise than any other known bird"

those days climbing-irons were unknown. Up the side, however, ran the hairy length of a poison-ivy. This vine has a habit of winding its way like a slow snake around living trees, ensnaring, and at the last strangling, them in an evil net of tendrils. As I happened to be immune to poison-ivy, I was elected to do the climbing. When the great vine was pried loose from the bark it made a very passable rope, and with its aid, I finally reached the nest. Five young crows came down that tree with me, three in one stocking and two in the other, the tops of said stockings being knotted together and hung around my neck. My friends, at the foot of the tree each got a crow, while I, as the climber, kept two. For the next three days I was kept busy feeding them. A young crow can eat more food and make more noise than any other known bird. At the end of that time, by special request of my family, I traded them for ten spotted turtles. The turtles were not so conversational, but they were easier to bring up. So I never had a tame crow. They make amusing pets. One of my friends tells of a pet crow who used to hide nuts in the ears of sleeping dogs so often that all the dogs in his neighborhood had to give up taking naps during daylight, and Languille, an ornithologist of a past generation, saw a tame crow who had been taught to talk. This crow had a red ribbon fastened to its leg and would strut along the ground. When any one attempted to step on the trailing ribbon he would jerk it away and then call out tauntingly, "You did n't, did you?"

The crow has a reputation among farmers as black as his feathers, and I am sorry to say that he often lives up, or rather down, to it. Once I remember seeing a crow pitch headlong out of the sky and come struggling and flapping through the air to land dead in the road ahead of me. He had been eating poisoned corn put out by a farmer who had been forced to plant his cornfields three times in succession because of the crows, and the fate of this robber had overtaken him in mid-air. It is easier to forgive him the stolen corn—especially as most of us don't grow corn—than the havoc he plays among smaller birds. To scores of little birds, during the nesting season, a crow must seem like a black fiend from the pit. Once in a bushy pasture I found the nest of a black-billed cuckoo, a flat platform of sticks in a thorn-bush. Near by in a lilac-bush was the deep nest of a catbird lined with grape-vine bark and holding four vivid blue eggs. In the grass by a brookside was the nest of a song-sparrow, while overhead in an apple-tree a robin had built. Farther down the pasture in a stunted white-thorn bush was the little horsehair jewel-casket of the chipping-sparrow, holding four blue-speckled eggs, while overhead on a low limb of a maple I spied the little swinging birch-bark basket of the red-eyed vireo. Every day I used to visit them all and make notes on what I saw or heard. The commonest bird's-nest is always worth studying, and one often makes interesting discoveries in the most unpromising places. Sometimes the eggs in a robin's nest, instead of being blue, will be speckled, a throw-back to some forgotten ancestor. Once I found a young robin with a six-inch garter-

snake in its beak, the tail half-digested. Probably the mother robin had taken it for an unusually plump worm.

Last winter I climbed up to look at the silver-gray nest of a goldfinch, the last of our birds to build. This nest was woven from strips of milkweed pods and seemed unusually deep. When I examined it closely I found that it was a two-story affair, and on the first floor was the gray, speckled egg of that parasite, the cowbird. The goldfinch had built another nest over it, seeming to know that, if it were allowed to remain, it would mean the death of her little family.

One morning last winter I found something interesting in an old robin's nest in a little button-ball sapling. I was walking with Corporal Alice-Palace, of the Out-of-Doors Band, along the street of the city suburb where the said band conducts its operations. The corporal longed exceedingly for this nest to add to the valuable natural history museum which she and Sergeant Henny-Penny have founded in a corner of the garage. Accordingly, I poked it down with my cane. Fortunately, it fell right side up and I caught it before it reached the ground. Inside of it was a pierced robin's egg and the larger light-blue egg of a yellow-billed cuckoo. For a long time it has been a disputed question as to whether an American cuckoo ever lays its eggs in other birds' nests as does the European cuckoo and the American cowbird. This nest of the corporal's seemed proof positive that this does sometimes happen. Presumably it was the cuckoo who had pierced the egg of the robin before placing her own there. Rather than hatch the strange egg, the robin had deserted the nest, and the eggs had remained there ever since the summer.

But to return after this long detour to my long-ago nesting-route. One morning I must have been shadowed by some black-hearted old crow as I went from thicket to thicket. Indeed, we little know how often we are watched and trailed by the wild-folk. The swinging basket of the vireo was torn down and the eggs gone. The catbird's nest was empty. Three of the newly-hatched robins were missing and the fourth lay dying in the nest. The song-sparrow's home was torn to pieces and the eggs missing; while the jewel-box of the chipping-sparrow, too, was rifled. Only the four blunt blue eggs of the cuckoo were untouched—such a furtive, uncanny bird that perhaps even a crow does not care to rob its nest.

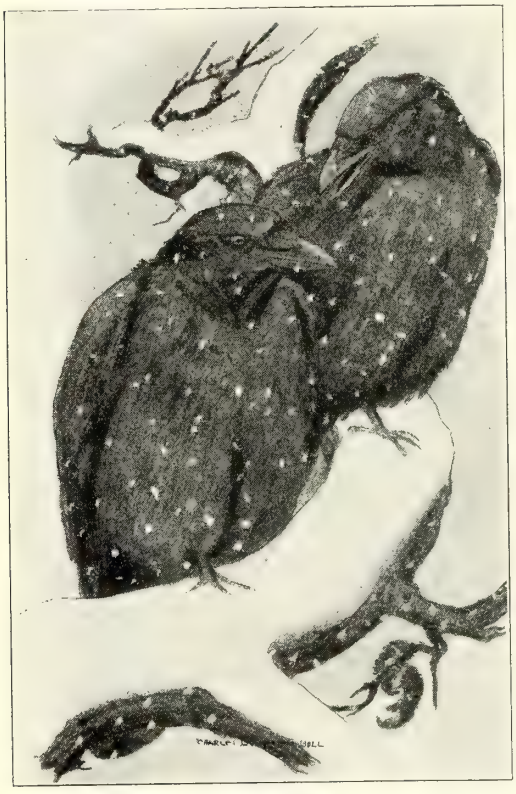
In the bad old days when I used to shoot, instead of study, wild things I shot but one crow. It was not for lack of trying. Many and many a



THE SENTINEL SOUNDS HIS WARNING NOTE (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"No matter how quietly I went nor how carefully I hid, some crafty old sentinel would see me before I came within gunshot"

time I sneaked through the woods and climbed clear to the top of Pond Hill after a flock of crows that was holding a noisy caw-cus. (Excuse me—that bad pun slipped out before I could stop it.) Yet no matter how quietly I went nor how carefully I hid, some crafty old sentinel would see me before I came within gunshot. There would be a warning note that sounded above all the others, the cawing would stop instantly, and the air would



THE BIRD OF ALL SEASONS

"Hot, cold, wet, dry, winter, summer—all weathers are alike to the crow"

be black with flapping, hurrying crows. The first and last crow that I shot was one of a flock that alighted in an oak-tree just over a tent in which I was camping with two other boys. None of us was over twelve, and we were allowed guns only on condition that we ate everything that we shot. It had been a troubled night. I had slept on a pillow stuffed with new-mown hay. The hay contained a number of grasshoppers, which would crawl around under my ear and make a noise like elephants smashing through forests. Toward morning I dozed off, only to be awakened again by a tremendous racket from the tree just over the camp. The caws (there I go again—I *must* be more careful!) was a flock of crows discussing the white tent. I slipped a shell into my shot-gun, stuck my head out, and fired aloft. One crow fell. Too late I remembered that eating and killing went together. The other boys had a lot more fun that morning than I did, watching me cook and try to eat a breast of crow. The meat was black and tasted just as I expected it would.

Hunted for his life through many generations, the crow, like all wild animals, has become much more wary than he used to be. Wilson, one of the early ornithologists, writes of a farmer who placed a dead horse, one winter, within range of a barn window, and shot enough crows to pay for the horse with the bounties, besides making a good feather-bed from their feathers. To-day that farmer would be lucky if he shot two crows.

In different parts of the country, certain woods are used by crows as roosting-places. About two miles from my home in Connecticut was a wild place called Latin's Rock. In the middle of a thick woods a precipice suddenly dropped a sheer fifty feet into a dark gorge filled with pine-trees. According to the legend, an early settler named Latin was once chased by Indians, and in the night rode over this cliff. His horse was killed by the fall, but Latin himself was not injured and managed to crawl away in the darkness and escape. Thereafter the cliff bore his name. On the farther slope of the ravine there used to be a crow-roost. Toward twilight of a winter day, from miles and miles around, long strings of crows would beat their way wearily through the freezing sky, and, without a sound, take their places in the tops of the tossing pines. Some who had not been able to find food would fall off their perches during the freezing nights, and often I would find dead crows under the trees of a winter's morning. Others undoubtedly were carried off by the great horned owl, about the only thing that a crow fears, and him only in the dark.

Once I found where a great horned owl had laid a single egg in the top of a fish-hawk's nest. The great horned owl is the first bird to nest, starting in February. The owl would slip off the nest like a brown ghost when we were fully a hundred yards away, and in a few minutes the cawing of the crows would start, as they pursued her hither and thither all over the island. Finally, in desperation, she would return to her nest, and instantly the pursuit would stop. Years later, while up in the mountains of Pennsylvania hunting for the rare nest of the pileated woodpecker, I learned how intense the crow's hatred is for old Death-in-the-Dark. My friend and myself had arisen before daybreak in order to hear the wild turkeys gobble, for they always gobble on those mountain-tops just at sunrise. We were coming back through a dense hemlock woods when we heard

the cawing of a passing flock of crows, and my friend hid with me under some drooping boughs and suddenly gave a sepulchral *hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo, hoo,* so deep that it seemed to come from under ground—the sinister, hollow note of the great horned owl. Instantly there was a chorus of caws in the sky, and in a minute an advance-guard of crows came dashing through the woods. Once more he gave the call, and half a hundred crows cawed frantically in reply. For the third time he sounded the owl's note, and the whole woods became fairly alive with crows. There must have been hundreds of them cawing at the top of their voices and flapping and beating frantically through the tops of the trees on the lookout for their hated enemy. It was only when we suddenly sprang out from under the sheltering boughs that they stopped and flew away. One of my friends writes of hearing a tremendous racket among the crows near a dense patch of woods. Upon going there quietly, he found them frantic with fear and rage, circling around a great horned owl who was flying unafraid among the dark trees with a dead crow in his talons.



"A GREAT HORNED OWL WITH A DEAD CROW IN HIS TALONS"

"The great horned owl is about the only thing that a crow fears, and him only in the dark"

Every one has seen the crow harass passing hawks. Usually they can do this in safety. Sometimes, however, they make a serious mistake. One of my friends was once trying to enter

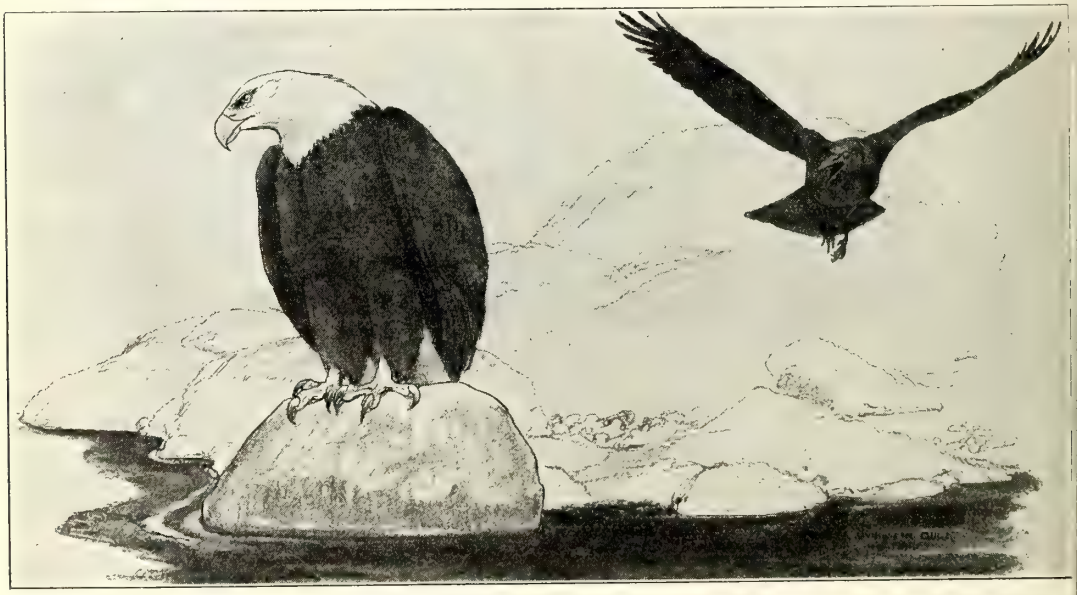
the home of a duck-hawk who was highly regarded in the community—about two hundred feet highly, in fact. As he was swinging back and forth on a rope over a cliff on his way down to the duck-hawk's nest, the mother hawk dashed at him. Scared off by a blank cartridge, she towered into the air. A passing crow, flapping by, made a pass at her on general principles. That was one of the last and most unfortunate acts of that crow's life. The duck-hawk was fairly aching to attack something and in a flash stooped over the crow and gave it one slash with talons like sharpened steel. The crow dropped, a dead mass of black feathers, to the cliff below.

One spring when I was birdnesting up at Pocono Lake I saw a magnificent bald eagle fly across the water. With his snowy head and neck and pure white tail, he looked every inch the king of birds. He would give four or five quick flaps and then soar, the characteristic flight of most of the large hawks. Finally, he alighted on the bank, close by the water, and seemed to be fishing. Suddenly a crow dropped down behind him and walked up threateningly. If the eagle moved his head, the crow would scuttle away in great haste, but when the eagle turned around again he would creep up, cawing shrilly. Finally he began to fly over and around the eagle's head, making dabs at him with his beak, but never daring to come within striking distance. The eagle paid not the slightest attention to him. Suddenly the great bird sprang into the air, and the crow, with a squawk, fled for his life, only to come back and fly around and around the king of birds, cawing frantically all the time. Then the eagle began to mount up and up in magnificent spirals, until he was so high that the crow became dizzy and flew down to the lower levels where he belonged.

Crows undoubtedly have a language of their own, and by carefully watching, one can learn to tell the meaning of some of their notes. There is the assembly, the warning, and the greeting—to mention only three of them. These are all only modifications of the ordinary caw. They have another note, one like a high whinnying laugh, and a guttural *kow, kow, kow*, besides some curiously soft, musical love-notes in the early spring.

The fish-crow lives near the coast and is smaller that the common crow. He has greenish reflections on his under, as well as his upper, feathers. He can best, however, be told by his voice, for he says "car" instead of "caw." One historic fish-crow once built a nest in a yard opposite the Academy of Natural Sciences in the center of Philadelphia. It took courage of the real sort even for a crow to build in front of the collection of stuffed birds and blown eggs that adorns that academy.

The crow eats almost everything. Grain, carrion, insects, clams, field-mice, white grubs, and cutworms make up some of his menus. He also eats all the young corn that he can pull up and all the eggs and young birds that he can find. So if you really must go hunting, hunt the crow. He deserves to be hunted. Moreover, he 'll give you lots of exercise. And—you won't hurt the crow.



THE KING OF THE SKY AND THE SKY PIRATE

"Finally he began to fly over and around the eagle's head, making dabs at him with his beak, but never daring to come within striking distance. The eagle paid not the slightest attention to him"

THE "DIVINE POET" OF FLORENCE

By KLYDA RICHARDSON STEEGE

It was on a spring day more than six hundred years ago. The fields were sweet with flowers, and roses grew over every wall. The nightingales were beginning to sing in the gardens and there was a perfume of orange-blossoms in the air. Into the streets of Florence came these scents and sounds, and the Florentines rejoiced that the winter was over and that their long summer, with its outdoor life, had begun once more.

In one of the tall old houses there was a great gathering that day, and many influential citizens were present. The host of the occasion was called Folco Portinari and among those invited was Bellincione Alighieri, who brought with him his little son Dante. Portinari had a little daughter whose name was Beatrice, and who at that time was about eight years old. The boy Dante was almost nine, and the two children, of similar age and living near each other, became friends at once. Perhaps they had never met before, for the streets of Florence were rough places then, and their fathers and mothers must have kept them very much at home. Fights and surprises were to be expected at any time, when the voices of soldiers and the sound of clashing swords might be heard resounding between the tall old houses.

Possibly Dante, being a boy, enjoyed the excitement. The ever recurring fights between Guelphs and Ghibellines, the two parties into which the city was divided, may have stirred his blood; but probably Beatrice heard only echoes of the clamor and lived peacefully at home. Her father was a rich and powerful man in Florence, who did what he could for his city, one of his generous acts being to found the hospital called Santa Maria Nuova, which still stands to this day and opens its doors to the sick.

On this occasion, when Dante saw Beatrice at her father's house, she was dressed, according to the fashion of the time, in what he afterward described as "that most noble, humble, and honorable color, scarlet, girded and ornamented in a manner suitable to her youthful age." This would not seem to us well adapted to a warm spring day, but scarlet cloth was the favorite costume with Florentine ladies at that time, and fur was used for trimming at all seasons.

Among all the children and young people who had come with their parents to this gathering,—and there were a great number of them,—no one was so sweet and attractive as the little Beatrice. In an old book you may read that "among the throng of young people, there was one who was of tender age, not more than eight years old, whose beauty and graciousness were remarkable. Beyond this, her modest manners and amiable, gentle acts and words, her happy disposition and her charming expression made her to be considered a little angel."

The lovely child so delighted the boy Dante that, after this meeting, he thought of her constantly, and until the end of his days she occupied his thoughts.

The years passed on and Dante grew older. The times were exciting and troubled, and war raged almost continuously between the Florentines and their neighbors, when they were not engaged in fights among themselves. Dante studied and dreamed and absorbed himself in the few books he had. He was fond of drawing and had some little skill in this art. It was said of him, though perhaps when he was older, that he would so lose himself in his studies that once, when a great festival was going on around him, he never noticed it until it was over. But he was, in spite of these studious tastes, greatly interested in the life of the city, and early took his part in the fighting.

That you may better understand him and the times in which he lived, you ought to refresh your memories in regard to the Guelph and Ghibelline parties, into which all northern and central Italy was then divided. The Ghibellines were friends of the German emperor, who wanted to gain as much as he could of Italy, and the Guelphs were for the Pope and his entire supremacy, political as well as spiritual. In Florence, the quarrel began in the year 1215, when a private dispute divided the city, and the people took sides and threw themselves into a struggle which lasted many years. First one side and then the other was victorious, and always Guelphs or Ghibellines were being banished or returning to drive out their opponents. The Guelphs seem to have been the better of the two parties, perhaps, and a more sober, sensible, and well-behaved set of families than the Ghibellines.

During one of the times when the latter party held possession of Florence, they ruined as much as possible of their enemies' property.

Then the indignant Guelphs, coming into power again, followed this bad example and rebuilt the city walls with stones from Ghibelline palaces. In this way the city changed constantly. The small house where Dante lived still stands, how-

ever, and over its narrow doorway an inscription reads, "In this house of the Alighieri was born the divine poet." Not far away, is the dwelling of



THE PORTRAIT OF DANTE (IN THE FOREGROUND) PAINTED BY HIS FRIEND GIOTTO. NOW IN THE BARGELLO AT FLORENCE

Gemma Donati, whom Dante afterward married in the little church of San Martino, in this same street.

There are a few records of his young manhood, one of which tells of his share in a famous battle and of his bravery. When he came to write his "*Divina Commedia*" he frequently alluded to military affairs and to battles in which he had been himself engaged.

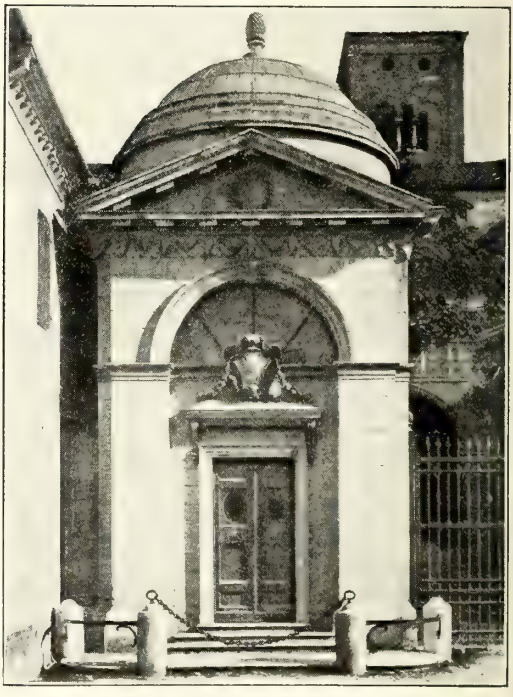
But through these early years, as we know, life was not all fighting for him. In his eighteenth year, he once again met Beatrice, who appeared to him very beautiful, walking, dressed in white, between two other ladies. She greeted him kindly, and he was made so happy by this encounter that on his return home he had a wonderful dream of her. On this subject he composed his first sonnet, which was greatly admired. There is a very well-known modern picture by the English painter Henry Holiday, which we reproduce on the opposite page, representing this meeting of Dante with Beatrice.

A few years after this meeting, Beatrice became the wife of Simone de' Bardi, a Florentine banker, and three years later, when she had just completed her twenty-fourth year, she died. Although living in the same city, their paths did not often cross, but Dante's grief for the loss of his gentle and beautiful friend was very deep, and he could not, at first, be consoled. Then he began to gather together various little poems and sonnets, which he connected with explanations and comments in prose. This book he called the "*Vita Nuova*," "The New Life." It is the story of his own young days and what he had seen and known of Beatrice. Some time you will read it, and the poetical description of this young girl of the long past Middle Ages will be as lovely to you as it has been to hundreds of readers ever since Dante wrote it.

At the close of the "*Vita Nuova*," Dante says that a wonderful vision had appeared to him, in which he saw things that made him resolve not to speak further of Beatrice until he could do so more worthily. "And to attain this," he says, "I study to the utmost of my power." He "would write of her what had never yet been written of any woman."

So from this time on, he thought and planned until he had accomplished the work of his life, the "*Divina Commedia*," in which Beatrice is the central figure.

This great poem is difficult to understand, and



THE TOMB OF DANTE AT RAVENNA

scholars have devoted years to its study and interpretation. It is full of obscure political and historical allusions, its language is quaint and curious, and it is very long. But it is the greatest

work of its time or, in certain respects, of all time. Its place is beside the Iliad of Homer and the plays created by the genius of Shakespeare. There is just one more point I should like to mention in regard to it, and that is that it was the means of crystallizing into definite form and shape the modern Italian language. Dante consid red that it was far better to write as the peopl of his day really talked than to use words known only to men of learning, who would thus be the only persons able to read his book. Thus he performed a great service to his country, and other writers followed his example. In this way Italian literature, as distinct from Latin, began.

During those years while Dante was growing older and beginning his great epic, many political changes took place in Florence. Dante, having attained to some importance, was elected to serve as prior—one of the six men who ruled the Republic of Florence. This election was the most unfortunate thing for him, for from it all his troubles began. The city was in a perpetual ferment, and the Guelph party splitting in two, called the *Bianchi* and *Neri* (the Whites and Blacks), the streets were continually disturbed by quarrels, brawls, and bloodshed. Dante belonged to the party of the Whites.

While he was prior, it was decided to banish the leaders of both divisions from Florence in order to try if by this means peace might be restored. The Blacks coming into power Dante was, in turn, banished.

For twenty years he wandered, an exile, generally in poverty. He was dependent on the generosity of princes and noble scholars, and had to live as others wished to gain even his daily bread.



Painted by Henry Holiday Courtesy Taber-Prang Art Co.

DANTE'S SECOND MEETING WITH BEATRICE

He says himself in one of his best-known verses, which you have probably often heard quoted, that he had had to "learn how salt is the taste of another's bread, and how hard a path it is to go up and down another's stairs." And again he says, "Verily I have been as a ship without sails and without rudder, driven to various harbors and shores by the dry wind which blows from pinching poverty."

He at last took final refuge in Ravenna, where two of his sons and his daughter shared his exile. His wife seems to have remained in Florence during all these years of his wanderings. Now he wrote the last of his "*Divina Commedia*," and here, in the year 1321, he died. The time spent in Ravenna was the happiest of his exile, and fame and recognition began to come to him. Once during this period, he was invited to come to

Bologna, where there was and is still a great university, and to receive, as was the occasional custom of the time, the decoration of a laurel crown. But Dante cared for no such honor, unless given by his own people in his own city.

He was buried at Ravenna; and years afterward, the Florentines, realizing what he had been, sent to beg for his body. Five times they asked, and five times the lords of Ravenna refused. In fact, so carefully did the Ravenna people guard the remains of the poet that they hid them for several hundred years, and their discovery, by accident, did not take place until in the year 1865. At that time, the six hundredth anniversary of his birth, Florence held a solemn commemoration of him. A great statue in one of her public squares, the Piazza of Santa Croce, was erected to him.

This summer has been full of memories of the great poet, and people have come to Italy from all over the world to take part in the ceremonies held in his honor this year which marks the sixth centenary of his death. Each city and village mentioned in his great poem is proud to be so associated with the immortal work of this wonderful man, for although it is so long since his weary pilgrimage ended, he is a very real character to all Italians of to-day.

On a small, flat stone in the pavement on the opposite side of the Piazza from the Baptistery, you will see the words carved, "*Sasso di Dante,*" "Dante's Seat," and the story is that here he used to sit and watch what went on around him, and look perhaps at his beloved church of San Giovanni. If you should ever stand there, you must remember Dante, and picture to yourself how he looked and thought and felt in that Florence of six hundred years ago, so different from the present city. Imagine the crowds in the streets, not in the least like the crowds of this time, the gaily dressed knights and soldiers, the bright colors of the ladies' dresses, the sound of trumpet and drum, the shouts and the singing and the fighting! Imagine the child Beatrice in her scarlet gown holding her father's hand as they walk through the throng, and the boy Dante as he greets her.

The Baptistery has seen it all, and more than this. Its walls once looked down on Roman soldiers, and enclosed the statue of Mars to whom it was at first dedicated. It has seen the pagan gods banished and has been dedicated to another worship. It may stand for centuries yet, and many another generation will pass in and out through its bronze doors. But as long as the world holds readers, and as long as great thoughts and the beauty of noble and poetical words have power, so long will the glorious work of Dante last. His name was registered within these historic walls not in the shortened form in which we know it, but as "*Durante,*" which means lasting.

INSPIRING GENIUS

By FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

"I MUST write a composition," lamented Tommy White;
"How *am* I going to do it? *I* don't know what to write!"

"Well, son," remarked his father, "maybe the art you 'd learn
If *you* 'd do as did the masters to make *their* genius burn:
Beside the fire, Shelley wrote his poems long ago;
The hot sun beating on his crown was better for Thoreau;
With Milton, just to wrap his head in blankets would suffice;
While Schiller, when composing, had to keep his feet in ice;
Lecky, the historian, thought clearer when he knelt;
Swinburne, lying on the floor, the thrill of genius felt;
Victor Hugo wrote his best while standing up, 't is said;
And Leibnitz found it easy to philosophize in bed;
Then there was Herbert Spencer who, if he wrote at all,
Must do it after rowing, or a lively game of ball."

"Hooray!" said Tommy White, "I 'm off—I have an intuition!
A game of ball is what I need to start my composition."



THE PATHFINDERS

UNTIL THE LAST PUTT IS HOLED

By FRANCIS OUIMET

DON'T ever think of a golf-match as lost. Keep playing the game for all you are worth, no matter what the score or who your opponent may be. It is an actual fact that no game was ever decided until the last putt was holed. As a result, some of the most startling upsets known in the whole world of sport have happened in golf. Contestants apparently hopelessly defeated have actually won out. In nearly every match or championship, there is usually something happening which changes the outcome. I know what I 'm writing about when I put down these statements. I know they are based on facts and that every golfer will bear witness to their truth. And I say this here because possession of this knowledge is about the most valuable information any youngster can have when he begins competing in matches.

The very first time I ever played in a big tournament, all this was brought to my attention. This was back in 1913 in the United States Open Championship. Thanks to the solicitations of some good friends, I had allowed myself to be entered and for no other reason than that the experience would prove valuable to me. The thought of competing against such stars as Ted Ray, Harry Vardon, Jim Barnes, John McDermott, then in his prime, to say nothing of others almost too numerous to mention, seemed to me to be sheer nonsense when it came down to the hope of doing well. In short, I felt that I really had no business playing, as I should be almost certain to hold up the course at various times.

What happened was a greater surprise to me than to any one else. At the end of three rounds I found myself blessed with the good luck of fine scores and a fine lead. Had I been equal to turning in a fair score on the last round, the title would have been mine then and there. But for some unaccountable reason, the thought of winning actually overwhelmed me as I began my last round, with the result that I failed to miss a single trap on the way out. Holes that I had never had much trouble in negotiating in fours called for fives and sixes. At the end of the morning my total was uncommonly large. There was not a person in the gallery following me that would have given a nickle for my chances. Suddenly, things began to take place—chip shots started to drop dead to pins, putts that had been running by commenced clucking into the cups with cheerful regularity, and drives began traveling far and true. Soon I found myself back in the running. When the scores were all recorded I found myself in a triple tie for first.

I shall never forget that play-off. That part of it which I am going to set down here, the part that more than any other one was responsible for my victory, will prove to you how uncertain is golf and how true the remark that a match is never over until the last putt is holed. Vardon, Ray, and I were playing the fifth hole at Brookline, one of four hundred and twenty yards over exacting grounds. On the right of the fairway was a fringe of trees beyond which ran the inevitable boundary; on the left long grass grew. Thus a drive had to be both accurate and long. As I recall the play, Ray pulled his tee shot well to the left and into the long grass, making it impossible for him to reach the green with his second. Vardon and I were well down the middle within easy reach of the green. His second caught its right-hand corner.

It was raining hard at the time, so I took unusual care to see that the grip of my club was dry before attempting my approach. In some manner it got wet, so that it turned in my hands just as I was playing the shot, with the result that my ball slid off the face of my club in the general direction of the fringe of trees. Those of you who play golf know the many valuable strokes to be lost in trying to avoid trees when playing through them. Thus you appreciate that when I had met with this misfortune I was quick to believe my chances were lost. If luck was with me, I might possibly play out for the loss of but a single stroke, but the chances were that it would take me two or three before I should be in a position to reach the green.

I have discovered that often when one is expecting to get the worst of the break in a game he is more than likely to be blessed with the best. In this instance this was my good fortune, for in some unaccountable way my ball had bounded through the trees and out of bounds. At that time the penalty for such an event was the loss of distance only. Playing another ball, I took care that nothing on my part should cause it to go astray. This one went true to the green and, thanks to a mediocre shot on the part of Vardon, I managed to halve the hole with both him and Ray. But as I look back upon that particular part of our match I attribute my luck there as the cause of my success in the end. Had my second failed to jump out of bounds, I 'm quite sure my defeat would have occurred then and there.

When Bill Fownes won the United States Amateur Championship in 1910 he had every reason to believe that "Chick" Evans, his opponent, was a certain victor, what with his lead of two up and three to go. Chick was then in his teens, but his game was almost as sound as to-day, and surely as graceful. When they played the short sixteenth and Chick, with his lead, dropped a mashie shot twelve feet from play here. Both reached the green in two strokes, Evans away. Bob Hunter, a friend of Chick's from Chicago, was caddying for him and incidentally giving him advice. They both studied that putt carefully—a difficult putt, too, but not more so than the one Fownes faced. Again Chick took his lofted midiron from his bag. He calculated to a nicety the allowance of a few feet he had to make to reach the cup, but again the jump im-



"NO GAME WAS EVER DECIDED UNTIL THE LAST PUTT WAS HOLED"

the cup, while Bill had failed to get on, every one was sure Chick was the winner. This seemed even more certain when Bill's second was away. But Bill is a great fighter, one never to give up. Living up to this reputation, he holed the putt. This left Chick with two putts for a half and one for a victory.

It is not generally known, but in those days Evans did his tournament putting with a lofted midiron. This gave the ball a decided jump when it left the face of the club. Such a shot is not conducive to good putting, especially when the greens are fast and true as they were on that day. Thus his putt jumped his ball so that it ran some four feet beyond the pin. Again he attempted the same shot, and again his ball went by the hole. So instead of securing a win or a half, Evans lost that hole. The next hole went to Fownes when he played a magnificent iron dead to the pin.

The last hole was romantic. They came to the tee all even, the title to rest on the outcome of their parted to his ball by the iron caused it to roll merrily on some eight feet beyond the hole. Fownes, appreciating that his opportunity was at hand, carefully laid his ball within a foot of the cup.

So Chick found himself at last in the embarrassing position of having to sink a treacherous eight-footer with his midiron in order to stave off defeat—a tremendous handicap after having had a lead of two and three but a few minutes before. Hunter here followed Chick in sighting the line. Then he offered some advice and Chick immediately putted. That ball had scarcely started when Chick turned to his friend and remarked, "Bob, I never hit it." He was right, as his ball stopped about half a foot short of the hole. Whereupon, Bill stepped up and sank his for the title, an uphill victory if ever there was one. Which is just another instance that a match is never won until the last putt is in, no matter how big the handicap one finds himself facing.

Five years later, Bob Gardner won our amateur title at the Detroit Country Club, although every one—except Bob—had it figured that Max Marston had eliminated him in the semi-final round. Marston had held a lead most of the day, until it finally narrowed down to the stage where he was three up and five to go. Bob staged a rally, but when they came to the last hole he faced the alternative of winning it or of being put out. Both put their tee shots on the green. Marston was away and he played his putt to within eighteen inches of the cup. Bob had to sink a ten-footer to win; at least it appeared to be that way. His trial was one of those exasperating ones which squirm all around the edge of a hole but fail to drop in. With a typical smile, this sterling sportsman strode forward, evidently willing to concede the victory. For a second he hesitated, finally deciding that Max should go "through the motions," because it happened to be the tell-tale shot of their match. The latter stepped quickly to his ball, took his stance, putted, and, to the amazement of the large gallery, failed to hole out. It was a dramatic moment. Fate had been unkind to Marston in that instance, for on the next hole Gardner disposed of him and the next day defeated John Anderson in the finals.

One never can tell! At Pittsburgh, in 1919, I lost a match which I thought was mine just before Woody Platt turned the tables on me. In this affair I found myself four down and five to go, certainly not an enviable position. But by a big effort I managed to square the account on the last hole. Playing the first extra hole, my drive caught the long grass to the left of the fairway; Platt's ball was well placed, but too far back for him to reach the green on his second. I felt if I could reach the green, that here was my chance to win. As my lie was not particularly good I selected a mashie, thus necessitating my playing it with full force. It was my good fortune to reach the green, my ball coming to rest some eighteen feet from the pin. Platt's second fell some forty yards short, leaving him a nasty approach. On account of the lay-out of that particular green and the approaches, it was up to Platt to perform miracles to prevent defeat. And that is just what he did, for his third shot was so accurate that it all but rolled in for a three. I secured my four on a hole that but a minute before I had thought was surely mine, which would mean the defeat of my opponent. The next hole cost me that match.

Golf often has some of the most topsyturvy changes that are known to sport. Such was the match played between Chick Evans and Eben Byers during the 1913 Amateur at Garden City. Chick was six up and thirteen to play when the fireworks began. Byers started them after a day of poor golf for a former champion. Of a sudden he began holing putts from all angles and distances, and before Chick knew it, they were at the last hole with his lead cut to one up. Both pitched safely to the green at this stage of the match, and it looked like a sure thing for Evans when he ran his putt to within a few feet of the cup. But when Byers had made his try, he had unintentionally laid Chick a dead stymie. Chick was forced to jump the other's ball. In making the attempt he ran some eighteen inches beyond. Now all that Byers needed to square the match was to sink one of about like distance. Byers tried, no doubt as to that, but he tried just a bit too much, for his ball squirmed right by the hole and laid Chick another stymie, this one impossible to negotiate. In the end the hole was halved. It took three extra holes for Chick to win out.

Time and again have I been impressed with the fact that it is never too late to win a golf-match. You never can tell when you are going to come along with an unbeatable streak that will bring you from behind under the most hopeless of conditions and send you home the winner. It is never too late to try. As an instance of this, let me set down here the story of a match I played several years ago with Mike Brady. We had many mutual friends, and these fellows finally talked us into a friendly battle in the nature of a home-and-home series. The first half was to be staged at Mike's club and the second at mine. It was to be a seventy-two-hole affair.

At the end of my journey to Mike's club I was six down. This would ordinarily mean I was not playing up to form. As a matter of fact, I was. The cause for Mike's lead was the kind of golf he was producing. I simply could not keep pace with him, although my 73 in the morning and 74 in the afternoon shows how well I was going. Friends came to me afterward, having a great deal of fun at my expense. I took it all in good part, knowing that another day was coming and that it might be my turn next.

After the first eighteen at my club, Mike was still six up. I was still hoping, but fully cognizant that my task of winning under the conditions was as tough a job as I ever encountered. When we began play in the afternoon, Mike took the first two holes, and I found myself eight down and sixteen to go. I resolved right there I would n't lose another hole. I just could n't, in order to have the ghost of a chance. Brady, on the other hand, must have felt right here that the match was as good as won. They never are. Thus he missed his second to the third green, and I picked up a hole as well as the fourth and fifth. Five down was better. The sixth and seventh were halved and the eighth was mine, thanks to a

deadly approach. Then it came to me that I had a good chance, and I could feel myself getting all keyed up for the effort.

The ninth hole at Woodland, where we were playing, is 460 yards. Under the conditions, we found this called for a long drive and iron to reach the green. My drive was O.K., but my second landed plump into a sand-trap near the green. Mike's was on the edge. He had but to chip or putt dead to the hole, so it seemed, to regain his lead of five up. But Mike did n't do this, so we halved the hole. On top of that he played the tenth and eleventh badly, and I soon found myself but two down and seven to go, a far less serious situation than the one confronting me a few holes before.

We continued to the fifteenth with nothing worthy of mention. Here I was counting on a win with my ball on in three and Mike in four, especially when my approach putt stopped eighteen inches from the cup. But one never can tell what will happen in golf. Mike made a splendid try for a half when he attempted his twenty-footer, so good that it stopped on the very edge of the cup—seemingly waiting for a breeze to whisp it in—and directly in my line. Here was a situation to unravel. If I played for the cup I would be sure to sink his ball and probably fail to run down my own. Ordinarily I would have jumped at the chance of running down both of them. But in this case, there were but three holes remaining and I was already two down. I calculated that it was better to be two down and three to play than to take the chance. I had to be satisfied with a half.

The next hole fell to me. Thus I was but one down with two to play. I must say that Brady was in a most trying position. It is a matter of no small moment in golf to find a big lead swept to almost nothing, particularly when your own game seems to have suffered a let-down. That was the situation Brady was fighting. That was why I was determined to press my present advantage to the very limit. So I played the seventeenth without a flaw and won it. At last we were square. This was due to my having pinned my faith to my belief that a match is never lost until the last putt has been holed. We halved the last hole. Consequently an extra thirty-six was agreed upon on neutral links to settle our argument. This I managed to win.

So I 'm a firm believer in the golf doctrine that it is never too late to win a match. To such an extent is this so, that I 've set down these few examples for youngsters in order that they may profit by these experiences. He 's a wise golfer who knows this fact, and one hard to defeat. Play the game for all you 're worth, no matter what the score or who your opponent may be, and the victories which fall to your lot will be surprising!



A GOOD FIGHTER NEVER GIVES UP

The Sailor's Child

By Grace Clementine Howes



In the renewed and wide-spread interest in the merchant marine, there seems to be throughout the country an awakened sentiment for the sailor and the sailor's child.

I am the daughter of a famous sea-captain and of a race of sea-captains, who became known in all parts of the world, and so I inherit the love of old ocean which is suggested in these verses. As a child, I made many journeys with my father, often sleeping in a canvas hammock made for me by the sailors and swung between the awnings of the wide deck, where I could watch the prow of the great ship as she voyaged across the starlit seas. I have heard the wind in the shrouds and the song of the great waters; and I feel I have caught the rhythm and swing of the sea in my chosen meter, which I trust will hold for other ears something, too, of its music. Who knows but that it may sing some other child, perhaps a sailor baby, into the deep slumber that I knew when my father's hand guided us, "out past the harbor light, into the velvet night?"

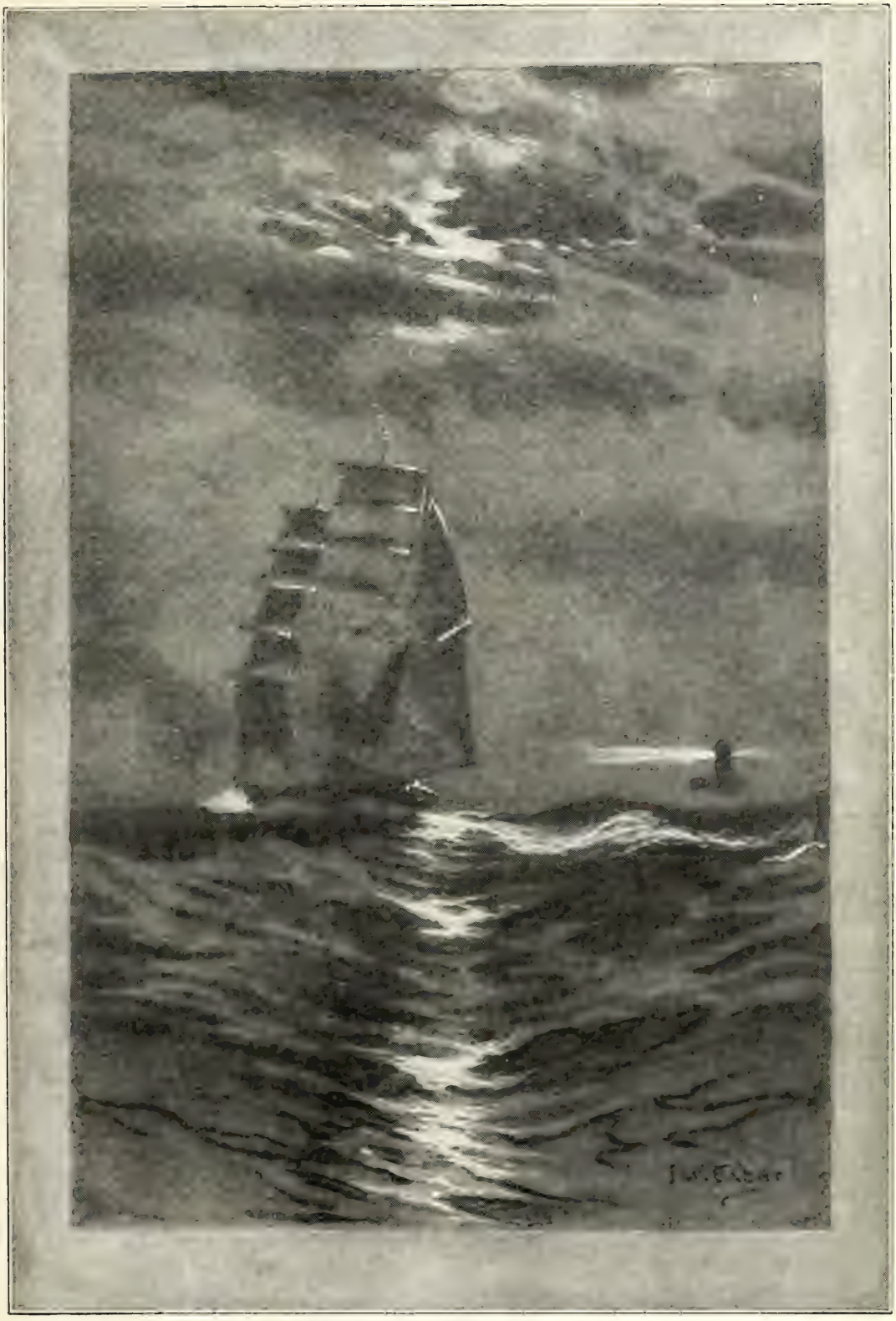
G. C. H.

Rest thee now, little one, strong is thy cradle,
Rocking and swinging across the wide bay;
Lights in the distant cove, stars hung like lamps above,
Send us their cheer as we get under way.
The sun 's gone to bed down behind the great ocean,
We 'll follow and bring him back safe with the morn;
Down to the sea we ride, swung on the ebbing tide,
Leaving the moonshine track tumbled and torn.
Hush thy sweet prattle and curl up thy restless feet,
Dimpled and sun-browned and swift at my call;
Mother stays near thee; oh, let nothing fear thee,
If winds creak the rigging and dark shadows fall.
No harm betides us, for Father's hand guides us
And pilots us safely out over the bar,
Out past the harbor light, into the velvet night—
Me his sheet-anchor and you his lodestar.

Sleep, little weary one, drowsy wee sailor-lass,
Shore winds are lost in the voice of the sea;
Waves babbling o'er and o'er follow us evermore,
Weaving strange melodies, darling, for thee.
All through the night comes the sound of their singing,
The golden moon floating down softly to hear,
And while sleep shall hold thee and darkness enfold thee,
The wind and the waves croon thy lullaby, dear.

Closed are thy sea-blue eyes, lids like white butterflies
Folded down quietly over two flowers.
Ocean fays haunt thee, and mermaids enchant thee
With dream-music, murmuring low through the hours.

The wind lifts its wings and the sail fills above thee—
The sound doth not stir thee, profound is thy sleep.
God keep my sailor's child, stilling the waters wild,
Rocking her cradle far out on the deep!



"OUT PAST THE HARBOR LIGHT, INTO THE VELVET NIGHT"

KIT, PAT, AND A FEW BOYS

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Author of "Cinderella's Granddaughter"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

KATHERINE EMBURY is a sophisticated, rather blasé girl, who belongs to one of those touch-and-go families that see very little of each other. By a series of coincidences, she finds herself in surroundings utterly strange to her experience, with the Wards, a family that is very much of a family. The spectacle of Phil and Pat and the rest on such intimate, friendly terms with each other surprises Katherine, and in the loneliness of her first sleepless night at Birch Camp she writes a letter to her brother Don, summering on a ranch in Wyoming. But though everything is new to her, Katherine takes to camp life like the sportswoman she is,—morning dips, coöperative cooking, forest tramps, and the like,—and wins the respect and admiration of the Wards. Don's reply to her letter tells of his approaching departure from the ranch, and this suggests to the Wards that they should despatch an invitation to join them at Birch Camp. The prospect of Don in camp thrills Katherine; for in these weeks in the open, the girl has come very much alive, herself, and faces the world with a zest in living she had not felt since her little girlhood.

CHAPTER XII

UP MOOSEBACK

"IF to-morrow should prove as fine as this, what would you say to climbing Mooseback?"

"I 'd say, hooray!" cried Katherine.

"Me for Mooseback!" Phil's crisp tones were only a second behind.

"Ditto," from Fred.

"Now you 're shouting!" cried Nick.

"The view ought to be wonderful to-morrow," said Aunt Ida.

"Are you sure you can leave your sewing for a whole day?" Pat teased.

"How about it, Mother?" Mr. Ward tossed the question across the camp-fire. "What do you say to to-morrow?"

"To-morrow suits me. Mooseback is rather a stiff climb for short legs," indicating the little girl asleep in her lap, "but perhaps she can manage it."

"We 'll take turns giving her a boost," said Fred.

"I 'm so glad we are all going!" Pat beamed. "Somebody has always stayed at home with Marian before this year. Think of the whole bunch of us starting off to-morrow for the top of Mooseback. Oh, jolly!"

"With that in mind, I think we had better turn in extra early to-night," her mother suggested.

Katherine knew that she was too excited to go to sleep for a long, long time. She lay down on her bough bed, now considerably thinner than when it was freshly cut, her eyes wide open, a happy smile curving her lips. She would think about the morrow's pleasure for an hour or so. The better to think, she closed her eyes. The next thing she knew a sudden clamor had broken out round her. She opened her eyes; the sun was shining.

"My goodness!" gasped the girl. "I only just lay down."

"Me too!" Pat was sitting up beside her. "Did you ever know such a short night?"

Breakfast was a hilarious meal. The dewy freshness of a perfect day coupled with anticipation of the coming climb set every camper's spirit galloping. After breakfast, Mrs. Ward, Katherine, and Pat put up the lunch, while Aunt Ida and Marian made the beds. The little girl, who was ordinarily as deliberate in her working motions as small girls often are, skipped around the green rectangles with alacrity. The blankets airing on bushes behind the sleeping tents were rolled into shipshape bolsters in record time. And then, with apparently very little effort on any one person's part, they were ready. It was a perpetual marvel to Katherine, accustomed to the preparations of servants, to see how easily these people did things without any servants at all.

Every one had something to carry, and nearly every one carried it strapped like a knapsack across his shoulders. "It 's so much easier to climb with both hands free," Pat remarked as she adjusted her box of sandwiches with the help of a leather thong and a piece of thick twine. Katherine darted into the tent for one of the straps of a suitcase, and the next minute she too had her roll of cookies in place. Father Ward and Aunt Ida each boasted a knapsack stored with such precious small fry as cream, salt, sugar, butter, coffee, and cutlery. Phil had two loaves of bread, and Nick capered about, a diminutive shower of kitchen-ware at his back, cups clashing musically against coffee pail, hawking his wares like a peddler.

The morning had not cast its dewy freshness when the party set forth. Sunshine filtered through the branches and splashed the trunks of the forest trees with yellow gold; birds chirped or winged a silent flight from the invading footsteps; squirrels frisked and scampered.

The path began to rise. It pushed out of the

woods and mounted a clearing overgrown with blackberry vines and low evergreens. Rocks cropped up in its way; if the rocks were too big, it turned aside; if they were surmountable, it scrambled over them.

But soon the mountain began to try Katherine's mettle. The trail zigzagged upward in a snake-like course, turning out for great rocks, skirting sheer cliffs, pushing treacherously over stones cushioned with thick mosses. Delicate ferns grew between the stones and on shelves of the rocks. Vines threw their festooning witchery across stark branches. On either hand pressed the undergrowth in a wild jumble, threatening to obliterate the trail. The higher it led, the lovelier and wilder grew the pictures along the path—a fern-lined pool at the foot of a white spray of waterfall; a clump of ghostly Indian-pipes; a glimpse, level-eyed, through green branches out over the tops of trees into sheer blue space. No sign of the camp below; no sign of the top of the mountain; they were on the mountain, poised—who knew how far up?—between earth and sky.

Katherine halted suddenly to look and listen. She had climbed rapidly, and for a minute she stood alone. For that minute, too, the voices of the campers were silent. Then Father Ward rounded the curve below, Marian riding on his shoulders. Pat's voice dropped excitedly from somewhere out of sight above.

"Katrinx! Katrinx! Oh, come up here!"

Katherine threw her improvised alpenstock as far forward as she could, clasped a friendly branch with both hands, and drew herself up to the top of the rocky ledge that had stopped her. There she regained her pole and, wielding it judiciously, scrambled swiftly over a cataract of mossy boulders till she reached Pat's side.

"Look!" cried Pat. "Just look at it! This must have happened in the winter. The trail was perfectly clear here last summer. How are we going to get around *that?*"

Directly ahead of the girls the path struck into a tangle of fallen tree trunks. Uprooted by some storm, they had plunged across the trail, their branches piling up in what looked like an impenetrable confusion. Pat's question had, however, apparently been intended more as rhetoric than as an actual appeal for information. As she spoke, she dropped to the ground and wriggled under the edge of the mass.

"No use," she reported, backing out presently. "It 's too scratchy, and besides, one of 'em lies too close to the ground to get under. Oh, you can't go around on that side, Katrinx! The tops run right off a precipice."

"So I discovered." Katherine was retracing her steps. "Nor on the other side, either."

"No, the rock 's too high and steep. I tried that, too."

"Then if we can't go under or around, we have got to go over."

Pat looked doubtful. "The boys must have done it, but I don't see how."

"Oh, if the boys have done it—and even if they had n't—" Katherine thrust her alpenstock across a branch, reached for another, which snapped in her hand, gripped a third that held, and leaped up into the confusion of boughs. Broken branches caught at her clothes and scratched her ankles, twigs snapped under her feet, but she struggled on.

"It 's some like—trying to walk—on a—feather-bed," Pat suggested from a point some two yards to the right.

"The mountain—does n't seem—really eager—to have us—climb it," Katherine flung back. "But we 're going to—do it—just the same."

"The top is like one of those enchanted castles we read about when we were little," Pat essayed, balancing on a limb, "fearfully hard to get into, but the prince always found something wonderful when he did get there. The top 's worth it."

"*This* is worth it! This very minute. Ough! Oh, I love it!"

The last sentence rose from a lower level. The girl was out of sight.

"Where are you?" Pat cried. "Katrinx! Are you hurt? What 's become of you?"

"Not in the least." The voice was slightly muffled, but imperturbable. "I stepped down on the tree trunk, a trifle unexpectedly, but now that I am here— Why, this *is* the way out! Do it yourself, Pat. Drop through and then crawl up the trunk till you come to where it is clear of branches. Oh, this is plain sailing—climbing, I mean, just straight climbing."

To Pat's anxious gaze Katherine's head appeared; then the girl, a slim young figure of victory, stood on the very top of the seemingly impassable barrier. Pat lost no time in putting herself beside her.

As they reached the ground the boys catapulted around a boulder.

"Oho, so you 're over! We were coming back to help."

"Since they 're here to help the others, let 's go on," Katherine said to Pat.

A little thrill ran up the girl's spine as she realized that now for a few minutes she would be at the front of the line, no one ahead of her, only the mountain waiting up there with the sky for a cap, heaving its vast sides as though to shake her back into the valley where she belonged.

"But I *don't* belong there!" she thought ex-

ultantly. "I belong up here, where there is something to fight. Oh, is n't it glorious?"

Then she stopped thinking altogether, and lived minute after minute of furious effort, toiling, struggling, slipping back only to push on, climbing by hand and knee. The more the mountain opposed her, the better she liked it; the steeper the path, the higher her heart beat. Now and then she stopped, her arms wrapped around a convenient branch. Up here the woods were beginning to thin; a breath of wind lifted her hot hair.

Pat panted into sight. "What 's your hurry?"

Katherine was honestly surprised. "Was I hurrying? The way this mountain is tilted up just here makes me want to get on."

"The mountain won't run away," said Pat.

"No, I suppose not. But it manages to make me feel as though it would."

"Oh, I know," grinned Pat. "Don't I feel just the same way? Come on then. Let 's go! It sha'n't run away before we get to the top."

They leaned manfully to the ascent. The breeze freshened on their cheeks. The trees dwindled. A branch reached out for Pat's sleeve.

Katherine launched herself at a boulder.

A spring, and Phil was beside her. "Great, is n't it?"

"Perfectly gorgeous!"

"I thought you 'd like it. Here, let me give you a hand."

The girl's breath came quickly, her lips were slightly parted, but the gray eyes shone clear in her flushed face. "Oh no, thank you. I like to do it myself."

"Miss Independence!"

Rocks, rocks, nothing but rocks. Katherine thought she had been climbing rocks for hours. They grew larger, tilting broad gray backs that offered firm footing to her rubber soles. The wind whipped her hair about her face; it fled past her ears, whistling through the branches of the stunted trees with a high, clear singing.

And then, suddenly, there was nothing more to climb. Her feet trod level on the top of the world. The blue sky arched above her head, and a few twisted branches streamed in the perpetual wind. Before and below her, whichever way she turned, ranks on ranks of peaks marched and counter-marched to the very rim of the sky, where they rose up, a jumble of dim blue crests, to make a cup of the world. In between, filling the cup, little hills tossed leafy spray above an ocean of green; lakes, looking very far away, glittered like pin-points in the sun; and the silver thread of a little river wound through a gap between two low green cones.

The girl caught her breath with a gasp of surprise and happiness and awe. Deliberately she shut her eyes. When she opened them it was all there as before. "I thought perhaps it would go away," she confessed whimsically to Pat, who had come up beside her, "but it did n't. It is really so!"

"I love it," said Pat, simply.

The two girls stood motionless on the crest. One by one the other climbers joined them. Marian ran about over the rocks emitting little squeals of excitement. The boys galloped from side to side. Mother Ward sat down on a jutting ledge, her beautiful, care-lined face quite peaceful and rested.

Katherine noted these things as she ranged tirelessly from rock to rock, looking, looking, looking. It seemed as though she could never get her fill of looking. She wished her own mother were here. And oh, how she longed for Don! She could see Phil stretched out on a rock beside Pat. Perhaps she and Don could come up here some day, they two, even if the others did not care to repeat the climb the same summer. The thought struck home to a feeling that she had not known she possessed. Why, she was counting, absolutely counting on Don's coming to camp!

CHAPTER XIII

KIT MAKES A TRAIN

AFTERWARD, Katherine knew she should never forget that day. Every detail lived in her memory with a strange vividness—the lunch spread on a flat rock out of the wind below the peak; Father Ward's wonderful toaster, made then and there from a green branch stripped of its leaves and the twigs woven together in a flat pattern. Never was toast so good as that which came hot from that toaster. Never was bacon so fully flavored as the strips she cooked for herself, skewered on a pointed stick. Never were potatoes so luscious as those Mother Ward poked from a bed of hot ashes and whose blackened jackets crocked every one's face in the eating. And never was anything so exciting as the descent which she and Pat and the boys made, pellmell, down the side of the mountain.

Hot, disheveled, torn, and scratched, but triumphant, they arrived at the foot and sat down, to take stock of themselves and to wait for the others.

That was why nobody found the telegram before, footsore and conscious of a gentle lassitude in all their limbs, the whole procession straggled into camp.

"Telegram for Mother," Nick in the lead



"ONE BY ONE THE OTHER CLIMBERS JOINED THEM"

reported. "Here, Mumsie. Found it sticking on a bush. Who 's coming?"

"Nobody 's coming here," Pat answered, getting permission to read over her mother's shoulder. "It 's that house-party at Fairwood. It 's to happen right away, a week early. Why, this telegram ought to have been delivered last night! Yesterday was the sixth, was n't it? This was sent the sixth at ten thirty-four. 'Friends arrive to-night for two days. Come at once.' Mother! *You 're missing it!*" Pat's growing excitement culminated in a wail of dismay.

"Miss nothing," snapped Phil. "There 's a train north at six-ten. Want to take it, Mother?"

"Can I possibly make it?"

Father Ward glanced at the sun. "I am inclined to think you can."

"I 'll get a horse and wagon. Be ready in half an hour." Phil was off.

"He did n't win the mile last spring for nothing, did he?" Pat remarked. "I 'll find your clothes, Mother."

Many hands made light work of preparation. Katherine and Pat packed Mrs. Ward's bag; Marian and Aunt Ida helped her dress; Fred and Nick put up a lunch. They had no more than finished their tasks when, heralded by a rattle of wheels, Phil drove up in an uncovered buggy. Father Ward emerged from his tent, clad in gray tweeds and a gray cloth cap. Phil jumped out and handed Mother in; Mr. Ward sprang up beside her and took the reins. "We have just three-quarters of an hour," they heard him say. "Time enough if you don't mind going fast." His eyes twinkled.

"Good-by! Good-by!"

"My goodness," said Pat, "did n't we hustle! I feel as limp as a rag."

"I feel," said Katherine, "like a dip in the lake."

"I think we all feel that way, too," said Aunt Ida.

Nobody thought to speak of the mail until after they had come out of the water and were dressing. Then Fred called out as he passed the camp-fire on his way to the kitchen, "Did Kit get her letter?"

"What letter?" Katherine called back from behind closed flies.

"On the living-tent table. Jake must have left it."

"Is n't there one for me?" Pat wanted to know.

"Or for me?" asked Aunt Ida.

"Guess not. Kit 's the winner this time."

In thinking the matter over, Katherine realized that the letter must have lain on the table through the hurried departure of Mrs. Ward and the leisurely play in the water and who knew how many hours besides? If only she had seen it when she first reached camp! Motionless, she read it twice without speaking.

"I hope it 's from Don." Pat was counting out plates. "Eight. Is he coming?"

"No," said Katherine. "No, he says he would like to, but he can't come."

Pat glanced up at the sound of the girl's voice and dropped the plates. "Why, *Katrinx!* Kit *darling!* What 's the matter!"

"I don't know."

Pat was at her elbow. "You—you don't *know?*"

"Don has gone home. I don't understand his letter. He has given up the coast and Goldy's too. He would like to come here, but he can't just now. He was starting for home the day he wrote." She whirled to the calendar and made a rapid calculation. "Pat, he has been home three days! Now why, *why* did he do that?" The delicate brows drew together in a frown of perplexity.

"Perhaps he got tired of knocking about," Pat suggested.

"But he *knows* there is no one at home, except the servants. There is something I don't understand. His letter sounds—I can't just put my finger on the words—but it sounds not quite right, somehow. I think I 'll go home myself." She spoke as casually as though she had mentioned paddling across the lake.

"Go home! Can't you write him?"

"If Don 's in trouble, I could n't find out a thing by writing."

"Telegraph—telephone."

Katherine shook her head. "I must see him. If he is all right, I 'll come back."

Pat was silent a minute, "Are you sure that you have n't imagined— You don't really *know* anything!"

Katherine whirled on her. "What if it were Phil? And what if you did just 'imagine something,' would n't you have to find out if it was just imagination before you could be happy again?"

"Yes," said Pat. "Oh, yes. But Katrinx, my mother is away and your mother did n't want to have you stay alone at home with the servants—"

"My mother," flashed Katherine, "would want to have me look out for Don, if he needed me. That makes all the difference in the world."

"Oh dear, I wish Mother were here!"

"Your mother would agree with me."

Pat sought the kitchen tent with a troubled face. "Katherine says she is going home."

"Going home! What 's up?"

"Don 's gone home and she does n't understand why. And it bothers her."

"Jumping Jehosaphat! She can't go off like that, can she? Let Don stay at home, if he wants to. Anything wrong with him?"

"That 's what she does n't know."

"Able to travel, was n't he? I guess Don 's all right. Get Aunt Ida to talk to her."

But Aunt Ida's arguments moved Katherine from her purpose no more than Patricia's. Going home, she told Aunt Ida, was not in the least like starting for a house that might be shut up. Her home could not by any conceivable supposition be closed; Mother had left orders to keep it open. Whoever was or was not there, Mary Flannery would be in the kitchen where she had ruled as maid and cook for fifteen years; John, her husband, would be in the garden. Any girl could go into a house presided over by Mary and John.

"I shall not stay an hour if I find everything all right. I shall take the next train for the woods again."

"Bring Don back with you," said Phil.

"I surely will if I can." She flashed him a grateful look for the first recognition on the part of any of the campers of her right to go.

But Aunt Ida put one more question. "Could n't you wait to get an answer to a telegram before starting?"

Katherine shook her head. "I could n't possibly. Telegrams are so slow here."

In spite of their phrasing, the girl's voice made the words an appeal. Aunt Ida put her arms around Katherine and kissed her.

"I think you will find your brother much amused at your coming."

"Oh, Don 's all right," said Fred.

"There 's no harm in looking up trains," said Phil. "Did n't I see a bunch of time-tables in Father's trunk?"

"Supper first," decreed Aunt Ida.

Even Katherine ate heartily. The day's climb had made her hungry and her disquiet was too vague as yet to banish appetite. The time-tables formed a link between her and Don; the mere mention of them made her feel nearer to him. But the time-tables soon revealed their shortcomings.

"May somebody punch my thick head if I see how you can get home before day after to-morrow," Fred declared after prolonged study.

"But I must! Day after to-morrow—that *can't* be the quickest time I can make."

"Rotten schedule!" growled Phil.

"The trouble 's at this end." Fred turned back to his folders. "These day trains—"

"She could take the New York sleeper and get home to-morrow."

"The sleeper, Phil?"

"It runs through Edgeville. Twenty miles west of us."

At that point Father Ward walked in and found them, heads bent over the time-tables spread out on the dining-tent table.

"What 's all this? Somebody else going to leave us?"

"I am the one who is trying to go." Katherine rose swiftly and went to him. "Please let me." She made her explanation clearly and simply. "With Father in Alaska and Mother in Bermuda, I am the only one there is to look after Don."

The man nodded gravely. He had watched the girl's face closely as she talked, noting the quiet decision of her manner. "I see. Come back as soon as you can. How about trains, boys?"

They told him.

"We will paddle across the lake, walk to Prince's, and rent one of his automobiles. The first division of the sleeper goes through Edgeville in two hours. How soon can you be ready?" turning back to the girl.

"In ten minutes."

"I 'll give you twenty. Have you plenty of money?"

"I think so. I have n't spent any in the woods."

Precisely nineteen minutes later, hatted and booted, gloves in hand, the modish suit guilty of a few wrinkles from lying packed away in a trunk, she was saying good-by on the shore. Nick had started the camp-fire. Its leaping flames drove back the shadows that were closing in upon the tents. By its light, Fred and his father packed coats and bags into the big canoe. Katherine was so busy being kissed by Aunt Ida, Pat, and Marian that she did not see the second satchel. With steady ease, she stepped into the canoe and sank with one motion to her seat. Mr. Ward took a paddle; Phil picked up the other.

"I 'm going along to run the car."

"Don't forget, Katrinx, that you 're coming back," begged Pat.

The gipsy face glimmered faintly through the dusk as the canoe shot out on the star-strewn water. From the landing on the other side, Katherine looked back across the lake. Below the dark bulk of Mooseback the round red friendly eye of the camp-fire gleamed out of the night. Silhouetted against it, she could see dark heads. Something happened under the silk blouse, something new and disquieting, yet strangely sweet. The girl who had never known homesickness felt a lump rise in her throat. Then she turned resolutely and followed Father Ward's lantern into the woods.

(To be concluded)

THE MUSICIAN

By FAITH VAN VALKENBURGH VILAS

THE piano is a wonder box,
So still and straight and tall,
But oh, the music that comes out
When Mother's fingers call!

She plays at night when lights are dim,
In sweet and solemn wise;
Her fingers know each tiny note
I 'm sure they must have eyes.

When little Mary Ellen Brown
Sits down to play for me,
She has to have a criss-cross page,
With dots that she can see.

But when I play just for myself
I take a lovely book
All full of pictures. One of them 's
A forest with a brook.

There are some timid deer in there
Behind a tree at play;
I make the brook go ripply soft,
So they won't run away.

I turn the page until I find
An awful storm at sea;
I play that deep and muttering
In solemn minor key.

I play and play the pictures through,
Each one a different song;
And much too swiftly slips the time
That often seems so long.



"THE PIANO IS A WONDER BOX"



"'THOSE WIRES 'LL NEVER STRIKE TOGETHER NO MATTER HOW MUCH WIND BLOWS'"

THE INVERSE TIME-LIMIT RELAY

By CHARLES A. HOYT

FRED BOWERS stood in the door of the power-house looking doubtfully back at his father.

"You 're sure everything will be all right?" he asked anxiously. "Sure you don't need me?"

"Boy," his father strode up to him and put his hand on his shoulder, "I 've been here sixteen years, and they don't need me! If I left this afternoon, the place would n't stop a second—it would ramble right along. We don't need you at all. Go along to the fair and have your fun; you 've earned a vacation."

Reassured, Fred climbed into the waiting automobile and sped away to the fair. For awhile their way was up the river where the power-plant was located; then they struck off over the height of land and down the Passumpsic River.

This was the first fair of the season, and as the St. Johnsbury fair was famous all over the northern part of the State, very few people missed it. It came early this year, in the middle of August—right in dog-days.

Nine and ten o'clock passed, and the heat was intense—the deadening, sweltering heat that occasionally visits New England.

Only the swift motion of the car saved them from extreme discomfort. As they traveled they saw other rigs—teams, automobiles, once in a while a bicycle—all headed one way. They poured into the main road from farm-houses, from short roads reaching back into the hills on either side, while every cross-road contributed dozens. In the last few miles, it was more in the nature of a procession than anything else.

"By Jove!" remarked Fred, "if all the other roads bring in such a gang, the old town will sure be full of folks."

"No reason to think they won't," replied Jed Walker, his companion; "I bet it 'll be the biggest crowd they ever had. It 's a fine sight, is n't it?" Jed was looking at the town from the crest of the last hill.

"You bet!" agreed Fred, enthusiastically. "Those wires 'll never strike together no matter how much wind blows."

"What on earth you lookin' at?" Jed was driving, but stole a glance at Fred.

"What do you suppose?" Fred 's eyes were glued on the high-tension transmission line along the road. "They send electricity all over the county from here; sixty thousand volts—highest voltage in the State. Look at those insulators, big as an umbrella—"

"I 'll bet when the last trump sounds you 'll say, 'Wait a minute till I look at these wires,' said Jed. "For that kind of stuff, you 're the limit."

"I 'm going to hunt up the superintendent,"

said Fred. "I want to see their lightning arresters. They 're something new, they say. They say, too, that their switches are set awful heavy—no common little short-circuit throws 'em out."

"Say, wake up!" said Jed; "you 're going to the fair—you 're not working. Can that stuff for a day if you can; if you can't, why can't you?"

They drove down the hill and turned along the river road.

"Hey!" shouted Fred, "go around the other way—follow these wires to the transformer-station and let me off. I 'll meet you up town."

"Did you bring your overalls and belt and body-strap?" asked Jed, sarcastically, turning the car as Fred asked. "If you 're going to work all day, you ought to have brought your dinner; you won't want to stop to go up town after it."

Fred grinned. "All right, be just as funny as you like; you 've got to amuse yourself some way."

"Up by the Avenue House in an hour," said Fred as he climbed out. "I won't take long here."

"If you 're not there, I 'm going along to the grounds." Jed was a little short. "*I* came over here to have a good time."

Fred, walking eagerly into the station and trying to look in every direction at once, did n't hear him.

"We call it the finest plant in the State," said the station-man, after Fred had introduced himself. "Everything the very latest. There 's one trouble, though—they improve things so fast that before you get started they have something new on the market."

"There 's one thing I want to see," said Fred; "that 's those inverse time-limit relay-switches. I 've read about them, and the agent wants to put some in for us."

The station-man led the way to the switchboard.

"Sure—greatest thing out! Now, sometimes you have a little swinging ground, or two wires knock together; ordinarily, your circuit-breakers all fly out and everybody 's out of juice. These switches hold as long as you set them for."

"How long before they go out?"

"We 've got these set at twenty seconds. We can have a dead short-circuit a third of a minute —if it 's anything that will burn off, we 're usually rid of it before the time is up. If it is still on at the end of twenty seconds, the switch goes out."

Fred looked it over carefully. "That ought to be all right. It saves a lot of trouble all along, one time and another; then again it might make trouble sometimes."

"I don't see how," argued the man. "It is n't on long enough to set a fire, and it saves us a lot of trouble. You 'd better put one on each of your circuits."

They prowled around among the tangle of wires and instruments awhile, both talking shop without listening to the other very much, and parted after an hour and a half with many mutual expressions of regard. Fred stole a glance at his watch and hustled for the Avenue House, but it was past the time when he was to meet his friend and no Jed was in sight. He sat on the steps awhile and watched the crowd pouring by.

The fair grounds were on the edge of the town on a high plateau, with the main business street leading to them. It was literally packed with teams and automobiles. Crowds on foot filled the sidewalks on both sides, all headed one way.

"Biggest crowd the old town ever saw," remarked a man standing near. "Can't have a fair without a rain," he continued, glancing at the sky.

"Rain!" echoed Fred, "I don't see any sign of rain."

"See that sky—how coppery it looks," said the man. "Then down in the southwest you see that haze, and feel how hot and close-like the air is. I 've lived here all my life. I can tell."

"You 've certainly got good courage," Fred grinned genially. "A New England weather-prophet is a rare bird; people generally don't prophesy anything definite about weather up here—they 'll say there 's going to be a change, and they usually hit it."

"Just wait and see," warned the man. "You 'll see it rains before night."

Fred strolled along down to the grounds looking for Jed, but failed to find him. Every one else in four or five counties was there, and any one person was easy to lose in such a crowd.

He was making the rounds of the place a second time when he suddenly came across the man whom he had met in the transformer-house earlier in the day.

"Off for the day," announced his new friend. "The apprentice is looking after things."

"What are you going to do now? Where are you headed for?" asked Fred.

"Nothing in particular and nowhere especially."

"Just the thing—I 'm going to the same place. Let 's jog along together."

This they proceeded to do. They roved at will among the booths of Japanese acrobats, wrestling pavilions, cane-racks, and all manner of devices to catch the furtive dime, until suddenly Fred looked around startled.

"See how dark it 's getting!" As he spoke a rumbling growl of thunder shook the air.

"Sounds like business, does n't it?" remarked the electrician.

"Do you ever have to shut down for storms?"

asked Fred, as they stood in an open space scanning the clouds.

"Never have since we put in the new lightning-arresters. Before that, we had to shut up shop every time it lightened over in the next county."

"They work well, do they? What kind are they?"

Then followed more talk about the lightning-arresters—arrangements that, whenever the lightning strikes the transmission-line, send it harmlessly into the ground, instead of into the generators and houses.

"Orders are to run straight through everything," the man concluded. "But if it started in very bad, I 'd shut down."

"You 're like me—obey orders as long as it 's safe; then do what you think best."

"Not exactly that," said the man, looking uneasily at the thickening clouds. "We obey orders just as long as we possibly can, and shut down when we have to—I don't like the looks of things—see there!"

There was indeed cause for alarm. Great billowing thunder-heads filled the sky to the southeast; the air was close and hot, with hardly a breath stirring; the few vagrant puffs of air seemed to be from a furnace.

Chain-lightning darted through the mass and rolling peals of thunder became continuous. A sickly green cast appeared in the heavens, and suddenly a cold breeze set in from the direction of the storm.

"I know of one that 's going to hunt for cover," remarked the electrician. "This does n't look good to me at all."

"All right; let 's get back into some of the tents," and Fred started toward them.

"Not on your life! I said 'cover.' I did n't mean a trap. Those tents 'll go over the first thing."

"They 'll trap a pile of folks if they do." Fred stood looking at the crowds pouring into the tents and booths.



"'COME ON! UP TOWN FOR US—HUSTLE!'"

His friend started to run. "Come on! Up town for us—hustle!"

It was nearly a mile to the business part of the town, and before they made it the rain began.

"In here!" gasped Fred, heading into the doorway of a church. They staggered in just as the front of the storm struck with full force. Several workmen stood in the doorway, driven from their work of digging along the curb.

"By George!" said Fred's companion, a moment later, "this is a hummer—feel this building shake."

Fred was peering into the smother of rain outside.

"We got in just in time. This looks like your high-tension line passing by here—is it?"

"Sure, sixty thousand volts; it 's the main feeder up the river."

"Right through the village? I 'd think they 'd make you go around somewhere. It is n't really safe, is it?"

"Sure it is!" A deafening crash of thunder drowned his words, and the wires on the poles glowed a moment. Traces of acrid smoke reached their nostrils.

"Did you see that?" exclaimed Fred.

Again the ground shook and the wires flamed.

"We 're all right!" the electrician assumed an ease which he was far from feeling; "our lightning-arresters are the best made; they 'll take care of that—it was n't a direct stroke, just induction."

The rain poured an unbelievable flood on the paved street. The gutters ran over onto the sidewalk, and the little park opposite was a lake. Suddenly, above the roar of the storm, a series of dull crashes reached their ears and the storm took a new note.

"Say, boy! It 's black as midnight—just as black as a cat, and roars like all possessed. I never saw such a storm as there is coming!"

Fred braved the flood and ran to look. The whole sky was black, the roar deafening. A confused murmur sounded above the appalling tumult. He stood a moment trying to make out the cause of it. It sounded like the noise of a multitude of people in dire peril, but it seemed impossible that anything of the sort could be— Stop! It must be the great crowd on the fair grounds! The tents must have collapsed.

He crept back, soaked to the skin by the downpour, in time to see the crowd of laborers rush away in the rain. One, with upturned and frightened face, was gazing at the top of the steeple.

Suddenly, a boom of the great bell hung high overhead made the air shudder. He caught his breath as the building swayed to its foundations; the wind screamed as it rushed through the wires in front of it. All around, the roofs of lesser buildings began to litter the streets. Again the bell boomed at the swaying of the steeple—as if in loud protest against its fate.

Fred and the electrician rushed into the storm as the steeple fell. It dropped into the street before them with a mighty crash, the bell separating itself from the mass in mid-air, and, probably because it was heavier, flinging itself clear across the wide street striking the corner pole of the high-tension line.

The pole had already been under heavy tension—the straining of heavy wires whipped by the wind was tremendous; then again, it was a corner pole, the line taking a square turn at this point. As the bell struck it, the heavy lower edge acted like an ax, shearing it off clean just below the cross-arms.

Instantly the heavy wires sagged across the street diagonally, resting here and there upon the wooden ruins of the tower.

The two men, well aware of the deadly peril that every inch of the heavy copper presented, started back but still stood in the pouring rain, almost exhausted trying to stand against the hurricane, watching with eyes agog. The sagging wires swayed back and forth in the storm.

"It 'll short in a minute and the switches 'll go out," gasped the electrician.

"Like fun!" said Fred, as again and again the wires clashed, throwing a burst of flame and smoke up in the air. "Your switch don't go at all!"

"It 's that twenty-second relay," screamed the man. "It holds those swinging shorts every time. See that! I 'll bet, too, that fool boy keeps throwing in the switch if it does go out."

He suddenly turned and ran, bareheaded, muddy, and rain-soaked, at full speed down the street. "I 'll go down to the transformer-station!" he yelled over his shoulder.

As a fresh blast of wind forced Fred to his knees, he heard behind him a many-throated shout—a hundred voices in one. He turned in the face of the hurricane, and not twenty rods away, coming as fast as they could, falling and rising again, advancing slowly in the sea of water and mud, flying branches of trees, and debris of every description that littered the street, was a great crowd from the fair-grounds.

Women and children were crying, men shouted hoarsely, and a pair of horses hitched to a bus strained through the mud and, suddenly running into a gully in the street, tipped over.

Before him, the wreck of the steeple blocked the street from one side to the other. Above the debris, the wires charged with sixty thousand volts swayed wildly. A touch, and any living creature that tried to pass would be no more.

He started to run toward the crowd, to scream his warning, but could make hardly a foot through the knee-deep water and among flying branches and boards. His voice seemed to die in his throat—he could not be heard six feet away.

Turning in anguish to look at the wires, he saw that they had hooked over projecting boards and timbers here and there, except in one place. There they swung, every once in a while spouting flame and smoke as they clashed together.

Running to the pile, he gazed at it intently,

shielding his eyes to keep out the flood of rain. As he moved to one side, trying to find what he was looking for, he fell to his armpits in one of the holes which the workmen had dug in the street. When he climbed out, his hand fell on a crowbar



"HE CAST THE IRON BAR UPON THE TWO WIRES. . . . A GEYSER OF FLAME AND SMOKE GUSHED HIGH"

struck deeply into the ground where the workmen had left it when they ran for shelter. He gazed at it a moment, then, clutching it with both hands, drew it out of the hole.

He looked back at the crowd. Ten rods away, or less, a bank of people, solid from curb to curb, fled before the tempest. Setting his teeth, he rushed upon the pile of debris and recklessly climbed over it to where two wires lay side by side.

Drawing a deep breath, he cast the iron bar upon them and bent forward to see if it slid off. A geyser of flame and smoke gushed high. Melted iron and copper flew twenty feet into the air. Fred fell over backward on the tangle of timber, both hands to his eyes, his face and hands covered with burns, the pelting rain mercifully quenching any fire that might ignite his clothing.

The foremost ones of the crowd were at the barrier climbing over as the deed was done. They leaped back at the flaming menace, then, when it stopped at the end of its allotted twenty seconds, they helped Fred out and to a physician.

"How it missed getting both eyes, I don't see," he heard the doctor say, after his face and hands had been swathed in cotton and oil; "he 's just peppered for fair, but his eyes are all right."

"I shut 'em, of course," mumbled Fred, from his bandages. "I put both hands over 'em; no danger at all."

"Danger!" scoffed a voice. "Why, Doc, I was forty foot away when he done it, and I thought it would burn me to death before I could get away. It was the grittiest thing I ever saw done. You see, Doc, every tent on the grounds went, and then when the grandstand blew over, more than five thousand people had to go somewhere quick."

"That many?" gasped Fred, sitting upright.

"Sure thing, old boy," began the voice.

"Never mind now!" remonstrated the doctor. "Let him alone now—no more excitement—out with the lot of you!" Fred mumbled something.

"What 's that?" The doctor bent to listen.

"We 're not going to buy any of those relay switches," said he, thickly; "I would n't have one if they 'd give it to me."

PHANTOM GOLD

By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENT

RICK HARTLEY, native of Plymouth, England, and quartermaster aboard the Dale Line freighter *Arrowdale*, is left behind when his ship sails for Liverpool. Penniless and friendless, he is considering how he can meet his situation when he is suddenly apprehended by the watchman on the Dale docks, who takes him for a dock-thief. Previous to these events, in the city office of the Dale Line, Mr. Bolles, the local manager, has dismissed the third officer of the *Glendale* for pilfering cargo. The dismissed man, a heavy and walruslike creature, on his way from the local manager's office has overheard a conversation that sends him hurriedly down to the fish pier, where he boards an abandoned schooner and enters into lengthy negotiations with a shabby acquaintance he finds there.

CHAPTER IV

HARBOR WATER

"—So come along quiet to the station."

The man with the little nickel badge, half hidden by his coat lapel, fumbled with a pair of bright-linked bracelets.

A wave of hot anger swept over Rick. This was plain dirty work. Lee shores could be coped with; stark treachery was another matter. In a sudden flash, there came to him a trick Nutters used to play—a good trick.

Rick's right arm went up like a windmill and swung out in a wide arc. The watchman's grip was twisted off; he looked up, astonished, from his shackles. He saw the boy bound on to the stringer—saw his slim body shoot out and down in a perfect dive. Then he ran, shouting.

Rick shook the harbor water from his eyes. His hat was gone; he saw it bobbing off down the wind. He slipped the coat from his shoulders and, doubling in the water, unlaced and kicked away his shoes.

Then he struck out bravely, cleaving the water like a mink, his arms rising and shooting forward with swift assurance.

From the dock, there came a vague disturbance. He saw men waving and running: some leaped into boats to give chase; others clustered on the dock-heads as he passed and pelted him with sticks and stones. Their aim was wild. But as he turned his head to breathe between strokes, Rick could see a dory and a skiff plunging behind him.

He swam on desperately. He could not hope to distance those pursuers. Yet there was nothing to do but keep on. They were near, now. He could see the man with the nickel badge standing in the bow of the dory. They were twenty yards away.

Rick had passed beyond the ranks of freight docks. He had come to older, wooden piers, on each side of which there clustered sailing craft—sloops and schooners. Passing the head of one of these wharves, he noticed its wooden piles, bent crazily and rotting in weed and barnacles. It was dark under there.

The dory was upon him. He saw the shadow of an oar raised over his head—knew its meaning. Filling his lungs with air, he rolled under like a porpoise, straight for the wooden pier—swam smoothly under water.

Everything looked a pale, sickly green. But suddenly a huge black pillar reared itself before his eyes. He passed it by; the light grew dim. Another pile loomed ahead—he passed that, another, and another. Then his tired lungs seemed bursting. All was black about him. He rose, gasping, to the surface, and found himself in the cool, wet gloom underneath the pier.

Rick hugged one of the piles and found some measure of support. As from the depths of a cave, he saw the bright sunlight far outside. The cries of his pursuers grew fainter; they were beating aimlessly around, bewildered. Their boats could not squeeze between the piles. Exultation warmed the boy. His breathing grew easier; he dared to lift his body to a cross-beam clear of the water. The hue and cry was stilled.

It was very quiet under the pier—very damp and cool. The tide sucked at the piles with a soft, licking sound, rising and ebbing on the serried crusts of barnacles, swinging the sea-grass gently back and forth. Rick shivered a little. It was a creepy place.

His right foot, hanging from the cross-beam, felt suddenly warm. He looked down at it. Surely it had swung free when first he had climbed out of the water! Now it was partly covered. To make certain, Rick marked the water's edge on a barnacle; watched until his eyes were blurred; rubbed them clear and looked again. The barnacle was gone. So that was it—the tide was on the flood!

Hearing a little rustle somewhere in the blackness overhead, he looked up. At first he could see nothing but the dim and somber tangle of decaying woodwork, covered with a dark green slime. Then, quite abruptly, he saw two stealthy points of light. They stared at him, coldly motionless. A shudder gripped the boy. There was a great brown rat up there over his head, watching him silently.



'HE SWAM ON DESPERATELY. HE COULD NOT HOPE TO DISTANCE THOSE PURSUERS"

His first impulse was to drop back into the water and swim out into the clear sunshine again. But doubt assailed him. The dory and the skiff —they were quiet out there, but were they gone, or only searching thoroughly? Did the silence mean that they had given up the chase, or did it mean—yes, that was it—did it mean that they were simply lying out there, waiting?

Out there in the sunlight—the tall man with the shiny steel bracelets, standing in the dory's bow. And here, above his head, that slimy jungle, that silent brown thing. At his feet—no, not that; the water was half-way to the knees.

Time dragged on. Rick waited interminably, while the harbor water crept up his body. He dared not move above it, for the rats. He dared not stir or make a sound. The cold seemed to seep into his bones, reaching icy tentacles around his heart. Stark misery gripped his spirit.

The water was at his throat. With stiffening fingers he sought to tear away the strangle of it. The surface of the water was covered with a soapy scum and streaks of oil. This swirled to his chin. Rick shut his eyes.

Again the moonlit back garden and the smell of summer blossoms. Again the sight of a stiff white beard, and the slow words of one who knew, quietly contained and tolerant:

"Son, a seaman ain't down till 'e 's dead. Trust God—an' hustle!"

The boy's eyes opened. They gazed out between the piles. Out there the bright green of sunlight was gone.

CHAPTER V

SANCTUARY

NIGHT had fallen. The sweetness of its dark relief was almost physical warmth.

Rick pushed himself gently from the cross-beam on which he had rested. There was no sound from that waiting horde overhead.

His arms and legs seemed made of wood, numb with cold; but he forced them to his purpose, swimming slowly out into the night. The harbor was unbelievably still. Shore lights clustered on the farther bank, and the faint green glow of a ship's night-light showed a ferryboat.

There was no sign of skiff or dory. He had been at least eight hours under the dock; it was preposterous that they should wait that long. Still, caution would do no harm. And the warm black night wrapped him comfortingly.

He took careful note of his surroundings and found near the end of the pier a rough ladder jutting straight up into the darkness. Once again he pulled himself out of the water, very slowly, for it taxed his waning strength, and his body dripped noisily. His stockinged feet gripped the slippery rungs and he went up stiffly, cautiously, until his head cleared the cap-log. There he paused, looked about him, listening.

He dragged himself to the pier level. There he stretched out flat on his back and smiled weakly at the stars.

A great drowsiness came over him. But he could not sleep here, to be found by the first passer-by. So he roused himself and crept about among the litter. Once he stumbled, and a jarring clatter broke the stillness. He paused, fear tightening in his throat. But no sound answered. The world seemed sleeping.

So he crept on among the litter of the dock. Pungent odors of fish-oil, tar, hemp—familiar smells—cheered him. And after he had traveled what seemed an enormous distance, he came upon a high wall looming up ahead. He touched this and found the splintery surface of weathered shingles. A shed, he thought. He crept painfully along its base; turned a corner; then his groping fingers reached into space—an open doorway.

The roof of the building shut out the stars. Rick crawled into a far corner, where a pile of nets seemed soft as eiderdown. Hunger, exhaustion, the wretchedness of his despair danced lightly and without meaning before his drowsy eyes, dwindling to unimportance—smothered by the oblivion of sleep.

A nameless terror roused him. There was no noise. But a bleak grayness half lighted the shed in which he lay; and through its door he looked out across the slip to the next dock.

Over there, just discernible in the gloom of early dawn, stood the figure of a man, motionless, watching. And quite close to his ear he heard creeping footfalls stealing along outside the shed.

All the misery and horror of the pursuit rushed back. With an inarticulate cry, the boy scrambled to his feet and went plunging through the door and down the dock.

He heard the man across the slip shout a warning; heard pounding steps behind him. Wildly he ran on, stumbling over the litter, fighting it out of his path. Must he plunge again into the water? Was that the only escape?

But he passed dim shapes of sailing-vessels moored abreast along the dock, and he thought that there might be some asylum there. The steps behind him were very near. He turned his head an instant—yes, it was he—the same tall man, the man with the silver badge. There was a heavy triumph on his face.

For a minute, Rick considered the possibility of surrender. Would they believe his story? He was nameless, penniless, half-clothed in rags. He knew not a soul west of where the *Arrowdale* steamed. The thought was absurd. Of what crime he was suspected, he had no inkling. He had committed none. They would put him in prison. He would never again see—

What was that moving thing? A boat, a ship, a schooner, moving slowly alongside the dock, headed out. He plunged ahead, new hope spurring his jaded muscles. There came the bark of a gun behind him. They wanted him badly. He stumbled on some bit of wreckage, fell headlong, rolled completely over, and landed on his feet. That schooner—here he was on the stringer—that schooner's rail slipped slowly past him. It was a big gap—a drop, too. The gun spat again, and something vicious whipped his hair.

Rick never stopped running. Summoning every ounce of strength, he sprang from the end of the dock. For a minute he felt himself hurtling crazily through air—out—down—down—

A black shutter closed swiftly on his brain.

CHAPTER VI

THE "LAUGHING LASS"

A BITTER, aching throb in his head dragged the boy to consciousness. He sensed first only a vague circle of hostile faces crowding over him. Instinctively throwing up an arm to fend them off, he saw beneath it the head of the pier just vanishing in the morning haze. There came dully to his ears the gentle slatting of reef-points on canvas, and he was conscious of a vast spread of sail above him. He was aboard the schooner; and the schooner was under way.

Then a man spoke—a man whose face loomed higher than the rest, a man with little beady blue eyes and two huge, stained, jutting mustaches. His voice came rumblingly:

"An' what 's yer business here aboard?"

Twice Rick tried to answer, but a miserable squeak was all he could force from his throat. He seemed to be swimming away, the faces dancing off insanely in a fog.

Then there was a little stir behind him, and a cold douche shocked his head and body. Back he came in an instant, his brain clearer, and the echo of a question still sounding in his ears. He drew a long breath of cool air, and managed to say:

"They were after me—I 'd not done a thing. They 'd be putting me in the jail. I 'm a stranger here, they would n't 'ave believed me. I 'ad to get away—'ad to—get away."

The jutting mustaches lifted and parted in a grin that revealed long yellow teeth like tusks. The man turned away and said to somebody:

"We been hearin' that yarn afore, eh, Manuel! Stranger—the bulls on his heels—jail waitin'. Eh, Manuel?"

Rick saw one eye close in a wink. Then a new voice answered:

"But—you can not go take heem back—no?

Not weeth them there to the dock-head, them eenspectors?"

Rick looked at this speaker. He was a short, dark man, yellow-brown skinned, with restless black eyes and glistening teeth that seemed forever smiling at, not with, you. He was an Italian or a Spaniard, perhaps a Portuguese; and he seemed out of place in North Atlantic waters, like a shark in the Baltic. His manner was polished and suave. But this courtesy had the look of a mask. It twinkled in his black eyes, hiding something, one could hardly say what.



"HE FELT HIMSELF HURTLING CRAZILY THROUGH AIR—OUT—DOWN—DOWN—"

"No, that 's right, Manuel." A look of understanding passed between those two, the big bulk and the little one. "Well—"

"How about a leetle cabeen-boy—for the *Laughing Lass?*" he suggested softly.

"Style, eh, Manuel! You an' me, we eats aft. The kid here totes the grub down to us and clears away the gear. He swabs out our rooms occasional. An'—we got no cook, Manuel! Why not don't he cook for all hands? Cook, you?"

"A bit," said Rick.

"Call me 'sir,' you guttersnipe! or I 'll—so that 's settled. Take him below an' show him the galley. We 'll larn him how to cook, with a rope's end if needs be. Now git! On that wheel, now you! An' trim in that there jib-sheet. D' ye want t' lay us on the flats?"

Rick saw a man scramble aft to take the deserted wheel, another jump forward. He had shrunk from the man's hand like a whipped puppy. But now the big mustaches and the glistening, sneering teeth went walking away. One man was left standing beside Rick, and he signaled the boy to follow him.

"My name 's Hoag—Ban Hoag," said this one as they started forward, "an'—" he bent toward Rick, speaking with caution,—"an' if you likes, I 'll bear y' a hand on the cookin'."

Surprised and warmed by this unexpected offer, Rick glanced up from his curious inspection of the schooner's decks and looked at his companion. He saw a youth near his own age, but taller, bigger boned, with a mop of sandy hair tossing over frank blue eyes that smiled encouragingly. Hoag—that was a funny name! His face was covered with freckles. It

looked as if there was an honest laugh stowed away somewhere—a laugh that would be good to hear. Ban Hoag, too, was dressed in rags; a tattered shirt partly covered him to the waistline, where dirty black trousers, hanging by a string over one shoulder, took up the unequal task and abandoned it forlornly in a fringe just below the knee. His feet were bare, and brown as ginger cookies.



"'I 'LL BEAR Y' A HAND ON THE COOKIN'!'"

A glance was sufficient for the realization that there was something of a contradiction about this Hoag. His rags were the rags of the human wharf-rat, and when he spoke it was in the sharp, sophisticated accents, the jargon of the water-front. Yet there was that about him—it were a puzzle to say what—that breathed clean, wide meadows, cut red clover, warm milk. Like Manuel, he seemed out of place: one wanted to think of Ban Hoag pitching hay into a New Hampshire barn.

Rick had never seen a New Hampshire barn, but he sensed enough of this matter to connect the boy with Sussex heath. He was to learn later how deep into Ban Hoag's character that living contradiction sank.

"Me name 's Richard Hartley," said he, "an' I be thankin' you for your offer on the cooking."

They had reached the forecastle companion, and Hoag led the way down. The lines of a small forecastle made themselves dimly apparent to their sun-blinded eyes. Three bunks ranged each side, and in the center, under a swinging lamp, there stood a rough board table cluttered with soiled dishes and scraps of food. There was no room for any other furniture; the men sat on the bunks when they ate, so narrow were their quarters. Coats and oilskins hung from pegs on every available bulkhead space; there was a litter of shoes and sea-boots on the deck. At the foot of the ladder, a door led aft.

This forecastle held a close and acrid odor—a salty smell of dry wood and tar, of warm and musty confinement. Rick noticed this; it was new to him—the *Arrowdale* was steel.

The store-room and galley presented only familiar appearances to Rick's experience, and Hoag soon saw by the brisk manner in which he started clearing the forecastle table that as far as the scullery work went, the new cabin-boy would require no assistance. So he perched on a flour-barrel and questioned Rick. And Rick, washing mess-gear in the little galley, told him everything that has been set down here, and much more too. Told him of his father and the *Channel Belle*, of the cottage in the High Street, of the docks and ships, of the *Arrowdale*, and his experiences following her departure.

Ban Hoag sat in silence, marveling. And when Rick was done he slapped his knee in delight.

"Ye 're the man fur me, ye tyke!" said he. "All day under that rotting dock, eh? An' givin' the watchman the slip an' all, eh? Rick, Rick, blow me if y' ain't a wise bird. Twist off his arm and over the cap-log. Ah, boy, I weeps wit' joy. But wait! I ain't remarked ye tellin' of a meal since leavin' the vessel. Man! That 's nigh two days—ye poor skitter!"

Hoag opened lockers and produced dried salt fish, pilot-bread, and a can of apple-sauce, and Rick left his dishes, wiped his hands, and fell ravenously on the food. For a time, there was silence. Then the boy paused and drank deep from a gallon water-jug that Hoag had placed at his elbow.

"I 've got no choice, seemin'ly," said Rick, wiping his mouth across his shirt-sleeve; "an' at that, this little vessel 's a big go better than the last place I stopped. But I should like to be knowin' who that big man be, an' what 'er business is, and where we 're bound."

The other looked a trifle disconcerted. He looked at Rick for a long five seconds before he answered.

"I ain't knowin' much more 'n you, son, about this here trip. The schooner 's the *Laughing Lass*, an' I heard tell that Mike O'Dowd used to take her out of Gloucester seinin' to Georges. A long time I seen her layin' 'longside the fish-pier, idle. Then one day they was men bendin' canvas on her spars, an' I come down t' look her over, an' this big man he hails me an' asks me does I want

to ship for a cruise of two months 'r so at good pay. I says yes, good pay bein' a sight better nor none at all. The next night I come aboard an' found that little black one—he 's the mate—an' those other two.

"The skipper's name 's M'Guire—Forty M'Guire they calls him. I seen him along the waterfront occasional, but for all o' me he might be mayor of Brazil or king of Timbuctoo."

"Where we bound, then?" asked Rick.

Again Ban Hoag paused. Finally, "I don't rightly know," he said. "This M'Guire says we be bound fur the Grand Banks fur ground fish, trawlin', but—well, it don't look just like that—no."

Rick got his meal started,—it was the first time he had peeled potatoes since the home days, and the memory of his mother's tidy kitchen sent a pang through him,—and then went up the companion-ladder, carrying a tray of dishes with which to set the captain's table in the after cabin.

The *Laughing Lass* was in the open. She had rounded Graves Whistler, well beyond the harbor mouth, and was standing to the eastward, heeled slightly before a fresh southerly breeze. Rick stopped for a minute and set down his tray. His love of the sea swept over him, and he breathed deep and felt the schooner's joyful lift under his heels.

Ban Hoag's words returned to him—what Hoag had said about this cruise. The decks of the *Laughing Lass* were clear: no dories lay nested between her masts; no trawl-tubs or any fishing-gear could be seen.

At that very instant, without any apparent reason, there came upon the boy a nameless dread, a vague and gruesome foreboding of evil. Bitter homesickness wrenched at his heart.

He looked up. Manuel, the foreigner, was leaning against the weather shrouds, staring silently at him. The mask was off; Manuel's sinister face was twisted into a silent grin.

CHAPTER VII

BOUND NORTH OF EAST

Rick took up his tray and carried it aft. The cabin companionway was more pretentious than that leading to the forecastle, which had been nothing more than a sliding booby-hatch opening on a ladder. This one reared above the deck in a small housing of some dark wood, and its entrance was protected by two swinging doors, on one of which there hung a heavy padlock. Solid steps led sharply down to a passageway which resembled the corridor just abaft the forecastle in that a door on each side gave into separate rooms—M'Guire's and Manuel's, Rick rightly guessed. But here the resemblance ceased, for this after passageway, instead of ending in a bulkhead, continued forward, opening into the main cabin of the ship.

Rick stepped into this room and set his tray down on the table. The same stuffy odor he had found in the forecastle greeted his nostrils. But the cabin was better finished and lighted. Its lockers were smoothly paneled in mahogany, its center table was of the same material, and a cushioned bench ran under the locker on each side.

There seemed to be no opening or further passage forward from the cabin. Rick remembered having passed two hatch-coamings on his way down the deck; and he guessed, again rightly, that the entire midships section of the schooner was devoted to hold-space, extending from deck to keel-timbers and without any connection between forward and after portions of the ship. On the railways at Bristol and Plymouth he had seen fishing-boats laid down in this design—their living-quarters fore and aft, with a gaping space and solid bulkheads in between; and the *Laughing Lass* was, presumably, a fishing-boat.

Whether she would fish seemed quite another matter.

It was the work of only a moment to lay his plates, cups, knives, and forks on the table; and Rick picked up the empty tray. M'Guire was standing on the schooner's little quarterdeck, but he paid no attention to the new cabin-boy, for he had a sextant at his eyes, pointing at the sun. In the moment before returning along the deck Rick noticed two things. Directly abaft the companion stood the ship's binnacle, a brass-boxed compass on a heavy stanchion. Rick saw the needle quivering on the card and noted its position. Then his eyes wandered up and out over the taffrail. There was a skiff trailing astern.

Rick had never steered the *Arrowdale* or any other ship eastbound across the Atlantic. But he knew the westbound track was parallel with the return route and a little north of it; he knew what course he had steered hereabouts on the way over. And he saw that the schooner on her present course would skirt the westbound ocean-lane to the northward, running between it and the coast until it swung off for mid-ocean. The *Laughing Lass* was sailing well north of east; she was actually headed for the Grand Banks, as her captain had told Hoag. But where was the fishing-gear? What was that skiff doing in her wake? Why was it not slung clean inboard on davits over her stern? Did M'Guire expect to founder at any moment? Or would he try to fill the schooner's big holds with fish caught on hand-lines from that lone boat?

The boy turned and passed forward along the schooner's weather rail, these unanswered questions chasing their way through his puzzled brain. The *Laughing Lass* was lifting gently on long, even seas; over her port quarter the coast-line was now just discernible, a thin black line between the water and the sky.

Ban Hoag was on the wheel at dinner-time. Rick sat down in the forecastle and covertly studied the other two members of the crew, who were busy with their fried pork and potatoes across the table. Neither had spoken to the boy; they bent low over the food and devoured it noisily, with the stealthy manners of their class—their elbows spreading widely over the board.

They were astonishingly like the deck-hands Rick had seen on both sides of the Atlantic, yet they had not the assurance even of that humble caste. Drifters they seemed—beach-combers, who lacked the will and self-respect to hold a steady job, who might haunt the docks, dirty and penniless, begging a chance to pick up a berth in any capacity available.

One of them was a big man with a red and pock-marked face. A greasy, coal-black cap perched on his head; checked shirt and nondescript trousers adorned his body; and those trousers were tucked into rubber boots at the knee. His forearms and the hairy backs of his hands were literally covered with an intricate tattoo: a dragon writhing on the left arm gripped a fouled anchor in its tail; on the right, a ship full-rigged to studdingsails; and on the back of the hand, a compass-card in a wheel.

The other man was smaller and of middle age, perhaps older. His companion's appearance was impersonally aggressive; but there was a pitiful look about this other. His head was bare, the hair on it wispy and gray. A thin, drooping mustache and unkempt beard were also gray—a washed-out, dish-watery color. There was something shriveled about this little derelict, some forlornly weatherbeaten quality—as if life had brought stormy problems which his feeble will and brain could not hope to master. He had a way of peering silently up into the other man's face, a sickly half-grin working the stubble on his cheeks and chin. Rick was reminded of a gray moss growth that clung to his English oaks and yews, living on their strength.

This little gray man pushed back his dishes and got up from the table, wiping his lips with the back of a shrunken hand. Not a word had been spoken during the meal. The little man climbed slowly up the ladder to relieve Hoag at the wheel, and soon the bigger man was finished, and he, too, disappeared through the open hatch.

Rick piled up the dishes and got Ban's dinner out of the oven, where he had been keeping it hot. Presently another step was heard on the ladder.

Hoag sat down cheerfully to his meal. "How d' ye like the crew?" said he.

"Well," Rick answered slowly, "they don't just fall on your neck. What 's the name of the big man, the one with the pock-marks on 'is face?"

"That 's Gabe Hamlin. He ships as bos'n. I never seen him before yesterday."

"Bos'n, eh?" Hamlin did not compare favorably with shell-backed Boatswain Luke Wain, of the *Arrowdale*. "What 's the other 'un—the little gray 'un?"

"That 's Dutchy—he ain't got no other name, I reckon. They tells you on the waterfront that Dutchy 's been settin' on the fish-pier there fur goin' on twenty year. How M'Guire took him 's a mystery—ain't able t' get none else, I 'm thinkin'."

"I see she 's sailin' east-nor'east," said Rick.

"Yuh; that 'll fetch her on the Banks, like the skipper said. But cripes, boy! where 's her tubs an' trawls—where 's her salt an' her dories?"

Rick could not answer the questions, so he remained silent.

"You better clear away the cabin things 'r M'Guire 'll be rarin' about like a witch got him. He keeps a mess of charts on that there table most all day."

Rick climbed the ladder and went aft again. At the foot of the companion, looking along that narrow passage, Rick saw M'Guire and the dark foreigner sitting at the table, their heads bent close in conversation. Rick did not mean to eavesdrop, but the mate's low, smooth tones came distinctly to his ears:

"—an ax, Captain Fortee—a fire-ax will likely be strap to bulkhead. Weeth it a man can smash hees batteries, an' then hees coils. A man can—"

Both men looked up and saw the boy in the doorway. A smoldering fire seemed to die out of M'Guire's eyes, and that inscrutable mask dropped over the other's face, leaving it a blank of complacency.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MYSTERY

SEVERAL days passed, while the *Laughing Lass* reached and beat and yawed her way up the coast. Rick was not forced to stand watch at the wheel—a duty he could have performed expertly; but his drudgery in the galley, the forecastle, and the after quarters, which he accomplished faithfully, but with an increasing dislike, busied him for most of the time.

His duties aft kept him close to M'Guire and the mate—unobtrusively close, in a relation that they were apt to disregard. Of this the boy was

glad; he took every occasion, now, with an easy conscience, to keep eyes and ears alert for chance remarks, untoward actions that might clear up a problem that became daily more mystifying. For Rick was convinced that, wherever the schooner was bound and whatever her purpose, her mission was not an honest one.

Rascals get caught sometimes; and those in their company, though innocent, sometimes suffer with them. The still poignant memory of that tall man with the silver badge kept Rick watchful. As yet he had no plan; he had to be content to let events take their course, at least until the mystery could be solved. He had already thought of the skiff towing astern as a last resort. With Ban Hoag at the wheel some dark night, the skipper and Manuel in their bunks, it would be a simple matter. Thus early, too, he counted Ban his partner.

Clues followed thickly enough, but they were not enlightening. M'Guire, for instance, seemed unnaturally keen on matters of navigation. As Hoag had said, he kept the cabin table strewn with charts and plotting instruments. He shot the sun every day, and pricked out the schooner's course and position, checking his dead reckoning by nautical astronomy with singular, suspiciously meticulous care. By a glance or two at these computations, Rick saw that the *Laughing Lass* was doing exactly what he had guessed on her first day out of port: she was sailing a course parallel to and, roughly, midway between the coast-line and the westbound ocean route—a course which would take her past Cape Sable and to a point just south of the Banks.

M'Guire was a reader, but his taste seemed odd. In his stateroom, which Rick cleaned and tidied daily, the boy found Bowditch and Coast Pilots for the North and South Atlantic. These books were not extraordinary; but there was also a tattered volume on Arizona mines, another entitled "From Nugget to the Mint," and a third minutely descriptive of South America. What possible connection could there be in M'Guire's mind between these remote localities? What had the *Laughing Lass*, coursing the broad Atlantic, to do with mines and metallurgy?



"IN THE SECRET LOCKER HE COUNTED SIX LONG, STEEL-BLUE RIFLES!"

But the astonishing thing, the event that sent Rick to his friend Hoag with doubts and a scheme, was the secret locker in the after cabin. The cabin boy was alone, clearing off the skipper's table. A broad reach with wind abeam made the schooner roll down and pitch uncertainly in a little chop. Rick was thrown suddenly against the paneling stretched along the starboard side. His clutching fingers sought a steadying hold on

the polished mahogany, and at their touch, a long door swung silently open before him.

Rick gasped. For a time he stared blankly at the dark recess within. Then carefully he swung the door back on its hidden hinges. With a barely audible snap, the woodwork again resumed unbroken lines.

But the boy's heart pounded like a shuttle run amuck. In the gloom of that secret locker he had counted six long, steel-blue rifles stacked against the wall!

That night Dutchy was on the wheel when Rick turned into his bunk. He waited until Gabe Hamlin's steady snoring jarred the air; then he stretched out an arm and shook Hoag lightly.

"Hi—yoh!" came in an undertone.

"S-s-s-t! Ban—I want to talk to you."

"Shoot, then. The bos'n 's cuttin' cord-wood."

"This crazy boat be gettin' on me nerves, Ban. Mind what I told you about what Manuel said?"

"Uh-huh. The Portygee was a-yammerin' about smashin' up some gear—some batteries."

"Well, 'ere 's some more. The skipper 'e reads up on minin'—I saw the books down aft on a little shelf in 'is room—and South America."

"South Americky! The coot 's daft!"

"Seems like, but 'e figures so carefully, Ban. Could a crazy chap be shootin' sun an' plottin' 'is position down to the tenth of a mile, with estimates of speed an' courses to various points on-shore an' in the ocean tracks? Could 'e, Ban?"

"Don't ask me, boy. I ain't experienced with loonies. What else you got?"

"Why this—there 's a locker down there in the cabin, a locker hid away behind a panel. I opened 'er by accident this afternoon, an' there be layin' six long guns, Ban, in a wooden rack!"

"G'wan!" said Hoag, incredulously.

"It 's the truth."

There was a pause, while both considered this astonishing fact. The snores had ceased; but neither was in a frame of mind to mark it.

"What 'll we do, Rick?" Hoag's question was the seal on a firm, though unconscious, alliance.

"I 've been thinkin'," said Rick. "I ain't knowin' what 's up, but whatever it is, I know I don't like it. M'Guire an' 'is schooner give me the creeps, an'—well, I 've got a 'ome—an' I want to get there an' stop there. . . . I rackon that coast-line to be a matter of fifty-six miles nor'-west of us. You on wheel to-morrow evenin'?"

Hoag grunted an assent. Rick went on:

"Then, Ban, I been thinkin' this. We 'll wait until M'Guire an' 'his mate go below. An' with you alone on deck at wheel, I 'll take some biscuit from the galley an' a dory compass I found in the store-room, an' I 'll ease this gear into the skiff without any noise or trouble, an' when all 's set, you an' I we 'll just slip over 'er stern—"

Another voice broke into Rick's eager planning—

"Ef annywan be layin' fur a get-away," said Hamlin, slowly, "they better have a word wit' me afore they starts."

Dead silence in the forecastle. After a time the snores continued; but Rick lay staring at the lantern swinging gently overhead.

(To be continued)

A PIG UNDER A GATE

By FRANK FARRINGTON

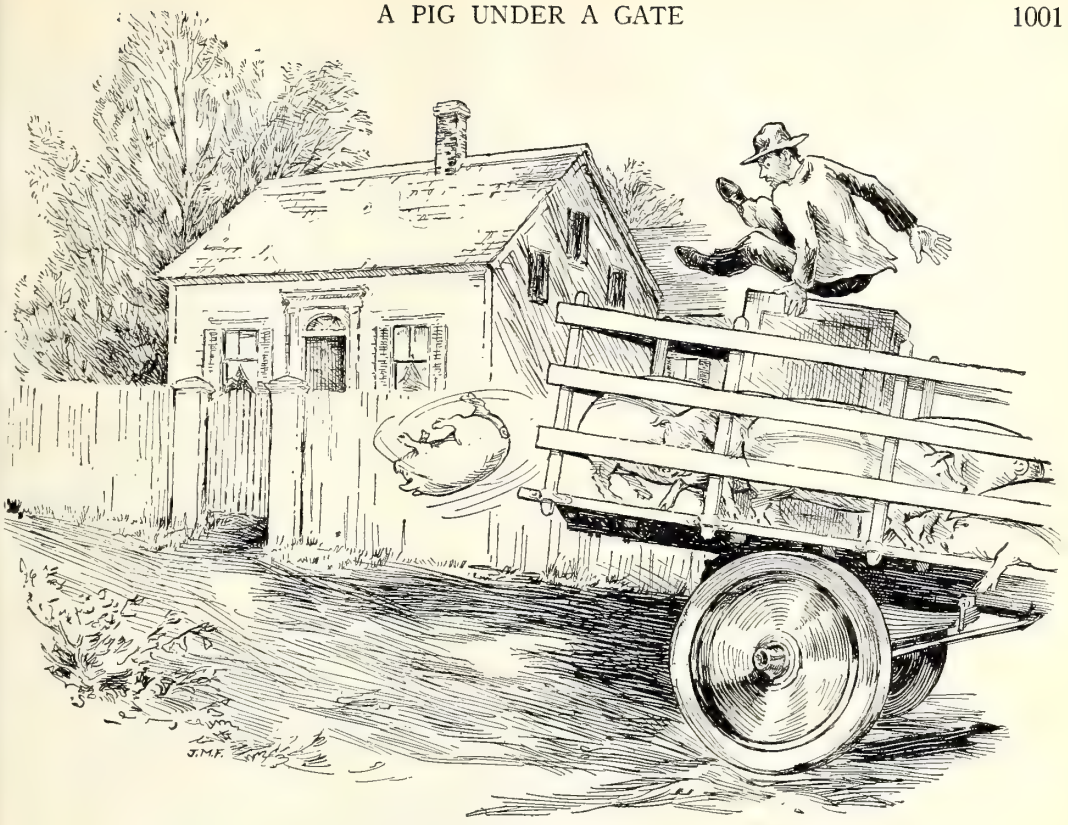
A FIVE-TON truck with a squealing load of live pork rumbled loudly along the pike through the village of Waterville that clusters around the four corners where two trunk-lines of highway cross at right angles.

A tattered and frowsy and trampish-looking man sat high on a box in the middle of the truck, with the squealing porkers milling around him.

Just as the load was passing the cottage of the Widow Moran, tidily located behind a high, white-washed paling fence with a picket gate, the wheels jolted horribly over a bad hole in the road, the tramp held to his box for dear life, and, with one final squeal of triumph, the smallest pig in the lot squeezed under the lowest bar across the back of the truck body, rolled out into the road, and made for the Widow Moran's gate, while the truck went noisily on, the tramp making no motion to tell the driver of his loss.

In trying to get under the gate, the pig was soon stuck as fast as a pig may be stuck, and began to make as much noise as half a dozen pigs should make.

No sign of interest had been shown at the cottage as the truck passed—five-ton trucks of live-stock, or of anything else, were common enough on that road. But when the truck was out of hearing and the pig-squealing continued and increased in volume, Tony Moran stuck his head out of the cottage door. His little dog Nixie



"WITH A SQUEAL OF TRIUMPH, THE SMALLEST PIG ROLLED OUT INTO THE ROAD"

ran out and began to yelp at the pig, and Tony himself gave one look and bounded into the door-yard. He released the porker and, aided by Nixie, industriously pushed and pulled and led the visitor around the house and into the little woodshed in the rear.

Then Tony sat himself down on the front door-step to await the return of his mother from a neighborhood visit.

Soon he saw her coming and ran to the gate, calling: "Hi, Mother, a pig has come! We have a pig!" and Nixie yelped to help spread the news.

"Hush now, Tony, why would we have a pig and where would we get it?"

"But it 's come. It was stuck under the gate and trying to get into the yard; and I helped him in and now he 's in the woodshed. Can I get some nails and build him a pen? I can begin being a farmer right off."

The Widow Moran was no believer in miracles. Her experience had led her to the faith that you get only what you work for. She was not prepared to accept a healthy young pig as a gift from Heaven. She quizzed Tony as to the manner of its arrival. Tony told all he knew. He thought a truck had gone by, but he was not sure. He had n't been thinking about that. Perhaps the pig had fallen from a truck, but he did not know.

"Well," said the widow, "it won't be long before somebody will be back and claiming the little fellow, and we 'll not be building him any pen just to keep him in over night. But you can be this much of a farmer—go down to Bigg's store and ask him for a big dry-goods box and draw it back on your cart, and that will serve as a house for the pig while he visits us." Tony's mother approved of the boy's ambition to learn farming and stock-raising, but she did not see in this pig the beginning of a stock-farm.

Tony got the box and set it between the woodshed door and the back fence, for the Widow Moran had just enough back yard to be able to walk through it and around the house. It was enough for a small pig, but a full-grown pig, like a horse in its stall, would have had to back out to the front of its house to turn around.

The boy at once named the pig "Persy," because he said he had been so persistent in trying to get under the gate. He took pleasure in feeding him at noon with scraps from the table. This cleaned up everything left in the house from breakfast as well as from dinner. At night the pig fared but slimly with potato parings and some grass from the front yard.

It may have been an empty stomach that caused his pigship to awaken at an undue hour

in the morning, making the immediate neighborhood something else than melodious with grunts and loud squeals.

For three days Tony and his mother waited patiently for the owner of the pig to call for him, and during these days it may not be too much to say that the pig fared reasonably well; but the rest of the family went to bed with a feeling that more food would add to their personal comfort.

On the fourth day, the Widow Moran said to her son: "Tony, if it 's going to be us or Persy, we must be getting rid of the pig. I 'm hungry and you 're looking a little peaked yourself. And we 've never got the pig filled up yet, and the neighbors are not overfond of the early morning concerts we 're giving."

"But we can't let a perfectly good pig go, Mother. Where would he go? He has no home at all to go to."

"I don't know, Tony. I never knew pigs ate so much when they 're children. We can't feed him; that 's sure."

"Let me talk to Mr. Brown about it, Mother," persisted Tony. "I think he can help about it."

Mr. Brown was a neighbor who employed Tony to help him outside of school-hours, and Tony was making as much as three dollars some weeks, money he was carefully saving against the time for going to an agricultural school. Mr. Brown was manager of a creamery, and this suggested an idea to Tony.

"I 'll bet I can get some skim-milk or something from Mr. Brown and let him take it out of my wages. We can feed Persy on that."

So it was that Tony arranged with Mr. Brown for a large pail of skim-milk or buttermilk or something of the sort from the creamery each day, and Mr. Brown said that all the pay he asked was that Tony keep the pig fed up well enough so he would not squeal for something to eat early in the morning.

Tony fixed this easily by slipping out and filling the pig's trough at night after he was asleep; and then in the morning, when Persy awoke at dawn, he gave one squeal, ate his breakfast, and lay down to sleep again.

This arrangement lasted for months, and Persy grew fat; until the day arrived when he could no longer turn around in his pen. He was coming into wonderful condition, and every one who saw him declared him to be a most remarkable pig. Indeed, Mr. Brown had brought in a friend who was an expert in pigs, and this gentleman had declared that Persy had all the look of a remarkably high-bred Cheshire, and he told the Widow Moran and Tony that they ought to take great care of that pig, because he was becoming very valuable.

"They do tell me he 's worth twenty cents a pound just as he stands, and he must weigh two hundred pounds," said the Widow Moran.

"Don't you ever sell that pig for twenty cents a pound," said the friend of Mr. Brown. "That pig, if I 'm not mistaken, is a blooded pig and worth two or three times what he 's worth for pork."

"Pork!" cried Tony, after the man had gone, "do you suppose I 'd let anybody make pork of Persy? I 'd as leave let 'em make pork of Nixie!"

"And Nixie would n't make very good pork," added his mother.

But there came a day when Mr. Brown left his creamery position and moved away from town, and then Tony found what it had been worth to have all that food free for Persy. When he had to buy it, it would cost him not less than twenty-five cents a day, and he no longer had his job to help him make the money.

And still Persy grew. They had backed him out of his pen into the front dooryard, where some old carpeting over boards laid across the fence corner afforded protection against the weather, while a row of stakes set into the ground made a pen Persy could not leave without rooting out the stakes. And anyway, there was always Nixie, watching to keep Persy within bounds.

Inevitably the day came when Tony admitted that they could not continue to feed Persy much longer. He was eating up the money saved for the agricultural school. A family consultation decreed that Persy must be sold. The whole village knew Persy's history, and also knew what the gentleman, who was a friend of Mr. Brown, had said. It seemed that it should be easy to sell a pig of such high degree.

Tony applied first to Mr. Brown's friend. He said he could not take Persy because he already had too many pigs. He suggested a neighbor of his. The neighbor declared that he was going out of the pig business. Other prospective purchasers gave other excuses, but one and all refused to purchase Persy.

The Widow Moran even went, without Tony's knowledge, to old Griggs, the butcher, but Griggs would have none of Persy. As the widow was about to leave his shop, with a tear in her eye, the butcher said:

"Do you know, Mrs. Moran, why nobody will buy your fat pig?"

The widow did not know.

"Well, it 's just like this," said Griggs. "Everybody knows how you came by him, and they don't dare take a chance. They expect somebody 'll come along some day and claim the pig, and then where 'll they be? They 'd have to pay again."

To be sure! The widow and Tony had not

thought of that. Since Persy had been with them so long, they had ceased to think of him as anybody's pig but their own.

"But that need n't keep anybody from taking him as a gift," said the widow to Tony, and they canvassed the market to give away the pig. But the result was the same. As Mr. Brown's friend said, "We don't want to take over a pig and put ten or fifteen dollars' worth of feed into him, and then have somebody come along and take him away and never so much as a 'Thank you' for what he 's had. I guess you 'll have to keep him, Mrs. Moran. Of course, the butcher won't buy him for pork for fear of having to pay for him some day at a rate much higher than pork is worth."

"What 'll we do, Tony?" the widow lamented. "He is n't our pig, and yet he *is* our pig. We can't keep him, and we can't sell him. And if we do keep him, we must keep him till he dies of old age, or the owner may come and ask us for him, and then we must sell our place, perhaps, to pay for the pig that we 've made into pork or let go."

"Let 's tell Policeman Daily to take him," suggested Tony.

The village of Waterville maintained a single officer of the law, mainly to direct traffic at the busy four corners of the state road. The widow went to him and said: "Captain Daily, you 'll have to come and take our pig away. We can't keep him; and he is n't ours, so we can't sell him. We must turn him over to the village.

In spite of the fact that she called the officer "Captain," a name that always pleased him, he replied: "Sorry, Mrs. Moran, but I have n't any authority to take your pig. He is n't a criminal, I ain't running an animal pound, and there is n't any law about stray pigs. They belong to their owners, and you 're the nearest to an owner of this pig. You 're in *'loco parens,'* as we say in court, and you 'll have to keep him."

With a heavy heart, the widow told Tony that, for all she could see, they would have Persy on their hands for the rest of his life.

But Tony suggested that if the pig ran away from them, it would be no fault of theirs; and if they helped him to run away, would it be so very different? They talked it over, and it ended in a decision to turn Persy loose after every one was in bed. That very night, Tony drove him down the road to the end of the village. But the first thing he heard in the morning was Persy at the gate, squealing for his breakfast.

The next night, Tony took the pig in the other



"THAT NIGHT TONY TRIED TO LOSE HIM FOR THE THIRD TIME"

direction and turned him loose again, and in the morning there was no Persy at the gate. But at noon there was "Captain" Daily pounding at the door, with one end of a rope in his hand, and, at the other end of the rope, the hungry Persy tied by a leg.

"Your pig ran away, ma'am," said Daily, "and here he is."

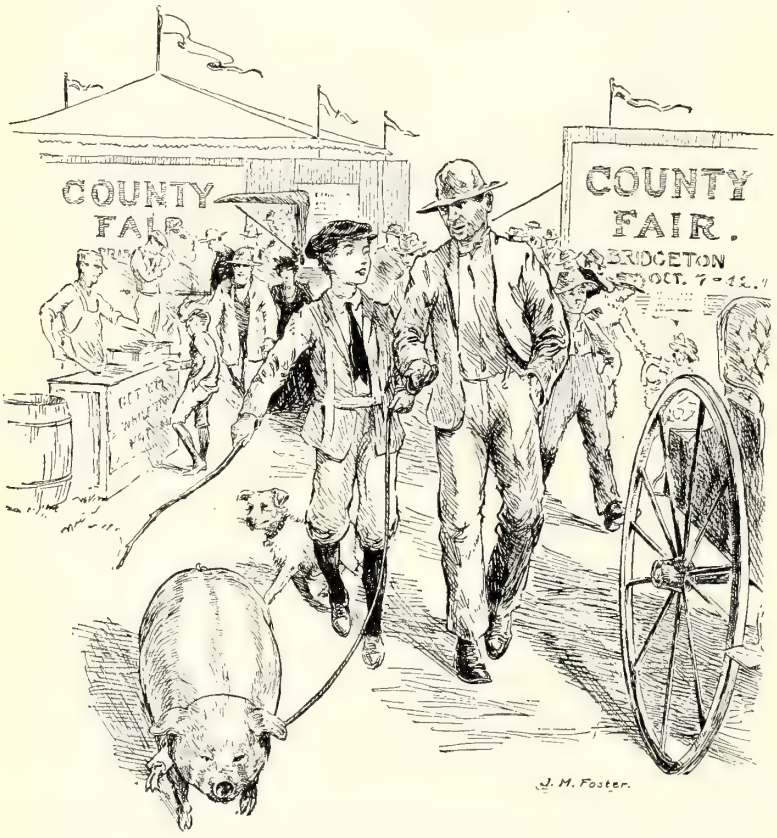
They dared not admit that they were trying to lose Persy, after what the officer had told them two days before, so they took the pig back and thanked Daily. One more day they fed Persy. That night Tony took him out and turned him loose for the third time, farther away than previously. "If he comes back this time," said Tony's mother, "I 'll believe it 's fate decreeing that we shall feed Persy if we starve doing it."

The next forenoon went by and no Persy appeared, and the widow and Tony began to breathe freely again. Nixie alone seemed anxious and ran about the yard, peering into the corner where Persy had rooted up the sod and destroyed its one-time tidy appearance.

Tony went to school after dinner, sure that

Persy had at last found another home. In the middle of the afternoon there was a sound of shrill yelping in the distance, a sound which drew nearer the cottage, and the Widow Moran, with fear in her heart, went to the gate and looked up the road. There, sure enough, came Persy, with Nixie at his heels urging him homeward.

That ended the efforts to get rid of Persy. The Morans accepted him as a burden that must be borne; and as Tony now had another job, he was able to earn enough daily to feed the pig, though there was little left to add to the education savings.



"AS THEY WALKED ALONG, THE TRAMP COMPLIMENTED TONY UPON HIS PIG AND ASKED WHERE HE GOT HIM"

A promise of a bright spot in the situation came in sight with the appearance of large advertisements of the great agricultural fair to be held in Bridgeton, the county town, a few miles away. There was a list of premiums, and there one might get ten dollars if one exhibited a pig that was better than certain other pigs. Tony had no doubt of Persy's prize-winning ability, and he arranged to take him to the fair. Persy was duly entered when the time came, and taken to the fair and left in charge of the head of the swine department of the exhibition.

When Tony went back, the last day of the fair, to drive Persy home, he rejoiced at the blue ribbon tied to his pigship's tag, for that meant a prize of ten dollars. He was so well pleased that he even gave a dime to a rough-looking tramp who came along, as Tony and the pig and Nixie were leaving the fair grounds, and asked for a job helping drive Persy through the rather busy street to the edge of town.

As they walked along, the tramp complimented Tony upon his pig and asked where he got him, and in return received Persy's whole story.

It was only the next day after the return from the fair that, when Tony was away at school in the afternoon, a rough-looking man knocked at the door of the Widow Moran's cottage, and, when that lady opened the door, said: "How de do ma'am. I understand you 've got my pig as ran away last spring. I saw him at the fair. That 's how I knew where he was. I recognized him, and I 'll thank you to give me the premium money he won. And if you 'd care to keep the pig, bein 's he 's such a fine bit o' pork, ma'am, I 'd be willing to sell him to you for an extra ten bucks in addition to the premium money."

It would be putting it mildly to say that the Widow Moran was surprised—surprised that at last an owner of the pig should arrive; surprised that the owner should have recognized in the 300-pound pig now in the yard, the little squealing porker of the previous spring; and surprised most of all that the pig should be owned by such a rough and impecunious specimen of humanity.

Perhaps it cannot be said that she did not believe the man's story, but she could not quite bring her faith up to the point of taking it at its face value. Still, she knew the pig belonged to somebody. After a moment's hesitation, she acted upon a woman's impulse and slammed the door in the man's face.

"So that 's your game, is it?" exclaimed the

fellow. "I 'll soon smoke you out!" He walked rapidly down the road to the four corners, where Daily was directing the passing vehicles.

A conversation of a few minutes with Daily, and the policeman left his place and turned to accompany the trampish-looking person. From an automobile standing near by, a gentleman scrutinized the tramp and the officer and then descended and followed them slowly, his hands in his pockets.

"Captain" Daily knocked loudly at the door of the Widow Moran. After a second peremptory knock, the door opened slowly and the widow stood there, her arms akimbo and something like defiance in her face.

"What is it you want, Mister Daily?" (No "Captain" this time!)

"Will you kindly let this gentleman have his pig and his money, Widow Moran? I have his report on the matter, and he was riding by here on a certain aforesaid day in his truck and a pig fell out and he came back later and could not find it and now here you have it and have exhibited it at the fair and have premium money to the sum of ten dollars which this gentleman is entitled to receive from you."

"You talk like a two-penny lawyer, Mister Daily, but when you refer to this tramp here as a gentleman and talk about his having ten dollars coming from me, you know nothing about what you 're saying. In the first place, I have not yet received any premium money. In the second place, I don't believe this fellow ever had a truck. And in the third place, he is n't a gentleman in the first place. Besides, take the pig and welcome, if you like!"

The Widow Moran was about to slam the door for a second time when she saw the gentleman from the motor-car coming through the gate, glancing at Persy, and then inspecting the man accompanied by Daily.

The claimant for the pig's prize-money saw the gentleman coming, and, starting for the fence, would have climbed it, but the new-comer said: "Officer, arrest that tramp. He stole my pig!"

Daily was ready to respond to a gentleman's demand to arrest an apparent tramp, and he reached the latter's coat collar just in time to keep him inside the fence.

While Daily and the tramp stood by, Tony just then came in from school, and the gentleman said, "Are you Mrs. Moran, and is this Tony?"

They acknowledged their identity, and the stranger went on. "I am the owner of a fancy stock-farm some fifteen miles from here, and I exhibited a lot of pigs at the Bridgeton fair and had the misfortune to lose the blue ribbon in the Cheshire-hog class to the young man here who exhibited, if I am not mistaken, the very fine Cheshire there in the corner of the yard. They told me at the fair where you live, and I came to your village where I have learned the story of your pig—Persy, they say you call him. Last spring, the tramp you see there stole a pig from me and sold it to a city buyer, who lost it from his truck. How this tramp fellow knew where the pig was lost or who got it, I can't say, but I have



BIDDING FAREWELL TO PERSY

every reason to believe that Persy is the pig I lost. Perhaps this tramp will even identify him for me, with a view to saving himself some trouble."

"He 's yours," said the tramp, gruffly. "I was on the truck and saw him fall off. I was just after him to get him and bring him back to you."

To this explanation the gentleman made no reply, but said to Tony:

"Young man, they tell me this pig is a white elephant on your hands. I don't want your fair premium. You are welcome to it. You earned it. I do want Persy; but I acknowledge the debt I owe you, and I want to take Persy home, have a man sod your yard, which I am sure has been nearly ruined, and, as you have saved and raised for me a blooded and registered Cheshire of great value, I want to reimburse you. I have learned that you want to become a farmer and stock-raiser. Will you come and work for me during vacations, while, at my expense, you go through the best agricultural college we can select?"

Would he!

THE BARBER WHO BECAME A KNIGHT

(RICHARD ARKWRIGHT. 1732–1792)

By MARY R. PARKMAN

THE story of the barber Arkwright is a merry tale of a man who seemed from the first destined to succeed. He took up Hargreaves' work, but not his hard lot, for the Fates had spun for this clever lad a bright thread of golden success.

The youngest of a family of thirteen children, Richard Arkwright was early put to the trade of a barber. "I shall prove all my life that thirteen can be a lucky number; I 'll be the best barber in London," he vowed.

He went at his work with a will. "The fairest shave in merry England for a penny," was his watchword in a day when men of the razor were charging twopence. Over the entrance to his basement shop he hung his sign bearing the challenge of his motto.

But not for long was he content to live by cutting beards and the rate of shaves. "My real chance lies in the way of wigs," said Master Dick. And in the day when all the rich and great coveted finer locks than nature had given them, he managed to furnish the fashionable wigmakers with the best hair and a magic dye that was in itself a fortune.

See how one thing leads to another. In his travels about the country in search of fair locks and curling ringlets, this alert and enterprising barber became interested in the new spinning-jenny and its work.

"There is just one trouble," he heard a weaver declare; "the jenny's threads are not strong enough for the warp; so the foundation of our cotton goods must be made of linen."

"That seems a poor sort of contriving," said Arkwright. "Now I have never been one to content myself with half-way measures. Perhaps you weavers will have to call in a barber to finish you off—give you a good clean shave," he added, with his merry laugh.

But he set himself to the task seriously; so seriously, indeed, that his wife, who was something of a shrew declared, "You 'll starve your poor family scheming when you should be shaving!" And she proved how much in earnest she was by breaking into bits the queer contrivance he had managed to put together. But the spirit of the inventor was not so easily broken.

"The time has come for me to work under another roof," he said, with calm determination, "for my attempt shall go on in spite of all the shrews in England!"

We are not told if this shrew was tamed. We only know that she failed to put a check on the inventive zeal of Richard Arkwright. He went on with his experiments, more resolved than ever to solve his puzzle. Engaging the help of a clever clock-maker, he developed a machine called the "water-frame," which, driven by water-power, carried the carded cotton through pairs of turning rollers, each succeeding pair revolving more rapidly than those before, until at last it drew out a yarn strong and firm enough to be used for the lengthwise, or warp, threads. English cotton cloth could now hold its own; and to this day we find in the large cotton-mills both in England and America the lucky barber's method of drawing out strong threads for the warp, while the principle of the spinning-jenny is employed in the production of the weft, or woof, threads.

Now, the one-time barber had a chance to prove himself not only an inventor, but also an excellent business man. He did not leave it to others to reap the benefits of his invention. Going to Nottingham, he became the ruling partner in a manufacturing firm which before long produced the first British calico—and a fortune for the enterprising Arkwright.

"Water-power, wisely employed, and a genuine business talent together made the barber's fortune," it was said. It was, however, something more than these that went into the building of this successful man's prosperity—something that might be called four-square man-power. When he harnessed his will to a task, it seemed as if he could move mountains.

One thing that perhaps more than another indicates the measure of the man was the way in which he set himself to the study of grammar when nearing the age of sixty. "When I was but a small lad, I was put to work. If then I was not too young to earn my living, I am not now too old to learn to write and spell correctly." So the great "captain of industry," whose business cares occupied all his working hours, took time from his small allowance for rest to atone for the shortcomings of his early schooling.

To a friend who wanted to know why one of the richest men of the realm should vex himself with such tasks, he said, "That man is indeed poor who does not know or care where he lacks."

The barber, turned inventor and manufacturer, amassed a fortune of half a million pounds—vast wealth for those times—and was made a knight for his services to his country.

BINKIE AND BING

By ELEANORE MYERS JEWETT

"WHERE are you going, Bing?" called Harry.

"Just out on the moors a bit with Binkie." The voice that answered was a little trembly, and Harry watched his young sister with sympathetic eyes as she limped sturdily down the path.

"Poor kid, it 's tough luck!" he said to himself, scowling at the ice-cream freezer over which he was working.

"What is it now?" asked their mother, from the kitchen door.

"Oh, the same old thing," answered the boy; "Bing just can't get used to being a helpless old lady on the shelf, and I don't blame her. It 's the water carnival this time; they 're trying out for the finals to-day. You know, she used to win everything going in the girls' events, and stand a pretty good show of beating boys and men, too, in the fancy diving. And now, of course, she can't even enter. If only that old paralysis had hit an arm, instead of a leg, it would n't have knocked her out of everything quite so completely."

Mrs. Inger leaned against the doorway with a sad little sigh, but said nothing, while Harry presently continued, addressing his remarks more to the ice-cream freezer than to his mother.

"It would n't be so bad if she were like other girls, fond of dolls and sewing and quiet stuff, but she has always been such a tomboy. Do you remember how she used to climb that tree by the gate when she was a tiny little girl, just like a monkey? And you would be scared and send me to help her down? But she would n't take any help, not she! And sprint—why, she could beat any boy her age now, if only she were n't—" He broke off, turning the freezer viciously. "It 's beastly luck, that 's what it is!" he concluded, after a pause.

"She has Binkie, anyway." Mrs. Inger's sad voice tried to sound consoling.

"Yes, thank goodness *and* Mr. Bradshaw, she has Binkie!" Harry relapsed into silence again, and Mrs. Inger went back into the kitchen.

It was like the boy, she thought proudly, to think only of Bing's disappointment at not being in the carnival this year. He never said a thing about himself, nor uttered a word of complaint because he had been too busy doing chores to take part in it. Ever since she had been forced to take a few boarders to eke out their scanty income, Harry had put in busy, irksome summers doing incessant odd jobs. And Bing, poor little Bing! If only there had been money enough to get a specialist from the city, the child might not now be so lame. A look of bitterness and pain settled on Mrs. Inger's face as she went about her



"'SHE USED TO CLIMB THAT TREE BY THE GATE' "

work. It was hard, very hard for her to have to open their home to summer boarders, often inconsiderate, and harder for the children to lack normal fun, and even normal well-being, because she had so little money. They seemed happy, though, in spite of everything, Harry with his friends and his mechanical tinkering, and Bing with Binkie. The look of care gave place to a smile. How the child loved that dog, and what a friendly, jolly little soul he was, dear to the hearts of them all!

While Mother and Harry were thus busy with loving thoughts of them, Bing, or Beryl, to use her right name, continued down the path through the bayberry bushes out to the open moor, with Binkie at her heels. She walked at first with a quick decided movement, her crutch *tap, tapping* sturdily along; but the heavy, useless foot soon began to drag, and she limped more and more painfully, until at length she flung herself upon a flat rock, weary and panting. Binkie at once settled himself comfortably beside her, tongue hanging, and his tail thumping upon the ground in a friendly, sociable fashion.

Beryl Inger, nicknamed Bing from her own early attempts to pronounce her full name, was a strong-looking girl of twelve, with thick, straight light-brown hair just outgrowing its last "Dutch cut." Her eyes were blue and should have been merry, but just now they were big and sad, and her mouth was set in a straight, determined line that gave her chin an air of great firmness and resolution. Binkie was an Airedale, black and tan, with coarse, bristly hair, and a face that could laugh and love and comfort all at once.

Bing drew the dog close up beside her and sat with her arm around him, gazing unseeingly out over the moor toward the strip of blue sea in the distance. Binkie licked her face once, and then remained quiet, only stirring occasionally to snap at an imaginary fly. At length Bing's hold on him relaxed, and the grim look on her face grew softer.

"Funny, what the moors can do for a person," said she, thinking aloud. "Sometimes I feel as if I were going to burst or scream in another minute, and then, if I can get away from everybody and come out here, especially with you, old boy, and just sit still awhile, everything somehow gets better. You 're my biggest comfort, Binkie, my very 'firstest friend'—I love you almost as much as I do Mother and Harry—and after that, I love these good old moors." She stretched herself out more comfortably on the rock. "Harry told me a story once of a king who kept his soul in an empty meadow. Not a bad idea—when you have a soul. I never thought about such things till I got lame. It 's queer—having something wrong with one foot makes you know you have arms and a back and a soul and everything else, by the ache in them. Well, anyhow, I 've got you, Binkie dear, and I would n't have had you if I had n't had that old paralysis, and you are almost worth being lame for—almost. If Mr. Bradshaw came back and said he could make me all right again if I gave him back the dog he bought for me when I was so sick, would I give you up? I wonder." Bing plucked some bayberry leaves and began absently sniffing their fragrance. The air was very still and the rock warm in the sunlight. She took off her sweater, rolled it up, and put it under her head for a pillow. Drowsily day-dreaming and talking to herself, she soon grew quiet and fell asleep.

Binkie remained dutifully by her side for a few moments, then he grew restless, spied a young bird in the distance, gave chase, missed it, and then, forgetting all about his mistress, jogged along toward home. When he reached the main road he met a group of boys and girls returning from the swimming meet. They greeted him with shouts, for everybody knew and loved Binkie. The boys threw sticks for him and he fetched them, hanging on for a few moments and growling playfully when they snatched them away again. Great fun for everybody!

Then something terrible happened! Binkie was racing down the middle of the road after a stick, an automobile shot suddenly around a corner, another tried to pass it. Binkie saw and dodged one, but not the other. There was a sickening thud, a howl of pain, and Binkie lay quivering in the dust! The boys and girls ran up and stood about him, filled with horror.

"He 's not dead!" said one.

"Drag him out of the road!" cried another.

"It 's his leg, it 's crushed!" said a third. One of the girls began to cry.

"What shall we do with him? What shall we do?" cried several, as some one tried to move him from the road. Binkie howled again and writhed in pain.

"Here, you fellows, let me see what 's up," said a deep voice, and a tall man pushed his way among the boys. He was evidently the owner of the automobile that had struck Binkie.

"Poor old chap!" he continued, stooping and touching the injured leg with a practised hand. "Poor old boy! I 'm no end sorry! Your days of usefulness are over, and I guess the sooner you 're put out of your misery, the better it will be. Who owns him?" The man stood up and looked questioningly among the boys and girls.

"It 's Bing's dog," said somebody, and the serious faces grew more solemn as they looked at one another. Until that moment they had thought only of Binkie; but now, with one accord, their minds turned toward the pathetic figure of the little lame girl limping bravely about the village, always with this beloved pet and companion at her heels.

"Who is Bing?" asked the man.

"Beryl Inger," said one. "Her mother takes summer boarders in that white house down the road."

"Could I find her father there?" the man continued.

"Her father 's dead," said several. "And she 's lame," added some one; "and she loves that dog better than anything else in the world."

The man put his hands deep into his pockets and gazed down at the suffering animal with a frown of concern. "Better not let her see him," said he. "I 'm a doctor; I can work this all right. If one of you boys will lend me a hand, I 'll give



"BING DREW THE DOG CLOSE UP BESIDE HER"

the poor beast some chloroform and get him out of the way. Then I 'll buy her a new dog. I 'm mighty sorry about it, *mighty* sorry; but that does n't help matters now. And we must n't let the youngster see him, at all events. We 'll—"

He got no farther. There was a stir at the edge of the crowd, an excited whisper passed from one to another, "It 's Bing! Here 's Bing now!" and a limping little figure pushed through the group and stood for a dreadful, silent moment looking down at Binkie. He gave a little yelp of love and recognition, tried to drag himself up to meet her, and sank back with a pitiful whine. The crutch slipped from under Bing's arm and she sat down clumsily, half falling, and drew the dog's head into her lap. Without a thought or a look for the strange man or the sympathetic group of boys and girls, she sat there, swaying slightly to and fro and breathing words of tenderness and pity over the dear, tawny, scraggly head.

Then the doctor decided to take matters into his own hands. One look at Bing's white, tragic face had convinced him that his former plan was only to be adopted as a last resource; to offer Bing "a new dog" would be as heartless as to tell some one grieving for a lost friend that he could make other friendships if he tried.

"Look here, my dear little girl," said he, and his voice was very kind, "I am the one whose machine ran down this poor fellow, and I never hated myself worse than I do now, though I honestly could not have avoided it. But there is one lucky thing about it—I am a medical man, a surgeon; and if you are willing to let me try, I think I can save the dog's life. What did you say his name was?"

"Binkie!" called the crowd.

Bing had not spoken, but was staring with round, agonized eyes up at the stranger.

"Well, you let me have Binkie as a patient. We 'll carry him into a barn or to your home, if you prefer; then we 'll get one of these boys here to help me put him to sleep for a little while—and then—I 'm afraid, little Miss Bing, he may have to lose his leg, but with proper care he ought to get well and be the same old faithful companion as ever. How about it?"

"We 'll take him to my house," said Bing, attempting to get to her feet. The doctor lifted her gently. "He always sleeps in my room. I 'll make a soft bed for him and take care of him myself—only hurry, please, he is suffering so!"

Without any more words on the subject, Binkie was put tenderly and carefully into the doctor's automobile and conveyed to the Ingers' home, Bing sitting beside him, comforting and cheering him all the way. Harry and Mrs. Inger were soon told the news, and lent willing hands to whatever the doctor told them to do. But Bing wanted no one to touch the dog but herself, and suffered the doctor to carry him upstairs only after she had tried to do it herself and failed.

"And now," said the doctor, cheerfully, "I must have an assistant surgeon; some one must hold Binkie while I give him the anesthetic, and then stand ready to hand me instruments and help me when I need it."

"I 'll do it, sir," said Harry, readily enough, though his lips whitened at the thought.

"No, Harry," said Bing, firmly, "I will do it; he will stay quieter for me."

Harry laid a coaxing hand on her shoulder. "Sis, you 're all in now. Don't try to tackle more than you can handle. You go downstairs and leave this to us."

But Bing shook her head. "I am not afraid," she said, almost fiercely; "and I am going to stay through this and help!" She looked to the doctor with dogged determination, and he smiled approvingly, so, with many doubts, Mother and Harry went downstairs, anxiously to await the outcome of the operation.



"'TELL ME, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WHEN YOU GROW UP?'"

About an hour later Dr. Gray came down, leading a little girl with very white lips and trembling hands. "Now, Nurse Bing," said he, with gentle firmness, as he pointed to a sofa, "you are to lie right down there and rest for a good long time, so you will be ready to go on duty again a little later." And turning to her mother, he added, "I have rarely been better assisted in an operating room, Mrs. Inger, and if you don't guard your daughter carefully, I may come some day and steal her away to make a nurse or a doctor of her!"

Mrs. Inger smiled. "Beryl has always said she was going to be a doctor, and she makes a very good nurse even now. I know, for I have tried her."

"And Binkie?" Harry scarcely dared to ask the question.

"He is coming out all right, I think. A fine patient!" The doctor laughed. "I little thought, when I started on my vacation this morning, that I should pick up such an interesting case on the street! I am staying in the next town, and will run over to-morrow to see how things are progressing."

Bing had been lying on the couch, her eyes shut, utterly weary. She opened them now and smiled up at the doctor. "I have n't thanked you yet for all you have done," she said.

"Thanked me!" the man's eyes grew moist for a moment. "I have n't yet asked you to forgive me!"

Every day, for some time thereafter, Dr. Gray's big touring-car drew up at the Ingers' front door, bringing the famous surgeon to call on his patient. Binkie improved amazingly, and in an incredibly short time was able to stagger around on his three legs. Bing had been tireless in her care of him, and the two had grown closer together than ever. He seemed to realize all that she had done for him and often sat for long moments gazing at her in solemn admiration and gratitude, while she could scarcely bear to have him out of her sight.

Dr. Gray and Bing were now the firmest friends, and he never left the house without laughing and romping with her for awhile and telling her all manner of odd and funny stories. He had a big, boyish laugh that one could recognize anywhere, and he was always finding something new to laugh at or take delight in. One day, after giving Binkie a careful inspection, he settled himself on the side porch and motioned Bing to a chair.

"I think," he said, "I can now discharge my patient cured, thanks to your capable care. But I 've found such a good assistant that I don't want to lose track of her. Tell me, what are you going to do when you grow up?"

Bing flushed and glanced involuntarily at her useless foot. She never spoke of it to any one, and thought that no one knew what it was costing her to give up certain day-dreams of future achievement. She had had so many interesting hopes and plans, not the least of which was a medical career, but they would all be impossible, handicapped as she was now. A rush of these old

dreams passed through her mind at the doctor's question, and she found herself unable, for the moment, to answer.

"Of course, there are a great many things you could do if you were not so lame." Bing winced, but he did not seem to notice her. "You would make a capital nurse, as I have said before, or a doctor, if you preferred. You really handled that situation with Binkie remarkably well—no funk nor hysterics nor losing your head. I 'd be proud of a real, grown-up medical student who did no better. If you were just a *little* lame, you know, you might swing it, and I really hate to lose you for the profession!" He settled back in his chair and turned toward her.

"Bing," he said, "I 've a proposition to make to you. In a couple of weeks I am going back to the city, where I am surgeon in a big hospital. If you will come with me and let me operate on that foot of yours, I think I can promise to make it a great deal better, *perhaps* cure it entirely, though I can't be certain of that, mind you."

Bing's eyes were big and shining, her lips parted as if to speak, but the doctor motioned her to wait, and continued:

"Just a moment, partner. I 'll have to confess that this is not a brand-new thought this morning. I 've already had a nice talk with your mother and Harry, and they are very enthusiastic, but after all, it 's up to you to make the decision. I don't want to undertake the thing unless it is your wish. What do you say about it?"

Across Bing's face passed sunshine and shadow in quick succession—hope, a mad, heart-gripping hope; fear, dread of going alone to a big, strange hospital, perhaps to suffer greatly; and an intense desire to take a chance, any kind of a chance, at getting well. Then a great obstacle arose in her mind, her face clouded, and she turned to Dr. Gray, only able to whisper the one word, "Money?"

The doctor sat back and laughed. "Bless the child!" said he. "Money! why, that does n't enter into the situation at all. It is just a big adventure we 're taking, you and I together; and if we win, we 'll all be the richer for it, all of us! So it 's settled!"

Bing still sat motionless after he had left her. "I did not say it was settled," she said aloud to herself. "But of course it is! I 'd stand anything just to be a little less lame; and to be *cured*—" her eyes filled suddenly. "He 's so perfectly splendid!" she continued, after a pause, "and if I can only grow up to be a doctor—like him—"

A CERTAIN blowing, thawing day that next winter found Mrs. Inger and Harry waiting at the station for the afternoon train. They did not talk much and their faces were by turns anxious and happy.

"I can't help feeling a little uneasy," said Mrs. Inger, after a long silence. "Dr. Gray's letters have been so vague, we really can't tell how the child is."

"Perhaps Bing wants to tell us herself," said Harry. "If she is lots better, she may be planning to surprise us."

"Or if she is *not* better, she might think we would be less disappointed if she told us than if Dr. Gray wrote."

Harry made no reply to this, and there was another long pause.

"The train is late," said he, at length, looking in through the waiting-room window at the clock. "She is probably feeling very grown-up, traveling all by herself. Dr. Gray believes in doing things by yourself—getting self-confidence." Harry smiled to himself, thinking of one or two splendid talks he had had with the doctor the summer before, when he had confided to him many of his hopes and ambitions.

The anxious frown on Mrs. Inger's face deepened. "I know he does; he persuaded me to let Bing come home alone, but I almost wish I had n't. It 's a short, easy trip, I know, but it will be so hard for her to move about on a jolting train, unless—" The shriek of the train whistle cut her short, and the express thundered into the station.

In the crowd and confusion of people getting on and off the train, Mother and Harry could not at first find their little girl. They were peering eagerly up and down the platform, and beginning, both of them, to feel a bit worried, when all at once they spied her, up near the end of the train, just stepping down. She saw them, too, and waved; then, before they could get to her, she ran, yes, *ran* all the way down the platform into her mother's arms!

Binkie sat on the front porch, waiting to greet the joyful family when they returned. They were all talking at once as they came along, Bing walking proudly between Mother and Harry, with only the slightest possible limp—and that, too, would soon disappear, she had hastened to assure them. Binkie spied her and, with a yelp of gladness, flung himself down the steps and fairly tumbled into the little girl's arms. How he wagged his tail, his whole body, in fact, and licked her hands and face and barked, and tried so hard to jump up on her! Bing was down on her knees in a moment, clasping him in her arms.

"Oh, Binkie!" she cried, laughing and crying all at once, "Binkie, you darling! You must try not to mind being lame so *very* much, because if you were n't, I still would be! And now I can be a doctor some day, and you never could be, anyway, you know, and—oh, Binkie, Binkie, I love you more than ever!"

COLLECTIONS

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

Is there any boy or girl who has n't, at one time or another, started a collection? Many have gone farther than the start, and have really made one, or more than one. The collecting habit is deeply rooted in our race, and belongs even to some animals and birds. If any of you have ever had a crow for a pet, you will know how eagerly the bird will grab a small shining thing to hide away in a corner he has made his own. Monkeys, too, will make collections of objects that strike their fancy.

Museums are huge stores of collections made by grown-up persons; and in wandering through a museum, many times you stop, astonished, to marvel at the sorts and kinds of things men have found worth seeking and storing and tabulating. There will be many things that you like, of course, beautiful or interesting things. But others will seem absurd or worthless to you, because you know nothing about them, and they do not appeal to your eye. Tiny slivers of glass and porcelain, bits of bronze, silver, or other metals that look like nothing at all. Old pieces of money, shreds of lace, worn slippers—strange fragments! Yet, when you know the history of many of these things you begin to see that they are truly interesting. For about them is wound the story of human life and toil, of its love of beauty, its use of tools, its changing language. These scraps and morsels tell of vanished civilizations, reveal secrets that but for them would be long buried and forgotten, link up you and your ancestors of ages ago.

For the collections of objects are paired with another type of collection.

When you are busy making, let us say, a collection of butterflies and moths, your mind, too, is storing away a collection of its own. If you are really interested in your collection, you will try to find out as much as possible about the things you collect. You will want to know the names and species of your butterflies, the lands they come from,—when they are strangers,—the seasons through which they live, the sort of lives they pass. Into your mind you will be storing a collection at the same time that you are putting your butterflies away in glass cases. And it is that collection of which I want to speak.

All the time we are making collections for our minds.

Would n't it be wonderful if you could manage to get inside your mind and go through the passages and windings and study the collections that you have stored there?

Here there would be a charming series of pictures, hanging side by side, stretching away indefinitely—lovely views of river and sea, of mountain or cañon, of city street and square, of small garden or berry-grown pasture lot. Maybe a great tree will hang in some corner, beside a tiny flower whose name you never knew, but whose beauty caught your eyes one spring day. Mixed with these pictures of places, there will be people and animals—a horse leaping over a gate, a flight of birds, a smiling face you saw perhaps only once, but there it is, smiling at you forever. You will see many pictures of yourself doing any number of things, pictures that are sometimes sad and often happy, sometimes funny or foolish. Naturally there will be pictures among the rest that you don't care about. But there they are, and there they will remain.

Pictures are not all you will find if you can go on that pilgrimage through your mind. Books will be there, action of all kinds, words and phrases. Music will sound along the passages, voices will be heard there. There will be collections of numbers alone that will amaze you—useless enough they seem, but when they are put to their right use, as all collections should be, they will prove their right to exist.

The mind differs from the museum, when it comes to its collections, in that constant use is made of many of them, and there is none that might not at a given moment be snatched from its shelf or its case and put to immediate use. If the collection is poor, then its usefulness will be poor too. If it is mean and ugly, it will be difficult to make fine and beautiful use of it. In the end, the collections in your mind will rule you, will practically become *you*. For that reason it is infinitely more important to make beautiful and useful collections for your mind than for your room or your small museum.

Suppose you have a collection of birds' eggs in your room. Lovely things they are, exquisite to look upon, to touch, to arrange.

But how about having a collection of bird songs for your mind?

I know a girl who has such a collection. She can tell you at once what bird it is that calls from elm or hazel-bush, or flits over the field, or pipes from the deep woods. Each song brings with it a picture, a picture hanging there in her mind, of the little singer at his singing.

It sounds easy enough to make a collection of colors. But how about making a collection of sunsets? No earthly museum could hold that collec-

tion, but your mind can stow it away easily. Only you must form the habit of studying sunsets, of looking at them in their loveliness, of loving them and enjoying them. And rainbows! I have a big collection of rainbows. One spans the misty reaches of the great plains, as you look out across them from the upper slopes of Pike's Peak. One sways and changes in the foam of Niagara. Several bend above the heaving seas beyond sight of any land. There is a mysterious pale one that swung for me in the tropics one moonlight night. One leans softly over the tortured soil near Verdun. There are tiny ones that play forever in the spray of the dancing fountain in Madison Square, New York City. These are a few, only, of my collection. And many a time, in dark, somber days, I take the collection out and gaze upon it with delight. When a new rainbow comes I add it joyfully to the rich collection.

There are some things that become collections in your mind whether you will or not. But you have really a wide choice as to what you will and what you will not collect. Take, let us say, a rainy day; you can spend it somewhat sulkily in the house, looking at old, funny, colored supplements to the papers, that are worth nothing as to beauty and little as to amusement, that are crude in color and commonplace in design, and only too often stupid rather than clever.

Or you can put on a mackintosh and go out. You can smell the wet earth and shrubs and trees, the fragrance of the rain itself. You can see the shining drops leaping and falling, bounding up and sinking back. You can notice the infinite hues of gray and lavender and green and yellow; you can see flowers filled up with clear water; you can watch the hurried birds flit through the storm. The music of the falling drops will sound in your ears; the wind will add its own diapason of murmured notes. There will be squodgy moments for your feet when you strike a muddy spot, and clean springy ones on the turf. It will make a good collection, all that, and it will take its place beside other rainy days in a delightful row.

The only things that really belong to you are these collections of your mind. You may own a whole gallery of great paintings by famous artists. But if they are not hung in your mind, if their beauty and their truth are not registered there, if you fail to understand them or to see them with sympathy and joy, they are not yours. The wanderer through the gallery who stays an hour, but who adds the collection to the treasury of his mind, has taken it with him; it is his, not yours, though it seems to be hanging on your walls.

There is a woman whom I know that is obliged to live in a small, city room. She is no longer strong enough to move about. She is a woman who loves gardens. While she was well she never missed a chance to see a fair garden. She knows all there is to know, it seems to me, about garden flowers and garden plans. The seasons when flowers bloom are known to her, and the situations where they look best. She has made many rock and water gardens hers, in the reaches of her mind, many still, walled gardens, where a fountain makes the only music and the shadows move softly. But she has never owned, in the way people think of owning, a garden herself.

Yet I tell you now, when she is unable to go farther than across her little room, she sits day after day in beautiful gardens.

She sits, in April, among sweet violets in an English garden in Kent, and hears the larks singing. There is an ivied wall with wall-flowers on top, and two rows of standard roses that bear, a little later, both red and white roses to each little tree. A path bordered by box leads to a pool surrounded by irises. There is a bench here, and beds of violet stretch back from the seat to the old wall, so that the air is dreamy with their fragrance. A small garden, but she loves it perhaps more than any of the others she owns, in the immortal manner of owning. No season, however, but brings with it a special garden that looks loveliest then, and even winter has its gardens for her, for she knows the South as well as the North.

She has had a fortunate life in being able to travel and to see so many places she loved and loves. But it would have been easy enough not to have made her collection. Thousands of people pass through and by gardens without ever starting a collection; and there are even people who own a garden who have never really looked at it, who have never made it theirs.

All of this goes to show that it is worth while making rich and beautiful collections for your mind. It takes thought, time, and discrimination, just as it takes these to make a collection of objects, of stamps or shells or what not. The more of these collections of the mind you have, the richer and more amusing and more satisfactory life becomes. It is a pity to leave long galleries and lovely rooms of your mind quite bare and empty that might be filled with splendid or precious things, things that are yours as long as existence goes on. There are wonderful poems that belong among your collections, stories, and magnificent happenings among men through the long story that is history. There are good things of countless variety. Gather them up carefully, for they are for you. A glimpse from a train may give you a priceless object to add to what you already have, a moment's talk with some one, an hour of quiet thought in solitude. Wealth is always about you, true wealth to enrich your being!

THE PET SHOWS OF THE WEST

By STELLA GEORGE STERN PERRY



"BONES," THE MONKEY, AND "PECKITT," THE CHICKEN
(SEE PAGE 1020)

In front of a large building in a Western city stood a very small boy. His black hair was shiny with brush-strokes and water, his dark Italian skin was shining with soap and rubbing, his blue shirt was crackly with starch. For it was Sunday and a most important Sunday to Tony.

He climbed the steps and opened the door; in the great hall one could see boxes, crates, and cages all tagged and ready for removal on the morrow. What a clatter of barks and mews, what a cackling and chirping came out to greet Tony as he entered the hallway!

"I 've come for my bird," he announced, as a gentleman came forward to meet him. "Here 's my bird's tag with the number on it. I want him now, because I can't come for him to-morrow. My bird 's a prize-winner in this Pet Show. He was just a little, poor thing, all moulting, and nobody wanted him. But I took care of him, and now he 's a prize-winner. And I want to take my fine old Pedro home."

Matching the number on the tag with the number on his cage, the gentleman found Pedro to be a huge and brilliant macaw. His cage was the same height as Tony himself, and far larger than Tony in girth. "Why, you can't carry that big cage, my lad. Better let us send it home to-morrow," suggested the gentleman.

"No, sir, thank you. I can carry it; I brought it here. I want to take Pedro myself, because the judge said, 'See what good care will do!' and I 'm the one takes care of Pedro."

Then, proud and happy, Tony encircled the cage in his arms, as far as they would reach, and, almost hidden by it, staggered grandly home.

Tony is a product of the Pet Show Idea.

In towns and cities of the West, from the Great Salt Lake to the great salt ocean, an interesting new movement has been growing. Once a year the children have been giving Pet Shows.

These are quite unlike the stock shows that grown people hold—the poultry-shows, horse-shows, dog-shows, cat-shows and cattle-shows with which we are all familiar. In those, aristocratic animals are judged for points and pedigrees. But these Children's Pet Shows of the West are for Towser and Fido and Tabby, for the tame pigeons, John's white mice, Elizabeth's canary and Maud's goldfish, for the toad from the pond, that James is bringing up, the fox-cub the forester gave to Robert, Harriet's bees, Tom's pony, the baby robin that fell from the nest and is now our baby's care—for any pet of which any child is proud.

These entries are judged not only for high lineage, but chiefly for the loving care they have had and for their own good dispositions and sweetness of temper.

Once a year, on many a street of San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Seattle, Spokane, San Leandro, San Mateo, Alameda, Ogden, and other towns—more of them every year—you may see what looks like a young circus. It is only a group of children bringing their entries to the Pet Show. Children come from the wealthiest homes and the simplest.

They come afoot, carrying their pets, leading them, or pushing them in barrows; they come in wagons, carriages, and in automobiles. They bring all sorts of creatures, from snails to baby elephants. They have cared for them themselves, and present them all in perfect "show condition," for that is a requirement.

The Children's Pet Shows excited so much favorable notice that at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco, there was a Children's Pets' Day. In fact, two whole days of the fair were given up to the young people and their pets.

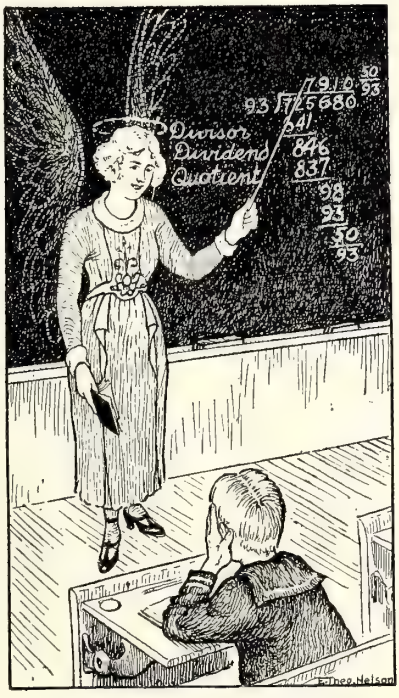
The Pet Show movement began because Dr. Frederick W. D'Evelyn, of San Francisco, has two hobbies—children and animals. He understands both, and they understand him. The children and the animals have taught him their secrets, what they think, what they enjoy, why they act as they do—secrets that most grown people never know or never remember.

He thinks that the best thing they told him was this: Children and animals are natural friends, and ought to be brought up together. A child is happiest when he loves and is loved by dumb comrades. He can have more fun with the world when he understands their silent language. He is more loyal, more tender, and more self-

reliant if he takes care of them himself. The best way to learn the wonders of the varied life of the world we live in is working with Nature's other children, the humble friends of the fireside, the field, and the forest. And the best way to make the animals gentle and good—even the wild ones—is to give them kind child-companions when they are little. They are the faithful allies of childhood.

The first Pet Show was started by the good doctor and his friends. It had only a few entries, but now there are shows all over the West. At some of them, hundreds of pets are exhibited; at the Exposition show there were more than a thousand. Teachers and parents and schoolboards everywhere are encouraging the movement, for they see that in animal life, as in the case of flowers and stones, natural history is best taught by Nature herself.

When the time for a Pet Show is approaching, circulars of information and application-blanks are distributed in all the schools. The classifications are clear, but very varied, and make possible the exhibition of any creature of water, woodland, field, or farm.



ONE BOY'S PET—HIS TEACHER

Nowadays, practice has made the children scientific; they can fill out the blanks with ease. But in the beginning some amusing mistakes were made. In a Utah school, the first blanks issued by the teacher asked: "Have you a pet? What is it?" One little girl answered "Our Baby"; and a very small boy, who loved the teacher, printed in black letters, "You."

Any child under eighteen may enter pets in the contest. The shows are not for profit; all entries are free, and all children are admitted without charge. Usually the only rigid requirement is that the young exhibitors must have taken care of their pets themselves.

This rule has a good result. For the children have learned to keep their pets in show condition all the time, and not only just before show-time. They soon discover that the bird or beast that is always well kept is the one most likely to win. Indeed, many of the best prizes are given for that excellence alone.

A little fluffy poodle in a Salt Lake City show won a special prize of honor because little Frances, who owned him, had taken such care of his health. And Jean, whose white Angora rabbit won a cup in the San Mateo show and first prize at the Exposition show, cut its hair at the proper season and brushed and combed it daily as it grew long and fleecy. She took such pride in Bunny's soft white beauty that she wheeled him about in the carriage with her dolly.

The judges in the shows explained all points of care and proper training and gave little talks on natural history to any child who was interested. They tried to teach the children that cleanliness, regular habits, proper food, and good manners are as important to the welfare of pets as to that of their young masters and mistresses.

There were judging-charts hanging up in the show rooms, so that the children might study the reasons for the judges' decisions.

Indeed, the children have learned so much about the condition and quality of animals and birds, that some of them who have won prizes in four or five shows in succession are now allowed to assist as judges.

Almost everybody thought at first that dogs and cats would be the only entries, and of course, these dear old friends, with ponies, pigeons, rabbits, guinea-pigs, canaries, goldfish, and chickens, are the most numerous. But there are always a large number of varied and most unexpected entries.

Spanish pheasants, Chinese ducks with red-tipped bills, tame squirrels and chipmunks, lories and eagles, flocks of strange birds, well-kept mules and burros, tamed beasts from wild woodlands and mountains, queer lizards and alligators, and foreign animals from distant lands make a wonderful menagerie. Sometimes it looks like the Caucus Race in "Alice in Wonderland."

Many of the contestants have histories.

A prize was won at the San Francisco show by a wallaby and her baby. This animal, as you may know, is a small kangaroo. The little family was brought from Adelaide, South Australia, by the young owner—a member of the Columbia Park Boys' Band, a club of boys who worked their way around the world, one long vacation, by giving concerts.

Even more surprising was the tameness of Tigo, the ocelot,—commonly called a tiger-cat,—who appeared in the Alameda Show. He was once a sad little orphan cub, lost in the mountains, where he was found, rescued, and "brought up with the family." Outdoors, he wore a dog-collar and ran on a leash; indoors, he was as free as the ordinary house-cat, and was as gentle as one, while brilliantly beautiful as a tiger.

The California bear-cub, who looked like a Teddy-bear in the lap of his young mistress, was found as a baby and fed from a bottle. He was cuddlesome and roly-poly, and no stuffed Teddy was ever half so humorous as he. His mistress had a pair of fox cubs, too, as tame and trustful as kittens.

It is hoped that the Pet Shows may help mankind to make friends with more and more kinds of animals, so that all cruel and unnecessary hunting of them may cease.

In all the shows it is delightful to see the friendship of these tamed wild creatures. Timid quail and the pretty, speckled chirpers called "strawberry birds" roosted without guard on the hands and shoulders of their owners. Gentle fawns greeted their friends enthusiastically. Even lizards seemed to have forgotten their trembling fear of humankind. An alligator who climbed up the coat front of his master divided attention with a chicken who "played dead," as a trick.

Most children keep pets just for the fun of it. But some are born naturalists. One boy of this nature entered thirty-six pets, all tamed. They were chiefly foreign birds and fine fowl, dogs and cats. He brought them to the show in a gay little wagon. Back of his mother's vegetable store where I went to see them, they all lived in the most wax-like cleanliness and comfort. I made friends with his beautiful Japanese love-birds and his sweet English linnet. George, their owner, specialized in poultry. He was going to be a stock-farmer some day, he said.

In connection with fine and common chickens, by the way, the Pet Shows are doing a very useful service: they are teaching children, and parents, too, that keeping the back-yard or farm-yard poultry in show condition means better eggs and more of them.

It would not do to speak of chickens without telling you the laughable tale of the frizzled chicken of San Leandro.

It was the noon recess. All the entries had been judged, the prizes awarded. The children were at luncheon. Dr. D'Evelyn and the judges were chatting in a corner of the room. Enter a small boy, younger than school age, in striped shirt and overalls, bearing a gunny-sack over his shoulder. He stopped before an empty coop. He carefully opened the sack, took from it a sad-looking hen, thrust her into the coop, and looked up at the judges expectantly.

"What have you there?" asked Dr. D'Evelyn. "Is that a hen?"

"No, sir. It 's a chicken. Please judge it."

"But you did n't enter it; did you? And, besides, we have finished judging."

The little face fell.

"Well, you see, I was here this morning and I saw you judging chickens and all. And so I thought, 'I 've got a nice old chicken at our house.' And then I thought, 'If chickens can win prizes, I 'll try *my* chicken.' But—if it 's too late—" The lip quivered.

The kind doctor was touched by the tiny fellow's disappointment, and the words, "If chickens can win prizes," appealed to him. For that is what the shows are for—to elevate the creatures in the minds of the children.

"Well," he said "since you have taken all that trouble, I 'll judge your hen."

The hen was a sorry specimen. But it so happened that her feathers were all bent queerly forward, "frizzled" and ragged. And as this hen was decidedly the only one of its kind in the show, the doctor was able to strain a point and pin a bit of blue ribbon on the swelling chest of its little owner. Now that boy knows that chickens *can* win prizes, and has promised to have some good ones in prime condition as real entries in the next show.

You will see by this story that the judges must be tactful and sympathetic as well as able, and must bear in mind the home surroundings of both exhibitor and exhibit. They must keep away from formality and remember that they are the only grown people in a children's enterprise.

The San Leandro Show where the frizzled chicken appeared was a striking success. Indeed, the San Leandro school that gave it is a wonderful school and has solved the problem of making the school-house the center of joyous, useful activities in many ways. The Pet Show there was a part of the annual school fair to which the children bring anything that they have made themselves during the year, or any collection or object or study that has seriously interested them.

There were some interesting turtles in that Pet Show—one tortoise so tiny that it just covered a thumb-nail, and two giants that seemed too big to be tortoises at all. There were some good ducks, geese, and pheasants in high-class show order.

Another markedly successful show was that of the Wasatch School in Salt Lake City. Miss Etta Powers, the principal, brought such enthusiasm

to the Pet Show movement and made it so popular that almost every school in the State of Utah decided to have its annual Pet Show. The State of Utah, among its other exhibits at the San Francisco Exposition, showed with pride its Pet Show trophies and the pictures of the children who won them.

After that year's big show, forty-eight children of Salt Lake City wrote to the leader of the movement telling him of the joy and help the Pet Show was to them.

All the shows were a joy to parents, too, and the teachers say that fathers and mothers spent many proud and useful hours among the entries made by their children.

It was amusing, and touching as well, to see in all the shows the interest that whole neighborhoods took in the chances of some popular, good-natured, four-footed friend, or in a clever parrot, perhaps, that everybody knew.

There was Joe, for instance, a homely, shaggy mongrel of no particular breed, but his hazel eyes were deep and wide and beautiful and his nondescript face was full of fun and loyalty and character. All the children at the Valley School know "June's Joe." June is the name of his little mistress. He was born on her birthday ten years ago, and so they are lifelong companions. He calls for her daily at the noon recess and at dismissal time and amiably goes through a whole series of tricks for her schoolmates, ending by "singing" for them in deep, crooning undertones. Do you wonder that those school-children were eager for Joe to be honored in the Pet Show? They were wild with delight when he received a prize for his character. For the judge said he had "allurement." Then Joe put back his shaggy head and "sang" his gratitude.

Of course, some well-esteemed pets were not adjudged awards, but they had their opportunity, too. For at the end of most of the shows the children were allowed to vote for the most popular exhibit, and a prize was given to that, apart from its show points.

The prizes were handsome silver cups, beautiful bronze medals, bearing sculptured models of Western birds and beasts, and gold-stamped colored ribbons.

Besides the prizes awarded for pets, there were others given to the children who have made serviceable and beautiful places for housing their pets, such as bird-houses, bird-cages, aviaries, and aquariums. Some of the entries in this competition were very clever.

A beautiful "side-show" of the Pet Show is devoted to exhibits of growing flowers, foliage, or shrubs, to bouquets and displays of cut flowers, to wild-flower shows,—and of these, the San Leandro show has become famous,—to collections of dried plants, and to lovely moss-gardens. These last are beautiful natural arrangements of lichens and the pretty, tiny, ground-clinging, rock-holding plants so often overlooked by the people who pass them that I think they must grow for the fairies. Now, however, that children of the West are learning to see them, the number that they find and arrange is astonishing.

A special contest in connection with the shows, of great interest to young nature-loving artists, has been the Poster Competition, where prizes have been offered for the best original posters celebrating the Pet Shows—every design to picture some bird, beast, or fish, some plant or flower.

Some of the posters have been comical—there was one of an old rooster, hurrying along as fast as he could and looking *so* flustered, and saying, according to the legend beside him, "I *must* not be late for the Pet Show!" Others were serious and beautiful, and reminded us of some of the drawings in our ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

Another important contest was the Natural History Examination. Question blanks were distributed to those who entered this competition and prizes were given for the best set of answers. Here are some of the questions, taken at random. I wonder how many of them you can answer.

What is the difference between a butterfly and a moth?
How does a chicken get out of its shell?
Is a bat a bird? What is it?
Why has a cat whiskers?
How do crickets make their music?
Why can a fly walk upon a ceiling?
How do toads deceive their enemies?
Do robins and chickens walk in the same manner?
How can you tell the leaf of poison ivy from the other ivy leaves?

Oh! I wish you could see some of the towns on Pet Show day! The schools have a holiday, and even the grown people do honor to the pets. On such a morning, pets all over the city have good baths and fresh ribbons; cages and bird-houses are made spick and span; Fido's tin plate is polished, and Tabby's chipped saucer is replaced by a whole one. Every one feels anew the responsibility toward our little brothers, the birds and beasts.

In some towns, groups of Boy Scouts are detailed as game-wardens to protect all animal, fish, and bird life of the neighborhood during the Pet Show period.

Of course, the crowning glory was the Panama-Pacific International Exposition Pet Show—the show held by the great exposition in San Francisco given by our Nation to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal.



ANGORA GOATS, WINNERS OF THE BLUE RIBBON
"BINGO," A PET RACOON
A PRIZE-WINNING SHROPSHIRE SHEEP
"LADDIE" AND HIS MASTER
"HAPPY" AND "SNOOKUMS"
JEAN AND HER WHITE ANGORA RABBIT

PRIZE-WINNING ENTRIES IN SOME



A BEAR RAISED ON MILK AND EGGS
CALIFORNIA GRAY-FOX CUBS
A PRIZE DOE AND HER OWNER
OF THE WESTERN PET SHOWS

A CHEERFUL WINNER AND HIS PRIZE BANTAM
FANTAIL PIGEONS
A BOTTLE-FED BLACK BEAR CUB

There a huge building was entirely filled with children's pets, displayed beautifully, with as much dignity and care as were bestowed upon the pedigreed stock-shows for grown people.

The enthusiasm of both exhibitors and visitors was inspiring. Entries kept coming in almost up to the moment when the judging began. There were one thousand and forty-one of them, and they included every sort of creature from small birds, plebeian and aristocratic barn-yard fowl, and domestic friends, to bears, mountain goats, opossums, racoons, deer, and even an ant-eater, and some horned toads from the Mohave Desert. There were more kinds of pigeons than most people knew existed; some of them seemed quite as strange as the tropical birds.

In spite of this large variety of animals and the natural curiosity about the unusual ones, cats and dogs held their full share of affectionate interest from the thousands of visitors.

One of the best things about the pet shows—that the children of the rich and poor, prominent and obscure, share equally in them—was especially apparent in this one. For example, there was no prouder child in San Francisco than the young son of the mayor when his handsome Shropshire sheep was awarded a first prize; but just as proud as he was the owner of a lusty spineless-cactus plant growing in an old tomato-can.

That the children had learned much from former shows was evident. One young amateur fancier of rabbits, a participant in earlier shows, was allowed to select the first-prize bunny. He explained very well and clearly why he chose it, and his choice was in accord with that of the adult judges.

The young exhibitors understood the rights of their pets, too, and insisted upon them. One little girl, whose monkey and chicken, exhibited together, were being poked and disturbed by too-interested sight-seers, made a dignified protest to the management, with immediate result, of course.

For weeks before the show, general public interest was high. The Woman's Board of the Exposition appointed a Pet Show representative. This ardent and efficient worker, with the coöperation of a local paper, conducted a Pet Show Essay Contest, which brought forth delightful letters.

The Chief of Livestock of the Exposition, who had labored for years in the cause of deepening the love between children and animals, received a gift of money from the New York Anti-vivisection Society to be awarded in prizes to the children who showed "most evidence of humanity, who had given most practical evidence of a kindly disposition as exhibited in particular cases." The children did not know of this contest until the prizes were awarded.

The first prize was won by Heatherblossom Spencer, eight years old, who collects and cares for the abandoned cats and dogs left behind in the mountains every year by thoughtless summer cottagers when they return to their city homes.

She wrote, "I have just now seven cats, all sizes and colors, and two dogs. And, oh, the poor things! I just know, if they could talk, they would say, 'Thank you, Heather!'"

The two second prizes were won by a boy who saved and patiently doctored back to health an old rheumatic dog about to be shot for age, and a little girl who rescued a starving cat at great inconvenience and sacrifice.

At the congress a special prize was given to



MOST OF US COULD ENTER PETS LIKE THESE

Ruth Dirks because she had done so much to advance the Pet Show idea.

All in all, this great Pet Show was a triumphant success, and brought to its many visitors from all over the country—from all over the world, indeed—a noble thrill of love and possession for the patient friends whose well-being depends upon our kindness.

Let us hope that the Pet Shows will increase in number and power in the East as well as in the West, and that out of them will grow a livelier interest in the rich life about us.

For what Luther Burbank, the great naturalist, said about the Pet Show exhibitors is true of men and women, too. He said he firmly believes "that an appreciation of life in every manifestation should be inculcated in the minds of children; that they will be considerate of people if they are taught to be considerate of pets—if they are made to realize that life is life, that animals suffer and endure, that they too, can enjoy life and be glad."

THE LUCK OF DENEWOOD

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Vive la France!" etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

PEG TRAVERS, joint heir with her brother Jack to the estate of Denewood, in Germantown, which they are too poor to keep up and have rented as a school for girls, receives a letter from her brother, an officer with the A. E. F., saying that a relative of the family, a French girl named Béatrice de Soulange, has come to him asking for assistance, and he has thought it best to send her to America. Her brother, Louis de Soulange, an officer in the French army, in an aëroplane flight over the lines, has disappeared and is "missing." Peg, who lives with her aunt in the lodge at Denewood, is there with her cousin, Betty Powell, when Béatrice arrives. Her first desire is to see the lucky sixpence, their family talisman, and when she is told that it has been lost for a century she is astounded at the girls' indifference and declares her belief that with it was lost the luck of Denewood. Béatrice plans to hunt for it, and, to that end, becomes a pupil at Maple Hall, as the school at Denewood is called. Peg receives a letter from Jack asking for a description of the Soulange ring and warning her to stand guard over Bé lest unauthorized news of her brother rouse false hopes. Shortly after, a young man, who announces himself as Captain Badger of the British Army, calls, saying that he has news of Louis which he will give to no one but Bé. With Jack's letter in her mind, Peg refuses to let him see Bé. The next day he mistakes Betty for Bé, and Peg persuades her, in order to obtain news of Louis, to impersonate her cousin. The two girls learn that Captain Badger is in search of three hundred thousand francs to ransom Louis de Soulange, whom he declares to be held by a band of robbers in France. Betty, posing as Bé, insists upon having time for consideration. He finally gives her till the next day, and Peg tries to consult Mr. Powell, but finds he is ill. Meanwhile, Bé, ignorant of this crisis in her affairs, has gone to search the spring-house for the entrance to a secret passage she believes may be there. She unexpectedly discovers it, and, hearing some one coming, conceals herself in it. She follows the passage and comes out in a dormitory of the school. Being upstairs is an infraction of Miss Maple's rule, and she goes to the principal's room to acknowledge the fault. Miss Maple is out; but Miss Hitty Gorgas, an elderly sewing-woman, encourages her to search for the lucky sixpence. Bé finds half of it, cunningly concealed in a sampler worked by the first Beatrice, and returns with it through the secret passage. On leaving the spring-house, she meets Captain Badger, and he, not knowing who she is, asks if she has seen a ring which he has lost. Hurriedly answering no, she runs home. The cousins are all overjoyed at the recovery of the lost coin, and, following Horatia's suggestion of a new way to search, they find the second half. Peg and Bé each wear a piece for the luck it will bring, and agree to go at daybreak to explore the secret passage, an arrangement that will not interfere with the appointment with Captain Badger. They find a heavy, locked coffer, and go home to search for its key. Peg finds the Soulange ring in the bushes near the spring-house, but conceals it from Bé. With Horatia's help, they discover the key of the coffer and a list, in the writing of the first Beatrice, of the money she has saved and the disposition she wishes made of it. It is to be expended for the honor of Denewood, and will free the old place from debt. The charm of the sixpence seems to be at work. Peg and Betty agree to keep their engagement with Captain Badger and, unknown to them, Bé and Horatia plan to visit the spring-house at the same hour. Meanwhile, Captain Badger, who has been spying about, comes out of the old spring-house, seemingly very pleased at something.

CHAPTER XXV

AFTER BREAKFAST

WHEN Peg and Betty arrived at the spring-house to keep their appointment with Captain Badger, the teachers' sun-parlor was deserted, but they were surprised to find William Schmuck sitting on one of the benches outside, smoking his short pipe and seeming very much on the alert.

At sight of the girls he rose quickly to his feet.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully, saluting both the girls with a touch of his cap. "It 's a fine day."

"Good morning, William," said Peg. "What are you doing here on Sunday?"

"Well, not much, to tell the truth," the man answered with a slightly embarrassed smile. "I 'm playing watchman."

"Playing watchman!" Betty repeated in astonishment.

"Yes, miss," Schmuck went on in explanation. "You see Joe Cummings, the night watchman, he says he sees some funny goings on around the old spring-house here. He claims somebody came out of it early this morning."

"Perhaps somebody did," said Peg, with a chuckle.

"I have my doubts," William went on; "but anyway, he come to my cottage and asked me to keep an eye on the place while he went to church. I think it 's foolishness myself. There 's nothin' to steal in this house, but I said I 'd accommodate him, and here I 've been sitting since seven o'clock with never a sight of anybody till you young ladies come."

"All the same, Joe was right," Peg told him quite frankly. She was anxious Schmuck should go away, in the first place; and in the next, she had no desire that any talk of mysterious visitors to the spring-house should be rumored throughout the school. That might very easily upset their future plans. "I was here with Miss Bé quite early. We were taking a little walk."

"Indeed, is that it?" Schmuck exclaimed. "Well, miss, things are coming to a pretty pass if the Traverses can't walk over Denewood without

a watchman spyin' on them! I 'll speak to Joe, miss, and I 'll promise you he 'll not bother you again. Good morning." He touched his cap and went off with an air of truculence that boded no good to the zealous watchman.

With a sigh of relief at being rid of him, Peg and Betty sat down to await the coming of Captain Badger. Both were distinctly ill at ease, and anxious over the outcome of the expected interview. They had discussed what they should do and say, but had no great confidence in their own plans. They wanted time. They meant to seek delay on any possible pretext; but they realized that the British officer could not be put off indefinitely.

A moment or two later, Captain Badger strode up to them carrying a substantial traveling-bag, which he dropped on the ground as he came to a halt before them. At sight of Peg, he frowned.

"I thought it had been understood that I was to see you alone, Mademoiselle," he said bluntly, addressing Betty.

"I 'ave brought my cousin that she may 'elp me explain," Betty replied, imitating Bé's accent and looking up innocently at the man before her.

"Then you 've broken your word and told her?" the man blurted out angrily. "I had supposed I could trust a Soulange."

"And so you can," Peg said, with an assumed air of cheerful gaiety. "My cousin has n't told me anything."

"Then it is impossible for me to see how you can be of any help in the matter," Captain Badger snapped. "I remember your effort to keep me from meeting Mademoiselle de Soulange the other evening. It was quite useless interference, but, as we still have important business to transact, perhaps you 'll be good enough now to go away."

"Oh, *non, non!*" Betty cut in. "Really, she mus' stay. She know' everything without my telling her a word."

"I was in the spring-house yesterday all the time you were talking," Peg explained sweetly.

It took Captain Badger a moment or two to control himself, and his lips parted, showing his pointed white teeth in anything but a smile. He had not arrived at the rendezvous in the best of humors, having found himself thwarted in a most interesting enterprise earlier in the day by a placid individual who seemed to be contented to do nothing but sit in the sun and smoke a pipe. He had been exceedingly exasperated and, if he had dared, would have rid himself of the girls with scant courtesy; but he was confident that sooner or later Mademoiselle de Soulange would give him the information he wanted and he was not yet prepared to act in too cavalier a fashion.

Toward Peg, he felt an almost uncontrollable irritation. He knew that she was only a child and that he was silly to have any such antagonism or to worry about the effect of her interference; indeed, he was too certain of his own cleverness to have any great fear that she could seriously hamper his plans. Nevertheless, he preferred to deal directly with the girl he thought was Béatrice de Soulange.

"If you happened to be eavesdropping, I can't help it," he said to Peg. "It is not considered an honorable action in my country, but perhaps it is quite all right in America. However, if you know why I 'm here, you will also know that it is a matter of the greatest concern to Mademoiselle de Soulange, and I tell you frankly that her dealings with me will be facilitated if you leave us."

"I don't think so!" Peg contradicted him flatly. "If it had n't been for me, she would n't have come at all. I persuaded my cousin to meet you this morning."

"That is quite true," Betty proclaimed, with unmistakable sincerity.

The captain looked at her in surprise.

"Am I to believe that you care so little for your brother that you—"

"That 's not the question," Peg cut in sharply. "You ask for a large amount of money. Yet you give no guarantee that you will fulfil your promise."

"I ask for information in regard to the location of a certain strong-box," Badger corrected brusquely.

"But that I cannot give you yet," Betty announced with perfect truth.

"I was credibly informed you knew exactly where it was," the man insisted, in a tone that showed plainly he did n't believe her.

"Do you forget that the Soulange château was blown to bits by the Germans," Peg interposed.

"Then it was in the château?" the captain questioned sharply.

To this neither girl could give a direct answer, and the captain looked from one to the other with lips half-parted in a sneer.

"I see how it is," he resumed. "You are trying to trick me in some way. Let me tell you, I am not the sort of man who is easily fooled."

"That 's quite plain," Peg could n't resist saying, with a sidelong glance at Betty, who was shrugging her shoulders as Bé might have done; "but, to be entirely frank about it, my cousin would like more assurance that what you have told her is true."

"I do not propose to go into that again," Captain Badger retorted angrily. "I showed Mademoiselle de Soulange a ring that proved my good faith."

"I should like to see that ring," said Peg, looking up expectantly in the man's face.

"And why should I show it to you?" he demanded, with an undisguised snarl.

"I 'll tell you, Captain Badger," Peg answered, stung by his manner and losing something of her calmness. "My cousin here does not believe your story. As I said, she would n't have come if it had n't been for me. I believe there is truth in what you say, and if we can find a way—" and though it meant sacrificing the possession of Denewood, she could not throw away a chance to save the life of her cousin Louis.

The man straightened up and looked at Peg doubtfully, the tips of his pointed teeth just showing between his slightly parted lips.

"What proposal can *you* make?" he demanded.

"You say that this band in France who hold Captain de Soulange demand three hundred thousand francs," began Peg, earnestly. "That



"'WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF LOUIS DE SOULANGE?' SHE CRIED, FACING THE BRITISH OFFICER" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"You need n't go on," Captain Badger interrupted abruptly. "Mademoiselle de Soulange tells me she cannot give me the information I ask. That, then, is the end of the matter. I am leaving Germantown to-day and shall sail for Europe on the first ship on which I can get passage. I go from here to take the train to Philadelphia. You see I brought my luggage with me," he indicated the bag at his feet and made a motion to pick it up.

"If you would let me finish what I was saying," Peg insisted, jumping up from the bench, "you would learn that I have another proposal to make." She was frightened by the man's apparent intention to quit the place for good and all. That she could not allow. On the spur of the moment she had thought of a way to satisfy Captain Badger's demand. He must have money is sixty thousand dollars, Captain Badger. A large sum, but I think perhaps I can furnish it."

A smile of satisfaction flitted across the officer's face for the fraction of a second. He felt very certain in his own mind where the money Peg proposed giving him was coming from, and he had not the slightest intention of letting it slip through his fingers; but to convince these girls of his sincerity might also give him the information he sought as to the whereabouts of the Soulange strong-box. Then he would gain all that he had come to America for—and a great deal besides.

"It seems to me," he began, with a return to his pleasant manner, "that we have somewhat lost our bearings. In an unaccountable way, which I greatly regret, you young ladies seem to have gained the impression that I am personally interested in this money. I cannot really believe

you think so; but, to prove the contrary quite beyond a doubt, I must refuse your offer to give me sixty thousand dollars." As he ended, he addressed Peg directly.

Betty's eyes widened in amazement at this statement. Here was a complete refutation of all they had suspected about the man's cupidity. They had evidently been utterly mistaken in thinking that he had not told them the truth from the beginning.

Upon Peg, also, Captain Badger's words made a profound impression. Her conviction that they dared not disregard his story was immensely strengthened, but her equally strong feeling of distrust of the man himself underwent a decided change. She realized that her plan of campaign must be altered, and yet she could not understand why her offer was refused, even though the officer was entirely disinterested in the matter.

"I do not see why you cannot take my money," she said.

"Because," he answered convincingly, "I was commissioned to do a certain thing. I was not told to get money, but information. The one I represent is a very honorable gentleman who asks only for his own. I cannot believe that his sister is not willing to save her brother, and I am confident she will tell me where the strong-box is to be found. But if she will not, I can only return with my mission unfulfilled. Under no circumstances can I accept money for his release from other hands, knowing as I do how intolerable that would be to Louis de Soulange."

As Captain Badger ended his long speech, there came swiftly into the group the slim figure of Béatrice, her eyes large with surprise and eager questioning.

"What do you know of Louis de Soulange?" she cried, facing the British officer.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE SOULANGE RING

THE arrival of Béatrice at the spring-house had come so unexpectedly and her demand for news of her brother was so vehement, that for an appreciable time they all held their places in silence, looking at the girl as if she were some strange creature from another world.

Horatia, who had accompanied her, stood a little way off, rooted to the spot, Bé having leaped forward the instant Captain Badger had spoken her brother's name.

Betty was quite stunned and sat on the bench with her mouth a little open. She did not relish the explosion she thought would follow the discovery that she had been playing a part.

Peg, already on her feet, experienced a sense of relief. She was glad that accident had brought her French cousin there, for she saw the situation growing beyond her control. Béatrice must be told everything and must give the British officer the information he demanded, or Louis would be lost.

Nor was Captain Badger unaffected by the sudden appearance of the young girl who stood before him, tense and rigid. Out of a white face her eyes blazed at him with a lock of burning eagerness for which he could find no explanation. He racked his brain seeking the flaw in his plans this unexpected advent foreshadowed. He felt the menace of unforeseen attack and was alert to meet it.

"What do you know of Louis de Soulange?" Béatrice repeated her question in a voice full of emotion. "Tell me queekly, please. I 'ave waited long for news of him."

"What have you to do with Captain de Soulange?" Badger asked, a flush mounting to his cheeks. He could n't doubt the sincerity of the girl before him, and the suspicion that he had been tricked grew quickly into a certainty.

"I am his sister," Bé answered simply.

"Are there two of you named Mademoiselle de Soulange?" the captain demanded, turning upon Betty angrily.

"It was you who made the mistake," Peg cut in, taking a step toward the man. "I 'm sorry it happened now, but I thought we were doing the best thing for my cousin here." She went to Béatrice's side. "You took Miss Powell for Mademoiselle de Soulange, and we just let you go on thinking so."

"Why do you not tell me what I ask?" cried Béatrice, still addressing the captain and paying no heed to his controversy with Peg. "I mus' know about Louis. Where is he?"

"He is in France and alive, so this man tells us," Peg replied, realizing Bé's suspense and hoping to ease it quickly.

"Oh, I know he is alive," the French girl answered; "but if he is in France, why hav' he not sen' one word to me? That would not be like my Louis, to let me starve for news of him. What does it all mean? Tell me at once!"

To Peg and Betty, this was a new Béatrice. The merry-minded, gentle girl was gone, and in her place they saw one who spoke with an authority beyond her years. A bitter war had brought bitter responsibilities, and the young shoulders had grown stronger as their burden had increased, till now, when the situation called for an assertion of her claim for consideration, she met it with the bearing of a woman twice her age.

"It has not been my fault, Mademoiselle, that you were not informed of my mission three days

ago," Captain Badger asserted. "These young ladies, who are your cousins, I fancy, have taken it upon themselves to keep you in ignorance of my being here. I hope they can explain their action in doing so to your satisfaction."

"I can tell you all about it," Peg began, but Bé interrupted.

"Whatever you 'ave done, I know you do it for consideration of me. That is understood. But we waste time," she went on, again addressing the man before her. "You say, Monsieur, that you are from my brother. I demand to know quickly what message he sen'. I 'ave not the patience to wait forever."

"It will take but a few words, Mademoiselle," Badger replied promptly. "Captain de Soulange is held captive by a band of brigands in France. It depends upon you whether they will let him go or not."

"How does it depen' upon me?" demanded Béatrice, going straight to the point.

"There is a ransom required," the captain explained. "Monsieur de Soulange has no money. He wishes a certain strong-box sent to him by me. I come to you solely for information as to its whereabouts."

"Ah, that is it!" Béatrice mused for a moment; then, quickly, "how do you know all this, Monsieur?"

"I also was held captive, but they let me go, Mademoiselle," he answered readily.

"And where is the letter Louis 'ave sen' me?" Béatrice asked, holding out her hand for it.

"There was no opportunity to write," the captain replied.

"And would these brigands, who want money, not let my brother sen' for it?" Béatrice questioned. "It does not seem reasonable, Monsieur. There mus' be something."

"There was, Mademoiselle," Captain Badger returned, a shade of embarrassment in his manner. "He gave me a ring."

"Ah, so!" Bé exclaimed. "That would serve, Monsieur. Where is it?"

"I am obliged to confess that I have lost it," Captain Badger replied, after an instant of hesitation. "I am greatly humiliated and—"

"You 'ave los' it?" Bé broke in incredulously. "That is strange!"

"Fortunately this young lady saw it and can assure you that I speak the truth," the man explained, turning toward Betty. "It is most embarrassing for me—an accident I cannot account for to myself."

"It is just as he says, Bé," Betty assured her; "I saw it. It was the Soulange ring!"

"The Soulange ring," repeated Bé. "*Non, non!* That is impossible!"

"But truly, Bé, I saw it," Betty insisted.

"What is it like?" Béatrice demanded, an anxious expression coming into her face.

"It is a large sapphire with a cupid cut in the stone, and—"

"It cannot be!" Béatrice broke in almost passionately. "You cannot 'ave brought that ring to me from Louis, Monsieur," she cried, turning to Captain Badger. "It is false what you say! I believe not a word of your story. You 'ave no writing from my brother and expec' me to believe that he sen' that ring to prove his words? *Non! Non! Non!* He would not 'ave part with it to save his life! There is some mistake. It cannot be the right ring. That I know here in my heart. And you, Monsieur, you cannot deceive me. Go back where you came. You will learn nothing from Béatrice de Soulange."

"But, Mademoiselle, your brother told me—" the man broke in; but she would not listen.

"Do not speak! Monsieur le Marquis de Soulange-Caderousse does not give his confidence to any but gentlemen!"

With fine dignity and a superb air of perfect breeding, Béatrice walked past Captain Badger and quitted the little group that was gathered at the spring-house. So stinging had been her denunciation, and so complete her faith in the truth as she proclaimed it, that the man stepped back and watched her depart without a word.

To Peg, her cousin's action was so surprising that for a time she could n't even think connectedly. Bé's complete repudiation of Captain Badger, and her evident disbelief in all that he said, was so unexpected that she stood looking after her, awe-struck and motionless.

Then suddenly she came to her senses with the realization that Béatrice was wrong, and that the one chance of saving Louis de Soulange was slipping through their fingers.

With no thought of anything but the necessity of bringing Bé back, she started after her. By this time, Bé had reached the drive and was hurrying toward the lodge, her slim figure held erect and her eyes looking straight ahead. Peg, following rapidly, became aware of Horatia at her side.

"Go and tell Captain Badger that there is a mistake and that I shall return in a little while," she whispered breathlessly.

Horatia, somewhat bewildered, opened her lips to protest, but Peg seized her arm and turned her round.

"You must go!" she commanded. "Please hurry before he gets away."

"All right," Horatia murmured, and started off just as her sister came running up to them

"What 's to be done now?" demanded Betty.

"I 'm going to explain to Bé," Peg answered brusquely, and ran on, leaving her cousin alone and in no very good humor.

"Bé dear, you must stop," Peg panted as she caught up with the girl. "You 're all wrong!"



"'LOUIS, MY DEAR BROTHER IS DEAD!' SHE SAID, SOFTLY"

Béatrice halted and smiled slightly at Peg's excitement.

"It is impossible that I am wrong," she answered gently. "To you it may seem that man speak the truth, but I know it is not so."

"But listen, Bé," Peg went on rapidly, "I thought just as you did at first. I did n't trust him at all, but now I 'm sure."

"It is just the money he would 'ave," Béatrice insisted, shaking her head.

"No, it is n't," Peg replied with equal positiveness. "I know better." She did n't explain how she had finally come to this feeling of assurance of the captain's honesty, being convinced that Bé would offer a strong protest to her giving away any of the treasure they had discovered in the Mouse's Hole that morning, even if the man should consent to take it. Moreover, she was most reluctant to speak to Bé of her proposed sacrifice. All she felt she could do was to reiterate her belief in the truth of the officer's proposal and to tell the story of her interference.

"I wanted to make sure of him, Bé," she ended a hurried review of the incidents that had led up to the meeting that morning. "You see, dear, I did n't want you to have a hope raised of seeing Cousin Louis and then find that nothing was to come of it. When he mistook Betty for you, I thought it would be a fine way of discovering all about it."

"I understan'," Béatrice replied. She put an arm about her cousin and started on again toward the lodge. "It was nize of you to wish to save me pain; but indeed I am not un'appy at what this person 'ave said. It is so plain that he does not tell the truth."

"But I 'm sure he does, Bé," Peg asserted vehemently.

"*Non! Non!*" the French girl replied, with a light laugh. "It was all right what he tell us of Louis being captured by robbers. That I understan' and could believe. But when he speak of the ring! Ah, *non!* I know my brother like my own heart. When this man, he say Louis 'ave give' it up, then I am sure nothing he say is true."

"But, Bé dear, I have seen the ring myself," Peg told her.

"You 'ave seen it?" Bé stopped and looked at her cousin in amazement. "You 'ave seen it? How can that be?"

"You know he told you it was lost—well, I found it," Peg answered.

"The Soulange ring?" Béatrice murmured the question half to herself; then quickly and in vigorous protest: "*Non, non!* Whatever you 'ave seen, Paig, it was not that ring. You do not know it. There is a mistake somewhere."

"It is in my desk at the lodge this minute," Peg said, her thoughts entirely concentrated upon the necessity of convincing Béatrice that the British officer should be believed. "I can't be mistaken about it, Bé. Do trust me and go back and talk to Captain Badger. If he leaves now, I don't know what we shall do."

"You say it is in your desk?" Béatrice questioned, paying no heed to Peg's pleading.

"Yes, I 'll show it to you afterward," Peg suggested.

But Bé was not to be put off. "Come! I mus' see at once what you suppose is the Soulange ring. Come!"

She seized Peg's arm to hurry her on, and Peg, aware that it was useless to protest further, and anxious to cause as little delay as possible, turned and hastened toward the lodge.

They went into the house in silence, going upstairs without a word. Peg, unlocking the drawer, drew out the ring.

"Here it is," she said, and handed it to Bé.

Except for a sibilant murmur due to the quick indrawing of her breath, Béatrice made no sound as her eyes fastened on the glittering circle of gold; but her face grew white and drawn. She turned the ring over in her hand, looking at it in stunned wonder, as if she found it difficult to credit the reality of what she held in her own fingers. Then slowly, and with great deliberation, she took a step or two forward and laid the ring quietly on Peg's desk.

"Louis, my dear brother, is dead!" she said softly.

CHAPTER XXVII

BÉATRICE CHANGES HER DRESS

For a moment or two Peg could not speak. Bé's placing of the ring on the desk seemed an act of renunciation of her firm belief that Louis was alive—a complete surrendering of the faith she had held in spite of every evidence against it.

Peg longed to say something that would ease the suffering of the girl before her.

"I can't believe it, Bé," she murmured at last, but as she spoke she threw her arms about the French girl in swift sympathy.

"He is dead! Louis is dead!" Bé whispered, and Peg could find no words to answer her, but could only repeat; "No, no, I can't believe it. I 'm sure he 's still alive."

Bé shook her head and gently withdrew herself from Peg's embrace, then, dry-eyed, she walked slowly away to her own room.

Peg's first impulse was to follow and try again to comfort her; but she checked herself. Bé's grief was so poignant and her conviction so firm, that Peg realized the uselessness of trying to argue away the significance she attached to the presence there of the Soulange ring.

But Peg herself was still unconvinced that Louis was dead. Her previous confidence that the young Frenchman lived had been only a reflection of Bé's assurance. Now, however, she had a very good reason for that confidence. Why, otherwise, should Captain Badger have come all the way from Europe? It might have been argued that the man knew of the existence of the strong-box, and, having secured the ring, had invented the story for the sake of the money; but in the name of Captain de Soulange, he had refused Peg's offer of a large sum and she was confident he would not have done that if his tale had been false.

Peg could not deny to herself that she did not like Captain Badger and that there was something about the man that invited distrust. His entire manner of proceeding had seemed highly suspicious; but as far as the girl could judge, he had proved his good faith. Therefore Bé must be wrong in her surmises, and the need really existed to save Louis de Soulange from those who held him captive.

It was the half unconscious realization of this fact that had caused Peg to send Horatia back to Captain Badger with the plea that he would wait for her. At the time, she had hoped to be able to persuade Béatrice to return and come to an agreement with the man; but that was now out of the question. Peg resolved that her one chance lay in begging the British captain to accept what she offered, on the understanding, if need be, that the money should be considered only as a loan, to be repaid when Louis was liberated. This thought brought a new glow of hope, and she wondered a little why it had not occurred to her before.

She started to go downstairs, but halted and turned toward Bé's room. It seemed heartless to leave without a word. In the doorway she stopped. Bé was kneeling at the side of her bed with her head buried in her arms, and Peg tiptoed away, leaving the bowed figure alone to seek a surer consolation than she could give.

But Peg had scarcely left the house when Bé, her prayer ended, rose from the bed and caught a reflection of herself in the mirror over her dressing-table. Instantly her hands went to the fastenings of her embroidered frock

"Can it be that I am dressed like a gay parrot and my Louis is gone?" she cried aloud.

Almost feverishly she sought a black gown she had hidden away, and hastened to slip it on. It was her final act of disavowal of the belief that her brother lived; but as her hands fumbled with the buttons at her throat, her fingers touched the chain upon which hung the half of a sixpence. For an instant she stood transfixed, and then slowly the tiny spark of hope that the broken coin always set alight in her heart kindled into a flickering flame. She scarcely breathed, thinking of that bit of metal which to her symbolized good luck. Did it have a message for her, whose patience and abundant faith had found it again? Did a silver ray shine from its polished surface to lighten the darkness of her sorrow? Perhaps she was mistaken, after all. Perhaps Louis had sent the ring, or it had been taken from him by force. Yes, that could have happened. Even Louis, strong as he was, might have been overpowered and the old heirloom wrenched from his finger.

The spark of hope in her breast had burst into a glowing blaze and, fastening her dress as she went, Béatrice ran into Peg's room.

"Paig! Paig!" she called, her voice trembling with emotion. "Paig, where are you?"

But the room was empty, and she stopped bewildered for the moment.

"But I mus' fin' that man," she went on aloud, speaking English as if addressing the cousin she so sorely needed. "Where is he, that captain who bring the ring? I mus' speak to him. If he tell me Louis is alive, I will give him everything." She looked about her a little wildly, then hurried out of the room and down the stair.

"It is at the spring-'ouse I shall fin' him;" she murmured.

MEANWHILE Peg, hurrying up the drive, met Horatia running toward her.

"Oh, I 'm so glad you 've come, Peg," she panted. "Something awfully funny has happened."

"Funny!" repeated Peg. "What can there be that 's funny? Is Captain Badger still there?"

"That 's what 's so queer," Horatia explained. "I went back, and, as I got near the spring-house, I saw him pop inside, carrying his bag; but when I got there and looked in, he was n't anywhere! And I know he did n't come out—and there 's only one door, anyway, and—"

"Come on!" cried Peg, grasping her young cousin by the arm and breaking into a run, "he 's found the Mouse's Hole!"

(To be concluded)

THE THISTLE ELF

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE



As I was walking by myself
I saw a very little elf;
He tried to make himself so small
That he could not be seen at all.

But I had seen him hide away
Behind a pebble where it lay,
And so I caught him in my hand,
And there the poor thing had to stand.

But as I tried to ask if he
Could grant me wishes one, two, three,
He flew away, the naughty chap!
But left the tassel from his cap!

My mother says it 's thistle seed;
Of course, she 's very wrong indeed,
For I know what it is, myself,
And keep it caref'ly on a shelf.



Photo by Gilliams Service

BEFORE TAKING OFF—OFFICER HANDING OBSERVER A PACKAGE OF PLATES

AVIATORS, NEW MAKERS OF WAR MAPS

By JAMES ANDERSON

THE MAKING of military maps in wars previous to the World War was often a long and tedious process, and, when of enemy positions, a most difficult one, with the result often more or less inaccurate, as such maps were necessarily based on information furnished by spies and prisoners.

In the recent war, all this was changed, and nowadays the enemy can hold few secrets as to positions of artillery, troops, trenches, or fortifications, for two additions to the machinery of modern warfare have changed the old-time methods of making military maps and transformed them into accurate records on which the fullest dependence can be placed, for a time at least.

The military aëroplane and the camera, in combination, used for the first time in the Great War, have put the stamp of accuracy on war maps as they can be made to-day.

Few civilians, even those who have become more or less familiar with the camera by amateur or professional use, have any idea of what a wonderful piece of accurate map-making a series of aërial photographs really are. Not one but hundreds of photographs often go into the make-up of such a map, and these are so carefully taken and so cunningly fitted together that a complete panorama, of minute detail, is finally obtained.

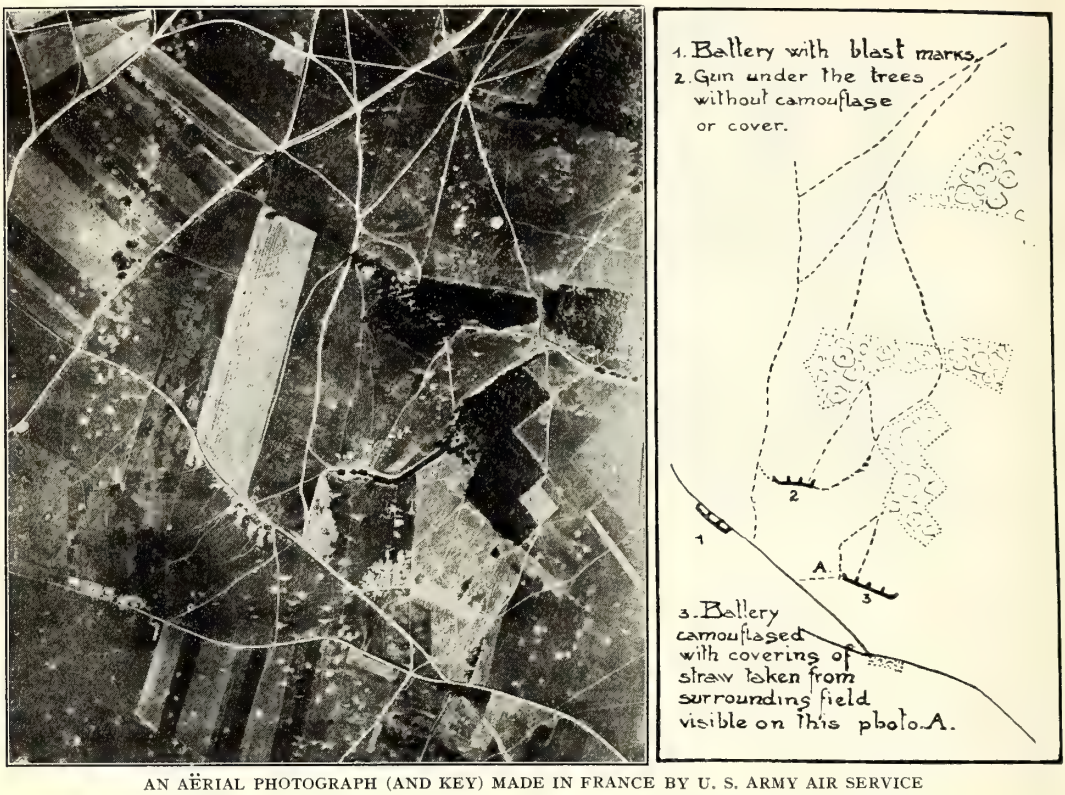
Much time and often many flights are necessary for such a picture-map, but the work goes on, section by section, until, with infinite daring on the part of the aviators, an accurate map of the enemy's defenses has been obtained.

It is interesting to get a mental picture of how the aviator map-makers go about their work. Suppose that it is a fine clear day, an ideal one for the aërial photographers. A machine is run out from the hangars, and pilot and observer mount to their places. It is not a fast aëroplane, as speed is not required, but each man is armed with a



INSPECTING CAMERAS BEFORE A FLIGHT

machine-gun, and attack from the air will be met with stout and efficient resistance. Attack from the ground cannot, however, be answered



AN AËRIAL PHOTOGRAPH (AND KEY) MADE IN FRANCE BY U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE

effectively. It can best be evaded by skilful manœuvers.

Through a hole in the fuselage, or body of the machine, a camera points earthward, capable of reproducing a considerable area on each plate exposed. The device with which the snap-shots are taken is as simple as it is ingenious, and it is almost "fool proof." It is the duty of the observer to take the photographs; of the pilot, to pass over the exact ground detailed for observation.

While the aviators are making their aëroplane ready, other men are carefully examining, for any possible defects, the camera to be used on the trip, and putting on board the machine the plates and all other necessary paraphernalia.

Then a photographic officer shows the observer-photographer, on a rough sketch, the area to be photographed, and when all is ready and instructions fully given and understood, the machine takes off.

In less than a half-hour the machine has crossed the enemy lines at a height of little more than 4000 feet. Far above it are small, fast scouts, ready to attack any aërial enemy that may attempt to interfere with the work below. From the first, anti-aircraft guns are uncomfortably attentive, but the bursts can at this stage be defeated by climbing, diving, or swerving movements.

It is when the actual objective of photographic attack has been reached that the real difficulties and dangers come. Further dodging and diving are no longer practical, since an accurate pictorial record can only be obtained by steady flying. The aëroplane must be as level as possible when a snap-shot is taken. Yet the enemy knows the purpose of the invader and chooses this moment to make his utmost effort to destroy him. The shell-bursts are thicker than ever, and as the range has been nicely judged, the bursts are well aimed.

In the midst of this, the two must do their work as steadily and quietly as if the air were still. Up and down, over the narrow section of ground whose secret must be won, the pilot steers, for the most part, an even course. Shells burst closely around them, on this side and that, beneath and above. At moments the pilot is forced to swerve, but he must quickly get level and resume his ordered course.

Meanwhile, the observer studies intently the pitted earth below, which would appear to the uninitiated as lacking in definite objects as a huge ploughed field. But his practised eye picks out its essential features, and regardless of the shells,

he presses his lever at carefully timed intervals. At last the deed is done—just as a shell bursts close under the tail of their airplane and tosses them upward, as a wave might lift a cork. Fortunately, the damage is slight.

"Finished?" asks the pilot, through his telephone.

"Wash out," says the observer.

And they swing for home, with an inevitable sense of relief.

It is all in the day's work—a very ordinary job. But even the airman's most ordinary job, as a risky experience, is out of the common. As for the knowledge obtained, it may prove of vital importance. The camera is more than an eye—it is a weapon; and the hand that controls it must be as steady as if it held a rifle.

Of course, the aviator-photographers must be experts at their work to obtain the desired results. They must, among other things, know accurately how much atmospheric haze their lens will penetrate. This knowledge will tell them whether to expose their plates at a height of two miles, or to descend through great danger to the half-mile level. There are also numerous other fine points of photography with which they must be familiar.

When the photographic map-making airmen return, their first duty, before leaving their machine, is to hand the exposed plates to a photographic officer who is waiting and whose duty it is to see that the plates are conveyed as quickly as possible to the dark-room in the nearby military laboratory, where the plates are most carefully developed by expert photographers. If the negatives turn out well, prints are made and the map-making begins. Should the negatives for any reason turn out badly, then the aviators are informed of the fact and the dangerous work has to be done over again.

Finally, when the photographic maps are completed they are shown to the aviators who made the negatives, and they go over them carefully to check up from memory any possible error in putting the prints together. At times, even, another flight is required for verification; but as a rule, this is not necessary.

Frequently, in the World War, when speed was demanded in the making of a photographic map of a certain section, so complete was the photographic organization that such a map was in the hands of the officers directing the movement of troops and the operation of the big guns, within a half-hour after the aviator returned from his flight with his precious negatives.

THE EAGLE AND THE TORTOISE

By C. J. BUDD

A TORTOISE desired to change his place of residence. Seeing an eagle passing, he asked him to carry him to his new home, promising him a rich reward for his assistance. The eagle agreed, and, seizing the tortoise by the shell with its talons, soared aloft.

When over a rocky shore, the eagle thought to himself, "Tortoise is good eating; why not let Mr. Tortoise slip from my hold and break his shell on the rocks below?"

Thinking was acting, and the tortoise was soon falling at a rapid rate. Now this was a very wise old tortoise, and he had prepared for such an emergency by concealing a parachute under his shell. As he felt himself slipping from the eagle's grasp, he pulled out the parachute. It soon filled with air, and he gently settled in the water, near the shore, much to the disgust of the astonished eagle!

When soaring high, never trust an enemy!





Oh Captain Kidd he sailed the sea,
And a bold bad buccaneer was he!
A ship he 'd strip from deck to hold,
And he 'd sail away with her goods and gold;
And he captured the whole of the crew, he did,
And made them slaves to Captain Kidd!

Our Captain Kid, he came one day
And he sat him down in our home to stay.
He 's dropped one *d* since he sailed the sea,
But a buccaneer no less is he,
For he captured us all at a blow, he did,
And we 're willing slaves of Captain Kid!



Oh, Captain Kid he came to land,
And we kneel to kiss his dimpled hand;
With his rosy smile and his eyes of blue,
We 'd walk the plank if he told us to!
He keeps his pike and his cutlas hid,
But he rules us all, does Captain Kid!





Perhaps They Are

by Arthur Guiterman

I OFTEN leave my dollies out
All night in pleasant weather;
But *they* don't mind—they love to rest
Beneath the trees together.

And once to where my dollies were
A band of fairies flew
And danced with them, because they thought
My dolls were fairies, too!





THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

PRESIDENT HARDING'S RECORD

THE Republican Administration went into office March 4, 1921, with a tremendous task ahead of it. The active work of readjustment of our national life had to be started.

President Harding did not rush in and try to do it all at once. He took time to get well settled before he began on his program. By July, when Washington was steaming in the hot weather, things were moving right along. The program began to take clear form in the public understanding.

The tariff bill was being debated in the House. There was a great to-do about it, and it became apparent that many old-time Democratic ideas had been made good by world conditions after the war. The bill called for a duty of 35 cents a barrel on crude petroleum and 25 cents a barrel on fuel oil, both of which had been admitted duty free under the Underwood tariff. The country, especially New England, objected so strenuously that the House voted, two to one, in favor of the amendment removing the proposed duties.

The bonus bill came up, and made a stir because the President made it the occasion of an address to the Senate, asking them to send the bill back to the committee for further study. The Secretary of the Treasury had reported his belief that the payment of the bonus would upset the financial condition of the country. It would impose a very heavy burden of taxation to pay a bonus to all veterans in proportion to the length of their service and regardless of whether they needed relief. The veterans would have had to help carry the load, and it was questionable whether they would gain. (Look up President Grant's veto of a pension bill.)

The biggest thing of this period was the President's letters to England, France, Italy, Japan, and China, asking whether they would care to be invited to a conference at Washington to consider limitation of armament and to talk over the interests of the nations in the Far East and on the Pacific. All except Japan expressed readiness to engage in the conference. Japan was willing to discuss limitation of armament, but wanted to know more about the proposal with regard to the Far-Eastern parley.

In July, too, President Harding signed the Peace Resolution, declaring that we were no longer at war with Germany. Such a resolution could of course really settle only the political phase; the matter of future relations with our defeated enemy remains for further treatment. Some critics said that in the end we would have to sign the Versailles Treaty, omitting the Covenant of the League of Nations. Others said it was a queer way for a victorious nation to end a war. But it did prepare the way for business relations. It made it unnecessary for us to hold an army of occupation abroad, and it left us with German property in this country seized in war time as security against our claims for damages. The resolution was signed at Raritan, New Jersey, and the name "The Peace of Raritan" has been used by some writers.

The Democrats in Congress have been inclined to taunt the new President with remarks about following the example of President Wilson, especially in his assumption of leadership over Congress. That is as unimportant as anything could be to the country at large. We want results, and the way they are obtained is a matter for the President and the Congress to settle between them. As for THE WATCH TOWER, it seems to us that just as President Wilson did a job that had to be done,—and in doing it did many good things and some that seem not so good now that it is all over,—so President Harding, taking up the after-war tasks, has shown wisdom and courage in his plans and in his methods of executing them.

TWO NEW LINKS

A STATUE of George Washington now stands in Trafalgar Square, London! The statue is a copy of the well-known work by Houdon, and the inscription on the pedestal reads: "Presented to the people of Great Britain and Ireland by the Commonwealth of Virginia, June 30, 1921."

Dr. H. L. Smith, president of Washington and Lee University, in making the presentation, spoke of the new relations between Great Britain and the United States, saying: "Seven years ago the Commonwealth of Virginia resolved to present this bronze statue of her most illustrious son to the Government and people of Great Britain. The Great War delayed the presentation, but it seemed as if it was a kindly providence that had delayed Virginia's gift, and so glorified and hallowed it. They are presenting to the Government and people of Great Britain this bronze likeness of one who forsook her flag, rejected her sovereignty, and fought against her king; and with splendid magnanimity Great Britain has answered the challenge by placing this one-time rebel on a pedestal amid the mighty monuments and memories of Trafalgar Square."

Another link in Anglo-American friendship will be forged when a monument, as recently proposed, is erected by the English people on Bunker Hill, near London, to perpetuate the memory of the Great War, when Americans and Britons, instead of opposing each other as they did long ago on our Bunker Hill, fought side by side against the enemy of civilization. There is room in the world for two Bunker Hill monuments.



Underwood & Underwood

THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON RECENTLY UNVEILED IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON

CHIEF-JUSTICE TAFT

WHEN Chief-Justice White died, probably almost every one who wondered who would succeed him in his high office thought first of William Howard Taft. Everybody knew that Mr. Taft would rather be in the Supreme Court than anywhere else. Mr. Taft is a natural-born judge. For many years he had wanted a place in the highest court in the land, and nobody could be better fitted for it than he; but in one way and another—not omitting his own refusal to accept appointment—it had slipped away from him. When at last the right opportunity came, we may be sure that the former President was a happy man.

In the War Department, in the Presidency, and in various ways and positions all his life, Mr. Taft has served his country loyally and well. He is the first man who has ever held the Presidency and the chief-justiceship, and there are no two offices in all the world of higher honor and greater importance. We miss our guess, though, if William Howard Taft is not happier as a judge than he was as President!

WE 'VE ALL INVESTED IN CHINA!

PRETTY nearly all of us have sent money to China to help relieve the distress and suffering caused by the famine, and it 's quite natural that we should be interested in what is going on there. Let us see:

China has three sorts of problems: those of domestic politics, those of her relationship with Japan, and those that involve other nations.

China is having civil war. It is more than a fight between opposing political ideas; it is the war between old ideas and new. A great many of the younger Chinese are anxious to see their great country wake up to modern Western ideas, change its old customs and join in the world's progress. The older folks resist. Perhaps the youngsters are trying to go too fast; no doubt the oldsters are too slow for the twentieth-century pace.

Japan is powerful, ambitious, wide-awake, and working all the time. The Japanese undoubtedly consider themselves superior to the Chinese, and may really believe that they are helping China in spite of herself when they insist on pushing into Chinese affairs. The Republicans, followers of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, think the government at Pekin is betraying the nation when, to get money, it trades railroad rights to Japan in exchange for financial support.

The young reformers think that Japan is trying to exploit their country. They think the Japanese idea is something like "Japan *über alles*." They oppose renewal of the treaty between Great Britain and Japan, saying it can do nothing but harm to China. They say they do not want any power, Eastern or Western, to guarantee their independence or national integrity. They want the Open Door, the right to regulate their own affairs, and to deal with other nations on free and equal terms.

These young Chinese are most friendly to the United States. They study American ideas and ideals, and want to see their countrymen adopt them. They think that we are ready to give them fairer treatment than other Western nations do. They look to us not for political assistance, but for fair play in our own dealings with them. The United States was the one nation that refused to share in the Boxer indemnity. The United States has helped most liberally in the time of trouble brought by the long drought. Why should they not look to us for friendship?

Perhaps they wonder why we did not give them more practical help in the matter of Shantung. Perhaps they think we started well, but did n't finish. And perhaps, too, they understand how the United States had to be satisfied with less than its full program at Versailles. At any rate, we have no reason to suppose anything about our position in the esteem of the Chinese people as a whole except that it is one of friendship. And the friendship of China is worth having!

Dr. Schurman, our new Ambassador to China, will have a wonderful opportunity to do good work for the nation he represents and the nation before which he represents it. The fact is that a good many of the young and modern Chinese regard Dr. Schurman as too strong a friend of Japan to be quite as good a friend of China as they would like the American ambassador to be. Dr. Schurman's task will not be easy, because of the deep division of the two sections of the people of China; but it may be that his best opportunity will spring from the very fact of that division. He will be able, perhaps, to use his influence as an American to bring about harmony in the great empire.

The ambassador's duty is of course to Uncle Sam first; but the more he can do for the advancement of China, the better it will be for Uncle Sam's friendly interest in China.

THE SHIPPING BOARD

ONE of President Harding's early appointments was that of Albert D. Lasker as chairman of the United States Shipping Board. The appointment was regarded with disfavor by some, as Mr. Lasker had been head of a big advertising business, and that was not supposed to prove his fitness for the task of bringing order out of the chaos into which Uncle Sam's war-time ship-building activities had got him. But it did not take the new chairman and his colleagues long to show that they were the right set of men for at least the first part of the job—that of analyzing the situation and ascertaining just what was wrong.

They found enough to suit anybody! They reported that the only thing to do with a large part of our expenditures on war-time ships was to call it a loss, and let it go at that. Mr. Lasker estimated the probable loss at four billion dollars. This is simply part of the bill that has to be paid for a great war for which we were absolutely unprepared, and for our part in which we had to go ahead without counting the cost. In this view the ships were nothing more or less than munitions, special war-time equipment, to be scrapped when the war was ended.

But Mr. Lasker found also that in 1920 the nation's shipping business had got into such a tangle that the losses were still continuing. Huge sums were spent on up-keep of vessels that did nothing to bring in a return; and that was a different story. It set us to wondering what could be done to put a stop to the waste. And that

was where the Shipping Board's real task began. A constructive program had to be devised.

It seems, counting out the cost of building the ships and running them in the war years, and looking only at the handling of the business since the war stopped, that things were badly mismanaged in connection with the shipping division of our business. Mr. Lasker and his team-mates will probably have got the snarl untangled by the time this number of ST. NICHOLAS is published and that will be one of the successes of the Harding Administration in cleaning up the mess left by our war work.

THE PILGRIMS' PROGRESS

THE great formal celebrations of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers at Plymouth were held during the summer, and probably a good many people who were interested in it then have stopped thinking about it now. But three hundred years ago the colonists had got through their first winter in the new country, had seen their first summer's crops ripen ready for the autumn harvest, and were looking ahead to their second winter. They had had pretty hard going of it, but by this time there was no doubt, as there had been in the dark days of that first winter, that their experiment was going to be a success.

The boys and girls who are studying American history will find it interesting and well worth while to keep right on following the story of the Pilgrims and the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Those who do so will acquire a deep and thorough understanding of the beginnings of many of our good American institutions.

How long shall you keep it up? Well, ladies and gentlemen, I would say—three hundred years! To my mind, the Pilgrims' Progress is still going on. There are some persons who think we have gone woefully far from the simplicity of those "good old times"; that we have changed greatly, and not wholly for the better. To me, though, it seems that the spirit of the early colonists has gone right on working in this nation, and is working in it to-day.

More than that, I think we have not merely inherited the spirit of the Pilgrims, and the spirit of all the other brave adventurers who settled the wilderness of this continent, but have taken our inheritance and used it and made it grow, and are to-day receiving interest on the investment. I think America to-day is like a deep body of water, whose surface may be ruffled by storms, but at whose heart there is peace.

If you start, this fall, reading the story of the Pilgrims in the years after their landing, you are very likely to go on, year after year, reading the fascinating history of this great nation; and the more you read of it, the more glad and proud you will be of your Americanism.



Underwood & Underwood

THE "LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS," IN THE TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION AT PLYMOUTH

SCHOOL—THE FOUNDATION

THE opening of a new school-year is a pretty important event in the life of this nation. And don't think we are babbling when we say that! It 's the straightest kind of straight talk; not theory, but hard fact. If the schools of this country were to be closed for one year, America would lose—well, more than we know how to measure.

The United States is a democracy, a land where the people rule. If we had a system of oligarchy, rule by the few, or a monarchy, we might get along with little general schooling—perhaps. But in a democracy the education of all the people is a necessity. A democracy can last successfully only if the average of intelligence is high.

Public opinion is the greatest force in a democratic society. When public opinion rests on universal education, it is trustworthy and a safe guide. Public opinion is made up of the opinions of the millions of individuals who constitute the public. That 's elementary, but well worth keeping in mind. Indeed, I think the very thing this country needs most to-day is to get right down to the elementary things, like a football team drilling in the fundamentals, as the coaches say.

Education is the foundation on which our national life is built. Your school work is important

to America. Don't think of it as drudgery, something you do just because you have to. Think of it as your part of the big American job. Start that way this month—and stick to it!

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

GENERAL DAWES announced that he could save $112,000,000 in a year by managing the government business at Washington on a budget basis. One thing that makes government business expensive is that the offices always like to spend all that is appropriated, whether it is necessary or not; then, when that is used up, it is possible to get a deficiency appropriation to cover any deficit. General Dawes is simply running Uncle Sam's affairs the way a big business house manages its concerns. All the department heads and staffs coöperated readily with him. Probably they were glad to have some one take hold and bring order out of the chaos.



Wide World Photo

PRESIDENT HARDING CHRISTENING THE "RARITAN"

IT was a great pleasure to read of the visit of King George to Belfast for the opening of the first Ulster parliament. I read his fine speech with joy and hope. Later, it was pleasant to learn that the king's ministers were ready to back him up; and the news that Lloyd George, De Valera, and Sir James Craig were to have a conference and try to get things straightened out was good news indeed. When this number of ST. NICHOLAS is read, the result of the conference will be history. Perhaps the long struggle will be ended; perhaps not. But in any event, it will have been proved at least that English leaders and Irish leaders can get together in friendly fashion and try to talk things out. Even if the conference is a failure, the issue will have been more clearly defined.

It is good to be able at last to say something about England and Ireland at which no reasonable person can be offended!

THE plan to have applicants for admission to this country inspected by agents at our consular offices abroad would prevent a good deal of distress caused by our having to turn back at our ports the undesirables and those in excess of the percentage allowance. But its complete success would depend on the character of the men who made the inspection. Unless they were absolutely honest as well as capable, they might make more trouble than the present system causes.

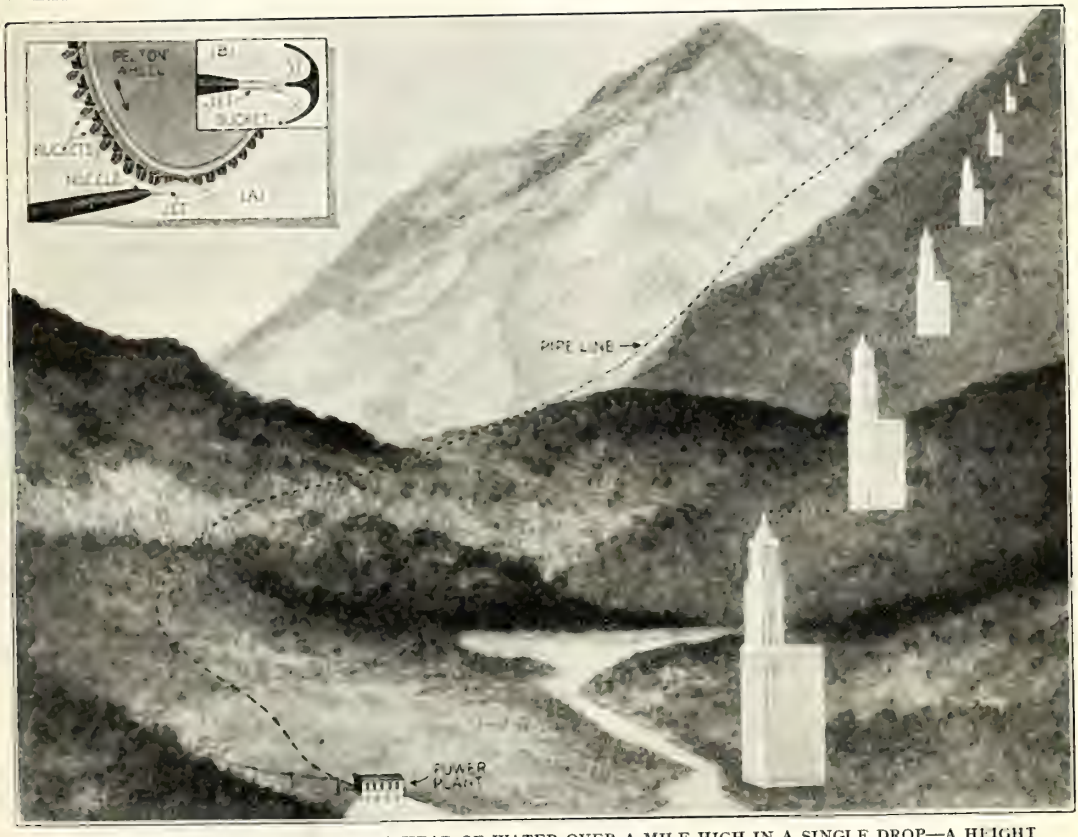
ON the Fourth of July President Harding delivered a patriotic address in one sentence when he acted as sponsor at the launching of a rowboat, built by the nine-year-old son of Senator Frelinghuysen, at Raritan, N. J.

The President said, "As a tribute to American boyhood, who build castles in the air, who build boats, and whose achievements in the future will build this country, I christen this boat, the handiwork of Joe Frelinghuysen, the *Raritan*."

The *Raritan* will sail over a water hazard on the Raritan Valley Country Club golf-course in search of misdirected balls.

WHAT Senator Henry Cabot Lodge said at the memorial services held in July over the bodies of the soldier dead brought home from France must have come straight from the heart. One little sentence of four words in his speech embodied beautifully and completely the spirit of the occasion: "*Here they lie victorious.*"

These memorial services were held just before the third anniversary of Château-Thierry. From that anniversary until the coming of Armistice Day, in November, every hour that passes recalls the tremendous days of 1918, when Americans were living in one high hope and brave resolve—the hope and resolve that these gallant soldiers of ours gave their lives to make sure.



THE PELTON WHEEL CAN HANDLE A HEAD OF WATER OVER A MILE HIGH IN A SINGLE DROP—A HEIGHT EQUAL TO SEVEN WOOLWORTH BUILDINGS. INSET, DETAIL OF WHEEL. (SEE NEXT PAGE)

THE BUCKET THAT DID NOT SPLASH

MANY a reliable invention has come from an accidental occurrence; but coupled with the chance event, there must always be some observant individual to grasp the situation and make the most of it. And so it behooves us to be ever on the alert, ready to take in the lesson that chance may teach us. It was chance that led to the discovery of the Pelton wheel. Prior to its invention, there were three general types of water-wheels that had been handed down to us from the days of the ancient Egyptians: the overshot wheel, in which the water flows over the top of the wheel and turns it partly by its weight and partly by its velocity; the undershot wheel, in which the water strikes against the buckets at the bottom of the wheel and turns the wheel by its velocity alone; and the breast-wheel, in which the water enters the buckets at the rear of the wheel near the top and turns the wheel by its weight alone.

In the Western States, where water-power of high head is plentiful, they used to use a type of undershot wheel known as a "hurdy-gurdy." By the "head" we mean the difference in height between the source of the water and the point where the water-wheel is located. Because of the high heads used, the water struck the hurdy-gurdy wheels with high velocity. A large stream of water was not required, because the water made up in velocity or momentum for what it lacked in quantity or weight. Therefore the hurdy-gurdy wheel was fitted with a large number of small cup-shaped buckets against which the stream of water played.

Now there used to be a man named Pelton who journeyed about repairing wheels that were damaged. He was not an engineer, but a good practical mechanic; not a college graduate, but a student in the university of common sense. One day he was called upon to repair a bucket that

in some way had been shifted sideways, so that the water did not hit it squarely. A common mechanic would have set the bucket back in place and thought nothing more about the event. But not so Pelton. His observant eye had caught something peculiar about that bucket. There was always a great deal of splashing about a hurdy-gurdy wheel, because the water struck the buckets at a very high velocity, but for some reason there was no splash when the water struck this misplaced bucket. Pelton knew that splashing and spattering meant just so much loss of power, and here was a bucket which was doing its work without any fussing. Apparently it was more efficient than any other bucket in the wheel, and yet he had been called upon to set it back, where it would splash as badly as the rest. Pelton investigated the matter and found that the reason why the bucket worked so smoothly was because the jet of water struck the edge first and ran into the bucket, following its curved face. His first thought was to shift the whole wheel sideways, so that all the buckets would receive the water in the same glancing way; but he was enough of a mechanic to know that the glancing blows of the water on each bucket would set up severe side-strains in the wheel. Then it occurred to him to use twin buckets, letting the water-jet strike a partition between the two and be parted into two streams curving in opposite directions, so that the side-thrust of one would balance the side-thrust of the other. Thus the Pelton wheel was born.

In the accompanying drawing the inset *A* shows part of a large Pelton wheel and the water-jet striking the buckets at the bottom of the wheel; while inset *B* is a sectional view of one of the buckets, showing how the jet is divided by the ridge between the twin cups of the bucket, and, flowing into each cup, is turned back on itself, giving up its velocity to the wheel and then dropping dead from the bucket.

Such is the history of the Pelton wheel, which is practically the only type of wheel used nowadays where there is any considerable head of water. When the head is low, turbine wheels are used. There are several different types of these, but as they are entirely unlike the Pelton wheels we need not describe them here. They can be used only with a low head of water.

On the Mississippi River at Keokuk is located the largest turbine power-plant in the world. The head of water is only forty feet. In contrast with this there is a Pelton-wheel plant at Big Creek, California, which produces a quantity of power not very far below that of the great Mississippi plant, and yet, despite its name, Big Creek is only a small mountain stream. However, the water has a drop of 4000 feet! So great is the head, that it was decided not to use it all in a single fall, but in two stages of 2000 feet each. That is the highest head in this country. But in Switzerland there is a power-plant that uses a head of over a mile (5412 feet to be exact) all in a single drop!

We have tried to show what this means in the accompanying drawing, by using the Woolworth Building as a yardstick to scale off the height. The Woolworth Building, the tallest structure in the world next to the Eiffel Tower, is 792 feet high. Seven of these buildings placed one above the other would reach a height of 5544 feet, or but slightly more than the vertical drop of the water. Of course the water does not drop vertically; it is led through a tunnel and a pipe-line, all told about four miles from the lake to the power-plant. Our illustration is not taken from a photograph of the region, but is merely a sketch to give some idea of the enormous head of water.

At the power-plant there are four huge Pelton wheels, each 12 feet in diameter and fitted with 54 twin buckets. Each wheel is driven by a single jet and develops 3000 horse-power. The wheels make 500 revolutions a minute; in other words, they travel at the circumference at the rate of 200 miles per hour. Because of this enormous velocity, careful attention has been paid to the anchoring of the buckets in the wheel, so as to keep them from flying off by centrifugal force. It is interesting to note that 150 horse-power is absorbed in overcoming the air friction developed by each wheel.

A. RUSSELL BOND.

HENEQUEN, OR SISAL HEMP

DOWN in Yucatan, of which country it is a native and where every available square inch is given to its cultivation, grows the plant on which we depend to bind up our sheaves of grain at harvest time. This is the plant (*Agave rigida*) that produces henequen, or sisal hemp, as it is called. In appearance it might easily be mistaken for the century-plant (*Agave americana*) with which we are familiar, but if we examined one of its long leaves we should find that its margins were smooth, with only a single spine at the tip, instead of having a row of prickles down each edge. The plant grows only in very hot climates, in dry, sandy, unshaded soil. It can live even upon the bare coral rocks of the Florida Keys. Varying conditions of soil and climate of course produce different grades of the plant.

When ready to be harvested, every mestizo and Indian that can be procured is called into service. The long, thick, pointed leaves, often measuring five or six feet in length, are cut close to the

stem of the plant, a peculiar knife, called a machete, being used for the purpose.

After being cut, the leaves are passed between two wheels, which scrape away the pulp, leaving only the long fibers. The machine then combs out, dries, and flattens them, and they finally emerge as long threads, which are packed and pressed into big bundles, resembling bales of hay, and transported by mule-cart



Publishers Photo Service
HARVESTING IN YUCATAN





TRANSFORMING THE LEAVES INTO FIBER (ABOVE), AND PACKING THE FIBER INTO BALES (BELOW)

or rail to the nearest port for shipment to the United States, where they are made into rope or twine for reapers and binders and other farm uses.

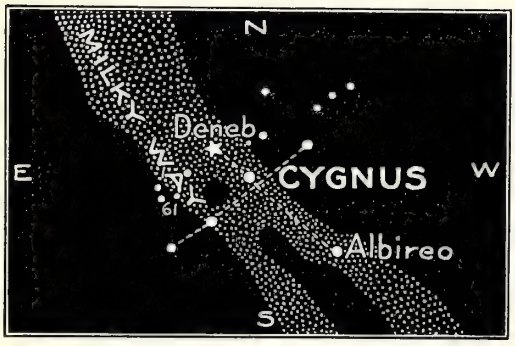
From the henequen plant, alcohol is sometimes manufactured, and even sugar can be made from it, but only by a long and difficult process.

The henequen estates are beautiful places, having large houses and gardens for the owners, and plenty of Indians to serve them. A day spent as a guest on one of these plantations is not soon forgotten.

L. DE J. OSBORNE.

THE CONSTELLATIONS FOR SEPTEMBER

ONE of the most beautiful constellations of the northern hemisphere is Cygnus, The Swan, which is in the zenith in mid-latitudes about nine o'clock in the evening during the middle of September. It lies directly in the path of the Milky Way which stretches diagonally across the heavens from the northeast to the southwest at this time. In Cygnus, the Milky Way divides into two branches, one passing through Ophiuchus and Serpens to Scorpio, constellations that we have met before, and the other through Sagitta and Aquila to Sagittarius, to meet again in the southern constellation of Ara, just south of Scorpio and Sagittarius. On clear, dark evenings, when there is no moonlight, this long, dark rift in the Milky Way can be seen very clearly. In Cygnus, as in Ophiuchus, Scorpio, and Sagittarius we find wonderful star-clouds, consisting of numberless stars so distant from us and, therefore, so faint that they do not appear as distinct points of light except in the greatest telescopes. It is the combined light from these numberless faint stars that cannot be seen separately that produces this impression of stars massed in clouds of nebulous light and gives to this portion of the universe its name of the Milky Way. It is because we are looking through a great depth of star-filled space in the direction of the Milky Way, in which some



THE CONSTELLATION CYGNUS

groups of stars lie far beyond other groups, that the stars appear to us to be crowded and massed together. In Cygnus, the Milky Way is crossed by dark rifts and bars that are believed to be dark nebulas consisting of non-luminous gases that shut off the light from regions beyond. It is in this constellation, also, that one may see with the aid of powerful telescopes vast, irregular, luminous nebulas, like great clouds of fiery mist. These nebulas are as distant as the stars and of enormous extent, for they cover space that could be filled by hundreds of stars and which light would take hundreds of years to cross.

Cygnus is a constellation filled with the wonders and mysteries of space and abounds in beautiful objects of varied kinds. It is a region one never tires of exploring with the telescope. The principle stars in Cygnus form the well-known Northern Cross, with the beautiful, white, first-magnitude star Deneb, or Arided, as it is sometimes called, at the top of the cross, and Albireo, the orange-and-blue double star at the foot. Albireo among all the pairs of contrasting hues, has the distinction of being considered the finest double star in the heavens for small telescopes. This star marks the head of The Swan, as well as the foot of the Northern Cross, and Deneb marks the tail. A short distance to the southeast of Deneb, on the right wing of The Swan, is a famous little star, 61 Cygni, barely visible to the naked eye and forming a little triangle with two brighter stars to the east. This has the distinction of being the first star to have its distance from the solar system determined. The famous mathematician and astronomer Bessel accomplished this difficult feat in the year 1838. Since that day, the distances of many stars have been found by various methods, but of this number only four or five are known to be nearer to us than 61 Cygni. Its distance is about eight light-years, so that its light takes about eight years to travel the distance that separates it from the solar system. As a result, we see it not as it is to-night, but as it was at the time when the light now entering our eyes first started on its journey, eight years ago. 61 Cygni is also a double star, and the combined light of the two stars gives forth only one tenth as much light as our own sun. Most of the brilliant first-magnitude stars give forth many times as much light as the sun; but among the fainter stars, we find some that appear faint because they are very distant, and some that are faint because they are dwarf stars and have little light to give forth. To the class of near-by, feebly-shining dwarf stars 61 Cygni belongs. Deneb, on the other hand, is one of the giant stars, and is at an immeasurably great distance from the solar system.

Just south of Cygnus in the eastern branch of the Milky Way lie Sagitta, The Arrow, and Aquila, The Eagle. Not far to the northeast of Aquila is the odd little constellation of Delphinus, The Dolphin, popularly referred to as Job's Coffin. There will be no difficulty in finding this small star-group, owing to its peculiar diamond-shaped configuration. Its five principle stars are of the fourth magnitude, and there are no objects of particular interest in the group.

Sagitta, The Arrow, lies midway between Albireo and the brilliant Altair in Aquila. The point of the arrow is indicated by the star that is farthest east; and the feather, by the two faint stars

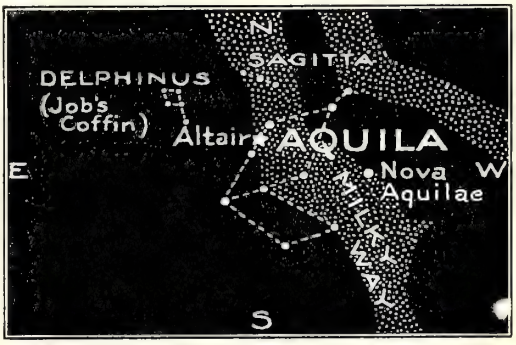
to the west close together. Like Delphinus, this constellation is very small and contains no objects of particular interest.

Altair (Flying Eagle) is the brilliant white star of the first magnitude in Aquila and is attended by two fainter stars, one on either side, at nearly equal distances from it. These two stars serve readily to distinguish this star, all three stars being nearly in a straight line. Altair is one of the nearer stars, its distance from the earth being about sixteen light-years. It gives forth about ten times as much light as the sun.

We cannot leave the constellation of Aquila without referring to the wonderful temporary star or nova, known as Nova Aquilæ No. 3 (because it was the third nova to appear in this constellation), which appeared in the position indicated on the chart upon the eighth of June, 1918. A few days previous to this date, there was in this position an extremely faint star, invisible to the naked eye and in small telescopes as well. This is known to be so from later examinations of photographs of this region that had been taken at the Harvard College Observatory, where such work is carried on regularly for the purpose of having a record of celestial changes and happenings. Clouds prevented the obtaining of any photographs of this part of the heavens on the four nights preceding the eighth of June, but on this evening there shone in the place of the faint telescopic star a wonderful temporary star, or nova, which was destined on the next evening to outshine all stars in the heavens, with the exception of the brightest of all, Sirius, which it closely rivaled in brilliancy at the height of its outburst. Within less than a week's time, then, a faint star in the Milky Way for some mysterious reason increased in brightness many thousandfold. Such outbursts had been recorded before, on rare occasions, however. No star since the appearance of the nova known as Kepler's star, in the year 1604, which at its greatest brilliancy rivaled Jupiter, shone with such splendor or attracted so much attention as Nova Aquilæ. In the year 1901, there appeared in the constellation of Perseus a star known as Nova Persei which at its brightest rivaled Polaris, but its splendor was not to be compared with that of the wonderful nova of 1918.

It speaks well for the zeal and interest of the amateur astronomers, as well as for their knowledge of the stars, that Nova Persei was discovered by an amateur astronomer, Dr. Anderson, and that among the deluge of telephone-calls and telegrams received at the Harvard College Observatory on the night of June eighth, announcing independent discoveries of the "new star," were many from non-professional astronomers.

Like all stars of this class, Nova Aquilæ No. 3 sank rapidly into oblivion. In a few weeks it was only a third magnitude star; a few weeks more, and it was invisible without a telescope. Many wonderful and interesting changes were recorded in the appearance of this star, however, even after it had become visible only in the telescope. Soon after its outburst it appeared to develop a nebulous envelop, as had other novas before it. It



AQUILA, SAGITTA, AND DELPHINUS

showed in addition many of the peculiarities of the nebulas, though the central star remained visible as before the outburst.

Astronomers are still in doubt as to the cause of these outbursts, which herald celestial catastrophies of some sort, but they hope in time to solve the mystery through observations and comparisons of other outbursts of this nature. All novas possess one characteristic in common—that of appearing exclusively in the Milky Way; and another is that of developing a nebular envelop after the outburst of greatest brightness. Stars of this nature in some cases have been known to be variable in brightness for some years before the great outburst. Such a star was Nova Aquila, for the examination of photographs of this region taken some years previous showed variations in its brightness.

Up to the beginning of this century only about thirty novas had been discovered. Since that date, thanks to the vigilance of the astronomer of to-day and to the aid of photography, more have been discovered than in all the preceding centuries. These outbursts, then, appear to be not so rare as the earlier astronomers believed, though great outbursts as brilliant as that of Nova Aquila are very uncommon.

There are no planets visible in the evening sky this month, as Jupiter and Saturn are now too close to the sun to be visible. In the morning sky, just before sunrise, may be seen Venus, which moves swiftly among the stars this month, and Mars, which is now becoming a conspicuous object in this part of the heavens.

ISABEL M. LEWIS.

THE FLIGHT OF THE TIPTOE TWINS



1. THE TIPTOE TWINS ONE WINDY DAY,



2. CHASED THE MAPLE SEEDS AT PLAY.



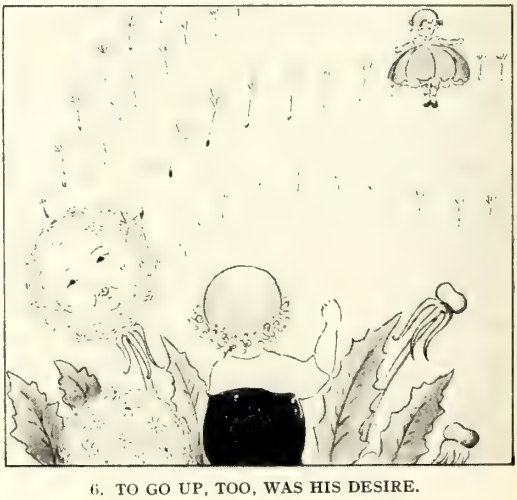
3. THEY WATCHED THE WINGED SEEDS GO BY.



4. ONE TWIN SAILED UP INTO THE SKY.



5. THE OTHER SAW HER MOUNTING HIGHER,



6. TO GO UP, TOO, WAS HIS DESIRE.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



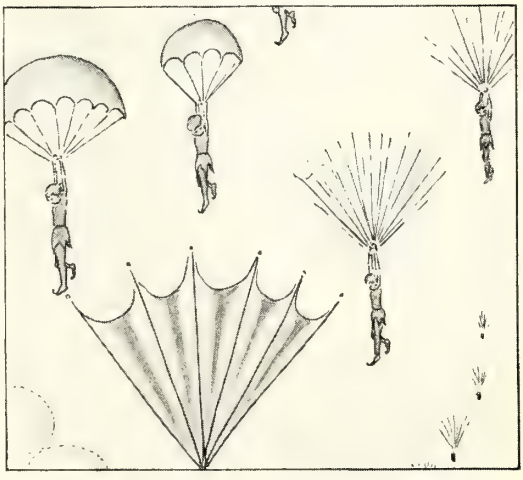
7. AND SO THAT HE MIGHT FOLLOW SUIT,



8. HE MADE HIMSELF A PARACHUTE,



9. AND, THUS EQUIPPED, HE SAILED ON HIGH,



11. BUT WHEN AT LAST THEY TRIED TO STOP.



10. WHERE FAIRY SEEDS WERE WONT TO FLY.



12. THEY CAME DOWN WITH A SUDDEN DROP!

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY GRACE HAYS, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

THE September LEAGUE ought to bring a "proud moment" to every member of that far-flung company. The prose is interesting—every story is one worth telling and reading; the verse, "In Harvest-time," has all the mellowness of an autumn day, while the drawings and photographs make the pages exceedingly attractive.

The Editor has his proud moments, too, when he reads the contributions of prose and verse and examines the drawings and photographs each month, and realizes what a splendid group of boys and girls the LEAGUE has—loyal, earnest, interested workers, who try again and again, month after month, improving and drawing nearer the coveted goal, and at last "going over the top" with, perhaps, a silver badge for a decoration! Then they are in line for the gold one and the later designation as an Honor Member. These are (and justly so) truly proud moments for our LEAGUE boys and girls.

And to take pride in a piece of work well done, or pleasure in a merited reward is wholesome encouragement to better things! We wish our LEAGUE members many more proud moments—in verse and picture as well as prose. We also wish them well in their school work, which this month of September ushers in again. Vacation days look now as though they occupied only a small part of the calendar, but class time is well interspersed with holidays not far distant—Columbus Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's. All are worth looking forward to, and all are good subjects for the LEAGUE!

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 258

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badge, **Mary V. Fulton** (age 15), Minnesota. Silver Badges, **Katharine Powell** (age 12), New Jersey; **Elizabeth Evans Hughes** (age 13), District of Columbia; **Ottilie Hoffbauer** (age 16), New York; **Low E. Gaillard** (age 14), South Carolina; **Barbara Simison** (age 13), Massachusetts.

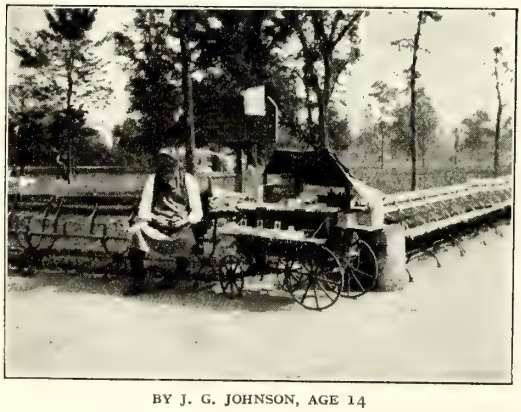
VERSE. Gold Badge, **Margaret W. Hall** (age 14), Massachusetts. Silver Badges, **Elizabeth Paisley** (age 16), Arkansas; **Helen R. Noyes** (age 12), Connecticut; **Adelaide Hemingway** (age 15), D. C.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badge, **Theodore Hall, Jr.** (age 15), District of Columbia. Silver Badges, **Grace Hays** (age 14), New York; **Frances M. Frost** (age 15), Vermont.

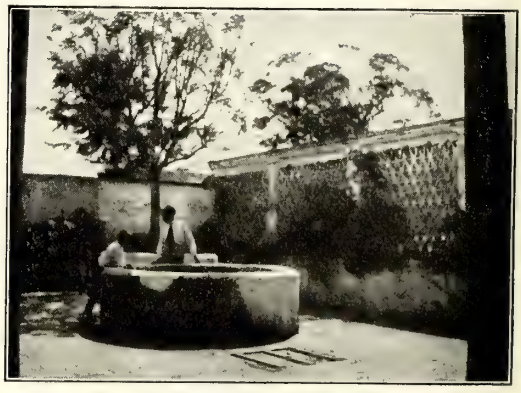
PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver Badges, **Francis Donaldson, Jr.** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Ethel Mildred Hunter,** (age 13), Illinois; **Phyllis Dale** (age 12), Wisconsin; **Virginia Michaelis** (age 14), Georgia; **Marion Blake** (age 16), Massachusetts; **Margaret I. Cross** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Ruth Colburn Bowler** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Samuel Riker** (age 15), New Jersey.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badges, **Mary Evelyn Colgate** (age 15), New York; **Katharine B. Cochran** (age 15), New Jersey; **Florence Lemkau** (age 12), New Jersey.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver Badge, **Betty Huse** (age 12), New York.



BY J. G. JOHNSON, AGE 14



BY RAFAEL A. PEYRÈ, AGE 15

"AT THE CORNER"

A PROUD MOMENT

BY MARY V. FULTON (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1920)

ALMOST four centuries and a half ago, a small ship set sail from one of the ports of the Old World, bound for great adventures. All eyes were turned toward a young man with large dreamy eyes who was standing on the deck. Columbus, for it was he, had had a vision, and now, aroused by the taunts of old and young, from the learned men who argued with him in their councils, to the boys who threw stones at him, he was going to prove it.

Many months of weary sailing followed, beset by dangers of the sea and of mutiny by his crew, but Columbus remained faithful to his quest.

"Let us go home, our families and sweethearts need us," the men begged daily.

"Sail on! Sail on!" was his only reply.

Finally one day, after many months of sailing, a shout was heard from the mast—"Land!"

How the sound thrilled through Columbus! It was indeed land, not the long-searched-for India, but a country destined to a still greater importance. What a proud moment for Columbus! He had at last proved his dream, and he was destined to live through all the centuries as the man who braved every danger with the two famous words, "Sail on!"

THE HARVEST

BY HELEN R. NOYES (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

THREE years ago came harvest, the harvesting of death.
(For "I am harvesting the fields," the great gun saith!)
The sickle and the scythe were gone, where death had held his dance,
And that year was bloody harvest in the battered fields of France.

Two years ago came harvest, the harvesting of tears,
For where were gone the armies that fought so many years?
To the crosses on the hillside, where death had held his dance,
That year was tearful harvesting in the sacred fields of France.

But this year comes the harvest, the harvesting of love,
For clouds have cleared, the sun shines bright, the sky is blue above.
And so the fiddles play now, and village maidens dance,
This year is happy harvest in the verdant fields of France.

A PROUD MOMENT

BY OTTILIE HOFFBAUER (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

"BLACK HAWK is coming!"

In that sentence lay a world of terror for the women and children of a little town in Illinois. They were gathered on the village green one beautiful spring day, watching, with anxiety and love, the brave young men who had volunteered to defend them and were now met to choose their officers.

Tall and strong were the men. Not one but had worked and suffered, as only the pioneer works and suffers. Not one but had faced a danger greater than Black Hawk and his Indian warriors—the danger of starvation and death in the wilderness.

What the women and children saw was but a little incident to them. Far to the right stood a young man but a few years over twenty, the tallest and strongest of them all. A casual observer might have called him homely, but the dark eyes were so honest and frank, the mouth so determined, yet tender, and the whole face so full of rugged health and intelligence, that it must have been a cold heart indeed which did not soon feel admiration, forgetful of the awkwardness, the big hands, and coarse black hair.

As this man stood there, hardly mindful of the scene about him, he became suddenly aware of the fact that fully three quarters of the volunteers had grouped themselves about him. He could not immediately realize that in this way they signified that they wished him as their captain. But when it dawned upon him, his eyes shone with a new light and he felt a glad warmth creep through him.

Years after this, Abraham Lincoln said that at none of the other and greater successes of his life did he feel more proud and happy than he did at this, his first one.



"AT THE CORNER." BY FRANCIS DONALDSON, JR., AGE 12 (SILVER BADGE)

IN HARVEST-TIME

(Suggested by a cartoon in "The Chicago Tribune")

BY MARGARET W. HALL (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May, 1921)

WHEN the day dawns cool and crisply
And the forest 's all ablaze;
When the noons are still and drowsy
And the sky-line veiled with haze;
When the pumpkin 's huge and golden
And the corn is in the shock;
Then to hill and vale and forest
The eery wee folk flock.

When the twilight gathers deeply
In the corn-field, 'neath the tree,
And the golden moon peeps softly
On the timid folk and me;
Then there come to this old meadow
Deeds and scenes of long ago:
The corn-shock is a wigwam;
Pumpkins, camp-fires all a-glow.

And around this dusky village
Are the war-dance and the game;
Here the old chief tells of battles
In which he won his fame.
But at length their shapes grow dimmer
And the phantoms steal away;
The wigwams stand as corn-shocks,
'Round which soft shadows play.

A PROUD MOMENT

BY JIM ROSS (AGE 11)

It was a cold day in December. Mary was in her room reading a new number of St. Nicholas. She had taken it for a long time, and liked it better than any other magazine she had ever seen.

Mary was looking over the stories, when she remembered that she had sent in a story some time ago. If it was accepted, it would appear in the number she was looking at. Quickly she turned the pages of the League until she came to the list of Special Mention. Very carefully she read the names, and, as she finished, a look of disappointment could be seen on her face.

Mary's mother, who was passing the door, stopped and said, "What is the matter, dear?" "Oh!" said Mary, "I thought my name would at least be under 'Special Mention,' but it is n't."

"Let me see the St. Nicholas a minute, dear," said her mother. Then, turning the pages she said, "Here is your name, and your story too."

Mary took the book. It was the proudest moment in her life. She had won the gold badge of the St. Nicholas League!

A PROUD MOMENT

BY KATHARINE POWELL (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

Here it was, almost the end of the last period in the big game of the season, and Billy Walker had adorned the bench through all the preceding time, and, worse yet, he was still performing that unimportant duty. Jim Maynard, Billy's rival for the position at left end, had been playing a good game and showed no signs of weakening now.

Kenwood Academy was as good as beaten, the score being 6 to 3 in Glenfield's favor, and Kenwood was doing her best to keep her rivals from scoring again. These thoughts were passing through Billy's mind when they were suddenly interrupted by hearing his name called. Was he really to get in the game after his season of hard work? Yes, Jim Maynard was being helped off the field, and Billy's neighbor was nudging him in the ribs.

Only a few minutes of playing-time remained, and it was Glenfield's ball on Kenwood's fifteen-yard line. Big Joe Bennet was calling the signals, and as Billy listened he realized that he, Billy, was to take the ball!

After using much strategy and much force, Billy found himself with a clear field ahead. With friend and foe pounding after him, he crossed one white line after another, and just as a rival back got a good grip on his legs, he fell across the last line.

Billy Walker had made the winning touch-down for Kenwood, and he left the field that day on the shoulders of his team-mates. And oh, but it was a proud moment in his life!



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER"
BY THEODORE HALL, JR., AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1921)



"A FAMILIAR OBJECT"
BY ALICE LILLIAN MACLEAN, AGE 14



"A FAMILIAR OBJECT"
BY HAROLD F. MURPHY
AGE 12

HARVEST-TIME

BY ELIZABETH PAISLEY (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

The sun shows rosy through the evening haze,
Red is his setting as his rising; red
Upon the wood he throws his slanting rays.
In V-shaped lines the wild geese honk o'erhead.
The yellow grain stands in the field, all bent
With golden store that on his back he bears;
While autumn, in a lavish mood, has lent
To the bright pumpkin the rich robe he wears.

Now has the purple evening changed to night,
No glow remains to point us to the west,
But higher up the stars peep into sight;
They seem bright jewels on night's dark-robed breast.
Large is the harvest-moon; low in the sky
She hangs, but ere long will still higher climb;
Her yellow face gleams o'er the fields that lie
Waiting the morrow's scythe—'t is harvest-time.

HARVEST-TIME

BY JOSEPHINE RANKIN (AGE 13)

Harvest-time! and the world 's ablaze
In the height of autumn glory!
The apples ripe and the corn-shocks piled,
And the pumpkins tell a story.

Harvest-time! The world is free!
And the hearts of childhood glowing;
The bonfires blaze and the marshmallows roast,
While the red-gold leaves are blowing.



BY ETHEL MILDRED HUNTER, AGE 13
(SILVER BADGE)



BY PHYLLIS DALE, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)



BY VIRGINIA MICHAELIS, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)

"AT THE CORNER"

HARVEST-TIME

BY ELIZABETH BROOKS (AGE 15)

Honk! honk! the wild geese southward fly,
Winging their way across the sky,
Through fleecy clouds that float on high.

In corn-fields now the small boys play
That they are Indian warriors gay,
While squaws make dishes out of clay.

The woodlands now are brown and bare
And leaves are falling everywhere;
A tinge of frost is in the air.

The farmer now is making hay
And storing it in barns away—
Enough for many a winter day.

The pumpkins in the cellar lie,
And herbs are hung from rafters high,
While all night long the north winds cry.

Around the eaves the snow doth pour;
The winds slam shut each open door;
Thanksgiving Day is here once more.

"A PROUD MOMENT"

(A True Story)

BY ELIZABETH EVANS HUGHES (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

BEING a warm, bright, sunny afternoon, it was not exactly the kind for fishing, but nevertheless, I dragged my trolling-line along when Mother, my sister, and I went out for our row on the lake. We passed some old fishermen on the way, who must have thought we looked ridiculous enough, fishing in nice afternoon dresses, with insufficient materials, for, in truth, we had nothing, so sure were we of not getting a bite.

Presto!—a jerk! And the next thing I knew my line was near breaking in two. Such excitement as prevailed then in our boat! Everybody shouting directions at me, who, scarcely breathing for fear of losing the precious prize, reeled slowly in and handed the line over for Mother to land the fish. You see, this was my first experience with a big fellow, and I was too scared to do a thing.

How Mother finally managed to get the creature landed, and in the boat, will forever remain a mystery to us all, for, minus a landing-net and other necessary articles, we were in an unfortunate condition! Once in the boat, my fish behaved in a very funny and unusual

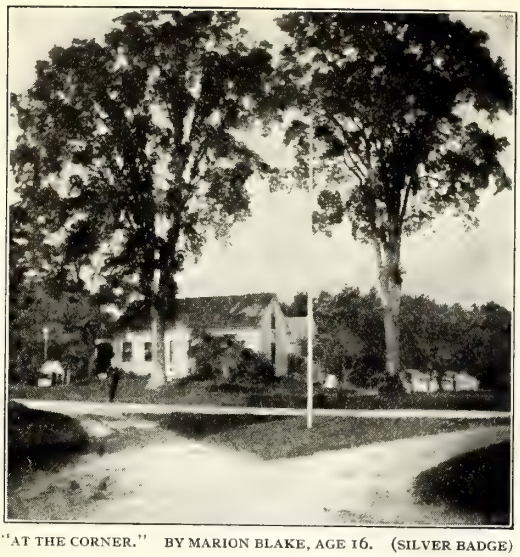


BY FRANCES G. MCDONALD, AGE 12



BY KATHARINE MATTHIES, AGE 17

"AT THE CORNER"



"AT THE CORNER." BY MARION BLAKE, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

manner. He got entangled, hook and all, in Mother's pretty dress, and commenced flopping up into her lap, becoming, of course, more twisted each time. It was no laughing matter then, but as we look back upon it now, we must have presented a funny sight to those fishermen!

This being my first real catch, I was exceedingly elated, and it was one of the proudest moments of my life when I discovered I had caught a four-pound lake trout, a rare fish to be had in Lake George at that time of year!

A PROUD MOMENT

BY SILVIA A. WUNDERLICH (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

WHEN I was a very little girl, I always thought of one day in the future which would be the happiest and proudest day of my life. This day was none other than my eighteenth birthday. One moment, the moment when I awoke on June 3, 1921, would be a magic moment, for then, so I dreamed, I would step from the threshold of childhood to that of grown-up-land. Golden dreams surrounded that unknown land, and I could never imagine that any regrets at leaving childhood would be possible.

It was some years later, dear ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, that I made your acquaintance, and since then I have passed many delightful hours in your company.

The great day, my eighteenth birthday, is approaching, but it is not going to be the proud moment I once pictured it. There are too many regrets. It brings with it such things as graduation from high school, and graduation from the LEAGUE. But this I know, and I can be proud of it—I can take you with me. In my memory I can store all the pleasant hours you have given me, and in that unknown grown-up-land, I can call upon you, and you can still comfort and help me. So, dear LEAGUE, when I say "Farewell," it is only for a short time, while I step over the threshold. When once across I shall still enjoy your company and read your pages in the land of memory.

And to those to whom the LEAGUE is still a reality instead of a memory, and to you, yourself, dear ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, I wish, "All good luck, and prosperity for the coming years!"



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY LUCILLE MURPHY, AGE 15

HARVEST-TIME

BY GWYNNE M. DRESSER (AGE 13)

THE sun shines bright on the maple leaves,
Turning red as the days grow cold;
The men in the meadows are binding the sheaves
Of wheat, all glistening and gold.

On the breath of the wind comes the wild duck's cry,
As he flies to a southland clime;
And the summer has faded away in the sky
To the far-away portals of time.

The robin is singing a sweet farewell song,
For he soon will be flying away,
But he says, "Be cheerful—the winter 's not long;
I 'll fly back again some day."

The goldenrod grows all along by the way;
She fears not the frost and the snows;
"I 'll laugh while I may," she seems to say,
"And I 'll sleep when the bright autumn goes."

The apples lie ruddy and ripe 'neath the trees,
And the pumpkins shine gold in the corn;
While the wild purple asters nod gay in the breeze
And the glow of the bright autumn morn.

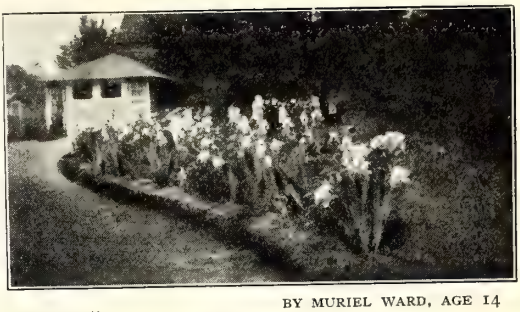
The harvest is gathered—the cool breezes sigh
As the sun fades away all too soon;
But through the still night, in the clear, frosty sky,
Shines the golden harvest-moon.



"AT THE CORNER." BY HAROLD CAMPBELL, AGE 16



BY CHARLTON M. LEWIS, JR., AGE 15



BY MURIEL WARD, AGE 14

"AT THE CORNER"

A PROUD MOMENT

(A True Story)

BY ANGELICA S. GIBBS (AGE 12)

POLLY BENDER stood on the busy street-corner waiting for a 'bus. Glancing across the street, a sign caught her eye. She read:

"The Booster Association of Frederickstown offers a pony to any boy or girl who sends in the best composition on 'The Advantages of the Booster system in our stores.'"

Polly read it through eagerly and decided to try, for composition was her favorite school subject. The next afternoon she mailed her contribution to the contest.

Two weeks had passed. Mrs. Bender, sewing upstairs, heard a wild shout, and suddenly a very excited Polly threw herself into her mother's arms.

"I won! I won!" she cried, flourishing the paper wildly; and as soon as poor, bewildered Mrs. Bender could turn the pages of the "Morning Herald" to the announcement of the contest's winner, Polly, pointing out her name, cried triumphantly, "See, Mother, I won!"

Sure enough, there were the magic words: "Mary Bender, age 13, First prize."

"And the pony! For my very own!" cried Polly, in raptures.

But the proudest moment in all Polly's life was when the old mayor of Frederickstown presenting a handsome pony put the reins in her hand, saying, "Here is a girl who will be a credit to her home town!"

HARVEST-TIME IN NORTH CHINA

BY ADELAIDE HEMINGWAY (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THE kaoliang tops are standing tall,
And the millet heads hang down,
Heavy with their grain in the fall,
Along the road to town.
The buckwheat field is white with bloom,
While the golden bees buzz round,
And the weeping willow droops its plume
In the ancient temple ground.

The gray old gardener's sturdy sons
Work the windlass all the day,
And the child in the little courtyard runs
To its mother while at play.
At eve, when the full moon's silent light
Shines over all the plain,
There 's heard across the harvest night
The temple bells again.

The turtle-dove coos, in the graveyard pine,
Its dirge by the high wall strong,
Which guards the graves of the ancient line
From robbery, strife, or wrong.
The watermelons lie in the sand,
And the peaches will ripen soon;
The fat of the harvest is o'er the land
With the peace of the harvest-moon.



BY MARGARET I. CROSS, AGE 13
(SILVER BADGE)



BY RUTH COLBURN BOWLER, AGE 13
(SILVER BADGE)



BY SAMUEL RIKER, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)

"AT THE CORNER"

HARVEST-TIME

BY EVELYN PERKINS (AGE 12)

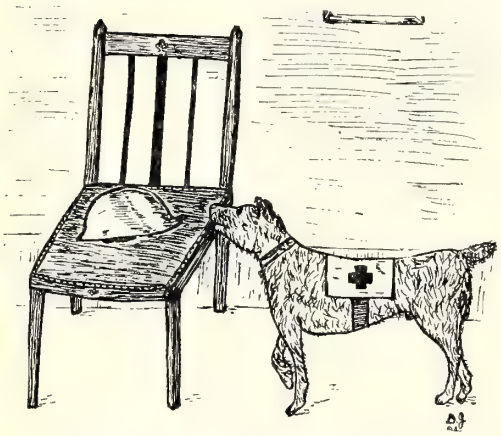
(*Honor Member*)

FROM over the hot summer meadows,
Still sweet from the newly mown hay,
Come, soaring and sweeping, the swallows;
A dip and a bend—they 're away!

Just back of the old pasture gate-way
The apple-trees bend with their load.
And thousands of purple-eyed asters
Grow near by the grass-covered road.

The goldenrod stirs by the wayside
With each little whispering breeze;
The brook murmurs by in the meadow,
Beneath all the autumn-clad trees.

I love the warm spring and the summer,
The seasons of every clime,
But best of them all is September,
The glorious harvesting time!



"A FAMILIAR OBJECT." BY DOROTHY M. JEFFERY, AGE 15

A PROUD MOMENT

BY BARBARA SIMISON (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

"BENJY, take good care of Prudence, for I may be gone quite a while," reminded his mother, cautiously motioning to the sleeping baby in the cradle.

"Yes indeed," replied the Quaker lad, softly.

The mother's hastening footsteps died away and the house was in utter stillness, the baby's regular breathing seeming to keep time with the measured *tick-tock* of the old clock in the corner. Benjamin glanced around. The shouts of some lively school-boys called to him to come. But he had promised his mother to stay in. How tempting the rollicking scene did look! But how flowerlike his pretty sister did look! If only he might transfer her baby face to paper! The boy looked around once more and saw his inspiration in the form of a smooth board and a piece of charcoal.

One moment! Her rounding head grew beneath his quick touch—first her violet eyes, then her rosebud mouth, until a cherub-face was there. On and on the artist worked, not realizing the approaching dusk or even his mother's step in the hallway. Then she saw him and exclaimed, leaning over his work:

"Benjamin! Little did I know thee could draw so well. It is beautiful! It greatly resembles thy sister How thee has surprised me!"

That evening, when the boy's father arrived, the picture was shown to him.

"Perhaps it is the will of God, that our son shall paint. The only thing to do is to wait and hope," said he.

Every visitor in that Quaker home was given a glimpse of the likeness, and those stern Friends, who thought their son should be differently employed, began to realize his unusual talent.

Thus that "proud moment," when he painted the baby face, encouraged Benjamin West (for that was his name) to become our first great American painter.

A PROUD MOMENT

BY LOW E. GAILLARD (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

IT was a hot June day. Final examinations were in progress. All the girls in the room were working hard, intent on doing their very best! Lucy worked hard until she came to the last example. Try as she would, that example *would not* come out right.

The time was nearly up, and the teacher urged the pupils to hurry.

The girl behind Lucy, not wishing to see her fail, wrote out the example and passed it to her. Lucy rolled it into a hard little ball and put it in her desk.

The act was repeated. This time Lucy tore it into tiny bits.

Now it happened that the teacher, unknown to the pupils, had been watching the proceedings, and now before the whole class she told Lucy to stand. Rather frightened, the girl obeyed.

"I want to say," the teacher said, "that now I know that under all circumstances I can trust Lucy Graham. Twice have I seen the solution to an example passed to her, and both times she has destroyed it."

Lucy blushed and sat down, but she always regarded that episode as one of the proudest moments of her life.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Rosine Behberg
Barbara A. Irish
Betty Hurst
Dorothy Trautwein
Helena Salmon
Virginia I. Olds
Elizabeth F. Goode
Dorothy S. Moore
Virginia Farrington
Evelyn Walston
Aase George
Elliot S. Ruden
Constance M. O'Hara
Stephen F. Christy
Marian L. Duschnes
Jessica Megaw
Luella Sharpe
Charles E. Southworth
Eleanor Tyler
Elizabeth Radcliffe
Elizabeth Dow
Caroline Lowe
Ena L. Hourwich
Henrietta H. Brannon
Edith Kline
Elizabeth Sussman
Jack Rowland
Estelle Frankfurt
Louise Heilbroner
Muffie Lord
May Welldon
Mildred S. Gleason
Mildred Ruckman
Eleanor J. Blum
Frances K. Beckwith
Hester Brooks

VERSE

Judith Eames
Eleanor Jones
Marion West
Ruth Tangier Smith
Froncie Wood
Virginia Dewey
John Irving Daniel
Helen F. White
Fanita Laurie
Birkbeck Wilson
Dorothy R. Burnett
Caroline Rankin
Rae Verrill
Margaret MacPrang
Joan Wilson
Jean T. Fotheringham
Charles Dillon
Barbara Maniere
Charlotte L. Groom
Anna Ewell Phillips
Charlotte E. Farquhar
Edith Grant
Evelyn R. Ahrend
Dorothy Pond
Elizabeth Naumberg
Pauline Averill
Shirley Wilner
Jane M. Phelan
Frances Luce
Beatrice Rosenwald
Elizabeth Brainerd

DRAWINGS

Edward E. Murphy
Katherine Birdsall
Janet Benson
Ruth Whitten
Amy Osborne
Marjorie E. Root
Havard Peden
Margaret Buck
Gwendolyn Roberts
Elizabeth Moise
Katherine Wilson
Ellen Carpenter
Mary E. Stone
Beverley Wright
Maureen Harrington

PHOTOGRAPHS

Adams Hayes
Lewis Carter
Anne Wyman
Frances A. Frank
Leonora J. Hanna
Adele S. Weiler
H. A. Smith



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY FRANCES M. FROST, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE)

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Jean Gephart
Catharine L. Bullard
Dorothy Dell
Marion W. Harlow
Hoep Sterling
Dorothy V. A. Fuller
Helen Grace Davie
Minnie Pferferberg
Dorothy Pease
Lucy Hutchins
Lon Garrison
Ruth Angell
Sara Billingslea
Jeanne L. Jaquith
Laura Strunk
Virginia Seton
Mary McCullough
Evelyn Clark
Caroline E. Stafford
Margaret E. Hines
Rachel L. Bent
Charlotte G. Conover
Barbara West
Ralph Wilby
Katharine W. Patton
Helen Williams
Florence L. Merriam
Signe Antila
Doris Sibbald
Sally Tenney
A. Bartram Kelley, Jr.
Jean Eckels

VERSE

Helen W. Stewart
Ruth Camplin
Ethel A. Blumenthal
Margaret E. Moss
Evelyn Frost

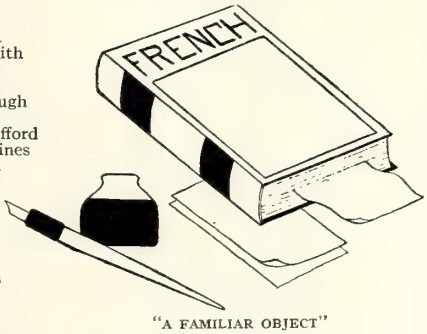


"A FAMILIAR OBJECT" BY VICTORIA BUEL AGE 13

Elizabeth Hardaway
Dorothy D. Ryder
Mary Hatch
Herma J. Neeland
Charlotte Evans
Walter Reiche
Lois Buswell
Catherine Crook
Mary Nisbet
Helen L. Whitehouse
Constance Cundill

PHOTOGRAPHS

Helen E. Stevens
Editha Wright
Dorothy Hill
Ruth Ashen
Betty Howe
Dorothea Lutjens
Virginia Miley
Margaret P. Coleman
Dorothy Ely
Elizabeth Mitchell



"A FAMILIAR OBJECT" BY V. R. TILDEN, AGE 14

Nellie Lee Brecht
Jean E. Cameron
Margaret Abercrombie
Emily E. Phillips
Mary H. Race
Marjorie Jackson
Julia Bygrave
Ada Studholme
Jean Haynes
Louise Viles
Brenda E. Green
Cornelia Van Beuzekom

DRAWINGS

Alice Mae Dow
Nariette E. Paine
Natalie Wurlitzer
Betty Spadone
Charlotte Neumeister
Miriam Serber
Helen Johnson
Jean C. Wilson
Margaret Haley
Margaret Palmer
Mary Alexander
Harold Bridges
Elizabeth Robbins
Therese Fischer
Sylvester Gatewood
Hamilton Browne
John S. Garth
Nan Sibbet
Doris E. Miller
Worthen Bradley

Helen E. Taber
Barbara Taylor
Mary Krause
Helen L. Pocock
Marie L. Dean
Helen Isaacs
Emily W. Smith
Anita Kellogg
Katherine Foss
Ruth Rich
Beatrice Koppel
Alberta H. Damon
Susie Barber
Dorothy Smith
Mary A. Skelding
Claude M. Brooks
Frances Madeley
Ottmar Atteberg
Abbie L. Bosworth
Jackson Kemper
Lois Mills
Nancy Moir
Alice Kirkland
Mary M. Howell
Edith Brock
Mary Micone
Ellen M. Haaris
Dorothy McMichael

PUZZLES

Elizabeth Hutchinson
Ellen Jewel
Marjorie Forshee
Carrie Jamison
Elizabeth Murray
Allan Dunham
George E. Utterback
Susan Partee
Britain L. Bishop
Clara Brogan
Dorothy V. Fritzinger
Elizabeth Martindale
Monica M. Haller
Dorothy Wentworth
William Johnson
Kathryn Bardfield

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 262

Competition No. 262 will close October 3. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for January. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"When Fields are White."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"Told by the Fireside."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, **"A Favorite Spot."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"A Cheerful Sight,"** or **"A Heading for December."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

HONOLULU, HAWAII.

YOU DEAREST OF MAGAZINES: I 've taken you for several years now, and each copy seems more interesting than the last. Of course, there 's a scramble when you arrive, for both my brothers, as well as I, have especial interests between your covers.

Many misinformed tourists arrive in our city expecting to find us all going around in grass skirts and living in grass huts; but instead, they find our shop windows filled with the "latest from Paris" and our buildings as modern as their own.

Honolulu is just full of color. From the bright blue sky to the darker blue sea, it is just as colorful as can be. And especially in the summer-time, when all the flowering trees blossom forth. Splashes of red, lavender, pink, orange, and yellow are to be seen all over town during that season, and the flowers are bright and pretty, too. Hibiscus seems to be the most common among them, and there are hundreds of varieties of it.

And fruits! Mangoes, alligator-pears, breadfruit, bananas, and many other delicious tropical dainties flourish here.

When it comes to sports, I 'm sure there 's nothing to equal canoeing and surf-riding. The Prince of Wales, when he was down here, spent nearly all of his spare time in a canoe and in learning to balance his royal self on a surf-board.

It 's far more exciting to take an outrigger canoe out where the waves are nice and big, for then there 's the added zest of perhaps being swamped. (But that 's only safe when you 're a good swimmer.) To do this, you get some expert Hawaiian boys, or a few equally capable men, and paddle 'way out where the waves begin to grow large. You keep your eyes open for one you know is to be a big one, and, when it is still a good ways out, every one takes his paddle and simply paddles with all his might. The huge breaker then overtakes the canoe, and away you go amid its foam at an angle of about forty-five degrees! Nothing could possibly be so wildly thrilling, I 'm sure!

The Nuuanu Pali (a sheer drop of several thousand feet, from which is seen a marvelous panorama) and the volcano of Kilauea, are two of the wonders of the world, from my point of view.

Yes, there are certainly lots of interesting things in Hawaii, and I hope you all will be able to see them some day.

Yours very truly,
MARY LOUISE LOVE (AGE 15).

TELEAJEN, RUMANIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can hardly wait until you come to continue "The Dragon's Secret" and "The Luck of Denewood." I certainly do enjoy them. I have been in a great many places and I was born in New York. I have visited France, Italy, Greece, and Turkey, and am now living in Rumania. I have taken you for two years now. The first year you were a Christmas present to me. I liked you so well that I took you again and expect to take you for a good many years to come.

Your loving reader,
MARION WALSH, (AGE 10).

MANDEVILLE, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought it would interest you if I told you about Jamaica.

Most of the people are black. They always go barefoot excepting Saturday, which is market-day. They never carry things in their hands, but balance them on their heads, even heavy trunks.

In Jamaica there are none of the conveniences that there are in the States. The kitchen is separated from the house, and is usually made of stone and exceedingly smoky and dirty. Every morning the servants get down on their knees and scrub the floors with a cocoanut brush and beeswax until it shines.

Market-day is very interesting. Here the market is elevated from the ground, and all along the road you see rows upon rows of donkeys' heads looking over the walls. Inside, all the people are squatted on the ground selling their wares. It sounds just like a great beehive.

Before I stop I must tell you that I think you are the very nicest magazine in the whole world!

Sincerely yours,
CATHARINE RATHBONE, (AGE 11).

SHORT HILLS, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about the ceremony at the White House in May when President Harding presented Mme. Curie with the radium. I had the great good fortune to be invited.

It was at four o'clock on Friday, May 20, in the East Room. The room runs the whole width of the White House and is entered from the side. Along the walls are large mirrors reaching from the ceiling to the floor. Down the middle of the room are three enormous chandeliers. An alcove filled with palms on one side of the room was the place from which the President spoke.

After every one was seated—there were over five hundred present—Mme. Curie, her daughters, the President, and Mrs. Harding came in.

First Ambassador Jusserand made a very good speech. Then President Harding spoke.

For a few minutes after she had been given the radium Mme. Curie was silent, as though overcome with emotion, but finally she rose and spoke. I had been told I probably would not hear her, but I did, and very clearly. Her voice was low but incisive, and she spoke very good English.

Later, we all formed in a line and shook hands with President and Mrs. Harding, Mme. Curie's daughters Irene and Eva, Mrs. Maloney, Mme. Curie's host here in America, Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand, and some others.

We were permitted to go into the dining-room, which is very large and stately. Every one then wandered out on the back porch, where the wonderful Washington Monument may be seen. Out there on the road were eighteen camera-men waiting patiently.

After all had been presented, the President led Mme. Curie down the porch steps to have her picture taken.

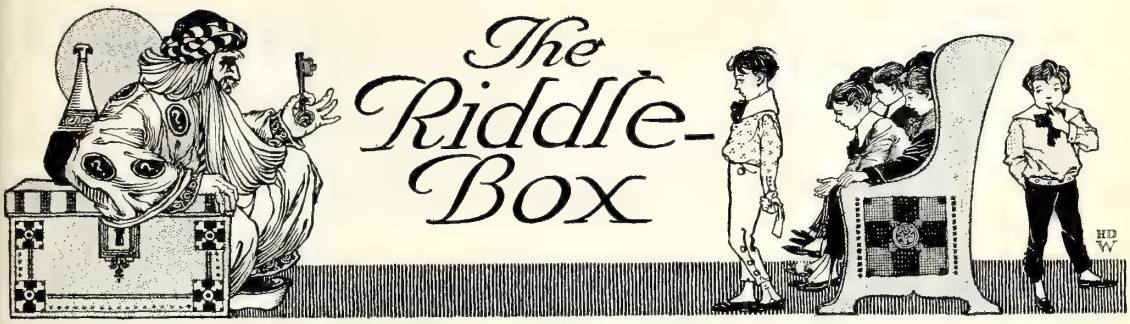
It was a most marvelous experience.

Your faithful reader,
C. B. ROSE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been very sick all winter with hip trouble. I am convalescing now, and the one thing that has kept me happy has been the magazine that I love, ST. NICHOLAS. At first, when I was very sick, I used to count the days from one month to another till I should receive the new number.

It certainly has kept me interested in my most painful hours.

Your ever devoted reader,
ELEANOR S. PERKINS (AGE 13).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. E. 2. Die. 3. Eider. 4. E'en. 5. R. II. 1. E. 2. Age. 3. Egger. 4. E'en. 5. R. III. 1. R. 2. Nit. 3. Right. 4. Thy. 5. T. IV. 1. R. 2. Nit. 3. Right. 4. The. 5. T.

SOME "PERS." 1. Perdita. 2. Pertinacious. 3. Perdition. 4. Perfidious. 5. Perfume. 6. Pernicious. 7. Permanent. 8. Permission. 9. Perpendicular. 10. Perseus. 11. Perverse. 12. Persistent. 13. Persimmon. 14. Perpetual.

DIAMOND. 1. R. 2. Rid. 3. Cider. 4. Riddles. 5. Riddlebox. 6. Deletes. 7. Rebel. 8. SOS. 9. X.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Bathing-suit.

PICTURED ANSWERS. 1. Brick. 2. Lock. 3. Ostrich feather. 4. Clothes-line.

FLORAL ACROSTIC. Primals, Lily of the Valley. Cross-words: 1. Lances. 2. Indian. 3. Latest. 4. Yellow. 5. Occupy. 6. Forget. 7. Thomas. 8. Habits. 9. Effect. 10. Violin. 11. Around. 12. Linden. 13. Ladder. 14. Easter. 15. Yarrow. From 1 to 8, daffodil; 9 to 17, narcissus; 18 to 21, rose; 22 to 30, carnation; 31 to 40, marguerite; 41 to 46, dahlia; 47 to 51, pansy.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE. Each boy had 40 marbles.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, *Little Men;* finals, *Sara Crewe.* Cross-words: 1. Lares. 2. Ionia. 3. Taper. 4. Tonga. 5. Logic. 6. Error. 7. Maize. 8. Eutaw. 9. Niobe.

ADDITION AND SUBTRACTION. 1. Lion. 2. Arbutus. 3. Horse. 4. St. Nicholas. 5. Hippopotamus. 6. Flag. 7. December. 8. Hiawatha. 9. February. 10. California.

PREPOSITION PUZZLE. Ralph W. Emerson. 1. Up-roar. 2. In-accurate. 3. Over-look. 4. Over-power. 5. Under-hand. 6. On-ward. 7. By-end. 8. Under-most. 9. In-experienced. 10. Up-root. 11. On-set. 12. At-one. 13. In-noxious.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than October 3, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 1053) and give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were duly received from Betty Huse—Elizabeth Tong—Ruth Tangier Smith—Winifred Van Doren—Charlotte R. Cabell—Helen A. Moulton—"Rikki-tikki-tavi"—"Three R's"—"English Club"—Kemper Hall Chapter—"Sun and Moon."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were duly received from Katharine Kincheloe, 10—Mary Scattergood, 10—Hester A. Le Fevre, 10—Anne Causey, 3—Virginia Ball ,10—John F. Davis, 10—Dorothy J. Grant, 9—St. Anna's Girls, 9—Margaret Hoening, 9—Christine and Alfred, 8—Francesca Dekum, 8—Valerie Tower, 8—May Henry, 8—Hortense A. Doyle, 7—Lucie Bedford, 7—Agnes N. Morris, 7—Emily W. R. Smith, 5—"Whitty's," 5—Evelyn Page, 4—Shirley Heltzen, 4—Betty Martin, 3—Emily V. Hurd, 3—H. M. Bennett, 2—G. Smith, 2—L. E. Davis, 2. One puzzle, P. J.—M. R.—J. S. M.—R. L.—J. M.—H. C.—L. C.—M. E. L.—L. R. C.—N. C.—F. M. E.—M. T.—E. H.—J. E. F.—D. T.—J. and C.—M. J. F.—J. R.—K. H.—A. E. S.—E. F.—B. M.—E. S. H.—I. B.—M. V. McC.—D. R. B. Jr.—E. G.—H. M. G.—G. G.

A LITERARY ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

* 9 . 23 .
* 26 33 . 41
* . 28 8 24
* . . 30 13
* 32 6 25 .
* 19 . 1 37
* 21 36 . 31
* 5 16 . 22
* 15 . . .
* . 40 . 7
* 35 14 . .
* . 10 . 34
* . 27 . .
* . 39 4 .
* 20 38 18 .
* 3 . 17 12
* . 2 . .
* 29 . 11 .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Courage. 2. Once more. 3. A piece of furniture. 4. To move to and fro near a place. 5. To change for the better. 6. Uproar. 7. Islands. 8. To avoid. 9. Reluctant. 10. To frequent. 11. To regard with horror. 12. A common liquid. 13. To annoy. 14. To store away. 15. To proffer. 16. To elevate. 17. A recess in a wall, to hold an ornament. 18. Exalted in spirits.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will spell the name of a famous author. The letters indicated by figures from 1 to 13, from 14 to 31, and from 32 to 41 will each spell the title of a book by the author named in the initial letters.

MARY EVELYN COLGATE (age 15).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of forty-five letters and form a Persian proverb.

My 33-40-27-6-18 is a confused mixture of loud sounds. My 9-30-15-3-36 is part of a rake. My 42-13-1-26-45 is condition. My 11-24-21-39-5 is a bulbous root which is a common article of food. My 7-43-28-38-34 is impetuous. My 10-8-23-19-2 is supplies with as much as can be contained. My 31-22-4-25-41 is a deluge. My 44-16-37-29-35 is resided. My 20-12-17-32-14 is violent anger.

M. W. F.

PI

Peetsbrem wossh het ladownod roe,
Twih nyam a lirbatnil locor;
Het wrold si gretrhib hant feerob,
Hyw dolhus oru tarhes eb ledlur?

CORNELIA SMITH (age 12), *League Member.*

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

EXAMPLE: Behead and curtail a color, and leave a series. ANSWER: B-row-n. All of the beheaded and curtailed letters are consonants.

1. Behead and curtail a certain feature, and leave absent from a usual place.
2. Behead and curtail to grieve, and leave a pronoun.
3. Behead and curtail wealth, and leave a unit.
4. Behead and curtail a sound made by an animal, and leave to speed.
5. Behead and curtail a useful organ, and leave another useful organ.
6. Behead and curtail a frolic, and leave a part of the day.
7. Behead and curtail efficient, and leave to injure.
8. Behead and curtail to pilfer, and leave a beverage.
9. Behead and curtail to begin, and leave a sailor.
10. Behead and curtail to bet, and leave a long period of time.

ELIZABETH NOYES (age 13), *League Member.*



Fourteen objects are shown in the above picture. The same syllable may be prefixed to each object, making fourteen new words. What are they?

Designed by
KATHERINE DYER (age 13), *League Member.*

A COMMERCIAL ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

* 2 37 26 12 36 .
* 16 . 22 . 33 39
* . . 38 28 6 35
* . 4 32 13 . 17
* . . 5 41 34 .
* . 46 . 7 . 24
* 27 9 31 30 . 21
* 15 14 8 11 . 1
* . . 18 23 40 29
* . . 20 42 25 .
* . 43 44 . . .
* 3 . 45 . 19 10

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Inclined to mischief. 2. Pertaining to the beginning. 3. In opposition to. 4. To cheat. 5. Somewhat old. 6. One who serves on a jury. 7. To make an effort. 8. Wandering. 9. An incidental event. 10. To shut up in an inclosure. 11. Trash. 12. Umbrage.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will spell the largest commercial city of a very big country. The letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 6, from 7 to 10, from 11 to 18, from 19 to 24, from 25 to 28, from 29 to 36, from 37 to 40, and from 41 to 46 will each name a product of the country in which the city, named by the initials, is located.

FLORENCE LEMKAU (age 12).

CLASSICAL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in Diana, but not in Mercury;
My second, in Mercury, but not in Minos;
My third is in Minos, but not in Juno;
My forth is in Juno, but not in Mars;
My fifth is in Mars, but not in Neptune;
My sixth is in Neptune, but not in Hercules;
My seventh is in Hercules, but not in Ceres;
My eighth is in Ceres, but not in Naiad;
My ninth is in Naiad, but not in Theseus;
My tenth is in Theseus, but not in Janus;
My eleventh is in Janus, but not in Jupiter.
My whole is a name famous in Greek history.

MARY BURDEN (age 11), *League Member.*

ANAGRAM WORD-SQUARE

REARRANGE the letters in the four following words so as to make four new words which will form a four-letter word-square.

REND, IDEA, RAID, PEER

BILLY O'NEIL (age 14), *League Member.*

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the surname of a famous general and another row of letters will spell the surname of another famous general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Old. 2. The tanned skin of an animal. 3. A dwelling-place. 4. Thrift. 5. A place where young trees are grown. 6. A feast. 7. Longed.

JOHN ROEDELHEIM (age 10), *League Member.*

CHARADE

My *first* you must do, if the prize you would take;
My *last* the cooks use when they bake a fine cake;
My *whole* is a blessing, though open or shut;
And is found in the palace, the hovel, or hut.

ZYRA BRODY (age 10), *League Member.*

A BIBLICAL KING'S MOVE

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

1 A	2 A	3 I	4 A	5 A	6 I	7 S	8 C
9 R	10 N	11 S	12 T	13 C	14 N	15 A	16 I
17 O	18 R	19 A	20 N	21 O	22 R	23 Z	24 E
25 N	26 E	27 K	28 A	29 I	30 B	31 R	32 A
33 B	34 U	35 B	36 A	37 H	38 U	39 B	40 B
41 E	42 A	43 K	44 H	45 A	46 M	47 E	48 E
49 C	50 K	51 A	52 A	53 A	54 L	55 H	56 Z
57 A	58 C	59 R	60 B	61 H	62 I	63 K	64 E

Begin at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess) until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been made correctly, the names of nine characters found in the Bible may be spelled out. The initials of these nine names may be so arranged that they will spell another Biblical character,—a king of Israel, son of Jeroboam II. The path from one letter to another is continuous.

KATHERINE B. COCHRAN (age 15).

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* * *

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Pure Wool and a Mile High in Quality



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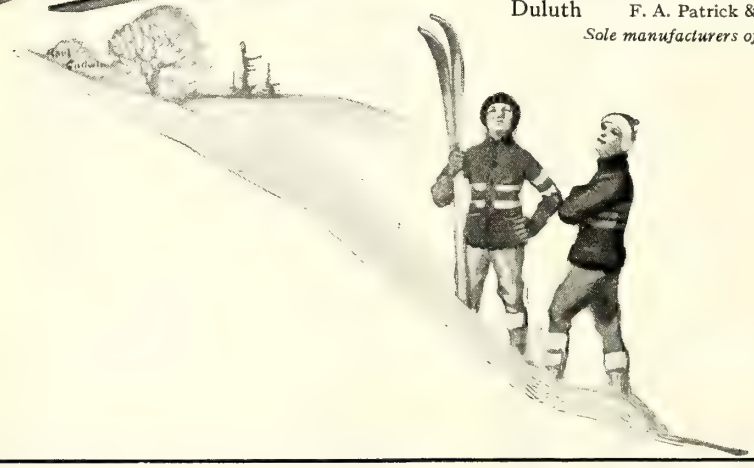
Comfort? Say, after you wear it a couple of days you'll even want to sleep in it. Wear? Why it is made for rough-and-tumble fellows like you. Warm? It is so closely knit that cold, wind and dampness are shut out.

You can have it in any style or color. Sold through best dealers only. Write for new Patrick-Duluth catalog.

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And Beech-Nut Ginger Ale is just the thing to go with your Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwich. Makes you tingle right through with its sparkle and zest. Your grocer probably sells Beech-Nut. Remind your mother when she sends her order.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
"Foods of Finest Flavor"
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

CHUMFO!

¶ The ability of some savages to find their way unerringly through vast, trackless forests, almost amounts to a sixth sense—a sense which native African tribes call "chumfo."

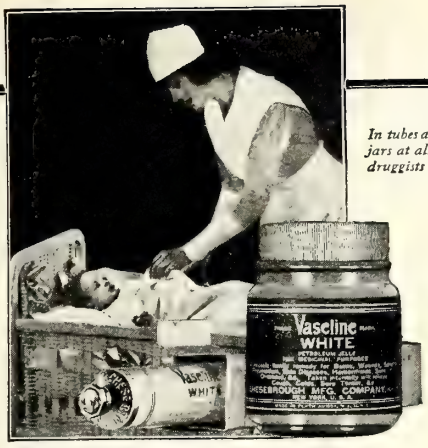
¶ In civilized countries, another development of this super-sense—this "chumfo"—enables some readers to unhesitatingly pick out from the mass of periodicals published those having the greatest interest and value, such as the new

CENTURY MAGAZINE

¶ Have you seen it lately? Have you seen its handsome new leather-like cover which stays new and fresh after much handling, its clear, readable type printed on clean, white book paper, its striking line illustrations —and above all its unusual stories and articles.

¶ In the September number—just as an instance—is a story of a boy's first love affair which is so good that it would be a pity if any reader of ST. NICHOLAS —young or old—should miss it. "A Country Benedict" it is called, and it was written by Grant Showerman.

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW ISSUES

WE have very little space to devote to New Issues this month. But here is an interesting stamp from Hungary. Hungarian stamps are a thorn in the flesh, a puzzle, to all new stamp-collectors. These soon learn, however, that the word "Magyar" appears only upon the stamps of Hungary. Indeed, that word is a key to locating many a specimen in one's album. Yet while we say that the word "Magyar" identifies a stamp as Hungarian, yet, curiously enough, this new stamp has not only the word "Magyar" but the word "Hungariae" as well. This is the first time we have seen this word on a postage-stamp. On the stamp is a picture of the patron saint of Hungary. We do not know the name of this saint, and should be glad if some of our readers would supply us with this bit of information. The stamp is printed in two colors — the frame, pale gray-green, the center, brown-red. The face value, as will be seen in the illustration, is 100 korona. This ordinarily would be nineteen dollars, but in the present condition of exchange is really less than one dollar.



OUR COMPETITION

THIS is the month in which we promised to report upon the result of our competition. We must confess that we greatly enjoy these competitions—enjoy receiving the replies, reading what each one has to say, and noting the great interest displayed by our readers in matters relating to stamps. But after we have read all the letters, comes the difficult task of deciding which shall be entitled to the different prizes which are offered. There are so many answers; they come from young people of such varying ages. Although, in this instance, the title or subject is the famous Bulgarian cannon, none of the replies are at all alike. This, of course, makes it very interesting to read the letters, but adds to the difficulty of deciding which is the best one. Many of the letters, we believe, would prove as interesting to the readers of STAMP PAGE as they have been to its Editor, and we wish we had space to print them all. But as that is impossible, we have decided to publish only two, and these for different reasons. The one which appears below is the essay that has won first prize. The information which it contains will be welcomed, we are sure, by all our young stamp enthusiasts.

It was written by Maur Joseph Welden, of New Haven, Connecticut, and his success entitles him to the new Junior International Album.

The other reply is very interesting, too, although, of course, not a prize-winner.

THE 1901 STAMP ISSUE OF BULGARIA

ON April 20th, 1901, when Bulgaria celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the War of Independence with Turkey, she issued two commemorative stamps in honor of the event. The specimens are very unattractive to look at; one can see at a glance that they are of home design. In the center of the stamp is the picture of a cannon, which is a very clumsy-looking affair. This gun really exists and can be seen by tourists in the National Museum at Sofia. It is a large structure made of cherry-wood, and it is one of a set that were used by the revolters of Panagyurishté at the outbreak of the war against Turkey. The most curious fact about the design on the stamp is that the muzzle of the gun faces the shaft of the carriage instead of the more natural direction. This, we believe, was rather annoying to the horses. The picture is surrounded by a curious entanglement of entwined designs, above which are "moon-faces." Between these moon-faces is the date "1876." The gun is not the imagination of the artist, as some think, neither was it used just for ornament. The patriots, who were handicapped for material probably, used it for the purpose of just frightening the enemy.

Now for a few facts regarding the stamps themselves. They are of two denominations, namely, the five-stotinki, which is carmine, and the fifteen-stotinki, which is green. They were printed in sheets of 100 stamps by lithography, but they were done so poorly that no two stamps in each sheet are exactly the same, so philatelists divide them into ten classes, according to the errors in printing. As there was only one printing of the stamps, they are easily distinguished one from another. For example, type one of the lowest denomination has a break in the top line over the date. The other nine classes are distinguished in like manner. They are unwatermarked, are printed on white woven paper, and were perforated by a comb machine (13) which is still in use to-day.

The second best answer was written by Dorothy E. King, of Saratoga, California, and she is therefore winner of the second prize, a package of assorted stamps. There was also a very interesting letter from Peggy Walker, of Tenafly, New Jersey. We have, therefore, decided to send her and a few others a third prize, which is another package of stamps. These third-prize winners are: Peggy Walker, Tenafly, New Jersey; Sarah B. Dassett, Waco, Texas; Margaret Fairbanks, Passaic, New Jersey; Ione Wedermeyer, Portland, Oregon; and H. Sewall Johnson, of St. Louis, Missouri. In addition to the prize-winners we list some names for what we will call "Honorable Mention." These letters showed much evidence of care, thought, and endeavor. The names are: Leo R. Markowitz, Cleveland, Ohio; Lawrence F. Percival, Jr., Marblehead, Massachusetts; Edward Riley, Jr., Eureka, Illinois; Maclean Schultz, New York City; and Austin Southard, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

A word of recognition, perhaps we can say, a "Note of Thanks," is also due to H. M. Howe, of Bristol, Rhode Island, and to Jack Matteson, of Wilmington, North Carolina.

In this competition we tried to help out the boys by talking "cannon," but we received, as usual, more replies, and, on the average, better ones, from our girl readers. We note with great pleasure the wide geographical range of these letters. It seems, however, that the subject of the competition was too difficult for many of our readers. Not a few of the competitors

(Continued on second page following)

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is really a list of reliable Stamp Dealers. These people have studied stamps for years, perhaps they helped your father and mother when they first started their stamp collections. *St. Nicholas* knows that these dealers are trustworthy. When writing to them be sure to give your full name and address, and as reference the name of your parent, or teacher, or employer, whose permission must be obtained first. It is well also to mention *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Remember, we are always glad to assist you, so write to us for any information that will help you solve your stamp problems.

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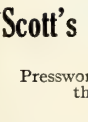
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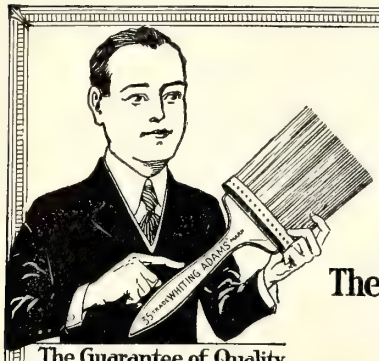
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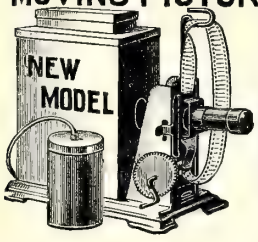
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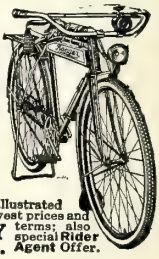
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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Continued)

complained of their inability to find much information about it. One reader got the material for her reply from a stamp publication called "The Albemarle Stamp Collector," which she found in the New York Public Library. Yet another quotes from an English publication, "How to Collect Stamps," while a third young lady wrote to the Bulgarian Minister to the United States for such enlightenment as he might be able to give her.

To those whose efforts, for one reason or another, were not up to the standard required for a prize or special mention, we extend our appreciation of their effort and hope they will have better success another time.

As a fitting close to this report of the competition, we will add the reply of the youngest of the contestants, Robert Rozema.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

DEAR SIR: Though I have collected stamps but a short time, I am very much interested in them, and as I like puzzles, I am going in for the competition. I must admit the Editor was wise in choosing this stamp, for all boys like cannons and guns of all sorts.

The stamp is very interesting. The five-s., which is carmine, is shown in the catalogue, and is worth forty cents. The fifteen-s. is yellowish green, and is valued at sixty cents. The cannon is very old from its looks. It looks as if it was about to be fired, for it is sunset.

Yours truly,

ROBERT ROZEMA.

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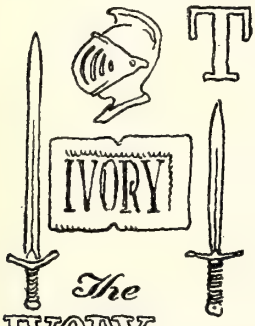
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"AD" VENTURES of the IVORY HEROES



The IVORY Knight

Chapter IX.

THE Baron's wickedness was deep, far deeper, on the whole, than any wickedness we know; it smudged his very soul. He never said a cheerful word; he had abandoned hope, for what is left to those who fail to wash with IVORY SOAP? When heroes know their duty, why, they try their best to do it, and so our IVORY heroes turned their full attention to it. They soused the slaves in sudsy tubs, which Dragon heated well by breathing out his fiery breath. Oh, how those slaves did yell! A mighty cleansing struggle then ensued with might and main, and we can very frankly say it was an awful strain. The slaves were doughty fighters and such men would not propose to stand for all the soap and suds that splashed each grimy nose.



Miss Betty scrubbed the Baron, for such little ladies can do justice to the scrubbing of a mussy nobleman. She said, "He's very dirty now, and also gruff and grim, but *wait* till IVORY SOAP and I have settled up with him." So with a sponge she scoured him with sure but certain might, till, presently, from out the suds arose an IVORY knight! Indeed he was completely changed in nature and complexion, and all his energies were turned in quite a new direction. "I've been bewitched," he thundered, "but regret can do no good. I'll spend my life hereafter as a cleanly person should."



His henchmen, just emerging from their tubs, began to cheer. 'Twas plain a very thorough job had been completed here. Congratulations followed with glad howls from Yow and Snip. Old Dragon growled and waddled 'round just like a rolling ship. The snowy knight then went to work upon a clean campaign, but as we've no more space to-day, we'll speak of this again.



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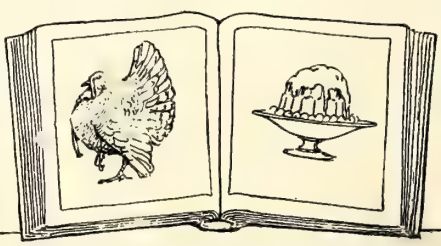
"and teacher please don't forget

JELL-O

covered with whipped cream"

WE are indebted for the above incident to a teacher in the Abraham Lincoln School at Lowell, Mass. That such a suggestion should come from the New England Pie Belt signifies that changes of diet as well as spelling methods have come to pass.

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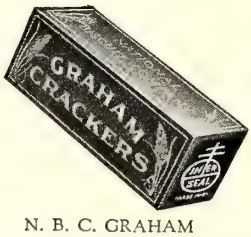
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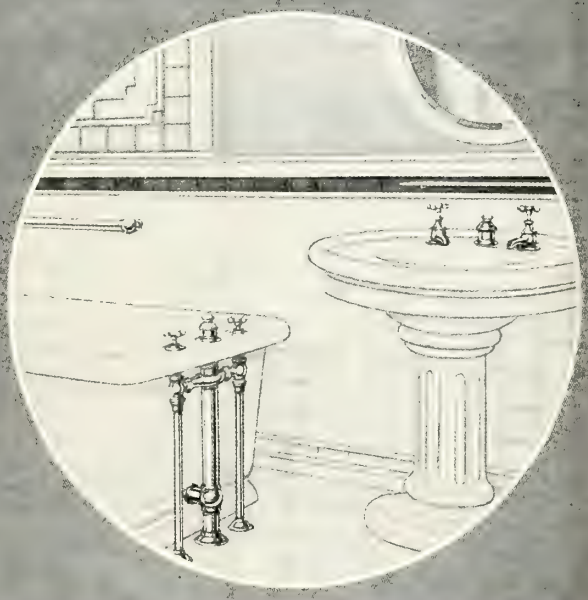
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A story of two jolly boys, *Ned* and *Laurie Turner*, students at the Hillman School. Classes last only nine months, but the *Turner* boys are going to stay with ST. NICHOLAS a whole year!

The Hill of Adventure — ADAIR ALDON

A quiet, peaceful-looking cabin on a Montana mountain-side, sought as a haven of rest and recuperation, proves the center of a summer of interesting and exciting events. A story in nine instalments.

Lone Steer Foster — BAYARD DANIEL YORK

The silent, simple cog is as important in the working of a machine as the large fly-wheel. Work, for *Foster*, meant a hope realized, foot-ball was just good sport. His "job," however, nearly wrecks a team, and games counted as sure victories are near-defeats.

Ramsey from Montana — JOSEPH B. AMES

Big talk and little action puts *Ramsey* in a "hole," but he pulls himself out, at the needed time, and with honor.

Through Flame with the "Belle Marie." — EDWARD MOORE

Forest fires are feared and fought by sturdy men each year, but when two young girls cheat the flames and perform a heroic rescue, it proves that courage does not depend upon shoulder-breadth and brawn.

Thanksgiving, 1621 — FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

Three hundred years ago the Plymouth Pilgrims first observed what is now our national day for giving thanks. Miss Davis tells in verse the story of their celebration, W. M. Berger pictures it, and C. M. Relyea has done a fine cover for the magazine to mark this tercentenary anniversary.



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Hart Schaffner & Marx make them—as good as father's

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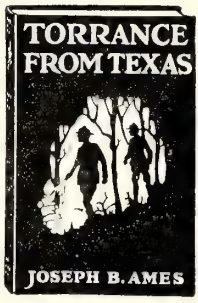
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Four Books for Manly Boys

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By ***Joseph B. Ames***



A boy from Texas walked into a New England school feeling pretty big. Why not? Had n't he been a cowboy, doing practically all that a grown man can do in the hardy life of the plains? Did n't he know horses, cattle, and how to take care of himself under all circumstances? No, he did n't—not under *these* circumstances. He had had some intention of running that entire school, but found he did n't "know his way around" here, at all. He has some rather bad times for a while, until he had learned not to try running the school, but to fit in. Later, however, his turn came. He no longer bossed or swaggered—but well he might have crowed when the school went into camp in the summer and he was easily the best outdoor man in "the bunch." But he had learned his lesson, and instead he made his knowledge the means of proving himself a thoroughly good fellow.

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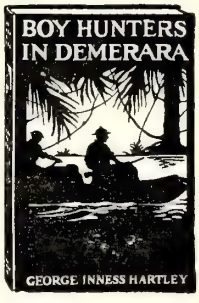
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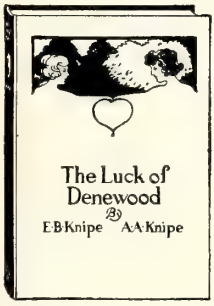


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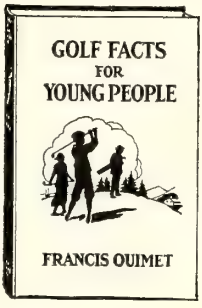
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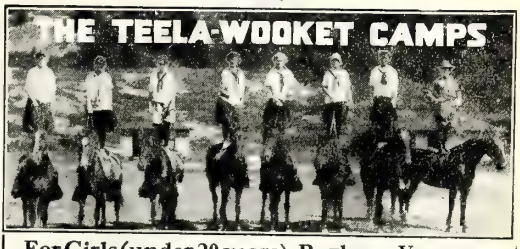
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I saw a wondrous troop go whirling by;
Past cloud-built castles, reaching to the sky,
A stately knight the shining army led;
I heard the spears clash and the chargers tread.

I opened eager eyes and naught could see—
Vanished was all that gallant company;
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ST. NICHOLAS

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By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

WHAT are *little things?*

It depends on who you are, and what you think about things, big or little. To some persons, anything that is easy to do or to get, anything that cannot be measured by a money value, is a little thing. Size has no particular value in considering little things. A great oak-tree that has stood a couple of centuries and that holds within its heart one of nature's most wonderful stories is a very little thing to many. Just a tree, which, if cut down, might yield so many feet of lumber, but that, standing, is merely a means of shade, handy if in a pasture, but probably, from this standpoint, useless enough. And as for something so vast as the sky, that is certainly a little thing to such people. It is nothing to them, in fact. They do not look at it, they do not think about it; they walk about under it all their lives, and it is always nothing to them.

But really, such little things are usually very great things, measured by another and a happier standard. The world is full of them, and it is a well-spring of joy to realize them fully, to delight in them, to study and love them—little things, that are constantly meeting us, continually surrounding us, that happen over and over again. The best way to think of them truly is to try to imagine a world without some of them. We take them, even when we love them, too much for granted, which means that we lose much of them. In our anxiety to get what we think of as the big things, the little things slip by unheeded—our days are empty of them, days that should be beautifully full, and we ourselves lose by degrees our sensitiveness of appreciation. Lose the little things!

Take, for instance, a little thing like a fresh and lovely morning. Thousands of such mornings come to this world while we are living our span upon it. Each is a wonderful thing; each differs from the rest in exquisiteness. The joy of such a morning is quite beyond any description. But to get that joy you will have to think of the morning, to feel it, to look at it. Perhaps it is a winter morning, crisp and shining, or all veiled and swirling in soft snowflakes, a morning that sends the blood tingling through your veins and makes your eyes shine like stars. Perhaps it a morning of spring, when early birds are singing and the apple blossoms breaking white and pink upon the branch, when butterflies are floating and little streams of water trickling through grasses. There is no moment of the year when such a morning, all beauty and delight, may not come. Autumn has many; summer brings an armful. Fancy missing such a thing as that! Yet people will miss them without a qualm. They will tell you that they would n't have missed that train for anything, or seeing so-and-so, or sending a telephone message, or finding that bargain in the central store. But if you say, "I do hope that you did not miss yesterday morning," they will look upon you blankly, and not understand. A morning? Who could miss a morning? But if you ask whether the

morning was blue and gold or silver and shining, whether the first lilac had opened by the gate, or the breeze had the scent of the sea or the prairie—oh, they will not know those things! For, you see, they did miss the morning.

Color is to many a little thing. Nice enough when it 's pretty, but, after all, the world has more important matters than color to consider.

Yet imagine a world without color.

Even in the whitest winter, there is color—color of the brilliant skies, color of rainbow glancings in ice and snow crystals, of water lying still. There is the green of fir and pine-tree, the tawniness of bark, the reddish points of willow shrubs. There is the color of a bright coat, of rosy faces; there is the flame of fire. And think of a world of spring and summer where the color was left out—no flower of lovely hue, no marvel of foliage, no far blue hills, and green-and-purple sea, no color!

Don't think of color as a little thing. Think of it as one of the greatest we know, and rejoice in it, train yourself to see it everywhere, to know its perfect harmonies and splendid contrasts, its delicate gradations, its depth and power. A deal of our happiness comes through color, and much more can come if we will let it.

There are such countless little things that are big. A bird is one. If you have learned to know and love a bird, you will have entered a beautiful world. You will learn of many more, step by step. You will watch and know the beautiful flight of birds, you will listen and learn their songs and calls. The bright feathers of oriole and tanager, the gentler harmonies of wren and thrush will give you the special delight each holds. The sight of a bird strange to you will make a whole day memorable, and the pleasure of finding what it is will remain with you always. I know people who can pass through a whole country spring and never see or hear a bird. They simply don't notice them. They could tell a sparrow from a crow, but that would be the limit of their capability as far as birds went. Don't you see, that thinking of birds as negligible, worthless, little, they lose a world of beauty and strangeness, music and motion, a particular sort of joy that they should have, because it exists for the taking?

Bring out the true measure, and let us see what the importance of such little things as a fine walk, a happy laugh, a sunny day, are. A wood fire beside which you can sit is a great thing in life, not a small one. Be thankful for it with all your heart. The joy of making something is not small—making it for the delight of the making, of doing good work thoroughly. The joy of a good story, told or read, is a big thing, measured aright. The feeling of being well and active is no little thing, though we usually take our good health as something not worth notice, and only begin to value it when it goes, and when it is too late to rejoice in it.

A life that is open to the little things is a full and a happy life. Most children know the value of such things, but as they grow older they grow blinder to them. It is foolish to do this, and there is no reason why one should, if only one keeps the true measure handy. Variety, says the old saw, is the spice of life. And we can have a world of variety, or a dull and humdrum world, according as we choose to open our ears and eyes, to respond to the immensity of little things.

Only lately I was talking to a man, no longer young, who had lived in many parts of the world, in strange and far-away cities. He had much money, and he had taken what time he wanted. But he said that every place was alike. "If you 've seen New York or Chicago," he remarked discontentedly, "you 've seen as much as there is to see. People try to do you in Teheran or Paris, just the same."

And there was really nothing in him but that sort of emptiness. All the world held was unseen by him—everything but himself was a "little thing" to him, not worth noticing, not even seen. Of course, all the beauty and the splendor and the variety were there, just the same, just as interesting and lovely. But he had shut them all out, and his life was like a sandy wilderness. It was a pity.

As it happened, that same day I had talked to another man, Enos Mills, of Colorado. He had spent some time telling me of a single walk he had taken. And the world through which he passed was a rich world. It sang; it shone. Each tree had a great tale to tell him, each bird a message, stirring and thrilling. A track on the soft loam, the shape of a rock, the color of a flower, the chaff left by a squirrel where it had shelled its pine-nuts, the gnawed stump that spoke of a beaver at work the previous night, all these things and a thousand more made each mile crowded and exciting. As I listened, I thought how wonderful a thing was life, how amazing a place this world.

You are making plans for your life, probably, or at least now and then you stop to think what you will do in the years that are coming, what you will be. If you want to have a life that is jolly and interesting and thoroughly worth the living, remember to count in the little things, the things that don't cost money, the things that happen themselves. Remember to keep the use of your eyes, of your ears, to keep your sense of wonder, your love of beauty. Think of what Fabre, the naturalist, found to tell of an ant, a beetle, or a spider. Think of the years of keen pleasure and intense interest he found in studying these tiny creatures, so odd, so individual, so beautiful,

doing so many strange things. Think what an infinitesimal part of the world such little beings are, and then realize that it is not possible to have a dull day in such a world unless you create the dullness. You will most likely find work that interests you, and we all need that. But play is a thing we need too; joy, that is to say, in things that exist for themselves, not for what they bring to you. A sunrise on the mountain-top exists in itself, yet it can give you, if you will look at it as it should be looked at, greater happiness than a handful of dollars can give. Too often we fail to forget the importance of the dollars, and do forget the importance of the sun, rising or setting or simply sailing across the blue heavens. Power to earn money is necessary, and it may be most interesting. But a day spent fishing, whether you catch fish or not, is important too, and in the long account of life it will sometimes be hard to say whether the time we gave to holidaying, to enjoying field and stream and forest, to being happy in the companionship of some chum, afield with us, was not, after all, the more telling. We should never forget that life is not what we possess, but what we are.

Love the green glory of the world, and rejoice in your sound and healthy body. Learn all there is to learn of the bright and fair and curious things that life brings round as the days swing on. You live in a treasure-box, if only you take the trouble to lift the lid and see what fills it. The lid, as it happens, is in yourself, and it is you who stay shut away if it is not lifted. Two walk side by side through the same place, and to one it is full of grandeur, of miracle; to the other it is merely a stretch of little things, too insignificant to be worth attention. And the first is rich and the second poor.

Throw open the bright windows of your mind and soul and rejoice in all the little things, so easy to come by, so free and generous, above all, so *great!*

THE FABLE OF THE CLOCK

By FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS



ONE day a thoughtful little clock that
stood upon a shelf
Decided it would take the time to think
upon itself;
It counted up the seconds that it needs
must tick away
To make the minutes in an hour, the
hours in a day,
And then a week, and then a month, and
then a year—oh dear!
Stupendous grew the sum of all the seconds in a year—
'T was over thirty millions and some
thousands more beside!
No wonder that the little clock held up
its hands, and cried:
"With such a hill as that to climb, I 'll
never reach the top,
And so I 'll just advise my works that
they would better stop."



"Pooh-pooh!" up spake the pendulum, "I think you 're in the wrong;
We 'll not be getting anywhere unless we keep along;
And any hill, however steep, is not so bad to climb,
For it 's one tick at a time, you know, *just one tick at a time.*"

And so the thoughtful little clock again took heart, they say,
And ticked away the minutes, and the hours, and the day.
And some one heard it tell its works, when all was dark and still:
"It 's one tick at a time, my dears, that takes us up the hill."



"WHEN THE SWAN STARTS SOUTH IT IS NO TIME FOR LESSER BREEDS TO LINGER"

HIGH SKY

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

"*Clang! Clang! Clang!*" The sound drifted down from mid-sky as if the ice-cold gates of winter were opening. A gaggle of Canada geese, wearing white bibs below their black heads and necks, came beating down the wind, shouting to earth as they flew. Below them, although it was still autumn, the tan-colored marsh showed ash-gray stretches of new ice, with here and there blue patches of snow. Suddenly, faint and far, sounded other notes, as of a distant horn, and a company of misty-white trumpeter-swans swept along the sky, gleaming like silver in the sun. Down from the arctic tundras they had come, where during the short summer their great nests had stood like watch-towers above the level sphagnum-bogs, for the trumpeter-swan, like the eagle, scorns to hide its nest and fears no foe of earth or air.

As their trumpet notes pealed across the marsh they were answered everywhere by the confused cries and calls of innumerable water-fowl; for when the swan starts south it is no time for lesser breeds to linger. Wisps of snipe and badlings of duck sprang into the air. The canvasback ducks, with their dark red heads and necks, grunted as they flew, the wings of the goldeneye whistled, the scaup purred, the black ducks and the mallards, with emerald-green heads, quacked, the pintails whimpered—the air was full of duck notes. As they swept southward, the different families took their places according to their speed. Well up in the van were the canvasbacks, who can travel at the rate of one hundred and sixty feet per second. Next came the pintails and the wood-ducks, whose drakes have wings of velvet-black, purple, and white. The mallards and the black ducks brought up the rear, while, far behind, a cloud of blue-winged teal whizzed down the sky, the lustrous light-blue of their wings glinting like polished steel in the sunlight. Flying in perfect unison, the distance between them and the main flock rapidly lessened, for the blue-winged teal, when it settles down to fly, can tick off two miles a minute. A few yards back of their close cloud, followed a single green-winged teal, a tiny drake with a chestnut-brown head brightly striped with

green, who wore an emerald patch on either wing. In a moment the blue-wings had passed the quacking mallards and black duck as if they had been anchored in the sky. The whistlers and pintails were overtaken next, and then more slowly the little flock, flying in perfect form, began to cut down the lead of the canvasbacks in front. Little by little the tiny teal edged up in complete silence on the whizzing, grunting leaders, until at last they were flying right abreast with them. At first slowly, and then more and more rapidly, they drew away until a clear space of sky showed between the two flocks, including the green-winged follower. Then for the first time the blue-wings spoke, voicing their victory in soft lisping notes, which were echoed by a mellow whistle from the green-wing. The sound of his own voice seemed suddenly to remind the latter that he was one of the speed-kings of the sky. An inch shorter than his blue-winged brother, the green-winged teal is yet a hardier and a swifter bird. Unhampered by any flock formation, the wing-beats of this lone flyer increased until he shot forward like a projectile. In a moment he was up to the leaders, then above them, and then, with a tremendous burst of speed, he passed and went slashing down the sky alone. Farther and farther in front flashed the green-striped little head, and more and more faintly his short whistles came back to the flock behind. Perhaps it was his call, or it might have been the green gleam of his speeding head, that caught the attention of a sky pirate hovering in a reach of sky far above. Like other pirates, this one wore a curling black mustache in the form of a black stripe around its beak, which, with the long rakish wings and hooked, toothed beak, marked it as the duck-hawk, one of the fiercest and swiftest of the falcons. As the hawk caught sight of the speeding little teal his telescopic eyes gleamed like fire, and curving down through the sky, in a moment he was in its wake. Every feather of the little drake's taut and tense body showed his speed. He was traveling at a two-mile-a-minute clip and looked as if he were going even faster. Not so with the lithe falcon who pursued him. The movements of his long narrow wings and arrowy body were so effortless that it seemed impossible that he should overtake the other. Yet every wing-beat brought him nearer and nearer in a flight so swift and silent that not until the shadow of death fell upon the teal did the latter even know that he was being pursued. Then, indeed, he squawked in mortal terror and tried desperately to increase a speed which already seemed impossible. Yet ever the shadow hung over him like a black shroud, and then in a flash the little green-wing's fate overtook him. Almost too quick for eye to follow, the duck-hawk delivered the terrible slash with which falcons kill their prey; and in an instant the teal



"NOT UNTIL THE SHADOW OF DEATH FELL UPON THE TEAL DID HE KNOW THAT HE WAS BEING PURSUED"

changed from a live, vibrant, arrow-swift bird to a limp mass of fluttering feathers which dropped like a plummet through the air. With a rush, the duck-hawk swung down after his dead quarry and, catching it in his claws, swooped down to earth to feast full at his leisure.

Far, far above the lower reaches of the sky where the cloud of water-fowl were flying, above rain and storm and snow, was a solitude entered by only a few of the sky pilgrims. There, three miles high, was naked space and a curved sky that shone like a great blue sun. In the north a cluster of black dots showed against the blue. Swiftly they grew in size until at last, under a sun far brighter than the one known to the earth-bound, there flashed through the glittering air a flock of golden plover. They were still wearing their summer suits, with black breasts and sides, while every brown-black feather on back and crown was widely margined with pure gold. Before they reached Patagonia the black would be changed for gray, for the arctic summer of the golden plover is so short that he must moult and even do his courting on the wing. This company had nested up among the everlasting snows, and the mileage of their flights was to be measured by thousands instead of hundreds. To-day they were on their first lap of fifteen hundred miles to the shores of Nova Scotia. There they would rest before taking the Water Route, which only kings of the air can follow. Straight across the storm-swept Atlantic and the treacherous Gulf of Mexico, two thousand four hundred miles, they would fly on their way to their next stop on the pampas of the Argentine. Fainter-hearted fliers chose the circuitous island passage across Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Antilles to the northern shore of South America. The chuck-will's-widow of the Gulf States, cuckoos from New England, gray-cheeked thrushes from Quebec, bank-swallows from Labrador, black-poll warblers from Alaska, and hosts and myriads of bobolinks from everywhere took the Bobolink Route from Florida to Cuba and the seven hundred miles across the Gulf to South America.

Only a few of the highest-powered water-birds shared the Water Route with the plover. When this flock started they had circled and wheeled and swooped in the wonderful evolutions of their kind, but had finally swung into their journey gait—and when a plover settles down to straight flying it would seem to be safe from anything slower than a bullet. Far above the flock floated what seemed a fleck of white cloud blown up from the lower levels. As it drifted swiftly down toward the speeding plover it grew into a great white bird, sparsely mottled with pearl-gray, whose pointed wings had a spread of nearly five feet. Driven down from Greenland by cold and famine, a white gerfalcon was haunting these solitudes like some grim ghost of the upper sky. His fierce eyes were of a glittering black, as was the tip of his blue, hooked beak. As the plover whizzed southward on their way to summer, some shadow of the coming of the falcon must have fallen upon them, for suddenly the whole flock broke and scattered through the sky like a dropped handful of beads, each bird twisting and doubling through the air, yet still shooting ever southward at a speed which few other fliers could have equalled. Unluckily for the plover, the gerfalcon is perhaps the fastest bird that flies, and, moreover, has all of that mysterious gift of the falcon family of following automatically every double and twist and turn of any bird which it elects to pursue. This one chose his victim and in a flash was following it through the sky. Here and there, back and forth, up and down, in dizzy circles and bewildering curves, the great hawk sped after the largest of the plover. As if driven in some invisible tandem, the white form of the falcon kept an exact distance from the plover until at last the latter gave up circling and doubling for a stretch of straight flight. In an instant the flashing white wings of the falcon were above it, there was the same arrowy pounce with which the lesser falcon had struck down the teal, and a moment later the gerfalcon had caught the falling body and was volplaning down to earth with the dead plover in its claws.

For a time after this tragedy the sky seemed empty, as the scattered plover passed out of sight to come together as a flock many miles beyond. Then a multitude of tiny black specks showed for an instant in the blue. They seemed almost like motes in the sunlight, save that, instead of dancing up and down, they shot forward with an almost inconceivable swiftness. It was as if a stream of bullets had suddenly become visible. Immeasurably faster than any bird of even twice its size, a flock of ruby-throated humming-birds, the smallest birds in the world, sped unfalteringly toward the sunland of the South. Their buzzing flight had a dipping, rolling motion as they disappeared in the distance on their way to the Gulf of Mexico, whose seven hundred miles of treacherous water they would cover without a rest.

As the setting sun approached the rim of the world, the lower clouds changed from banks of snow into masses of fuming gold, splashed and blotched with an intolerable crimson. Again the sky was full of birds. These last of the day fliers were the swallow-folk. White-bellied tree-swallows, barn-swallows with long forked tails, cliff-swallows with cream-white foreheads, bank- and rough-winged swallows with brown backs—the



"THE WHITE FALCON KEPT AN EXACT DISTANCE FROM THE PLOVER"

air was full of their whirling, curving flight. With them went their big brothers the purple martins and the night-hawks, with their white-barred wings which at times, as they whirled downward, mammal, however, is farther along in the scale of life than a bird, and more efficient, even as a flier. As the pricked-up ears of the bat caught the swish of the falcon's wings, the beats of its own skin-



"MILES ABOVE THE GROUND THIS EARTH-BORN MAMMAL WAS BEATING THE BIRDS IN THEIR OWN ELEMENT"

made a hollow, twanging noise. With the flock, too, were the swifts, who sleep and nest in chimneys and whose winter home no man has yet discovered. As the turquoise of the curved sky deepened into sapphire, a shadowy figure came toward the circling, flashing throng of swifts and swallows. The new-comer's great bare wings seemed made of sections of brown parchment jointed together, unlike those of any bird. Nor did any bird ever wear soft brown fur frosted with silver, nor have wide flappy ears and a hobgoblin face. Miles above the ground, this earth-born mammal was beating the birds in their own element. None of the swallows showed any alarm as the stranger overtook them, for they recognized him as the hoary bat, the largest of North American bats, who migrates with the swallows and, like them, feeds only on insects. As the sun sank lower, the great company of the bird folk swooped down toward the earth, for swallows, swifts, and martins are all day fliers. Not so with the bat. In the fading light he flew steadily southward alone—but not for long. Up from earth came again the great gerfalcon, his hunger unsatisfied with the few mouthfuls torn from the plover's plump breast. As his fierce eyes caught sight of the flitting bat his wings flashed through the air with the same speed that had overtaken the plover. No bird that flies could have kept ahead of the rush of the great hawk through the air. A covered pair increased and the bird suddenly ceased to gain. Disdaining to double or zigzag, the great bat flew the straightaway race which the falcon loves and which would have meant quick death to any bird who tried it. Skin makes a better flying surface than feathers, and slowly, but unmistakably, the bat began to draw away from its pursuer. The gerfalcon is the speed-king among birds, but the hoary bat is faster still. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed before the hawk realized that he was being outflown. Increase his speed as he would, the bat in an effortless, nonchalant manner moved farther away. When only a streak of silver sky with a shoal of little violet clouds was left of the daylight, the gerfalcon gave up the chase. As he swooped down to earth through the sky like a white meteor, the brown figure of the bat disappeared in the violet twilight, beating, beating his way south.

As the sky darkened to a peacock-blue and a faint amber band in the west tried to bar the dark, suddenly the star-shine was full of soft pipings and chirpings. The night-fliers had begun their journey and were calling back and forth, heartening each other as they flew through the long dark hours. Against the golden disk of the rising moon, a continuous procession of tiny black figures showed the whole sky to be full of these pilgrims from the north. The "*chink, chink*" of the bobolinks dropped through the stillness like

silver coins, and from higher up came the "*tsip, tsip, tsip*" of the black-poll warblers all the way from the Magdalen Islands.

Accompanying them on their flight were a score or so of others of the great warbler family. Black-throated blues, Cape Mays, redstarts, golden-wings, yellow warblers, black-throated greens, magnolias, myrtles, and tiny parulas—myriads of this many-colored family were traveling together through the sky. With them went the vireos, the sparrows, the orioles, the tanagers, and four different kinds of thrushes, with a dozen or so other varieties of birds following steadily in their wake.

Most of them had put on their traveling clothes for the journey. The tanagers had laid aside their crimson and black and wore yellowish-green suits. The indigo-bird had lost his vivid blue, the rose stain of the rose-breasted grosbeak was gone, along with the white cheeks of the black-poll warbler and the black throat of the black-throated green, while the bobolinks wore sober coats of olive-buff streaked with black, in place of their cream-white and velvet-black.

Once during the night, as the army crossed an Atlantic cape, a lighthouse flashed its fatal eye at them.

Immediately the ordered ranks of the fliers broke, and in confused groups they circled around and around the baleful witch-fire which no bird may pass.

For hours they flew in dizzying circles until, weary and bewildered, some of the weaker ones began to sink toward the dark water. Fortunately for them, at midnight the color of the light was changed from white to red. Instantly the prisoners were freed from the spell which only the white light lays upon them, and in a minute the air was filled with glad flight-calls as the released ranks hurried on and away through the dark.

All night long they flew steadily and only turned earthward at sunrise. As the weary fliers sought the trees and fields for rest and food, overhead, against a crimson and gold dawn, passed the long-distance champion of the skies—the arctic tern, with its snow-white breast, black head, curved wings, and forked tail. Nesting as far north as it can find land, only seven and a half degrees from the pole, it flies eleven thousand miles to the antarctic, and, ranging from pole to pole, sees more daylight than any other creature. For eight months of its year it never knows night, and, during the other four, has more daylight than dark. Scorner of all lands, tireless, unresting, this dweller in the loneliest places of earth flashed white across the dawn-sky—and was gone!

THE CORN-FIELD

By DAISY M. MOORE

THE autumn sun shines brightly down
Upon a quiet tepee town;

Across the hill and far below
Stand small brown tepees row on row!

A full two hundred there must be—
A fine large tribe, 't is plain to see.

A Redskin village sure 's you 're born!
For—don't you know?—it 's Indian corn!



WIN OR LOSE!

By BAYARD DANIEL YORK

For a week, Dan Collins had felt that the blow was about to fall. He was not surprised when, on Saturday noon, Mr. Evans called him into the office.

"We 've decided we need an older boy," the man said. "I 'm sorry. However, you 'll find plenty of good jobs."

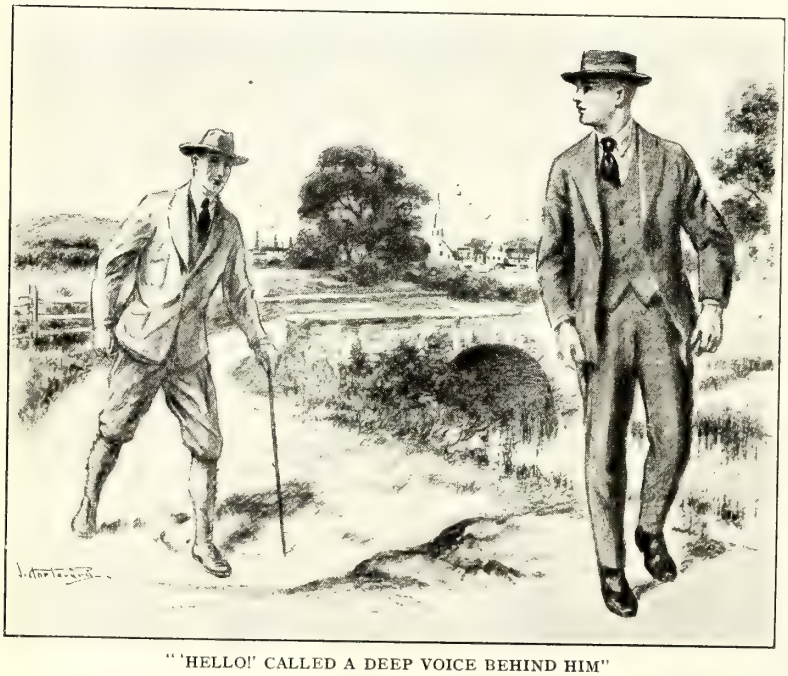
Dan said, "Yes, sir," with a steady voice; but once he was out on the street, he blinked rapidly and stumbled along with downcast eyes.

It was a bitter hour. His mind went back to the day, now seven months in the past, when he had left Millersville to make his fortune in the city. He recalled very vividly the jaunty manner in which he had said good-by to his father, to poky old Mr. Brady at the corner grocery store where Dan had sometimes worked on Saturdays, to Bob Clark and the other members of the "club."

On a page of his pocket memorandum-book, in large printed letters, he had inscribed three words, his motto for the adventures that lay before him:

WIN OR LOSE!

The words had an adventurous sound, a come-what-may sort of ring. Of course he was going to win!



"'HELLO!' CALLED A DEEP VOICE BEHIND HIM"

And now—well, he had lost—that was all. There were other jobs, as Mr. Evans had said; but Dan had no thought of seeking one of them. He had tried five different positions in the seven months, and failed in each of them.

He had lost his chance to make his fortune in the city. But he had lost more than that—the opportunity to grow and develop, to learn the ways of business and the manners of the world. A fellow could not amount to anything back in Millersville!

He bought his ticket with the vague hope that the train might be wrecked on the way. But nothing of the sort happened.

As Dan walked up Elm Street he met Bob Clark. "Why—hello!" said Bob. "Home for a visit?"

Dan resisted the temptation to say "Yes."

"Back to stay," he answered briefly.

"Oh!" exclaimed Bob. He was silent for a moment; then added, "Good place to come back to."

Dan nodded and walked on. Bob's tone had been matter-of-fact, slightly sharp.

Dan's father and mother said little upon his unexpected arrival. They might have reminded him that they never approved of his going to the city, but they did not. His father asked him what he intended to do.

"Get a job at Brady's grocery, maybe," Dan replied. But when he saw Mr. Brady in the afternoon the storekeeper was not encouraging.

"Got one steady clerk —that 's all I need," he grunted. "Might use you on Saturdays and just before holidays—don't know."

Dan walked slowly along the street, out toward the wooded hills that were beginning to show tints of red and gold. In all of Millersville, there did not seem to be a single friendly voice or hand. It was but natural, he thought, now that he had come back a failure.

Soon he had left the town behind him. Then, "Hello!" called a deep voice behind him.

The boy turned. A man whose athletic slenderness was emphasized by tightly fitting leggins was coming toward him with long strides.

"Out for a walk?" said the man. "So am I—and I like company. I 've just counted seventeen different shades of color on the hill in front of us."

"No!" Dan exclaimed.

"It 's a rather wonderful world—best I 've ever lived in yet," the man added, with a quizzical smile. "I think your name is Dan Collins—mine 's Putnam."

He stopped and clasped Dan's hand in a hearty grip.

"Sometimes called 'Old Putty' by the bad ones," he chuckled.

Dan stared.

"Maybe I need to explain a little," Mr. Putnam remarked, noting the stare. "I 'm the new principal of the high school. I think I saw your name on last year's list."

"Yes," Dan muttered.

"Coming back? We need a pair of shoulders like yours for our football team."

"No," Dan said. "Last year I left to go to work."

"To earn money," the principal supplemented. "Do you think earning money beats getting an education?"

"Yes," Dan said shortly.

"Lots of folks do," said Mr. Putnam. "We sure do need your shoulders on the team," he added, as if to himself. He looked up. "Some one was telling me you went over to the city," he went on. "Like it?"

For a moment Dan scowled straight ahead—then his reserve gave way in a flood of words.

"I was too thick-headed," he burst out. "I could n't make change fast—could n't think the way I needed to—kept making mistakes. Oh, I liked the city—but the city did n't care for me."

The principal did not speak for a minute.

"That 's too bad," he said at length. "But I should think that you 'd want to come to school and learn how to think fast and straight—how to make your mind hop around, and lie down and roll over, just like a well-trained circus-dog. That 's what school is for, you know. Let 's see —you 'd take geometry. Our teacher of geometry is a wonder. Our course in football is good; and then along in the spring we have a special course in baseball that teaches you how to hold yourself tight and think like lightning in a crisis.



"A TOUCHDOWN BY BALTIC WOULD TIE THE SCORE" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

Then there 's the Clarion Club. Bob Clark is the president—seems to me he said you used to be a member. The club runs the school paper now. As an old member you would be eligible for assistant editor, or manager, or something."

"Running errands would be about my place," Dan said, rather gloomily.

"Well—we need a good errand-boy," Mr. Putnam responded.

"I—don't think I 'll come," said Dan.

But that night as he sat in his room, half-undressed, staring moodily at the flickering gas-light, the thought of his old motto came to him again. Win or lose! Probably there was nothing in what the principal had said about school—but there might be. It was a sporting chance.

"I 'll try it!" Dan muttered suddenly.

The weeks passed slowly. Dan tackled school life with a grim determination. He was familiar with the sting of defeat—he longed to taste the joy of victory. He became a reporter for the "Clarion" and a member of the football team.

Then, sudden and unexpected, disaster came.

It happened in the final quarter of the last football game of the season—Millersville High against Baltic Academy. Millersville was leading, 13 to 7, and as the game drew toward a close, Dan and his team-mates were rushing toward the academy goal-line for another touchdown, when somebody fumbled and Baltic got the ball.



"DAN LEAPED INTO THE AIR. THE BALL STRUCK HIS GLOVE AND DROPPED TO THE GROUND" (SEE PAGE 1072)

Three times the opposing team tried the Millersville line—they could not gain. Then the Baltic full-back stepped back to punt.

Dan ran down the field from his regular half-back position to help receive the ball.

He saw half of the Baltic players suddenly shift their positions—saw the ball snapped into play—and then for an instant his mind went blank.

The full-back had not punted. It was a trick play—a last desperate resort. For a moment the players seemed to unite in a compact bunch; then they spread out a little.

And then, from out the huddled, sprawling group, Dan saw a Baltic player appear and charge down the side of the field where he was standing as if dazed.

In that instant the boy sensed all the meaning of the situation. The game was almost over; a touchdown by Baltic would tie the score at the least; and he—Dan Collins—stood alone between the goal and that dashing fellow with the ball.

Many a night that winter Dan awoke and, with the cold sweat upon his forehead, lived over this moment. If he could only have made the tackle! Or, failing that, if he could but have *tried* to make the tackle!

For he did not even try! His mind seemed to be shouting frantic commands to his muscles—commands that were not heeded. For a minute he stood motionless—and then, when it was too late, he rushed wildly, hopelessly forward.

The score was tied. The Baltic full-back kicked the goal—and Baltic had won, 14 to 13.

No one ever mentioned the game to Dan except Mr. Putnam; and the principal's attempt at sympathy was weak and halting. Three times Dan made up his mind to leave school—and each time he set his teeth and went back.

Spring came at last; and one morning Mr. Putnam stopped Dan in the corridor. "That baseball course begins to-day, you know—on the diamond at four o'clock," he said. "You 'll be there, won't you?"

Dan had intended to say no. But Mr. Putnam was a hard person to say no to. Anyway, there was no harm in going out to practise once or twice. Dan had pitched a little, back in grammar-school days.

That afternoon, as he caught the first carelessly thrown ball, Dan felt a little thrill of excitement. At the time, he did not understand it; and when at his first try-out in the box a sudden exultation

seized him, he did not understand that, either. Mr. Putnam was the first to understand—then slowly the whole school began to understand.

Dan was a pitcher such as the little town of Millersville had never possessed before! Under Mr. Putnam's careful coaching, he mastered the more intricate matters of speed and control and judgment. As the season progressed, the games with schools of Millersville's own size became more and more farcical, for the opponents could do nothing with Dan's pitching.

At the end of the season there loomed up the great game with Coburn High—a game that Millersville always expected to lose because the large city high school outclassed it. But this year a new thought ran through the school. At first there were halting whispered words; by and by a few people were bold enough to speak out; at last, doubts gave place to assurance. With Dan Collins in the box, Millersville could win!

The night before the game Dan went to his room and bolted the door. For a long time he sat in darkness, his hands clenched, his teeth set!

The next afternoon, as Dan was in the gymnasium drawing on his uniform with cold, unsteady fingers, Mr. Putnam came in.

"Good luck, Dan," he said, quietly. "Remember, boy, that we are all behind you. We want to win; but win or lose, we are behind you till the last man is out—don't forget that." He smiled slightly. "Know J. Spencer Northrop?" he asked, looking around at the several players who were in sight. "J. Spencer is Millersville's richest graduate—he runs a big business over in the city. And he 's crazy about baseball. He comes down every year; almost cries when Coburn beats us. If we win to-day—well, I imagine J. Spencer Northrop will climb the flagpole, give us a million dollars—or drop dead, or something."

As the preliminary practice on the field drew to a close, and the bands, the cheering, and the waving banners made the stands a riot of noise and color, Dan was glad that Millersville was to bat first. This gave him a few more minutes' grace.

But the respite was short. The local batters went out in one-two-three order. Then, without being conscious of how he came there, Dan found himself in the box, and heard the umpire call, "Play ball!"

Dan moved very slowly. He adjusted the ball in the curve of his fingers; swung his arms—and pitched. The umpire called "Ball one."

On the second pitched ball, Lee, the Coburn batter, made a clean single. Then Potter, the lanky first-baseman, came to bat, and received four balls in succession. Dan set his teeth. Nelson was up now, and he was Coburn's heaviest hitter.

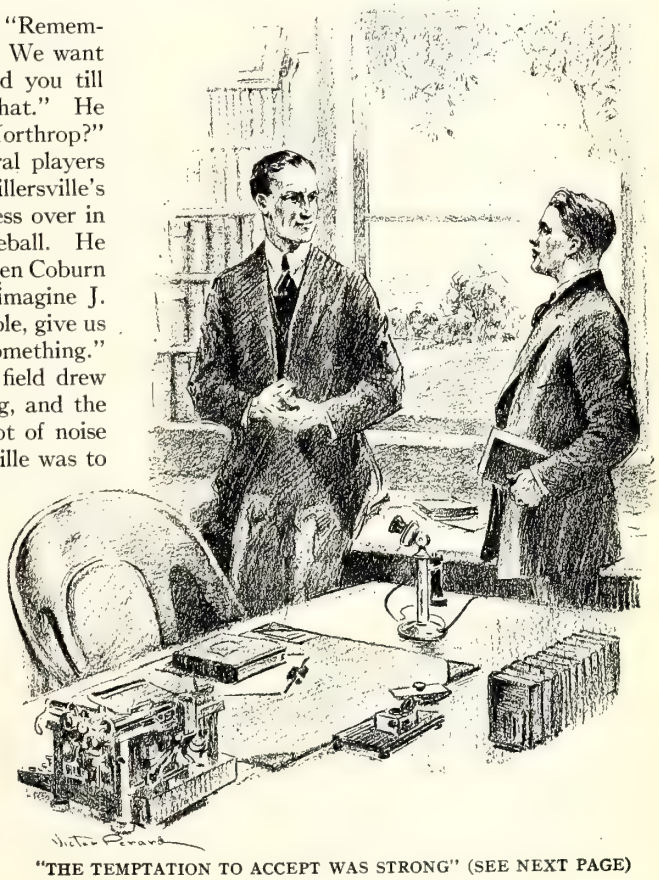
The catcher signaled for a high one. Before the ball left Dan's hand, he knew what he had done. He had indeed sent the ball high—so high that the catcher could not reach it. With a feeling of helpless horror, he saw the ball bounce against the back-stop and heard the pounding of feet as the two men on bases advanced to second and third respectively.

Although Dan did not know it, his lower lip was bleeding where his teeth had closed upon it. There was fear in the boy's heart; but something iron was in his muscles. His nerve was not yet broken.

He pitched a strike—then a ball. Then a sharp crack of the bat sent the ball sailing far over Dan's head. Davis, the center-fielder, judged it accurately, ran under it—and muffed it!

Davis's quick throw to the plate prevented a score, but the bases were filled. The din from the Coburn stands became deafening.

But Dan did not hear it. For him the world had contracted into a narrow rectangle reaching



"THE TEMPTATION TO ACCEPT WAS STRONG" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

from the pitcher's box to the plate. He sensed nothing except the ball in his hand, the catcher's signal, and the path along which he must send the ball.

Twice he hurled curves which broke so sharply that Sturgess, at bat, missed the ball. The next two pitches were balls.

Then happened a play that was destined to be told over until it became history.

Sturgess caught the ball "on the nose." It was a terrific line-drive. Some observers said that the ball was twelve feet above the ground when it reached the pitcher's box. It looked like a sure two-base hit—possibly a three-bagger. Lee, Potter, and Nelson were running madly. There was a chance that all three of them might score.

But Dan had leaped high into the air. The ball struck his glove and dropped to the ground. No player could have held it.

The pitcher sprang forward, caught up the ball, turned—and hurled it toward the home-plate. The throw was accurate. The ball and Lee reached the plate at almost the same instant, but the ball was ahead! Lee was out.

But that was not all. For Maynard, the catcher, turned and threw the ball to first, getting it there ahead of Sturgess. Instead of two or three runs for Coburn, there were two outs to the credit of Millersville!

Jensen was now at the bat.

"Strike one!" shouted the umpire.

Dan seemed to move slowly; but the ball showed only as a faint streak as it sped to the plate.

"Strike two!"

Again Dan swung his long arms. Again the ball traveled along the narrow path that seemed to the boy to stand out as if marked by visible lines.

"Strike three!"

The inning was over—and Coburn had not scored!

As Dan walked to the bench, Mr. Putnam ran to meet him. "Splendid, my boy!" he said.

Dan smiled a little.

"I 'm all right now," he said quietly. "I 've found myself—at last!"

The innings passed. No Coburn base-runner was able to get beyond second base. But—and here was the rub—Millersville was unable to score.

In the first half of the ninth, Maynard made a hit, stole second, and advanced to third on Davis's out. Then Dan came to bat.

Like most pitchers, Dan was a weak batter. But there was one thing which he was good at—the hitting of long flies. There was only one out. A long fly to the out-field would give Maynard a chance to score.

Twice Dan swung his bat—and missed. The third time he did not miss. Although he felt sure that the ball would be caught, he ran hard.

It was only when Dan had passed second base that he realized that something strange had happened. Davis, who was coaching off third, was beckoning to him and shouting wildly. The people in the Millersville stands were waving their banners, throwing their hats in the air, and cheering madly.

Maynard must have scored—of that Dan felt certain. But where was the ball? And why did Davis urge him toward the plate?

Dan reached home—to be grasped by three of his team-mates. "Did he—muff it?" he gasped.

"Muff it?" shouted Bob Clark. "Why, he never got within a mile of it—it was the longest hit I ever saw on this field—a home run, Danny boy!"

The ninth inning closed with the score still two to nothing. Millersville had beaten Coburn at last!

On Monday morning Mr. Putnam called Dan into the office.

"Well, J. Spencer Northrop did n't drop dead—or leave us a million dollars, either," the principal said. "But he did give me a message for you." The man leaned back in his chair and his eyes narrowed slightly. "Mr. Northrop wished me to make you a proposition," he went on. "He feels that a fellow who can stand up under such a test as that first inning gave you Saturday must have a level head and a quick wit. Anyway, he says he is ready to back his judgment to the extent of thirty dollars a week."

"You mean," Dan said slowly, "that he is offering me thirty dollars a week to come and work for him?"

"That is correct," Mr. Putnam replied, rising and leaning against the window-ledge.

Many thoughts flashed quickly through Dan's mind. For an instant the temptation to accept the offer was strong. Then he looked up.

"I 'm going to disappoint him," he said. "I 've learned a lot in school this year—I want to keep on."

Something very much like a smile flickered on the principal's face. "I am not surprised," he remarked. "In fact, I told Mr. Northrop that I rather expected you would decline."

"What did he say?" Dan asked.

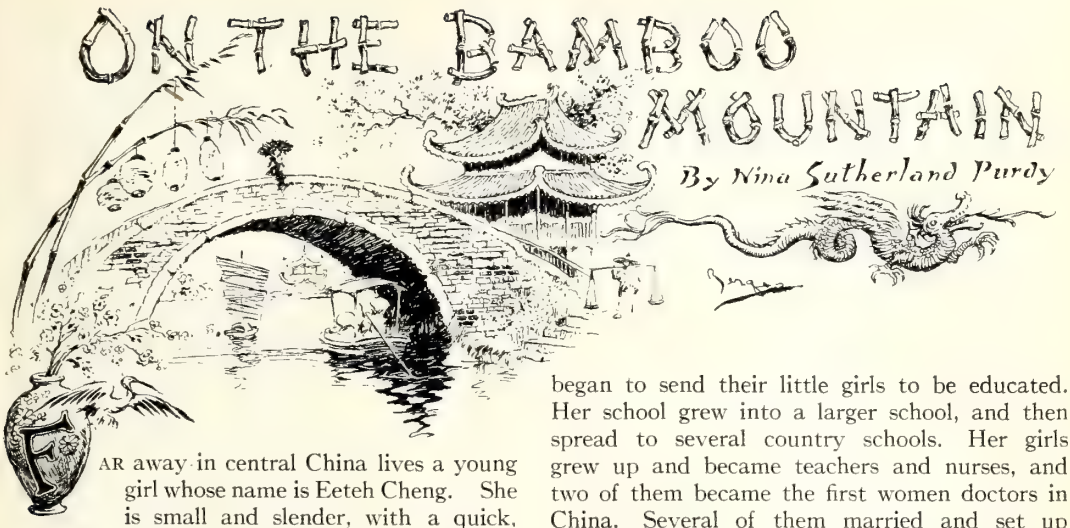
"He blustered a little. Then he said that if you 'd stay and beat Coburn again, he 'd make it forty dollars a week!"

Dan looked thoughtfully out of the window for a minute. Then, suddenly, he smiled.

"It feels good to win, does n't it, Mr. Putnam?" he said.

ON THE BAMBOO MOUNTAIN

By Nina Sutherland Purdy



FAR away in central China lives a young girl whose name is Eeteh Cheng. She is small and slender, with a quick, soft step. Almost always she wears a silver-white silken jacket, a white flower in the knot of dark hair against her pale-yellow skin, and a bright smile in her long black eyes; and her Chinese friends find her so lovely that they have given her the special name of "Thread of Song."

She has not had the usual life of a Chinese girl. Although she is in her teens, she is not yet betrothed, nor has she even thought about it. And this, as you know, is unusual in China, for there the girls marry very early. The reason for this is because Eeteh's mother is the adopted daughter of a well-known American missionary. Therefore both Eeteh and her mother have been brought up in accordance with American standards.

Eeteh lives with her mother in the city of Nanchang, which is the capital of the province of Kiang-si. In this city too lives "Gaipo," or Grandmother, as Miss Gertrude Howe, the American missionary, is called not only by Eeteh, but also by many people of the province of Kiang-si. Almost fifty years ago, the Methodist Church sent Miss Howe to China to found schools for girls. At first she was scornfully treated. She found it very hard to get the Chinese to send girls to her school, because she would not bind their feet and because she taught them more than at that time was thought good for girls to know. When she finally did get a class together, they recited passages of ancient Chinese literature so perfectly that the officials of the town became alarmed and said that they must have stolen the boys' brains, and immediately took all of the little girls away. But Miss Howe kept on. She adopted four little Chinese girls as her own, one of whom was Eeteh's mother. And gradually other people began to have confidence in her and began to send their little girls to be educated. Her school grew into a larger school, and then spread to several country schools. Her girls grew up and became teachers and nurses, and two of them became the first women doctors in China. Several of them married and set up homes of their own, instead of living with their mothers-in-law, as is the custom in China.

During all these years Miss Howe was becoming better known and better loved, until finally, throughout the province and even outside of it, she became known as "Queen of the Kiang-si." This was mainly because she had shown that Chinese girls could not only learn just as much as Chinese boys, but also that they could do just as useful work in the world. To-day, now that she is older, the Chinese have softened their title into the tenderer one of "Gaipo," "Grandmother." It is used with great pride and with great reverence, and no one anywhere uses it with more pride than does Eeteh.

So Eeteh was very happy one early summer morning, two years ago, when her mother told her that Gaipo had chosen her to prepare for college that summer, and that the three of them were going up into the mountains of Kiang-si, where they would live quietly and work hard. It may seem strange that a young girl should be delighted at the thought of such a summer, for young girls in America think of the summer as the time for fun, for tennis playing and rowing and moonlight parties. But when a Chinese girl decides to have an education, there is nothing in all the world so important. That in itself means both play and work to her. This is because education is such a new thing to the women of China. Probably years and years from now, when every Chinese girl must go to school, she will not like going, any more than do many of the girls in America.

But Eeteh was eager to study, for, besides wanting an education, it was a great honor to have Gaipo prepare her for college. Almost every summer Miss Howe takes one or two or three of her Chinese girls into the country, where

she quietly prepares them for college or for some special educational work. It is a custom which she began when Eeteh's mother was a girl, and one of the stories that Eeteh has liked most throughout her childhood is that of the summer that Gaipo taught Mother zoölogy, and of how they both shuddered over the dissecting, and of how they bravely and undauntedly persevered; for Eeteh's mother was determined to become a nurse and, of course, one who wanted to nurse people must surely not grow faint-hearted when dissecting grasshoppers and toads.

Eeteh's mother *did* become a nurse, and even after her marriage continued her work in the large hospital at Nan-chang under one of the famous women doctors whom Miss Howe had educated. And now Eeteh too wished to become a nurse. And some day, she told herself, she might perhaps realize her greatest ambition, which was to go to America to study to become a doctor, then to come back to China and practise medicine, even as two of her countrywomen have done. Already she had helped her mother a great deal and had learned much about dressing wounds and giving medicines.

Soon the day for the journey came, and Gaipo and Mother and Eeteh set out for the mountains. They rode a long way on a train, then they continued their journey in chairs carried on poles by Chinese coolies to a little village at the foot of the mountain, where they changed to other chairs carried by other Chinese coolies. Then began the third long way, which was the climb up the mountain.

It was a large dome-like mountain, very green with the lacy and brilliant leaves of the bamboo, and towering up into a very blue sky. Of course there were other trees, too; the very large camphor-trees, which are green the year round and have a shiny leaf which glitters in the sun; and mingled with these were growing the tall mountain-pines, with their softer greens and their quiet whisperings.

As Eeteh and Gaipo and Mother were carried slowly up the steep road, they exclaimed to one another in delight. The edge of the woods, all along, was pink with rhododendron blossoms, and every now and then they came to a clearing and passed a tiny house made of sun-dried bricks, with a spreading, tiled roof. Here they caught glimpses of the simple, mountain Chinese in their wide-sleeved, bright-blue coats and baggy trousers, busy in their fields and in their tiny houses.

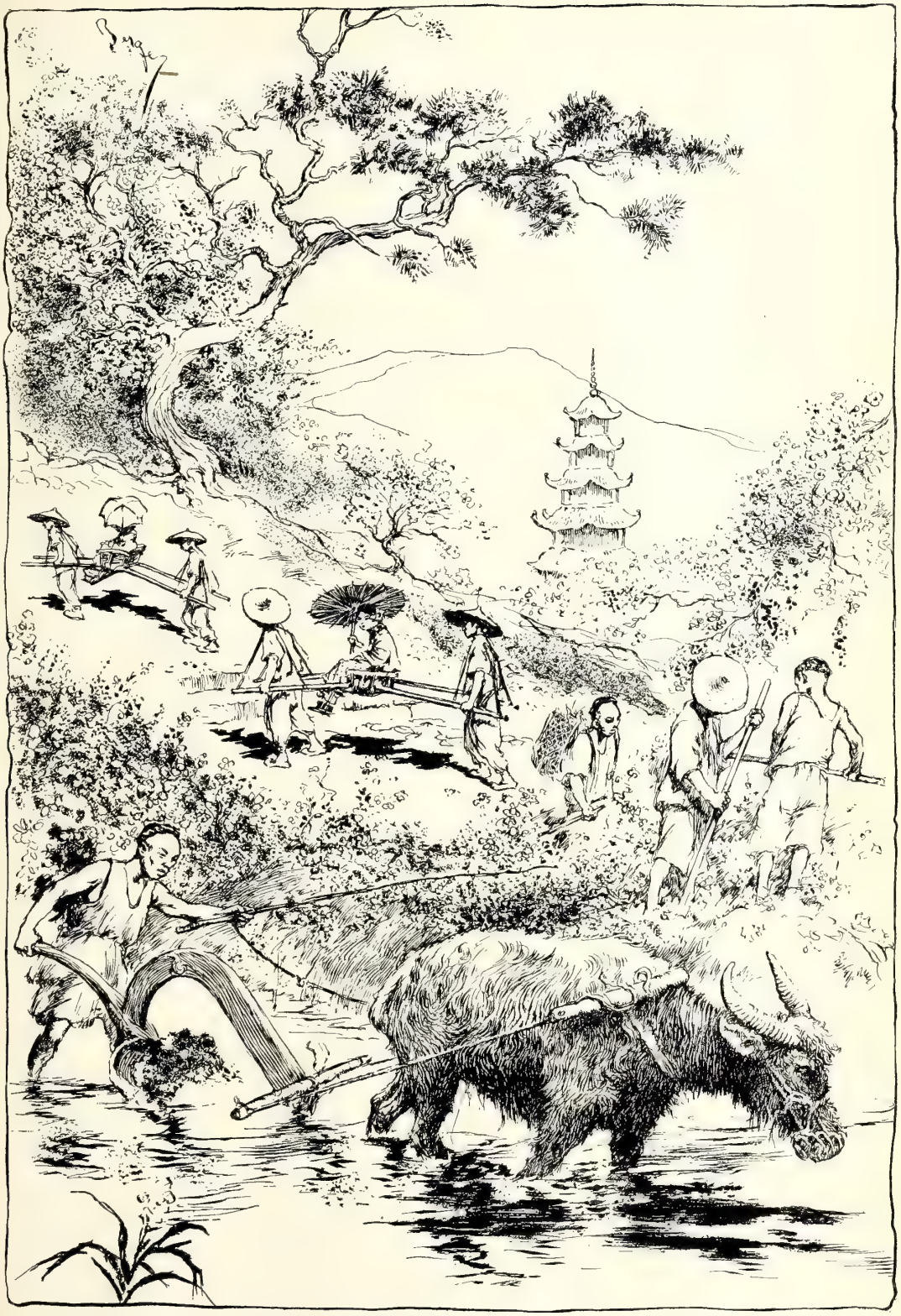
Everything seemed so hushed and so peaceful that Gaipo said happily, "We shall have such a nice, quiet time, Eeteh, and you will have plenty of opportunity to prove whether you have enough perseverance and patience to become a doctor."

But before they had gone very much farther on their way, they learned that it was not such a peaceful mountain as they had thought. Coming around a bend in the road, they met some hurrying Chinamen, who were talking and gesticulating rapidly. And immediately they knew that something must be wrong. For no Chinaman hurries unless he has a very good reason. It was indeed a good reason this time—a reason that had aroused and terrified the country-side. The men poured it out excitedly: The God of the Mountain was angry! The God of the Mountain was taking vengeance! Had not a giant tiger been stalking through the forest all spring? And had he not killed four men within the past month, and, just that morning, another? Was this not proof enough that the God of the Mountain was angry and that he was taking vengeance in the form of a tiger? He was so cunning that no one could trap him or could get close enough to him to shoot him; and he always sprang on people when they were alone and unaware.

Gaipo and Mother and Eeteh did not wonder that the country-side was aroused and terrified; and of course, the mountain people were all the more terrified since they were superstitious enough to think that it was the vengeance of one of their gods. But though Gaipo and Mother and Eeteh trembled at the thought of this fierce tiger who might any time spring out of the woods at them, not one of them thought of turning back.

This was because Gaipo had come to this particular mountain for an even more important reason than, in a quiet place, to prepare Eeteh for college. There were plenty of other quiet places she might have chosen. But this bamboo mountain, because it was untraveled and remote, was one of the few parts of Kiang-si where the people knew nothing of her or of her work. Gaipo had chosen it, hoping that she might start a little school for the mountain children during the summer. She had brought Eeteh's mother along for a special reason, too. Since she was one of the best nurses in the hospital at Nan-chang, she would be able to treat the mountain people who were ill and give them the medicines they needed. For here, as everywhere else where people depend upon superstition instead of science and have no knowledge of medicine, there was much sickness.

But Eeteh and Gaipo and Mother were settled in their little bungalow for several weeks without doing any of the kind of things for the mountain people that they had planned. This little bungalow was near a two-century-old Buddhist monastery, called Sz-tsz-an, which in English means Lion Monastery, and Gaipo had chosen it as a very good place to live, for they would see



"AS THEY WERE CARRIED UP THE STEEP ROAD THEY EXCLAIMED TO ONE ANOTHER IN DELIGHT"

sick people continually going down to the monastery to pray for healing. In this way, Mrs. Cheng would be able to make friends with them and to give them the medical help they needed.

This was what Gaipo had planned. But though the days passed pleasantly enough, with no more signs of the fierce tiger and with Eeteh studying successfully under Gaipo's supervision, still few of the mountain people would have anything to say to them. How could they, they reasoned to one another, take the white man's medicine? Just because two of their countrywomen lived with this white lady and urged them to come and be healed was no reason that they should do this wrong to Buddha and to the already angry God of the Mountain. Besides, they were such strange countrywomen, this mother and her daughter, with their unbound feet and their strange ways and their strange language, which they used occasionally, and most of all their strange and tender love for this queenly little white lady.

So the days went by, and though all the mountain people bowed low when they met them and wished them a grave "Good morning" and "Good evening," none would send their children to Gaipo to be taught and none would come to Mrs. Cheng for medicine. None except Fook Sing, their cook boy, who one day cut his wrist so deeply that he was frightened and ran frantically to Mrs. Cheng.

She bound up the bleeding wrist and laughed him out of his fright; and from that day on, Fook Sing proclaimed her praises to the people of the mountain side. He called her "the Radiant Lady who could dry the red fountain." And gradually, one by one, the little bungalow began to have bright-blue-coated visitors, who stopped to get some of the Radiant Lady's medicine. But only Fook Sing's own people came. The rest of the mountain people still scoffed and scorned the teaching and healing given by the little white lady and their two strange countrywomen. It would only make the God of the Mountain angrier, they said. And even Fook Sing's glowing praises and the display of the healed wound on his wrist did not persuade them.

Then, one morning, there was terror again on the bamboo mountain. Just later than the dawn, two men who went into the field to plow saw the giant tiger slinking away through the forest. The warning traveled about from this person going along the road to that person on the road, until it finally reached the little bungalow down at Sz-tsz-an.

Eeteh and Fook Sing were quite serious when they heard about it, for Eeteh's mother had gone the day before to the little village at the foot of the mountain to buy supplies and now she should be on her way home. Of course, she would probably be safe, for she was armed with a rifle. Besides, two good Chinese guides, well used to the mountain, were carrying her chair. Nevertheless, they worried; but they did not tell Gaipo, who lay ill that day with a headache. They quietly loaded the other rifle which Mrs. Cheng had brought with her to the mountain and then they kept a close watch of the forest about the bungalow

The warm summer day dozed away with no glimpses of the tiger, with no visits from any of Fook Sing's relatives, and with Gaipo unalarmed and asleep on the cool, shaded side of the bungalow. Finally, it became late afternoon and Eeteh and Fook Sing had begun to watch eagerly for the return of his Radiant Lady when they heard calling from the other direction, *"Hi Yah! Hi Yah! Hi Yah!"*

And there, coming down the road, was a strange procession. First it seemed just a mass of moving bright-blue figures, carrying something black and bulky on a stretcher; and immediately Eeteh thought of her mother,—the tiger had attacked her mother!—even though she knew that her mother would come from another way.

Both Eeteh and Fook Sing ran down to meet them, calling out answering *"Hi Yahs!"* And as they came nearer, she saw that the men carrying the stretcher were bringing not a person, but an animal—a huge water-buffalo, whose throat and head and back were gashed and torn! And behind the stretcher and alongside it and ahead of it walked excited and gesticulating Chinamen.

The men carrying the stretcher were kinsmen of Fook Sing, and they had brought their water-buffalo to the Radiant Lady to be healed. For this time it was the water-buffalo, instead of a man, that had been attacked by the tiger. Water-buffaloes in China are used as beasts of burden, taking the place of oxen in America; also they look like oxen, with their spreading horns and wide, staring eyes, except that they have humped backs, like our American buffaloes.

This one, belonging to Fook Sing's kinsmen, had indeed been badly wounded. The men of the farm had discovered the tiger attacking it in the field and had run out and, making a great din, had scared the tiger off. Then, of course, the one thing to do, since they themselves had been helped by the Radiant Lady's medicine,—since the Radiant Lady *could* dry the red fountain,—was to take their wounded buffalo to her.

All their scoffing neighbors had come along with them. The buffalo would never let the lady touch him; the Mountain God would be even angrier; what did they expect a woman could do?

—and so they talked the whole way, even after the buffalo had been lowered onto the ground back of the little bungalow.

When they learned that the Radiant Lady was not at home, there was much disappointment. Fook Sing's kinsmen were disappointed because they wanted their buffalo healed; and the rest, because they wanted to see what would happen.

Soon every one did see something happen, for Eeteh immediately ran into the bungalow and came back with bandages and instruments and antiseptics. Then there was a strange scene—a young, slender Chinese girl working over a wounded water-buffalo; Fook Sing hurrying noiselessly back and forth from the kitchen with hot water; Gaipo, wakened by the noise and quietly gathering what had happened, holding sponges and instruments; and the wondering mountaineers standing about. It was strange enough work for a woman to do, but for a young girl—they shook their heads. So this was what the little white lady taught!

Eeteh worked quickly and carefully and confidently, though these were much worse wounds than she had ever dressed before, even with her mother's help. The men helped to hold and to turn the buffalo, which passively submitted to the treatment. One, two, three, four; only two more deep wounds to dress, when every one heard a cheerful greeting and turned to find that the Radiant Lady had come safely home. She had not even caught a glimpse of the tiger.

She was joyfully welcomed, as you may imagine, but she did not take time for many greetings. She hurried to the wounded buffalo, inspected approvingly the wounds that Eeteh had already dressed, and helped her with the remaining two.

It was a much patched and bandaged water-buffalo that lived back of the little bungalow for the next two weeks. Every day Mrs. Cheng dressed his wounds, and every day a group of the mountain people came from a great distance to see it, for the story of the healing had traveled far.

They were very admiring and respectful people now. Had not a young girl also dried the red fountain? And was not the buffalo getting well under the Radiant Lady's treatment? The white man's medicine was even stronger than the Mountain God's vengeance. And some even went so far as to say that perhaps the tiger was just a tiger, and not the Mountain God at all.

There was no more scoffing and no more distrust. Instead, the little bungalow became such a busy place that Eeteh and Gaipo found it hard to get time enough for their daily lessons. For all the mountain people who were ailing came now for healing—from all the branch roads, from the farms away back on top of the mountain, and from farther down the valley.

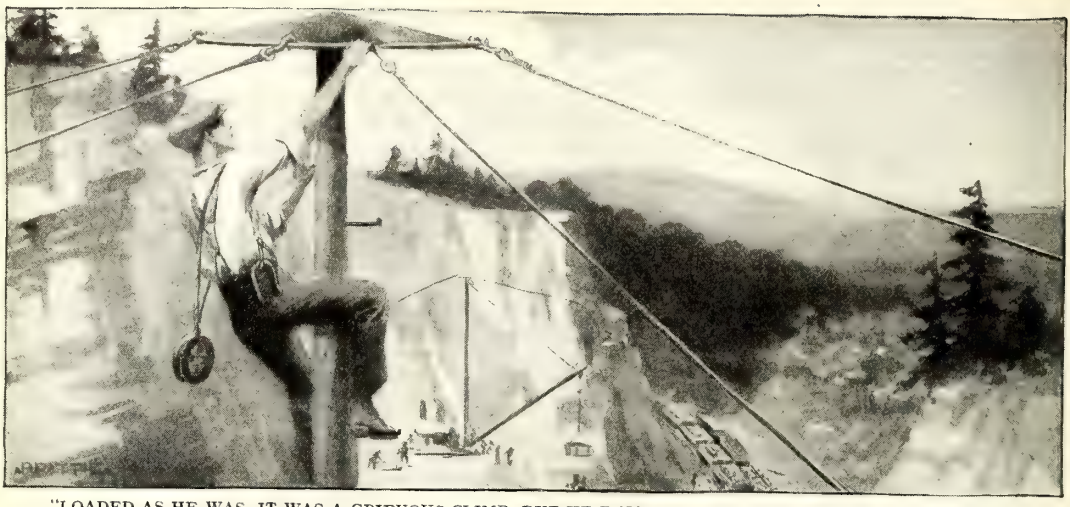
And Eeteh suddenly found that they had given her a new, special name—"*Mei Yu*," meaning, "Beautiful Gem,"—because she, such a slight young girl, could do such a wonderful thing as to dress a buffalo's wounds. So Eeteh and her mother became known that summer all over the country-side as "the Beautiful Gem and the Radiant Lady who could dry the red fountain."



EETEH

Gaipo also became "Gaipo" to the mountaineers, and soon there was a class of bright-eyed, yellow children coming for her to teach them.

And Eeteh, because she has shown that she possesses quickness and calmness and the ability to meet an emergency, will probably realize her greatest ambition and, when she is a little older, will come to America to study medicine. She is in Nan-chang now, studying with this hope in mind, confident that, when she is old enough, Gaipo will make it possible for her to come. For Gaipo neglects no opportunity that may enable Chinese girls to obtain such an education as shall fit them for lives of future usefulness among their own people.



"LOADED AS HE WAS, IT WAS A GRIEVOUS CLIMB, BUT HE FINALLY GAINED THE TOP" (SEE PAGE 1080)

RIDING THE GUY

By CHARLES A. HOYT

THE river poured through the portals under the completed foundation of the dam on the White Horse Rapids with a sullen, deep-toned roar. Up above, on the top of the cliff, the cement-mixer rattled and clanged as it turned out a batch of concrete every three or four minutes.

The blondin carriage, racing back and forth on the swaying messenger-cable, snatched the great dump-buckets full of concrete as if their weight of over two tons apiece was nothing. Men shouted, hoisting-engines puffed and chugged, air-compressors snorted, steel rang on steel as the hard-rock men gnawed their flinty way into the wall of the cañon, blasting out an anchorage for the concrete that daily crept a few feet nearer the top of the gorge.

Fred Bowers, foreman on the owl shift, tossed and rolled from side to side of his bed in the bunk-house, vainly trying to sleep.

The flies buzzed, the tarred-paper roof stewed in the hot sun and sent up an evil odor. The cook was singing, with his upper register open, a song he had learned somewhere west of the Missouri River. It was a doleful ballad entitled "The Cowboy's Lament," in something over seventeen verses and almost no tune at all. Fred endured it awhile, then rose with a thump, pulled on his clothes, stamped on his shoes, and started for the woods near by, where he hoped he would find quiet if not sleep.

"You want to throw out the clutch when you change gears like that," he called irritably into the cook's window as he passed. "One of these days you 'll strip a gear on that voice of yours and then—"

"Then I won't have to call you folks to dinner, will I?" interrupted the cook, cheerfully, leaning out of the window for a breath of fresh air. "Awful hot, ain't it?"

"It 's awful noisy," said Fred, pointedly. "I just wish some of you had to work all night the way we do, and then try to get some sleep, with people shouting and singing at the top of their lungs."

"Say!" said the cook, suddenly, "there 's Dahlgren coming this way. I believe he 's after you. Better duck out into the woods or he 'll set you to work."

Instead of ducking, Fred went to meet the contractor.

"Life is just one thing after another," said Dahlgren, wiping his crimson face with his handkerchief.

"A contractor's life is, I guess," replied Fred. ' What 's your special grouch just now?"

"Up against it for fair. The quarry foreman just telephoned down and said he could n't load the cars—something or other had happened to the derrick."

"No crushed stone for me to use to-night then!" Fred spoke impatiently. "Why don't they fix their derrick—other folks keep their machinery running."

"He said something about their rigger being sick or quit, I did n't just understand which."

"Oh, well, if that 's all, I 'll just go up and see

what 's up," said Fred. "I can climb their old derrick, I guess."

"If you could now—" Dahlgren spoke eagerly. "It seems like a good deal to ask a man to work day and night, but I 'll run your shift myself to-night if you will."

"There 's the quarry train now," said Fred, suddenly. "It just whistled for Dow's crossing. Say," he shouted to the cook, "put me up a lunch double quick!"

"Very well," replied the cook, composedly; "come back here in a couple of hours and I 'll have it ready. How do you want your ice-cream flavored, and will you have angel cake or lady-fingers with it?"

"Hurry up!" Fred danced around, grabbing everything he could lay his hands on and cramming it into a paper bag. "I 'll miss that train—it 's twenty rods over to the main line."

"Here you!" the cook clutched at him as he ran for the door. "You don't need half a pound of butter, and a whole pie is too much—" and he gazed vindictively at Fred's vanishing back as it disappeared in the brush.

A few minutes later, the geared locomotive that was pushing empty cars up the steep mountain railroad, slowed up for Fred to climb on a flat-car and then churned its way on up the grade.

Their way led through some of the finest scenery in New England. The road twisted and turned along the side of a mighty hog-back of solid granite, ever climbing toward the quarry on its top, fifteen hundred feet above the village at its foot.

After a half-hour's climb they arrived at the quarries, with their towering derricks strung along the face of the great hump of granite over half a mile long. The stone-crusher stood at one end, at the bottom of a long incline that brought spalls, or broken stone, from the quarry. A derrick, the mast of which was over a hundred feet high, stood where it could pass the crushed rock from the crusher directly to the cars.

"What 's up, Hod?" asked Fred, hopping off his flat-car as the train slowly steamed past. "How many troubles have you got, anyway?"



"HE SPED DOWN THE SAGGING ROPE WITH BREATHLESS SPEED" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"Fifty-seven varieties, all bad," said Hod, gazing skyward at the top of the towering mast. "See how she leans toward the crusher when we got a load on?"

"Sure," said Fred, squinting. "Why don't you plumb it up?"

"Well, I 'll tell you," said Hod, pointing. "See those guys all around on the side toward the ledge? Some of 'em ain't more than a hundred feet long.

Then you can see there 's only one acrost the gorge and that 's a long one—has to be to reach the other side. If we hitched in the bottom of the gully anywhe e, we could n't swing one boom at all."

"Well, what of that?" asked Fred, impatiently. "Why don't you just tighten it up if it is n't tight enough? I tell you, we 've got to have stone—"

Hod looked pityingly at him. "You probably don't notice that it sags, do you? If we pulled it hard enough to hold the mast straight when it 's loaded, it would break."

"Like enough," agreed Fred. "What are you going to do, then?"

"We 've always hitched the middle down with a rope gripped around it and hitched around that old yellow birch tree in the bottom of the gully, but this morning the rope broke. Since then, we have n't been able to land a single load of stone on the cars. The minute we lift the skip full of rock off the ledge, the mast leans over so far that the bull-wheel engine can't swing the boom."

"I see," said Fred; "the long guy just straightens up and lets the derrick over."

"I 've offered ten dollars to anybody who will take a shackle and sheave up aloft and put 'em over the guy and hitch a piece of guy-rope on; but they don't dare to. The rigger quit yesterday." Hod started up the line of derricks. "You fellers will have to fix her up, I guess, if you get any rock."

Fred looked impatiently after him, then walked up and down the railroad-track a moment. The shackle and sheave, together with the wire rope for making the repair, lay on the ledge at the foot of the derrick, all ready, but no one had nerve enough to climb the hundred-and-ten-foot stick and place them on the guy.

Finally, Fred tied the heavy cast-iron wheel over one shoulder with a piece of rope, thrust the shackle through one suspender, and, with the pin in a pocket, started the climb. Wrought-iron steps were driven into the mast every sixteen inches from the bottom to the top; loaded as he was, it was a grievous climb, but he finally gained the top almost out of breath.

It was the work of only a moment to put the shackle over the wire guy and put in the sheave and pin. Then he leaned over the great cast-iron cap, or umbrella, that crowned the mast, and looked around. All up and down the quarry, men worked like ants. Running out into the deep gully that ran parallel with the ridge where his derrick stood were the great waste-piles or grout-heaps where millions of tons of worthless rock were dumped. Over across on the other side were clustered the shacks of some laborers; far down the valley the white farm-houses and red barns shone like beacon lights in the sea of green. All around, the green-clad mountains rolled in billows as far as he could see.

Suddenly his eye caught a group of men running to take shelter in an old boiler-shell near the foot of his derrick. Little plumes of smoke were rising at twenty different points on the ledge below, and a man was lighting more of them as he ran swiftly back and forth.

The long-drawn cry echoed the entire length of the ledge: "Fire! Fi-r-e! Fi-r-e!" and every man in sight dropped his tools and ran for cover. The noon whistle boomed. The noon blast was about to be set off!

"Hold on!" screamed Fred, starting down the iron steps.

The powder-man below turned a frightened face upward, dropped his torch, tried vainly to snuff out the fuses nearest him, then ran wildly back and forth.

"Stay there!" he yelled, hoarse with fright. "They 'll go off in half a minute!"

He made a futile effort to snuff out another fuse or two, then fled despairingly.

Fred scrambled swiftly to the top of the guy-cap with the idea of staying on top until the blasts went off and then dodging quickly underneath when the rocks came down, but abandoned the idea as foolish the minute after he thought of it. The fuses were of different lengths, without doubt, and while some rock was mounting skyward, other rock would be coming down.

He brushed against the shackle and sheave on the long guy, all ready for the wire rope to be inserted. The rope with which he had tied it over his shoulder was still on, a loop about two feet in diameter.

A single glance at it, a fleeting look along the great cable, and without an instant's delay, he thrust one leg through the loop, kicked himself away from the mast, and, clutching the iron shackle with both hands, sped down the sagging wire rope with breathless speed.

Not a moment too soon. He was not five rods away when the first blast went, followed in rapid succession by many others. The sky was fairly darkened by hurtling masses of rock. The hills echoed and echoed again. On he sped out of the danger zone, his teeth set, gripping the shackle with all his might. He looked hopefully ahead, wondering if the rope sagged too much in the middle to allow him to run to the other end and to safety, when his hair fairly stood on end—the rope was in two pieces, being gripped together in the middle in a great clumsy splice!

An instant later the sheave struck the splice with a thud, and he was flung upward against the

cable with cruel force. Breathless and half stunned, he hung on feebly a few minutes. The men came out of their shelter and the dust settled in the quarry.

Running figures came down over the ledge and bellowed order, "Hump yourself back for that hand-line, Joe!"

Some one, who was probably Joe, ran like a deer over the ledges and came back with a coil of small rope. Twisting his head around past his arms, Fred looked curiously at the crowd.



"THE STONE BROKE OFF, BUT HE GRABBED THE YARN"

Some one below cupped his hands and called:

"Grab it when I throw it up and then haul up the big rope!" he shouted.

"All right! All right!" Fred replied. "Hurry up! I 'm getting awful tired."

The group scattered and the man made his try. The result would have been ludicrous if it were not so serious. The line was light, but he could not throw it fifty feet in the air, let alone the three hundred necessary.

Several others tried, but their failure was worse. They all stood around and gazed helplessly upward.

"Get a kite and fly it over me!" shouted Fred, desperately. "I can't stand this forever."

"Nothin' of the kind anywhere around," replied the spokesman. "They ain't no twine this side of the store."

Fred hung on his loop of rope and waited their next move, but there did not seem to be any. He made an effort to drag himself back to the mast of the derrick by pulling himself along the cable, but the incline was too steep. He went, perhaps, ten feet, then the wheel ran back to the splice.

"Say," he shouted suddenly to the waiting group below, "is there a man down there who wears home-made socks?"

"Socks!" they echoed, looking at one another, then up at him; "socks? His head must be wrong."

"Sure!" Fred shouted impatiently, trying to ease his position; "if there is, just ravel it out and tie the end to a stone—"

he took a look downward, but only one. Over three hundred feet it was to the earth, and solid rock everywhere. He twisted his head to look at his would-be rescuers. Two of them ran back and came on with a long rope. How they expected to get it up to him, he did not know, but supposed they had some idea in their heads.

Wearily he shifted his position, as the rope cut cruelly, and waited. The group under the rope grew, as every man in the quarry gathered to the rescue. Out of the clamor of voices he heard a

"I get ye!" shouted a voice. There was busy work for a few minutes.

"What are you doing?" the prisoner shouted.

"It won't ravel!" replied the man.

"Did you begin at the toe?" demanded Fred, frantically. "I 'll have to drop pretty soon if—"

A shout from below: "She 's started—she 's started! It 's all right!"

He gave a sigh of relief as the crowd scattered to give the thrower room. Twice the man threw with all his strength, but the kinky yarn fouled. Then they coiled the yarn in a big spiral, the man throwing the stone so that the yarn landed across the wire a few feet from where Fred hung between earth and sky.

The stone broke off, but he grabbed the yarn just as the end was about to slide over the cable.

He cautiously pulled up the small hand-line, then the heavy rope, and in a few moments tied it into the shackle and slid down to safety.

"Phew!" the quarry boss wiped his face with a blue cotton handkerchief. "I can't remember when I 've had such a scare—"

But Fred was heading for the mast again.

"Come on, boys! There 's enough of a gang here to haul up that cable and hitch it to the shackle. Tow it along with that rope, some of you. Say," he was looking at the powder-man, who was staying discreetly in the background, "better lock that fellow up while we 're doing it."

SOME INTERESTING PLACE NAMES

By PAULINE BARR

PROBABLY in no other country have the names of places been derived from so many peoples and tongues as in the United States. New York and Pennsylvania abound with names of Dutch origin; in New England, Virginia, and, in fact, all along the eastern coast, the towns of England and the people famous in English history are immortalized; the trail of the early French explorers may be traced to-day by means of the musical names of cities and towns which they settled and rivers and mountains which they discovered; the Spanish padres and cavaleros have left their indelible records in the West, particularly the Southwest; and everywhere, from north to south, from east to west, are names taken from the language of the North American Indian.

Yonkers, New York, was named after a manor-house built by the Dutch, the word meaning "young lord," and first applied in this country to Adrien Van der Douck, a patentee. Another interesting Dutch name is Schuylkill, which means "hidden stream," and was so called by the Dutch because the first explorers passed that river's mouth without seeing it.

In connection with the purely English names, it is interesting to note some of the Charlestons and Charlestowns, and their derivations. Charleston, South Carolina, was originally called Charles Town in honor of Charles II of England; and Charlestown, part of the city of Boston, Massachusetts, was named in honor of Charles I of England; Charlestown, New Hampshire, was named for Sir Charles Knowles, a British admiral, and Charlestown, West Virginia, was named for the brother of George Washington, Charles Washington, who owned the land upon which the town was built.

Lac qui Parle (a county, lake, and river in Minnesota) is a French name, meaning the "Lake that Talks," or "Speaking Lake." La Crosse (the city in Wisconsin) was named by the French after a ball game which the Indians used to play there. Terre Haute, Indiana, means "high land," and was so called by the French because it is built upon a bank sixty feet above the river.

The Spanish and Indian words for water, *agua* and *minni*, respectively, are used in connection with various prefixes and suffixes to form many interesting names. Of the Spanish ones, Agua Caliente, meaning "hot water," Agua Dulce, "sweet water," and Agua Fria, "cold water," are good examples. Agua Caliente is the name of villages in Arizona and California, near which are warm springs; Agua Dulce is the name of a creek in Texas; and Agua Fria that of a valley in Arizona and of a peak and village in New Mexico.

The beautiful Indian names Minnesota, "much water," or "cloudy water," and Minnehaha, "laughing water," are familiar to most of us. Minneapolis, "water city," is not a pure Indian name, being formed of the Indian *minni* and the Greek word for city, *polis*.

Los Gatos, California, means in Spanish "The Cats," and was doubtless applied to the city because of the presence of wildcats in the vicinity. Los Angeles, California, means in Spanish "The Angels," and so is "the city of the angels."

Niagara is an Indian word meaning "across the neck or strait," or "at the neck."

How did your home town get its name?

LORD JAMES, HALF-BACK

By HOWARD R. MARSH

"TWENTY-FOUR, twenty-four! Twenty-four, rah! Fresh out! Fresh out! Look out, fresh!" With happy yelps of exultation, like those of hunters sighting game, a band of laughing, pushing sophomores of Hanover School surrounded the freshman who, unfortunately, happened to be making his way alone across the campus.

The latter, a well-built, alert, blue-eyed boy, resolutely stood his ground, grinning good-natured defiance at the enemies of his class.

"Oh my, oh my, oh my! See what we have here, Tack!" called a stubby, red-haired youth to the leader of the band.

Tack searched the tree-tops, then the ground. "What is it—a worm? I don't see anything. Oh, that thing under the hat! Why hello, it looks human! But is it?"

The freshman's grin widened. "Yes," he said.

"Yes what?"

"Yes, I am human."

"I 'm glad to know that," Tack assumed a relieved air; "but do you not always say 'sir' to your superiors?"

"Yes," responded the freshman, "to my *superiors!*"

His emphasis of the last word brought hoots and jeers from the sophmores, but Tack persisted in his questioning. "What might your name be, my young hero?" he asked.

"James Lord Stevens, Junior."

"Pleased to meet your Honor, Lord James!" said Tack, in mock deference, making a sweeping bow which his comrades appreciated with unrestrained laughter. "And where does your domain lie, your Highness?"

"South Bedford," answered the freshman.

"Hail! All hail! Lord James of Bedford is with us!" and Tack swept the ground with another bow. Thenceforth it was as "Lord James" that the freshman was known at Hanover School.

"Hat! Hat! Hat!" suddenly roared his captors, in unison. Lord James decided to doff his hat, but there were no signs of surrender in his action. The uncovering of his head revealed a great shock of black hair. The sight was greeted with cries of joy by the sophomores.

"Shorty," said Tack, "will you please recite a poem for the young lord?"

The red-haired boy placed himself directly in front of the freshman.

"Clip 'em, cut 'em, that 's our custom," he recited gravely. "And the second verse runs like this:

"'Poor little freshman, have you any wool?
'Yes, sir, yes, sir, a flat head full.'
Hello, sophs, good-by hair;
The head of frosh will soon be bare."

One of the boys brought forth a pair of barber's clippers.

"Men," he said, "we 'll be forced to seize this beast of the jungle." He made a sudden dive for Lord James's waist, which the freshman agilely side-stepped, at the same time pushing the oncoming head aside and down. So successfully had he used the football straight-arm that Tack, face down, slid along the ground. Frustrated and angry, the sophomore leaped to his feet and slowly circled the freshman. Suddenly he rushed, wisely keeping his feet this time. His arms encircled Lord James's body and he strained mightily to throw the freshman, but the latter did not budge. Locked in each other's arms, they stood red-faced and straining. By every trick he knew, Tack tried to down the freshman, each moment becoming more angry that he, the best athlete in Hanover, was being withstood by a stocky little freshman. Then the unexpected happened. There was a straining of muscles and suddenly the redoubtable sophomore went over backward, the freshman astride him.

The others of the band, while secretly admiring the freshman's spirit and strength, decided that it was time to prevent the further humiliation of their leader, and they rushed into the fray. For a few moments sophomores came hurtling from the mêlée like sacks of grain from a wagon. But at last, numbers prevailed and Lord James was downed. Then Tack, still in bad humor, wielded the clippers. When he had completed the work to his satisfaction, the rueful, but still smiling, James was released, while the sophomores danced around with shouts of glee and derision. When at last the band started away to find another victim, Shorty hung back. "You 're all right, Lord James," he said under his breath.

Lord James dusted off his clothes, ran a hand over his shorn head, and ruefully began a search for his hat.

"Here you are, boy," and the hat was pressed into his hand by a tall man whom James remembered having seen in the background during the struggle. "I saw you down Tack Read, our best football linesman. Now this afternoon I want you to report at the football field at three o'clock. Will you?"

"Yes, sir," said James.

Promptly at three o'clock the freshman was on the athletic field. The coach took him in hand immediately. "Ever played football?" he asked. Lord James admitted he had, a little, mostly on vacant lots at home.

He was led to the center of the field, where twelve men, six on a side, were crouching, facing each other. At a signal from the assistant coach they charged each other, trying to bowl over their opponents.

"Evans, there, drop out!" ordered the coach. "Stevens, go in there and charge for all you are worth!" James crouched as he saw the others crouching, one foot braced behind him, his weight largely balanced on his hands. Looking up, he saw the disdainful face of Tack less than a foot away. He heard the coach bark "Charge!" and a second later picked himself up several feet back, where Tack had knocked him. Tack was already back in position, and Lord James crouched and faced him. Again Tack bowled him over with a fierce charge. Coach Watson stopped the practice and took the freshman aside.

"Boy," he said, "Tack is knocking you all over the field. He is doing it by getting ahead of you a fraction of a second on the charge. Balance yourself—so," he demonstrated by James's side; "then when the signal comes, charge—low and hard."

Lord James tried to follow the coach's instructions, but again and again Tack knocked him over. He was surprised at the end of practice when the coach came over and patted him on the shoulder. "Nice work," he said; "you were stopping him toward the last. Now go in and take a hot shower and report again to-morrow."

It was a bruised and tired James who wrote his first letter home that night:

Dear Mother and Dad:

This is a wonderful institution. I am going to work hard, but I expect to have a good time too, because everything is so fine.

It is a custom here for freshmen to have their hair clipped, and so mine was cut to-day. I look quite different.

This afternoon I took part in football practice and liked it very much. But I am tired now, so I 'll close.

Your loving son,

JAMES.

P. S. They have nicknamed me already—"Lord James."

The next morning, classes started, and as the day proceeded, James grew more and more certain that the school was just as good as his father had boasted it had been in his time.

In the freshman dining-hall at noon, he heard an excited buzz as he entered, and a spontaneous cheer rose. The story of his affair with the sophomores had preceded him; but in spite of the many questions, he refused to talk about it.

That afternoon found him again on the football field, and throughout the succeeding days he drove his tired and aching body to classes and then to the gridiron practice. Each night he forced his mind to his studies until he had mastered them, and then tumbled into bed to the sleep of thoroughly tired youth.

A week after school opened he wrote the following letter home:

Dear Mother and Dad:

Two important things happened to me to-day, and I want you to know about them right away. First, the freshmen elected me class president. I wanted to refuse, but then I decided that I could do my best and that is all that is expected.

Then this afternoon I was put on the scrub team and played against the first team. I am learning all I can about the game, and next year I hope to make the first eleven.

My marks in the weekly exams were well above passing, and I am feeling splendidly. I hope things are just as well at home.

With love,

JAMES.

Another week found James as first substitute back for the first team and in the seventh heaven of bliss. In the Hanover-Anderson game he played two quarters and added twelve points to his team's large score.

"Stevens," said Coach Watson, after the game, "I am going to keep you on the first team from now on. It 's up to you to vindicate my judgment."

Never did a youth try harder to fulfil his task. He played the game for all there was in him—running fast, tackling hard, but cleanly, sacrificing himself both in making and breaking interference. The reward came when he began to hear whisperings that Coach Watson had unearthed a star of the first magnitude—Lord James, of Bedford. Fearing lest this talk cause him to let down, he worked even harder, both at the game and at his lessons.

As a result of this came his showing in the Hanover-Westchester game, a fiercely fought fray in which Hanover emerged victor by two touchdowns, largely of Lord James's making.

Much as it disliked giving credit to a freshman, the school paper referred to James's work as "the most consistent exhibition of ground-gaining and good all-round play witnessed on Hanover field this year."

James clipped the item and sent it home to his mother, hoping she would be happy in her son's achievements. But the news was received with quite a different sentiment by Mrs. Stevens. Since James first reported for practice, she had lived in a state of suspense and fear. She had heard of boys being badly hurt playing football, but her love for her son had decided her not to

interfere, he seemed so happy in "making" the team.

But alas, that clipping! At the end was this paragraph, which confirmed her fears:

> Interest is now largely centered on the annual Hanover-Colton game of next Saturday, a contest which is always the climax of the season. The two teams appear to be well matched and the contest is sure to be a grueling affair with no mercy shown on either side. Both teams have suffered losses by injuries, but each school will present its best eleven in years. The outcome of the game will depend largely on the ability of the Colton players in stopping young Stevens, the Hanoverian freshman half-back. The Colton coaches have been drilling their men to play "Lord James" every minute, and the colors of Hanover are likely to rise or fall by the success or failure of its star in frustrating these plans.

Here was language Mrs. Stevens could understand! It was to be a "grueling affair with no mercy shown," and her son was to bear the brunt of it! Already, the paper stated, each team had lost men by injuries, and James was sure to get hurt next Saturday, because he was to bear the brunt of the attack.

The next noon James found a telegram in his room. It read:

> Your heart and mine are intensely loyal to our school, but we are even more loyal to your mother. She is nearly sick from worry over next Saturday's game. You and I cannot understand, my son, but we can act. My sympathy and love go with this message. FATHER.

The boy read and re-read words. There was not a doubt of what he would do, but Lord James came as near to crying as a member of the nobility well could. It was n't so much his own feelings, or what the fellows might say, but the lowering of Hanover's colors was more than he could bear stoically.

On the way to his afternoon classes he stopped to send the following telegram:

> Tell Mother not to worry. I will not play Saturday.
> JAMES.

A few minutes before three o'clock he walked into the dressing-room, where a score of youths were donning their football togs for afternoon practice. Straight to Coach Watson he went. "I can't play Saturday," he blurted out, so loudly that every one in the room heard it.

The statement came like a bomb. For a few moments there was a stunned silence.

"Why not?" the coach asked shortly.

"I just can't—that 's all," James answered.

There was another moment of silence. "All right, son; I 'm sorry," the man said gravely. "It probably means we are beaten. But you know that. Your decision is final?"

"Yes," James answered, turning away to conceal the mist in his eyes.

That evening, as the disappointed boy sat at his desk and tried to concentrate his mind on his studies, Coach Watson entered. "Pretty poor practice this afternoon," he said. "The boys seem to have lost heart. But we 'll do our best. I just dropped in this evening to see if there is anything I can do for you."

In the publicity of the dressing-room that afternoon James had felt it impossible to tell why he could not play. But now he felt he could explain. "Here," he said, handing to the coach the telegram from his father. "This is all there is to it."

Coach Watson studied the message. "Well," he said, "you 're right not to play under such circumstances. We shall miss you Saturday, but I won't urge you to play. It hits us both pretty hard. But stick to your guns, lad; you 'll never be sorry."

The next day was a long hard trial for Lord James. At three o'clock he found he could not keep away from the football field where the team was going through its final practice before the big game. With his hat pulled down over his eyes and his coat collar turned up, he had hoped to escape notice; but all around him he heard subdued murmurs. "I wonder if he is a quitter?" one boy asked. "Not on your life!" he heard Shorty reply, and felt everlastingly grateful to the little red-headed sophomore.

Hanover was awake and bustling the next morning. Alumni were pouring in from all parts of the State. James heard the cheers of the Colton students as they marched past his room. It was a day of happiness, he thought, to every one but himself—and, maybe, Coach Watson.

He heard an automobile stop at the entrance of the house; but buried in dejection, he paid no attention until there was a knock on the door. "Come in," he said listlessly. And then, before he knew it, he found his hand in his father's grasp and his mother's arms about him.

"Had a time finding you," his father said, and James thought he actually seemed embarrassed. But his mother was bubbling over with joy.

Almost immediately a fourth member was added to the party, for Coach Watson entered. "Coach," said the surprised James, "this is my mother and father."

"I talked with your father over the telephone last night, and feel that I know him already," said the new-comer, shaking hands. "Mrs. Stevens, I am proud to know you. You have about the finest boy in school."

"I know I have," Mrs. Stevens answered with pride; "only he is broken-hearted to-day."

"Of course he is," replied the coach. "That 's the reason I asked you to come. It probably will be the hardest day he will have to face in a long time."

James turned away. "Oh, no, it 's not bad," he said pluckily.

"Mrs. Stevens," the coach resumed, "I 'm not sure it is fair to get you here and then plead your son's cause. But it is my cause, too, and the school's. So maybe I shall be forgiven if my impulse has carried me too far.

"I can show you by statistics, Mrs. Stevens, that football is not so dangerous as many other games classed as 'mild.' In all my eleven years as coach here, I have not had a boy permanently injured. Of course, there are bruises and hurts; but did n't James get bruised and hurt when he was a little fellow and began to play outdoors? Of course he did. That 's the penalty—or perhaps the reward—for playing. But it 's a manly game, football, and James certainly belongs in the game."

"I just can't let him," sighed Mrs. Stevens. "The chances seem too great."

"All right, Mrs. Stevens. I am sorry. Good-by," he said, "I 'm glad to have seen you both."

For the rest of the morning James talked over his school life with his parents and forced himself to inquire eagerly about things at home. At noon he barely nibbled at the luncheon his parents had arranged at the hotel.

Back in his rooms, the three heard the happy crowds parading past on the way to the game. Then from the distance came a great roar of voices in sudden excitement. The game was on!

Gloom settled early on Hanover field for James's schoolmates. It was soon evident that Evans, playing in Lord James's place, was a weak cog. Time and again he was pulled from his position on the defense by a fake play, and the Colton backs pounded through for gains. On the offense he seemed lost, and could neither gain nor form satisfactory interference for the other backs. Twice the Colton team crossed the goal-line and once they kicked goal.

The cheers which the Stevens's could faintly hear were Colton cheers. James realized this and set his lips grimly to check their quivering.

At last Mrs. Stevens whispered in her husband's ear, and for a moment they engaged in low-voiced conversation. Then Mr. Stevens leaned over and placed his hand on his son's shoulder.

"James," he said, "your mother realizes that this is hurting you more than the game possibly could. Go out there and fight! Go out and win! We 'll wait for you here."

James had scarcely heard the last words. He had bounded to his feet, flung his arms around his mother, and already was out of the door.

In the dressing-room it seemed to James that his hastening fingers took hours to pull on his football suit.

But back in his room it was only a few minutes before his father and mother heard a cheer louder than any before. "He 's there, Mother!" exclaimed Mr. Stevens. "Listen!" Faintly they could hear booming from hundreds of throats, "Lord James, rah! Lord James, rah! rah-rah, Lord James!"

Before James could reach Coach Watson, who was nervously pacing up and down the side-lines, the half was over. A minute or two later he was the center of a perspiring and tired, but suddenly rejuvenated, bunch of his team-mates, who cheered the news that he was to play the second half. The cheers were taken up by the grand stand, and, led by Shorty, a constant roar came from the Hanover supporters as James took his place in the line-up for the second half.

The thrill that comes with the kick-off, the heartrending, breath-taking excitement of that moment when the ball comes hurtling through the air with eleven husky men following it, is known to every football player. To James, keyed up as taut as a piano-wire, the thrill was doubly great, for he had but half the game in which to make up for all he had missed.

Straight into his arms the ball sailed; up the field he started with the roar of voices urging him on. Tack was just ahead of him, and together they raced on and far to the right. Twice Tack bowled over would-be tacklers, and twice Lord James dodged their outstretched arms. "Good old Tack!" James panted, as his running partner dove into a waiting Colton man. The forty-five-yard line was reached before the Hanover star was forced out of bounds by a diving tackle.

The cheering from the Hanover stands was so loud that little Dick McGrath, quarter-back, could scarcely make his men hear the signals. But James swung around left end for ten yards and first down; he tore through Tack for four more; then made another first down through center. Play after play McGrath was calling James's signal, and play after play James was responding with every ounce of his strength. The ten-yard line was reached. Here the Colton line, reinforced by the secondary defense, stood as a stone wall. On the fourth down a forward pass failed and the ball fell over the goal-line. Colton put it in play on the twenty-yard line, and a punt placed its goal temporarily out of danger.

Again was begun that smashing attack toward the goal-line, with James carrying the ball nearly every play. It was heartbreaking work, with gains of three yards, two yards, and, once in a while, of five yards around end. The Colton team could n't stop Lord James. The stands had realized it, and roars of encouragement boomed forth. Only the coach on the side-lines was look-



"'LORD JAMES, RAH! LORD JAMES, RAH! RAH-RAH, LORD JAMES!'"

ing more and more worried. "Human flesh and blood can't stand the pounding Stevens is getting," he said to his assistant.

At the twelve-yard line, when the hopes of the Hanover supporters were at their highest, the Colton team again made a desperate stand. Twice James hit the line with all the power at his command, and twice he was stopped dead.

"Eleven-eight-twenty!" called McGrath. It was the signal for another forward pass. The Colton backs sized up the play and spread to meet it.

"No, no, McGrath!" called James. "Use sixteen-eight-forty!"

"Sixteen - eight - forty!" shouted McGrath. "Change signals—sixteen-eight-forty!"

Tucking the ball firmly under his arm, James started around left end. The opposing tackle broke through and dove for him, but a quick sidestep and the straight-arm eluded him. The oncoming end was knocked aside by the Hanover full-back; a sudden stop and twist, and the defensive half-back missed James by inches. Near the goal-line the Colton quarter-back knocked him from his feet, but he was up again and scrambled across the goal.

The frantic cheering from the grand stand increased as McGrath kicked goal from the touchdown. Hanover had a chance to win!

Colton elected to receive the kick-off, not trusting its ability to stop James. On the second play, time was called and the quarter ended.

The fourth quarter was much like the third. In vain Colton tried to advance the ball, but the Hanover eleven, imbued with James's spirit, stopped nearly every play before it was well started. Twice James, with doughty assistance from the other backs, carried the ball half the length of the field, only to lose it near the goal-line. The ball was on the thirty-yard line when the time-keeper ran on the field and announced there was but three minutes left to play.

James slid off tackle for six yards and first down. But after the mix-up, nervy little Dick McGrath stayed flat on the ground, his face white with pain. "My weak ankle 's gone," he said; "I guess I am done." He tried to get to his feet, but sank back with a smothered exclamation. James and Tack carried him to the side-lines.

Coach Watson sent Evans back into the game with instructions to have James select the plays.

Before the game resumed, James led Tack aside. "Tack," he said, "I 'm to call the signals and I 'm going to call the plays through you. We 've got to win, and you 've got to pave the way!"

Poor exhausted Tack smiled. "I 'll do my best, Lord James," he answered. "And say," he added, "you are n't a freshman at all! Why, you 're man enough to be a sophomore! Let 's shake!"

True to his promise to Tack, James called play after play through that doughty linesman. "Watch Stevens and Lane," said Coach Watson, to no one in particular. "Nothing can stop that playing! Tack is knocking over his tackle like a ton of dynamite, and Stevens goes through after him like a pile-driver!"

The Colton coach sent in a fresh linesman in an effort to stay the advance. But with James exhorting him, Tack again knocked over the opposing tackle. At the ten-yard line the opposing secondary defense piled up behind the weak spot in its line and James was stopped for no gain.

After the play, both James and Tack were flat on the ground. Neither rose. As time was taken out, a groan went up from the grand stand and was echoed by Coach Watson. "I knew it," he fumed; "human bodies can't stand that pounding. I 'm afraid we 're through!"

It did n't seem to James that he would ever want to get up. His body was totally beyond his command. He was n't hurt, but it seemed as if his strength had deserted him. If only he could get up—if only he could get up! It seemed so good to hug the ground in a half-stupor, like lying in a warm bed on a wintry morning. He felt cold water on his face, and knew the trainer was at work on him. Dimly he heard cheers and his own name. The students and alumni in the stands thought he would go on playing, but he could n't! Well, he was glad nothing was broken, because that would worry his father and mother—his father and mother—what had his father said? "Fight for all there is in you!" Well, he had! But he was n't doing it now. He would! Slowly, painfully, he raised his exhausted body. Half dazed, he saw Tack still lying on the ground.

"Here, here!" he cried, "This will never do! Tack! Tack! What are you doing down there?"

Tack opened his eyes and a trace of a smile appeared on his puffed lips. "Never want to get up," he mumbled.

"Neither did I, but I 'm up!" James dragged Tack to his feet. "Now you are all right, are n't you?"

"I guess so." Tack dropped back on his hands and knees and crawled into his place in the line.

James hesitated. Then he stepped forward and hit Tack a stinging blow between the shoulders. "All ready, old man?" he asked.

"Let her come!" responded Tack, as he determinedly braced his feet. The referee blew his whistle and the game was on again.

"Twelve-six-fourteen!" shouted James. He seized the ball and plowed through behind Tack.

"Second down and seven to go," called the referee as Tack crawled back to his position. Again the ball was snapped back and James trampled over the prostrate Tack.

"Third and four!" called the referee. James sent the full-back against the opposite side of the line, but it was adamant.

"Fourth down and four yards to the goal!" the referee shouted, as he untangled the players.

"Tack, we must make it! We must!" shouted James, not caring that the Colton players would prepare for a drive through tackle.

"We will make it!" Tack panted.

Straight into the tangle of men James rushed with the ball. He realized that Tack, with a supreme effort, had driven back the opposing tackle and both teams were piling up on the goal line. He hit the pile, then suddenly dove high up to the top of it and slid down the other side. His face rubbed the last chalk-line. He was over! As he lay there perfectly content he heard the time-keeper's whistle. The game was over! The score was a tie and Hanover had only to kick goal to win.

"I can do it —it 's squarely in front of the goal-posts," thought James, as he dragged himself out of the tangle of arms and legs. "No," he said to himself, "Tack has earned the right!"

With James holding the ball for him, Tack lifted it cleanly over the cross-bar.

Hanover 14; Colton 13!

Out on the field poured the cheering students and alumni of Hanover, deliriously happy. Up on the shoulders of their schoolmates the players were lifted. Then started the parade, James, high in the air, leading it. Out of the field and up the street the yelling, whistling, cheering marchers went. As the procession approached his room, James leaned down and whispered in Shorty's ear.

Up in the window was framed the anxious face of Mrs. Stevens. Slowly her color returned as she saw James smiling and waving.

"Lord James, rah! Lord James, rah! Rah-rah, Lord James!" came a roar from the marchers.

Squarely in front of the window the parade stopped.

"Who 's all right?" piped the high voice of Shorty.

"Mrs. Stevens!" came the answering cheer.

"Who says so?"

"We do!" boomed the answer. "Mrs. Stevens! Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Hoorah-h-h-h!"

Mr. Stevens put his arm around his wife's waist.

"That 's the loudest cheer of the day," he said.

KIT, PAT, AND A FEW BOYS

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Author of "Cinderella's Granddaughter"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

KATHERINE EMBURY is a sophisticated, rather blasé girl, who belongs to one of those touch-and-go families that see very little of each other. By a series of coincidences, she finds herself in surroundings utterly strange to her experience, with the Wards, a family that is very much of a family. The spectacle of Phil and Pat and the rest on such intimate, friendly terms with each other surprises Katherine, and in the loneliness of her first sleepless night at Birch Camp she writes a letter to her brother Don, summering on a ranch in Wyoming. But though everything is new to her, Katherine takes to camp life like the sportswoman she is, morning dips, coöperative cooking, forest tramps, and the like, and wins the respect and admiration of the Wards. Don's reply to her letter tells of his approaching departure from the ranch, and this suggests to the Wards that they should despatch an invitation to join them at Birch Camp. The prospect of Don in camp thrills Katherine; for in these weeks in the open, the girl has come very much alive, herself, and faces the world with a zest of living she had not felt since her little girlhood. And then comes the great adventure of the summer, the climb up Mooseback, with its glorious exertion and happy tiredness. The trampers reach camp and find there a telegram summoning Mrs. Ward to a reunion house-party. In the excitement of getting her off, a letter for Katherine lies unnoticed. It tells her, when she finds it, that Don has given up his plans and is going home at once. He is sorry that he cannot come to camp, but he gives no explanation. Possessed by the notion that all is not well with Don, Katherine decides to go home at once. The last she sees of the camp is the red friendly eye of the camp-fire gleaming across the lake as, with Father Ward and Phil, she sets out through the woods on the first lap of her journey.

CHAPTER XIII

KIT TAKES COMMAND

AT eleven o'clock the next morning Katherine was walking up the path to her own door. The close-clipped lawn with the wide sweep of weedless green, the masses of shrubbery washed clean by John's faithful hose, the flashes of color which told where the garden grew, the house itself, big and green-shuttered and quiet, brooded over by its giant trees—how familiarly unfamiliar it all looked! She had come home to it hundreds of times, but she had never seen it like this.

There was no one in sight, not even John or one of his men. Had she expected to see Don sitting on the doorstep? For the first time, doubt of the outcome of her hurried trip assailed Katherine. What if she should not find him? In the clear sane light of day it seemed impossible that anything could be wrong.

She was thankful that she had not dragged Father Ward to New York with her! Yet he would have come, would have insisted on coming, had not that jolly old gentleman stepped out on them at the Edgeville platform with, "Why, Ward, my dear fellow, what is the cause of this pleasure? Going to New York to-night?" The old gentleman had proved a pleasant chaperon. They had breakfasted together at an hour when even the waiters were sleepy, and then he had insisted on putting her on the train headed for her home station, accomplished traveler though she thought herself! Last night she had felt so sure that Don needed her. And this morning she was not sure of anything, except that where everything in sight appeared so normal, her hasty flitting looked, in review, like a fool's errand.

She mounted the steps and hesitated, her hand on the bell-button. Then she turned back and made her way to a side door. She had a fancy to enter, if she could, unheralded. The knob turned under her hand. Setting her bag on a chair, the girl walked into the main hall. On either hand opened the wide, familiar rooms. She glanced into dining-room, reception-room, music-room. In the door of the library she paused. The French windows opening on the terrace stood wide, and the furniture had been somewhat changed about, but there was no one here. What a stupid she had been to come!

She was turning away when a mirror across the room caught her glance. The mirror reflected the front of a big davenport whose back was toward Katherine. The davenport had been dragged into a position diagonally facing the terrace, and on it, his body propped against pillows, lay a boy. He held a book in his hand, but he was not reading, for the mirror showed that his eyes were closed. More books, a glass or two, and a hand bell stood on a small table beside him. The boy's legs, extended straight out on the couch were very long, and the shoulders under the brown dressing-jacket were very broad. His face showed white and tired, and there were lines of pain about his mouth. Above his pale face was a shock of waving auburn hair.

Katherine stood perfectly still for a minute in the doorway. Then she walked quietly around the end of the davenport.

"Good morning, Don."

A pair of blue eyes snapped open. "The dickens! *Kit-Kat!* Where did you come from?"

Her heart leaped at the look that flashed into his face.

"Camp." She pulled up a chair and sat down, drawing off her gloves. "What have you done to yourself?"

"Monkeyed with my game knee. What are you doing here? Who 's with you?"

"Nobody. I came to see why you did n't come to camp."

The blue eyes twinkled. "Oh, gammon! Excuse my French. What *are* you doing—heading for Della's or Hildegarde Gray's? *Mother has n't come?*" He lifted his head for a swift survey of the room.

"No, oh no! I 'm sorry, Don. It 's just I, all alone. I got your letter last night saying you were coming home, and I had to find out what was wrong."

His eyes twinkled again, the humor bubbling through a deep, semi-serious regard. "Rather bad, that, is n't it, to think something 's wrong if a fellow goes home? And I had a notion that letter was rather neat."

"It did n't tell me what the matter was, if that is what you call neat. But I had n't a suspicion you were hurt, Don."

"It 's nothing. I don't mean that exactly—I should n't be flattened out here if that were the truth. Nothing for you to worry over, though. One of those bucking bronchos was too much for me. I don't mean he threw me off—I stuck, but he rubbed my leg. No harm done if it had n't been my game leg. The beast looked ugly enough to know which was which. I could get about with a cane,—I can now,—and I soon saw I 'd better hit the trail for a doctor and civilization. I did n't know where else to go, so I came here. That 's the whole story. What have you done to yourself?" The abrupt question was accompanied by a look of the liveliest interest.

"I?"

"You. You look different. I don't mean the clothes, though I guess they 're up to the minute."

"I feel different, but I did n't suppose it showed as plainly as that." A smile twitched at the corner of her lips. "Till this morning on the sleeper, I had n't looked in a mirror since I went to camp."

"Go tell that to the Eskimos!"

"Honest Injun—cross my heart!"

They both laughed at this relapse into childhood vernacular.

"Other girls had better throw away their mirrors, then. But what 's happened?"

"I 've had a good time. Don, till now I don't remember having had a really good time since we were little."

"You poor kid!"

"Oh, I have had what I *thought* was a good time, as good a time as I supposed anybody had after she outgrew ten. I know the difference now."

"I could tell by your letters you were waking up. When are you going back?" He tried to make the question very casual.

"When you go with me." As she spoke she removed her hat.

"Better not wait for me."

"We may get a bid another summer if you don't feel up to it this year."

"Now look here, Kit—"

"Yes, Don."

"You don't mean you 're going to stay here!"

"I certainly do not intend to do anything else."

"Mary and John look out for a fellow first rate."

"Mary and John are all very well, but they 're not your family."

"Bother my leg! I hate to have you cut out that good time, Kit."

"I don't." Her eyes laughed at him.

"Better think twice and go back. It will be dull as mud cooped up here with a fellow who 's flat on his back and everybody you know out of town."

"Don Embury, if you say anything like that again, I shall throw something at you!"

"Ginger! You *have* waked up, have n't you? But honestly, Kit-Kat—"

"If you think that I am the kind of girl who could go back to camp and have a good time with her only brother lying flat on his back with a game leg, even if he has got Mary and John—"

"Don't rub it in."

"Well, I suppose I have acted that way, but that 's not the way I am. I should have a beastly time at camp now. Why, Don, when I saw you, do you know what I thought? I thought, 'Whatever it is Don's got, I can stay here and take care of him and amuse and jolly him and we 'll have a perfectly beautiful time together—'" she hesitated a second, but went on bravely, fighting the shyness that threatened to silence the words—"'getting acquainted while he gets well.'"

"And we will!" Don's shout left no room in Katherine's mind for misgiving or doubt—Don's shout and the light in his eyes. "You bet we will! Now I 'll tell you something. When you came around the corner of this sofa and spoke to me, I thought—" it was his turn to hesitate; the color rose in his white cheeks—"I thought that next to Mother, you understand, you were just the best sight a fellow could open his eyes on. If you think I *wanted* you to go away, you 're mistaken."

Without the slightest idea that she was going to do it, Katherine leaned forward and kissed him. "There!" she said, "we have had that out

and we won't ever need to speak of it again! Now I think I 'll ring for Mary."

But at that moment the front door opened and steps and voices were heard in the hall.

"Oh bother!" said Don, "the doctors. Dr. Frink telegraphed for a specialist yesterday. He has come to look at my leg, I suppose, and decide how much I am in for."

When, half an hour later, Katherine entered the library again in response to Mary's summons, she had removed the dust of travel and changed her gown. In her embroidered linen she looked like a slim white lily, as ornamental and about as useful. Her heart was in her throat, but neither the boy on his couch nor the two men who stood up at her coming divined the fact. Don looked rather more tired than when she had seen him last, but the twinkle still lurked in the deep blue wells of his eyes.

"Kit," he said, "Dr. Price thinks my bones are bigger than they ought to be. He wants to shave some of 'em down."

"Katherine," Dr. Frink took the girl's hand and led her to a seat, "I fear we have rather bad news for you, though taken in time, as this is, there should be nothing to fear. Dr. Price thinks it imperative that your brother have an immediate operation."



"KIT-KAT! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?"

Operation! The dreadful word reverberated in Katherine's ears with the roar of some gigantic surf. For a minute she heard nothing more, but the doctors saw only a girl, with a rather pale face, regarding them with clear, steady eyes. Then, like a door in her brain, something clicked, and she took command of herself again.

"The sooner, the better," the specialist was saying. "If the operation can be arranged for this afternoon—say, about three— You have a good hospital here, Frink? For the matter of that, it might be done right here at home."

"Where would you prefer to have it done, Don?" Her voice sounded thin to the girl, like some one else's voice and very far away.

"I don't know that it matters much. Perhaps the hospital would be a better place, after all."

Brother and sister looked at each other, and in that look Katherine discovered a number of things. For one, she found out that she knew what Don really wanted, which his lips would not say.

"The operation would better be here, I think. If you will tell me which room you wish to use and just what preparations to make, we will have everything ready."

She was keenly aware of the upleap of pride and admiration in Don's face. "Ginger, Kit, but you 're a winner!" But she did not even notice the expression of surprised interest with which the metropolitan surgeon regarded her.

"It is unfortunate that your father and mother are both away." Dr. Frink gave the effect of meaning more than he said.

"Don shall have things as nearly as possible as though Mother were here," said Katherine. "Of course, I do not know, as she would, about what ought to be done, but I can follow directions."

"I see you are your mother's daughter. You shall have your directions presently. Er—Mr. Edwin Embury is not in town, is he?"

"Uncle Edwin is at his shore place in Magnolia."

"H'm—could n't get here in time," muttered Dr. Price.

The pupils of Katherine's eyes dilated.

"What do we need of Uncle Ed?" Don demanded. "You 're here and I 'm here. Is n't that enough of a line-up?"

"Permission for the operation," explained the surgeon.

"Can't you go ahead on my say so?"

"Not legally."

"You might reach Uncle Edwin by telephone," Katherine suggested, the contracted muscles about her heart relaxing. If Uncle Edwin's permission was all they wanted, why could n't they have said so before they frightened her half out of her wits? "They can probably tell you at the cottage where he is, if he is n't at home. Shall I put in a call?"

"I will do it from the office. Now if you will take us upstairs—"

Katherine rose instantly. She found herself shaking so that she could hardly stand, but she forced herself to walk out of the room and to mount the stairs without a hand on the banister. It relieved her to find that her feet went along quietly in spite of their uncontrollable tremors. Privately, the girl was amazed at herself. She felt quite calm; it was absurd of her to tremble.

"Old cats!" Don grumbled disrespectfully, when his sister returned to the library. "Did they think they must get you out of my hearing before they opened up their bag of tricks?"

"I don't know." Katherine's feet were quite at her command now. "Dr. Frink wished to have Dr. Price see Father's rooms. You are to have his bedroom, and the thing is to be done in his dressing-room. Mary and John are moving the furniture out now. Then John is coming to help you upstairs. The doctor told me to tell you he would send a nurse to get you ready."

"Come over here, old girl."

He shifted his long legs a little to one side on the couch, wincing a bit as he did so, and pulled her down beside him. "This comes hard on you, Kit."

"I thought it came hard on you."

"Oh, I 'm the puppet that 's worked by strings. I expect I 'll have the easiest time of anybody. What was Frink saying in the hall about cabling? No use making a row over this, you know."

"You have long ears, Don. He thought it would be just as well to wait until after the operation before sending word to Mother and Father."

"And not then," decreed Don. "Not then, if the thing comes out as they think it will. What 's the use stirring up Dad and the Mater and sending them scuttling for home before they 're through with the jobs they went out on? Get here about in time to find me capering around on both feet, that 's what they 'd do. I 'll have to talk to Frink. You keep Uncle Edwin from doing anything rash, Kit."

"I 'll try."

"He 'll get the point if you talk to him. You 're with me on this, are n't you? Or is it going to be too hard for you?"

She squared her shoulders. "Of course it is n't going to be too hard!"

"Somebody coming to stay with you while the game 's on?"

"Miss Lansing. Dr. Frink is to telephone her."

"That 's all right then." He was silent a minute. "Say, it 's a regular thunderbolt, is n't it?"

She nodded.

"I 'm glad you came home." The indomitable twinkle gleamed in his eyes.

"So am I."

"No joke. The subject was taboo, though, I remember. It makes a fellow feel good to have you around." An expression Katherine did not understand crept into his face. "I—I rather like thimbles." He shot her a side glance, half whimsical, half sheepish.

"Thimbles?"

"From you. Peter Pan, you know."

"*Oh!*" She kissed him three times on the lips.

"Making up for lost time, are n't we?" he murmured. "I had to ask for 'em, though."

"You did n't have to ask for the first one."

"That 's so. I 'll remember that. You 're all right, Kit." Suddenly he sat up abruptly. "That you, John? Come in. Where 'd you put my sticks and things?"

"Here, Mr. Don, in the corner."

"All right. Bring 'em here." His voice dropped mysteriously. "There 's one thing don't you forget, Kit, that grand time we 're going to have you-know-what-ing while I get well."

"I shall remember it every minute." The gray eyes shone clear and steadfast into the blue ones.

KATHERINE realized later that she was blessed in being so busy. There was no time to think while she counted out towels and sheets, answered the telephone, directed the one maid, and tried to encourage Mary. For Mary Flannery, the tears running down her cheeks, went about taking down linen and putting it back on the shelves of the cedar closet, salting her pies, sugaring her roast, and eventually letting it burn to a cinder, moving a chair from one room only to carry it back in five minutes, and in general acting as though she had taken leave of her senses, as, indeed, she had—temporarily. Don had been Mary's "boy" ever since his small fingers had closed on a cooky the first day of her life at the Embury's, and when danger threatened Don, it completely demoralized Mary.

So it was Katherine who planned and acted; who, with the help of John, the telephone, and a somewhat scatter-brained housemaid, carried out the doctors' directions. It was Katherine who sped upstairs and down, gave orders and made decisions, and who, when she did not know what to do in any one of a dozen small emergencies, did what her common sense told her, and hoped it would prove to be right. It was Katherine who, in spite of her busyness, found time to drift now and then across Don's threshold with a word and smile, and who, whenever she stood there, contrived to look as though she had nothing to do. If her knees shook under her now, it did not matter; she was indifferent to their antics. If she carried a strange, breathless feeling in her chest, there was no time to examine it. The opportunity for that would come later; dimly she foresaw it in the back of her brain, the too-great opportunity that would be hers when the clock struck three.

At sometime or other she ate something; Miss Lansing, when she came, insisted on it. Whatever it was tasted like sawdust and was difficult, very difficult, to chew. The odor of the disinfectants used in Father's rooms still lingered in her nostrils; the heaviness in her chest made it hard to swallow.

Then Uncle Edwin called her on long distance. Dr. Frink had at last succeeded in locating him. He would be with her as soon as his car could bring him.

And then the doctors were in the house.

There was a minute in Don's room. It was only, "Good luck, Don. I 'll look in on you later"; and, "Thanks, old girl. Be sure you come around after the game." Neither dared to say more lest speech let slip the leash of self-control. They were Spartans and covered their feelings with a veil of light words which deceived neither, but helped to keep their courage up.

After that, Miss Lansing slipped her arm through Katherine's and the two went downstairs. As they reached the landing, the grandfather's clock in the hall below struck three deep, mellow notes. The girl lifted her head gallantly.

There was nothing imperative to be done downstairs, nothing for anybody to do but wait. Katherine forced herself to tell Miss Lansing the facts about camp, but camp seemed very far away, like something she had experienced in a previous summer. Could it have been only yesterday at this time that they were all picnicking so merrily on the top of Mooseback? She and Miss Lansing talked for an hour, as it seemed to the girl; the clock in the hall recorded ten minutes past three. She picked up a book; the words had no meaning for her brain. She sought the kitchen, only to retreat in panic haste before the black depth of the housekeeper's foreboding.

"Please don't mind me," she apologized to Miss Lansing. "I think I will walk about a little. It is so tiresome sitting still."

Miss Lansing wisely let her go.

Thoughts, disjointed, unconnected, raced through the girl's mind. How blue Don's eyes were! Doctors sometimes were mistaken. There was n't the least sense in imagining things, but what if—what if— Mary must not go in to see Don this afternoon with her face all swollen from crying. He might think— As though anybody's crying could frighten Don! What long, slender hands the surgeon had. Oh, if only her mother were here! And she also wondered when her father would come home.

In the course of her wanderings, she found herself in Don's old room. His belongings were scattered about as he had left them when he had quitted it an hour before. With an instinct for action, she began putting his things away, only to desist as abruptly. Crossing to the window, she gazed out curiously on the sunny afternoon. How could it look so bright when Don was sick! A book lay on the window-ledge. Its cover she recognized as that of the book she had seen in Don's hands in the morning. Idly she opened it. Two letters lay inside the cover. She turned them over, scarcely aware of what she did. Their superscriptions smote her like a blow in the face. "For Father"—"For Mother."

So Don had thought of that, too!

Katherine shut the book softly, as though closing a door some one had inadvertently left unlocked, and tiptoed out of the room. For the first time in her life she was face to face with

something she wanted so acutely that she had no words in which to frame, even to herself, how much she wanted it. Her whole consciousness was one ache of fear and hope.

So Dr. Frink found her, sitting on the stairs.

"Good!" he said, the instant he saw her face. "A most successful operation. Conditions better even than we hoped. There will be nothing to keep your brother off the gridiron, so far as we can see."

Miss Lansing came up swiftly and took the girl in her arms.

Katherine straightened. "I am not going to do anything silly," she said. "How could I, when everything is all right? Now I must go and tell John and Mary in the kitchen."

CHAPTER XIV

A GAME OF CHECKERS

A TABLE was drawn up beside the bed, and on the table Katherine and Don played checkers. The boy's shoulders were lifted on a wall of pillows. Against their lacy whiteness his bright head flamed with an amazing vigor.

"First king!" he triumphed. "Give me a crown for him."

"Pooh!" said Katherine, "I shall have two soon."

He made an adroit move. "How many kings did you say?"

"You 're welcome to that one." In her turn she manœuvered skilfully.

"Wow! Think you did something that time, don't you?"

She declined to commit herself, her gray gaze intent on the red and black squares.

"Two can play at that game." His hand reached for a black disk.

"That 's a scoop," she acknowledged, "but you sha'n't have three."

"I 'd like to see you prevent it."

She studied a minute. "I can't, can I? But—" her hand shot out swiftly, "at least, you will have to give me two. That 's not so bad an exchange."

"For a girl," he teased, "you manage, once in a while, almost to play checkers."

"Ho!" she scoffed, "for a girl! For a boy, don't you think you muddled it that time?"

He contemplated the effect of her move. "Perhaps. It 's a bit too early to tell yet. I think—" play followed play rapidly— "after all, I may be able to weather it. Something for us, John?"

"Parcels post for you, Mr. Don."

The boy swung away from the checker-board. "Bring it here. Vermont? Jolly! What do you suppose we 've got now, Kit?"

"Oh, I don't know. Let me see whose handwriting. Mother Ward's—the darling! Hurry up, Don, and get into it."

He slashed at the cords with a knife. "She did n't mean to have whatever it is leak out. I say, but those Wards are all right!"

"Of course they 're all right. That does n't begin to express it."

"Whoopee! Gingerbread!" Don's shout was jubilant. "Mother Ward's gingerbread! 'Scuse my manners while I help myself. Dip in, Kit. The box is full of it."

Katherine's teeth bit into a slice eagerly. "Um-m-m. I could shut my eyes and think I was back at camp."

"Say, but I call it great of her to send this stuff. Makes me feel like a kid again."

"Makes you act like a kid, too." Her smile was mischievous.

He reflected, munching. "I don't know but this is the best of the lot. Have another piece. Phil's trout were pretty fine, packed on ice the way they came; and I thought Pat's blackberries could n't be beat; but Mother Ward's gingerbread— Gee! I have n't tasted anything so good in years!"

"Don't let Mary hear you."

"Oh, Mary's things are all right, too. But the idea of her making this just for you and me—"

"The box was addressed to you."

"I guess she knew you would get some of it. That family is a great bunch, is n't it?"

"They are splendid."

Discussion of gingerbread proceeded undisputed for several minutes. Then Don threw out a question.

"Do you suppose Pat would care to come down to a game this fall?"

"Most girls would, if somebody asked them."

"Oh, I 'll ask her. You 're booked for the season yourself, you know."

"Am I? Then I shall have to live in New Haven."

"You 've hit it about right." A teasing smile puckered the firm lips. "I expect I sha'n't see much of you, though."

"I expect you will see all you like of me."

"Other fellows may have something to say about that." His blue gaze studied her for a few moments.

"How about it?" she smiled. "Will I do?"

"So-so. You won't get any compliments out of me, if that 's what you 're fishing for."

"If I had undertaken to fish, I 'd have caught something."

His eyes danced in appreciation. "Pretty dress you 've got on. Some kind of muslin?"

"You absurd boy! Embroidered crêpe. It *is* pretty." She glanced down at the sheer fabric

approvingly. "My trunks just came yesterday. I left them at Pat's when we went to camp. Mrs. Ward ordered them expressed to me here. It seems good to have something to wear again."

"I had n't noticed any lack of clothes."

"Old ones," she informed him. "Left-behinds when I packed for the summer."

"What 's the difference between this and that blue thing you had on yesterday? I call that a crackerjack."

"Exactly one year—that 's the difference. But there *are* some pretty clothes in my closet now. I did n't know till I unpacked how good looking they were."

Don snorted. "Oh, you girls! Don't talk to me about camp."

"Wait till next year," she flashed at him.

"That 's so. We 've got our bid for next summer all right, have n't we?"

She nodded joyfully. "Oh, won't it be fun! It is rather odd about the clothes, though. When I 'm in camp, I don't care a thing about them; I don't want to have to think about them, even. Pretty clothes would be nothing but a bother in camp. But now— Why, Don, I used to put on the first thing my hand touched in the closet, because it did n't matter to me what I wore! I had some difficulty choosing this afternoon, but it was n't for that reason," her laugh rang out blithely; "it was because they were all so pretty."

Don grinned his appreciation. "Trot 'em out and I 'll pass on 'em for you. This one 's all right."

"Exhibit number one—Honorable Mention. Shall we finish our game?"

"Sure. I 've got to beat you, young lady. Were n't there any letters this afternoon?"

"John has n't brought us anything but the gingerbread."

"I thought it was about time to hear again from Mother."

"There 's a steamer due to-day. I looked it up."

"Then we 'll get something to-morrow. With such wandering parents as ours are I 'm beginning to feel like an orphan."

"Don't, Don." The girl's lips trembled.

"When you think you can't stand it any longer, let me know, Kit," he said solemnly. "*I* 'll be a father and mother to you. It will be hard work, for I 've never had any practice, but you can count on me to make a go of the thing somehow."

"You absurd boy!" She laughed, which was what he had meant her to do, and put out her hand to a king.

"No you don't—not just yet." His king advanced on her manœuver threateningly. "What did you say when you wrote to them, anyway?"

"I wrote that you were through with the ranch for this year and had decided to come home, that I found it out and came too, and that Miss Lansing kept an eye on us. So everything was perfectly all right and Mother need not worry in the least. I got Miss Lansing to write a note, too."

"Bright thought! You 're a fairly clever girl, Kit."

"Thank you, sir. I knew the thing would n't go through unless Miss Lansing did write. She let me read what she said and that *was* clever. What are you trying to do to my king?"

"Run him off the earth." He moved a man. "What 's your answer to that?"

"This." Her hand flew to the board.

"Just so." Another move. "But now?"

Brown head and auburn bent over the board where four black kings fought with three white. So absorbed were the arbiters of the battle that they did not hear steps in the dressing-room. A sound at the connecting door roused them. Katherine turned her face; Don, his hand lifted for a move, glanced over his shoulder. A little lady was crossing the threshold. A big man pressed after her.

With a glad cry, Katherine sprang to her feet. Don, forgetful of his bandages, started up. The big man had him by the shoulders before he could think of falling.

"But why—"

"How did you know—"

"What made you come home?"

"Did you get my letter?"

The questions tumbled out in a wild jumble after the first raptures.

"Your letter? No, indeed. But your uncle's cable—"

"Ed wired everything had gone through O. K., Don."

"Uncle Edwin cabled to Bermuda?"

"Of course he cabled, Puss. What else should a sane man do? I took the next steamer and met your father in New York three hours ago."

"I thought you were in Alaska, Dad."

"Ed caught me in Seattle, starting for the convention in Denver. My train was late. That 's why I did n't get here before your mother."

"You cut out the convention?"

"I had a notion that I 'd rather see you, Don."

"And we thought we were a pair of smart youngsters!" Though the words were humorous, the look in Don's eyes was one of deep content.

"I say, Kit—"

He turned to his sister. But Katherine was in her mother's arms.

THE END



"'JOE, DO YOU KNOW WHAT A SCOOP IS?'"

THE ENTERPRISING ENTERPRISE

By R. RAY BAKER

"JOE, do you know what a scoop is?"

William Bradley, the fourteen-year-old editor of "The Enterprise," a brand-new newspaper, paused in his labor, which consisted of writing with a stub pencil on a big tablet of scratch-paper. His desk was a dry-goods box and his chair an abandoned soap-container. The person he addressed was Joseph Wilson, a neighbor boy, who served as reportorial staff and chief printer.

In one hand Joseph held a printer's composing-stick, while with the other he picked type from a case in the middle of "The Enterprise" editorial rooms, located in the loft of the Bradley barn. Joseph was on his knees, struggling with the type, which had to be put in the stick backward, principally because type is not made frontward.

"The Enterprise" was not sufficiently enterprising to boast of a linotype, a modern machine that casts solid lines of type, so Joseph labored with the stick, and as soon as it was full he would place the contents in an iron frame called a form, which measured five by eight inches and would take care of two "Enterprise" pages at once. Two of the pages had been run off yesterday afternoon after school, on the little press that worked, like a pump, with a handle and which stood in a corner of the loft. This was Saturday morning, and "The Enterprise" staff was getting ready to print the remaining two pages of the very first issue.

The press and cases, containing three different sizes of type, had been purchased at a second-hand store by Samuel Bradley because his son William had of late been expressing himself as favorable to a literary career. William knew nothing of the art of printing, so he considered himself fortunate in being able to form a publishing partnership with Joseph Wilson, who had done some work in a job-printing office during the summer vacation.

"A scoop?" answered Joseph, trying in vain to make an extra-tight line fit into the stick, "Sure! A scoop is the thing Hank Anderson uses to shovel pop-corn into sacks with."

An expression of disdain crossed Editor Bradley's freckled face, causing his snub nose to point toward the ceiling.

"A fine reporter you are!" he said in disgust. "Don't even know what a scoop is!"

"I 'm not a reporter right now," replied Joseph, somewhat sharply. "I 'm a printer at this minute. Besides, I don't pretend to know anything about that side of the business. I did n't work in a

newspaper office, you know. You 'll have to teach me my reporting job."

William became more considerate.

"That 's right; I forgot. Well, a scoop is when one newspaper prints a big piece of news ahead of its rivals."

"Are we going to do that?" Joseph inquired sarcastically, looking up at his chief.

"That 's just what we have to do," said William, gravely. "'The Enterprise' must live up to its name, especially with the first issue. How are we going to sell a lot of copies unless we have something big in them? All these little items we've been printing about the neighborhood don't amount to anything. What we want is something startling, so we can use that biggest type for a head-line and make folks take notice. These things I 've been writing here—about Anna Scarburg visiting in Milwaukee and Jimmy Jones having a sore ear, and Phœbe Maloney celebrating her cat's birthday, and Grandville Jones passing in grammar for the first time in his life—are interesting, but none of it is startling. The best thing we have is this one about Johnny Reed's father buying a blood-hound. Say, he 's a savage animal, and he could eat you or me for breakfast without blinking an eye. Johnny says his father is going to rent the dog to the sheriff to track criminals. But even that 's not big news. We need a scoop."

"Can't be done," declared Joseph, returning to his type. "We can't expect to scoop the regular city papers."

Editor Bradley brought to his printer the sheets on which he had been writing, and then began to pace the floor.

"Can't be done?" he echoed. "We 'll see about that! Let me think."

He continued walking back and forth, running his hand through his red hair in a thoughtful mood, while the type clicked in Joseph's stick.

"I have it!" William suddenly exclaimed, fright-



"'PAPER! ALL ABOUT ARTHUR PENGATE BEING LOST!'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

ening his partner so that the latter spilled a line of type. "We 'll print a big story about Arthur Pengate being lost."

"But he is n't lost," Joseph objected, "and surely 'The Enterprise' is n't going to start out by telling things that ain't so."

"No, he is n't lost," William agreed, resuming his seat, "but we 're going to lose him. Art is an agreeable chap, and if we split with him on the money we make selling the first issue, he 'll lose himself for us. I 'll go and see him now."

He seized his cap from a nail on the side of his desk and started for the stairway.

"Don't do that, Billy!" Joseph protested. "It would n't be the right thing. We might get into trouble. It does n't pay to fake things like that. Let 's get the paper out without the big news."

"It won't be a fake," said William. "We 'll have a thrilling story about Art being lost; and he 'll be lost, I guess, if we lose him, and the papers will sell like hot cakes. Then we can find him and get out an extra on Monday. 'The Enterprise' is a weekly, but it would n't be true to its name if it did n't have extras for big events."

He clattered down the stairs, and Joseph set type and shook his head, while a feeling that something was about to happen crept over him.

Presently William returned and Joseph was gratified to see that he was alone.

"Art would n't do it, eh?" the chief printer asked, with relief evident in his voice.

"He would n't? Well, he 's done it! By this time, Art is on his way to old Benson's deserted shack in the woods. There 's always a deserted shack in mystery stories, you know. He 's going to stay there until I go after him. I promised him a third of the money we take in on the first issue—and it will be worth it."

Early that afternoon the neighborhood was thrown into an uproar when "The Enterprise" made its bow to the public. The editor and reporter went along the streets shouting:

"Paper! All about Arthur Pengate being lost! Three cents for a paper."

Excited persons rushed from their homes to purchase, and went back staring at the bold head-lines. These head-lines showed that Joseph Wilson, for all his experience in a job-printing office, had not mastered the art of printing, but they were thrilling enough, nevertheless:

ArtHUr pEugVtə LOsL!!

PoplƎr YonuG reSIDeut DISVpPEArS
FROm hiS HOɯə.

Mrs. Pengate, when a neighbor came hurrying in to ask the particulars, nearly fainted from the shock. She hastened to the telephone and called her husband at his office.

"Don't worry," he advised; "it 's probably just some boys' prank. Artie will come home all right." But he locked up and went out to look for his vanished son.

Editor Bradley felt well satisfied with the first issue of "The Enterprise," for he did not realize the worry caused by the scoop. William was an active youth, always eager for excitement and often thoughtless. He had meant no harm in "losing" Arthur Pengate and did not stop to consider the consequences. One dollar and five cents was the amount derived from the sale of the paper, and he gave Joseph Wilson thirty-five cents, reserving a like amount for himself and for Arthur.

William first awoke to the trouble he had started when his father came home to supper and said to him:

"Son, you certainly did stir things up with that paper of yours. The whole neighborhood is aroused, and Mr. Pengate is leading a searching-party. Arthur's mother is just about wild."

William began thinking this over and became so worried he could not enjoy his supper. As soon as the meal was over he announced he was going out to join in the hunt for the missing boy; and he left the house, heading at a rapid gait for Benson's shack, which was about a mile from the Bradley home.

Darkness had descended early, but in the east a big round moon shone brightly, lighting William's way, so he had little trouble finding the path to the shack.

As he walked along the path he began feeling nervous. It was not pleasant to be alone in the woods at night, even if the moon was in the sky to guide him. He paused twice, almost ready to turn back, but he succeeded in shaking off the fear that gripped him and went on.

Finally the shack loomed up ahead, standing dark and gloomy in a clearing which was filled with tall grass and weeds. He made his way to the door and rapped, but the sound echoed hollow through the rickety building.

"Where 's Art?" he asked himself, and shivered. He stood there several minutes, but finally mustered enough courage to push the door open. Moon-rays struggling through a dirty window-glass revealed a table and a stool, but no sign of the lost Arthur Pengate.

William's shadow darted across the floor and up the wall to the ceiling. He trembled.

"Where can Art be?" he shivered. "It does n't look as if he had been here at all. What if he 's really lost? Suppose tramps have kidnapped him. What shall I do? I 'm to blame for it all."



"EDITOR BRADLEY LOST ALL EDITORIAL DIGNITY" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"Art!" he called, and his voice echoed through the shack, coming back to him in a sound like mocking laughter. He went back to the door, intent on fleeing homeward, but a weird, baying sound from the woods made him pause, while his red hair stood up.

"What 's that?" he asked himself, and the sound was repeated, closer this time.

"The blood-hound!" William exclaimed. "Johnny Reed's father was going to put the dog on Art's trail—and he 'll find my trail, too. What if he is coming to the shack? He 'll tear me to pieces!"

He looked through the window, and a big shape on four legs loomed up near at hand in the clearing. It was brown or a deep yellow, William could not tell which, and did not care greatly.

"Yes, it 's the blood-hound!" he groaned. "If the searching-party finds me here, they 'll discover how Art got lost; and if they don't come, the dog will get in here and eat me alive!"

As William watched, the animal lifted its head,

and again that weird wail spread through the woods.

"I must get away," William decided; "but how?"

He went to the back room of the shack and was overjoyed to discover another door. Quickly, but cautiously, he opened it and darted away, running swiftly, with no thought of direction, tumbling over bushes which scratched his hands and face, and tangling his feet in underbrush. On one occasion he came suddenly against a tree, which knocked out of his body what breath he still had left.

As William paused to regain it, that mournful noise came from the direction of the shack, apparently drawing nearer, and he lost no more time in resuming his flight.

There was no sign of a path, and Editor Bradley continued floundering through thick vegetation, which became more dense as he progressed. If he had thought about the moon, he could have set himself right on directions, but fear crowded all such ideas from his mind.

At last he was unable to run farther. He was out of breath, so he leaned against a tree.

As he rested, his hair was set on end again by a repetition of that horrible sound. And it was right in front of him!

"Two blood-hounds!" William exclaimed.

Then he made an amazing and terrifying discovery. Directly ahead of him was some kind of a building, and as he peered intently at it he saw that it was Benson's shack. He was forced to the conclusion that he had been traveling in a circle—and there was that fearful four-legged creature crouching outside the door.

Editor Bradley lost all editorial dignity, and, darting back, climbed the tree against which he had just been leaning. He had heard that dogs did not climb trees, and he sincerely hoped it was true, especially in regard to blood-hounds.

As he struggled to a place among the branches, William suddenly felt a ripping sound, followed by a tinkling at the foot of the tree. He examined his clothing with his hands and discovered he had torn his trousers at the base of a pocket, and all of his own and Arthur Pengate's share of "The Enterprise" profits had leaked out on the ground.

But this gave Editor Bradley little concern—that four-legged terror near the shack was demanding too much attention.

"Wonder if it will ever go away?" he asked. And as if in answer, the creature raised its voice in a still more terrifying howl, and then lay at full length on the ground, apparently prepared to spend the night there.

All night William remained in the tree, dozing now and then, but unable really to sleep because of a mental picture of gaping jaws waiting below to catch him if he fell. Just before the sun peeped over the horizon, his exhausted nerves and body gave way to slumber. He opened his eyes to see dawn streaking up from the east. He was sore and stiff, and at first was unable to recall his whereabouts. Presently it all came to him, and he looked for the blood-hound.

There it was, reclining on the ground, peacefully chewing—its cud! For the "blood-hound" was a docile Jersey cow!

William lost no time in descending from the tree, and he hurried as fast as his legs could carry him in the direction of town. A block from home he met Joseph Wilson, printer and reporter of "The Enterprise."

"Gracious, Billy! Where have you been?" Joseph asked, stopping him. "You look all tired out, and your clothes are torn, and your father and mother have been almost crazy."

"Been looking for Art," William explained. "But I could n't find any trace of him. I guess he was really lost. Anyway, I know I was."

"Lost nothing!" said Joseph. "Art's father found him on the edge of the woods last evening. He said he had been taking a hike. He told me he went to the shack all right, but when it came time for supper he got terribly hungry and could n't stay away from home, so he started back and met his father."

William glared at his partner, and was about to make a savage remark, when Joseph burst out laughing.

"Is n't it funny?" Joseph said. "You hire Art to get lost, then you go looking for him and get lost yourself; and all the time he 's sleeping peacefully in bed. Well, anyway, you have your thirty-five cents. Where are you going?"

"Home!" William growled. "Where did you suppose? My folks are worrying, you said, and I 'm hungry, and I 've got to get ready for church."

He started down the street.

"Hey, Billy!" Joseph called, stopping him again. "I 'll come over after Sunday-school and we 'll plan for the extra to-morrow. We have two scoops now—one about Art being found and the other about you getting lost. We ought to make a lot of money."

But Editor Bradley, of "The Enterprise," had lost all his ideas of enterprise.

"You need n't trouble yourself," he answered savagely. "That extra business is called off!"

And he trudged along toward home.

FOOTBALL GENERALSHIP

By SOL METZGER

BASED upon some fifteen years of coaching football teams in nearly every section of America, I can say that the average school-boy or college athlete hesitates more about trying for the position of quarter-back on his varsity than for any other place on the eleven. Furthermore, I think I know the reason; for I recall that in my own college days, when the coach of our team suddenly decided to make a quarter-back out of me, it was a distinct shock to find myself in a position of such responsibility. Not only must I select each play we used, but I was also called upon to catch punts with unerring accuracy. There followed sleepless nights full of frightful hallucinations. I pictured our team going down to defeat because of poor generalship upon my part, or I saw myself fumbling punts in big games that cost us those matches. Football was a fine sport as I saw it at that time. I liked nothing better than playing it; but when such great responsibilities were placed upon me as I imagined fell to the lot of a quarter-back, all the fun was instantly lost.

So I can appreciate the reasons why boys rather avoid trying for quarter-back. The position carries with it cares, or supposed cares, that bear heavily upon the luckless one selected to run the team. So prevalent is this view, that boys have concluded that only a genius can play this position. As few boys admit they possess such exceptional mental qualifications, any one can readily see that finding a quarter-back is about the most difficult job of the coach. Fortunately, coaches have been working out a solution of this problem and with more and more success each season.

Let me set down the process, and at the same time show the boys who are playing football that the position of quarter-back does not entail anything like the responsibilities they expect. Indeed, it has been found that a good quarter-back can be molded out of the average material which tries for the team. All the coach has to do to bring about such a result is to drive from the mind of the candidates the hoodoo that football generalship is a gift. It is not. Rather, it is common sense, because the successful direction of play is based upon a few principles which can readily be made clear to any boy capable of passing his school and college examinations. Of course, such a boy must be able to master himself. He cannot be a rattle-brained fellow who lets his nerves run away with him, nor one who lacks the courage to dare. What we want in a quarter-back, other than physical qualities, is an aggressive type of boy, one with just the average amount of brain power, and one who will remain cool when playing in an exciting game. Guiding a team to success does not depend upon genius. That, as I see it, does not exist. Experience is the teacher of all, and what the coach has to do is to give the boy directing the play the benefit of his experience.

Now I do not mean by this that the quarter-back is a mere automaton in the hands of the coach. He is not. The value of the coach in directing play ceases when his team goes upon the field. If his eleven fails because of poor generalship, it is due either to poor coaching on his part or to his having the wrong player calling signals. His job, so far as generalship is concerned, is, as I have said, to give his quarter-back the benefit of his experience. There are governing principles of play which determine the selection of plays upon attack. And to teach these is as much a part of the task of coaching a team as instructing the members of it how to tackle, interfere, charge, kick, pass, and catch the ball. It is as much his task to select for quarter-back the candidate who best masters the fundamentals which determine the proper selection of plays as it is to select for the other positions of the eleven the candidates who best play them. Any other scheme soon leaves a coach without a job.

Football generalship is based on fundamentals. This being so, the best way of solving the problem of the quarter-back is to outline clearly what are the fundamentals of attack. They are simple enough and their mastery is well within the scope of any boy who likes to play the game. Just a little clear thinking will solve them and permit the player selected for quarter-back to run his team without fear of losing a game because of poor judgment. I think any boy reading these lines, and who has played football, will agree with me in the points that follow.

Success in football depends upon attack. You cannot win unless you score more points than the opposing team. That is quite clear. Now when we take up attack in football, a few rules govern it. There are three methods of attack: running with the ball, forward passing, and kicking. The first is the surest method; the second is a more or less hazardous one because the opposition frequently secures the ball; the third is usually a last resort, although there have been winning systems of play based upon it. Once the quarter-back groups these means of attack, his next step is to find out where they may be used. Natur-

ally, those plays which give the opposition a chance of taking the ball from you are not to be attempted when near your own goal. Once a team secures the ball near your own goal-line, it is obviously easier for this team to score than it would be were it forced to carry the ball over your goal-line from the other end of the field. Hence the governing rule in generalship is to strive to secure the ball near the opposing team's goal-line and to prevent the enemy securing it near your own. That is where so many quarter-backs make mistakes. They take undue risks.

With this broad principle governing generalship mastered, the quarter-back is on the road to success. His next step is to analyze the three methods of attack—running, passing, and kicking—in order to understand where each one may best be applied. Obviously, a quarter-back may use a running attack at any part of the field, as the enemy has no opportunity of securing the ball except by a misplay by one of the quarter-back's own team. To be sure, a fumble may give the enemy the ball, but no offense can be hampered by reckoning with fumbles. If they come, they are not the result of poor judgment, but of error by a player. One other consideration is necessary in directing the running attack. That is the down. The attacking team has four downs, or plays, in which to advance the ball ten yards. It stands to reason that when holding the ball near your own goal-line it would be taking big chances of losing it to the opposing eleven if you called for a running play on the last attempt. Failure to gain would mean losing the ball to the other team near your goal-line, the one thing the quarter-back must not chance. There is but one play left—a punt. This is always to be called for on the fourth down in your own territory when there is danger of losing the ball. The punt permits you to kick the ball well away from the goal-line and forces the enemy to carry it many more yards in order to score. It is a dependable play.

The forward pass, the second weapon of the offense, is the next one for the quarter-back to study. When may it be used? No team has yet so perfected this play that it may not now and then be caught by the enemy. The possibility of the play having such an end must always be considered. So a quarter-back should never call for a forward pass near his own goal-line because of the chance that the opposition may recover it here and thus have but a short distance to go to score. And for like reasons, a forward pass should never be used if your team is able to advance the ball at all times by a running attack. When your eleven is able to make ground and score by running the ball, there is no need for the pass. Thus it would seem, and it is the case, that the forward pass is properly called into use only when, first, you have the ball in the enemy's half of the field, and second, when you are checked in your running attack.

The kicking game, in so far as it falls to the lot of the quarter-back to direct it, is the third weapon of attack. We have already noted that it is to be used on fourth down in your own territory—or half of the field—when your running attack has been checked. Here it has for its purpose the moving of the ball farther from your goal-line than you could carry it by rushing it. It also has another purpose, that of gaining ground for you. When the quarter-back discovers in a game that his punter can consistently outkick the other punter, there is no simpler or easier method of advancing the ball than by keeping incessantly at punting. For example, suppose your team gains ten yards on every exchange of punts. Is it not clear that in six exchanges you have gained sixty yards, and, by doing so in this way, have rested your backs? Thus you may carry the ball to the opponent's half of the field, and there be able to launch your running attacks with backs who have not been worn and battered by a long and often fruitless effort to advance the ball the same distance by running with it. This method of attack was the basis of the Haughton system at Harvard. Felton, Harvard's great punter, would gradually force back opposing teams until Harvard had its opportunity in the opposing team's territory. What happened then is but the story of how to use the other half of the kicking game—the kicking of goals from the field—as a weapon not only of attack, but of earning points.

Thus, broadly speaking, you have the fundamental principles that are to govern you in directing the attack in football. Now let us take it up in some of its details and see how it applies to actual conditions and actual situations; in other words, how a quarter-back handles the details of his job. Most of these details concern the running attack and forward passing, with the accent on the former. Let us take him as he faces the opposition for the first time. How is he to select the right play? There is one fine rule to follow: let him wait until the two teams are lined up and then glance along the opposing rush-line. Suppose he notes that two of the opposing linemen are playing rather far apart, that there is a wider gap here than elsewhere along the line. Obviously, an attack launched at that point has a better opportunity of gaining ground than one sent at another. There is no easier way of selecting the correct plays, no better plan to follow, than just this one. Usually, a play or two aimed at such a point in the opposing line will cause a shifting of the other team's forwards to close the

gap. Naturally, this will be apt to weaken another point. The quarter-back immediately picks out the new hole and sends his backs into it. Still a third aid is to have coöperation between the linemen and quarter-back. One of them, say a guard, discovers that he can outplay the man against him, that on every snap of the ball he can charge him back. It is then up to this guard to give this information in whispers to his quarter-back. Once a weakness like this is discovered, the job of the quarter-back is a very easy one.

One of the most vulnerable points of attack is the opposing tackle. Successful plays aimed at tackle always go for big gains, because they strike somewhat outside the opposing backs, the secondary line of defense. Tackles can be made most miserable by carefully aiming plays either inside them or outside them, depending upon how they line up. For example, I recall a game Washington and Jefferson played against Washington and Lee several years ago, when I was coaching the former team. The opposing tackles were especially strong, and early in the game our quarter-back learned that we could not make ground against them. We then began using a short forward pass to our ends, which these ends caught just back of their tackles. This play finally so disconcerted these two good tackles that they began to back up when the ball was put into play. Finally, in the last quarter, we found ourselves behind by a few points and with but a short time remaining to play. Our quarter-back, always carefully noting the opposing line, had by this time discovered that their tackles were not charging. He immediately launched a running attack at these two tackles, the two linemen who were invulnerable in the early part of the game, with the result that our full-back carried the ball some fifty yards in a series of rushes through these tackles and over their goal-line for a winning score.

That might be cited by some as a case of genius, but I think not. This quarter-back was simply using his head, looking for a weak spot all the time, and when he noted it he drove his entire attack at the vulnerable point for a victory.

The proper use of the forward pass is a matter of question. I have had a fair measure of success with it and attribute this success solely to the fact that I was one of the first coaches to make an exhaustive study of this form of attack. We won games with it because we knew far more about it than did the opposing teams. But in using the play we followed certain formulas or plans which a quarter-back easily understands. There were two governing principles—we never called upon it unless our running attack had been stopped or unless we were behind and had to score in a hurry; and we never used it in our own half of the field. We had an assortment of passes which gave us a wide variety as to where the ball was to be thrown (this was for the purpose of being able to strike wherever a weakness cropped up), and my quarter-back waited until the game was well along, until he had sized up the defense, before calling for a play of this kind. Nearly all of our passes were planned to start like one of our running plays. In this way the team, and the quarter-back in particular, would discover what the opposing backs would do under given conditions. For example, if a wide end-run would cause the opposing back on the side to which we did not direct this play to come over and back up, the quarter-back would note that fact. Then when he had to use a forward pass, we would start one like the end-run I have just noted, and when the back in question would come over to back up that end, we would rush a man eligible to catch the pass to the place this back had vacated. Usually such a pass was successful. If not, the opposition had little chance of recovering it. We were careful not to use a forward pass on the fourth down. A failure here meant the loss of the ball. Then we would call for a punt, a high one, when well into the enemy's territory.

It is n't a hard job to play quarter-back. In fact it is the most satisfying position on a team. Once a boy gets into the swing of it, he would not trade places with any other player on the eleven. Nothing in sport is more satisfying than outguessing and outthinking the other fellow, and nothing counts so heavily in the winning or losing of a game. The best part of it is that any boy can master the position of quarter-back by a little study of the principles of football as set down in this article. All he has to do is to keep from getting excited. Learning to think, learning to apply one's brain to a problem in sport, is a fine training, and no college athletic training quite equals the one the quarter-back gets. When he has mastered that position you can be sure that as a man he will keep his mind on the essentials of any business or profession he may follow. And that is about all there is to success,—is n't it?—providing, of course, that one gives his whole soul to the game he is playing.

PHANTOM GOLD

By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

RICK HARTLEY, left behind when his ship the *Arrowdale* sails for Liverpool, is taken for a dock thief and arrested. Before this, the local manager of the Dale Line has dismissed M'Guire, the dishonest third officer of the *Glendale*, who, after his dismissal, overhears a conversation in the Dale offices that sends him hurrying down to the fish-pier, where he boards an abandoned schooner and consults with a man he meets in her cabin. Rick escapes the watchman by diving off the dock and swimming away, hiding under the timbers of the fish-pier until dark. The next day he is again pursued, but manages to jump aboard a moving schooner as she leaves the pier. Here he meets M'Guire, her skipper; Manuel, her mate; Gabe Hamlin, her bos'n; Dutchy, a beach-comber; and Ban Hoag, a friend. To save time and trouble, M'Guire allows Rick to ship as cook and cabin-boy. Though ostensibly bound peacefully on a fishing-trip, the schooner arouses Rick's suspicions. He overhears strange talk between skipper and mate; he notes the former's odd choice of reading; he discovers a secret store of rifles in a cabin locker. Rick and Ban plan to escape in the skiff towing astern, but Hamlin frustrates the move.

CHAPTER IX

M'GUIRE GOES ASHORE

RICK had counted the days by notching the sideboard of his bunk with his jack-knife. Fourteen notches after her departure, the *Laughing Lass* eased her sheets and swung to the northward. Ban had brought word of the change—M'Guire himself had directed it, had conned the wheel for an hour thereafter to make certain the schooner's bows did not waver by a hair.

Rick was on deck when she rounded the light and entered a little landlocked harbor. Pretty enough, he thought, but he compared it wonderingly to the broad, wind-swept meadows, dotted here and there with twisted oak and thorn, which sloped gently to his own shores.

The almost perfect circle of the harbor was bordered with yellow, jagged boulders, across which laterally a darker line showed high-water mark. Above the rocks a mighty stand of spruce- and fir-trees pressed close down upon the shore and presented its solid regiment of pinnacles to the sky.

Rick marked the higher coloring; his own coastline was softer, a composite dun and gray and dull ocher. Here the deep rich blue above was repeated exactly by the ocean at his feet—and contrasted sharply with the golden yellow of the ledges, the dark and somber green of the forest.

Directly across the harbor from its narrow entrance a very ancient wooden wharf sat drunkenly on bent and rotting timbers; and above it could be seen a road rising over the brow of a little hill between ranks of weather-beaten buildings. The town seemed sleeping in the afternoon sun. Several small boats, from which there drifted a redolent odor of decaying fish, swung idly on their mooring-buoys. A white gull or two soared lazily overhead. The place was very still.

The *Laughing Lass* let go an anchor in this dream harbor. M'Guire and Manuel stepped briskly aft, where the captain hauled in his skiff and dropped aboard. The mate sat on the wheel-box, then, and watched M'Guire row ashore.

There was a sort of preconcerted air about all this. There had been no words, no arrangements. It had all been planned, Rick thought. There was something purposeful in the steady dip and drag of M'Guire's oars, in the squareness of his back as he climbed to the wharf and shambled away up the little street. And Manuel, sitting there swinging his legs and smiling in the corner of his mouth—Manuel looked like a sentinel in disguise.

But nothing happened. The afternoon drifted away, and the sun dropped gloriously behind the ranks of firs. Manuel was still at his post when the skipper returned. There was no hint of his business on M'Guire's face. He did not look cheerful or glum. He brought no packages back with him—nothing but a newspaper, the most natural and ordinary thing in the world, sticking out of his coat pocket.

Vaguely disappointed, Rick went down to get supper. From the galley he heard the rattle of the anchor chain in the hawse-pipes and felt the slow lift to her bows as the *Laughing Lass* turned again into the open seas. A bell-buoy clanged mournfully, the sound growing fainter and fainter as the schooner plowed steadily onward. And while the boy went doggedly about his greasy tasks, his heart grew very heavy within him. There came to his mind the memory of an afternoon, warmly bright as this one had been, when he had run home to his mother from the docks, that eager question on his lips. Rick shut his eyes—the little white cottage sprang into view, its flat stone door-step shaded by the rose vine, the braided rug within, and the mother standing there, staring hungrily down into his eyes, submitting proudly, at last, to family tradition.



"THERE WAS SOMETHING PURPOSEFUL IN THE STEADY DIP OF M'GUIRE'S OARS"

The skiff came into their talk again at supper. All four were in the forecastle, for Manuel took a watch with the three deck-hands, and it was his trick at the wheel.

"I hears some bloke speakin' of shovin' off from this-here old crate," said Hamlin.

"Uh-huh," grunted Ban Hoag.

"Wot 's the idear?"

"Well, we ain't exactly tickled along of this cruise. It don't look reasonable."

"Why not?"

"Well, this cabin-boy—" a jerk of Ban's knife indicated Rick—"this feller here tells us how he sees an' hears some blarsted funny-lookin' things, he does." Ban went into details, while the bos'n stared at him in silence and little Dutchy's washed-out gray eyes grew big as saucers.

"Guns, ye say?" It was absurdly characteristic that Dutchy's voice should be a high and quavering treble. "What 's he want o' guns?"

"An' that 's what *we* wants t' know," said

Ban. "It don't look right. What 's he doin', anyhow?—that 's what I argues. If it 's a bloomin' pleasure-trip, huntin' snipe, maybe, or what not, why don't he come out plain an' say so? What 's he go ashore for? Tell me that!"

Ban circled the group, challenging them. They could not answer, and he continued—this point made—with more assurance.

"Now, mates, we got our skins to look after. The man hires us fur a fishin'-trip t' the Banks. Right an' proper, I says. But look 'e here. Is he makin' to fish—with trawls, seines, or handlines, or whatever? No, by cripes, he ain't! He 's skyhootin' round alongshore somethin' blarsted suspicious, an' he 's a-shootin' the sun when there ain't no more need of it than nothin' at all. An' he 's carryin' a nest o' rifles down aft like he aims to clean up the hull Atlantic. I tells yer this—we got t' look out fur number one. If it 's dirty work he 's after, he 'll like t' get cotched. An' them who 's fools enough t' be along aboard with him—*them coots 'll get cotched too!*"

Again there was a pause, as Ban defied rejoinder. A sickly grin was frozen on Dutchy's face, and he scratched the stubble of his beard.

"What ye lay t' do?" he piped.

"Do? Why I says this: there 's that skiff towin' astern of her. The cabin-boy and I, we reckoned t' slip away in her some night on my watch, after them two is below. But if you likes, she 'll hold the four of us, an' it 'll be a sight easier rowin'. After we gets ashore, each man can go as he likes. That 's what I says."

Ban Hoag concluded his argument and bent again over his supper. Rick had been silent. "That 's right—that 's the only way out," he said now.

Hamlin's massive jaw worked slowly over his food. He had the look of a cow considering weighty matters. A muscle in the side of his forehead twitched regularly, evenly, as he chewed. Dutchy's weazened and pitiful face stared up at the big man, waiting to agree with whatever he said. Finally the bos'n spoke:

"Since we 's gone this fur," he said, "I 'll not mind tellin' ye that M'Guire pays me extry fur to keep an eye on all of ye. But that 's no hindrance. As ye say, boy, we 've our skins t' look after. An' I ain't in love wit' the looks of things, no more than you. But I says wait." Dutchy's eager face immediately molded itself into lines of assent. "I says wait till we sees wot 's wot. There may be somethin' in it—fur us here, all of us. No knowin'. That skiff 'll lay there handy ef we wants her. I says wait."

Dutchy's echo came almost before the man had finished: "I 'm with ye there, Gabe. Yus, yus, I 'm with ye there, boy." The gray head waggled.

Rick was silent. Hoag disregarded the parasite and turned to Hamlin.

"Of course," said he, "there 's nothin' t' prevent them as wishes from slippin' away quiet."

The bos'n stopped chewing, and sudden fire lighted his eyes as he looked at the two boys across the table.

"An' ye 'll not be tryin' it," said Gabe. "Ef ye takes the boat, there 's nothin' left fur me here, an' Dutchy. No, we 'll just keep a weather-eye peeled. Ye 'll not be tryin' it."

Dutchy's head waggled again delightedly. He got up from the table and went to relieve Manuel at the wheel. The bos'n placidly resumed his meal. Rick stifled a little sigh and busied himself with the dishes.

There were twenty little notches cut in the wood by Rick's bunk when M'Guire went ashore the second time. The *Laughing Lass* had been creeping through the fog, which dripped from her slack rigging and muffled the clack of blocks as her big main boom swung to and fro. Again Ban had reported a change of course, but for several hours the two boys watched in vain for any sight of land.

Then suddenly a mighty cliff loomed menacingly out of the fog dead over her bows. The schooner turned and slid gently between wicked-looking ledges black with kelp. A bigger harbor than her first port of call opened gradually through the thick wet blanket. A din of pounding greeted them as the anchor rattled overside.

Several big ships, two- and three-masted schooners, lay moored in this harbor, their high sides and bare spars shrouded in the mist. On shore, behind a mass of docks, rose great sheds of corrugated iron, painted red, and the occasional gaunt skeleton of a ship's cradle on the ways. From these buildings came the pounding of mallets on heavy timber, the sharp *rat-tat-tat* of a riveter's drill.

Mantling low hills, behind the sheds stood out dimly the same close ranks of fir-trees pointing their solemn spires at a leaden sky.

M'Guire got into the skiff and rowed away as before. As before, the mate took up his position on the wheel-box. Again no word had been spoken; the thing ran smoothly, as if carefully arranged.

Once more Rick and Ban waited expectantly, watching the skiff creep away to the docks, watching the captain's bulk disappear among the buildings. The time dragged on.

Manuel was softly whistling a gay little tune, smiling a little to himself. Ban plucked up courage to address him, and called:

"What 's he after, Mister Mate?"

The whistling stopped, and Manuel looked up forward at his questioner. For several seconds he seemed to hesitate,—once he moved as if to get off the box and come forward,—while that little leering smile played at his lips. Then he shook his head, still smiling, and his shoulders lifted into a shrug.

"How should I know that, my friend?" came softly along the deck.

At length M'Guire returned. Rick saw him descend the ladder from the dock to his skiff and pick up the oars. His regular, chopping strokes made rows of circles in the still water, and the muffled rattle of his thole-pins drifted ahead of him to the schooner's deck.

He came up over the side exactly as before and ordered the *Laughing Lass* to sea again. Rick could not believe that the same dull farce was to be played over—could not believe that some clue to this amazing venture would not present itself. But M'Guire went below without a word or a look. Exactly as before, he carried no parcels or anything that the eye could see or the mind grasp. A folded newspaper jutted from under his long arm. He shambled down the companion steps, and his huge walrus mustaches disappeared below the hatch.

Dutchy and Ban Hoag manned the schooner's windlass; the chain rattled home. At the wheel, Hamlin twirled his spokes in apparent unconcern. The bow of the *Laughing Lass* turned slowly seaward; she slipped again between the black ledges at the harbor mouth; crept silently out into the enveloping fog.

CHAPTER X

A DISCOVERY

It was natural that with the deepening of the mystery of the *Laughing Lass*, Rick's friendship for Ban Hoag should grow more secure. Of the six souls aboard that little schooner, they two alone shared a common purpose and a common honesty. The dark foreigner had shown by his indecision on the wheel-box, that foggy day in port, that he was at least not too firmly bound to the interests of his superior, in whose entire confidence Rick and Ban felt him to be. The bos'n, Gabe Hamlin, was not ready to escape until he was satisfied that he could not survive the schooner's mission—whatever it was—scot-free and with profit to himself. Dutchy would swing or run with Hamlin.

But Rick and Ban wanted one thing: to get away from that ship and its master before they could be embroiled in an enterprise both knew must be unlawful. And with matters as they stood, after the schooner's second brief anchorage, the only way to accomplish that purpose seemed now to dig out the truth, or enough of it to convince Hamlin that to remain aboard meant nothing but personal danger. They felt they could sway him by this means alone.

Gladly would they have got away by themselves. They had no scruples at deserting the bos'n and his shadow; those two were removed only by their lack of courage from the craft of Forty M'Guire, the slinking treachery of his mate. But to escape alone was now impossible; for whenever Ban had the wheel for a night watch, Gabe or Dutchy would sit it out with him—silently, in detached alertness.

Rick lost all knowledge of the schooner's position beyond the fact that she seemed still to be moving, generally, in a northeasterly direction. The captain appeared more careful to roll up his charts and stow them away, and the cabin-boy had no opportunity for thorough search.

Trips ashore became more frequent (further confusing the boy, who had nothing to go on now but a chance sight of the binnacle) and then they ceased abruptly. During the third week, the *Laughing Lass* ran very close to the coast and dropped her anchor in some harbor nearly every day. But at ten o'clock of the night of the twenty-eighth notch in Rick's bunk, something happened—not much, but something.

Late that afternoon, the *Laughing Lass* had cleared an unknown breakwater and stood out again to sea. M'Guire had come aboard precisely as usual and gone down to his supper. When Rick cleared the table in the after cabin he had seen the captain in his room quietly reading the paper. At midnight, Ban came down into the forecastle and reported that in the middle of his watch the skipper had suddenly come up the companion and ordered the course changed to due east.

Now, three days later, the schooner was still on that course; she had not deviated from it by the half of a degree; and naturally, since she was headed straight out to sea, she made no harbor.

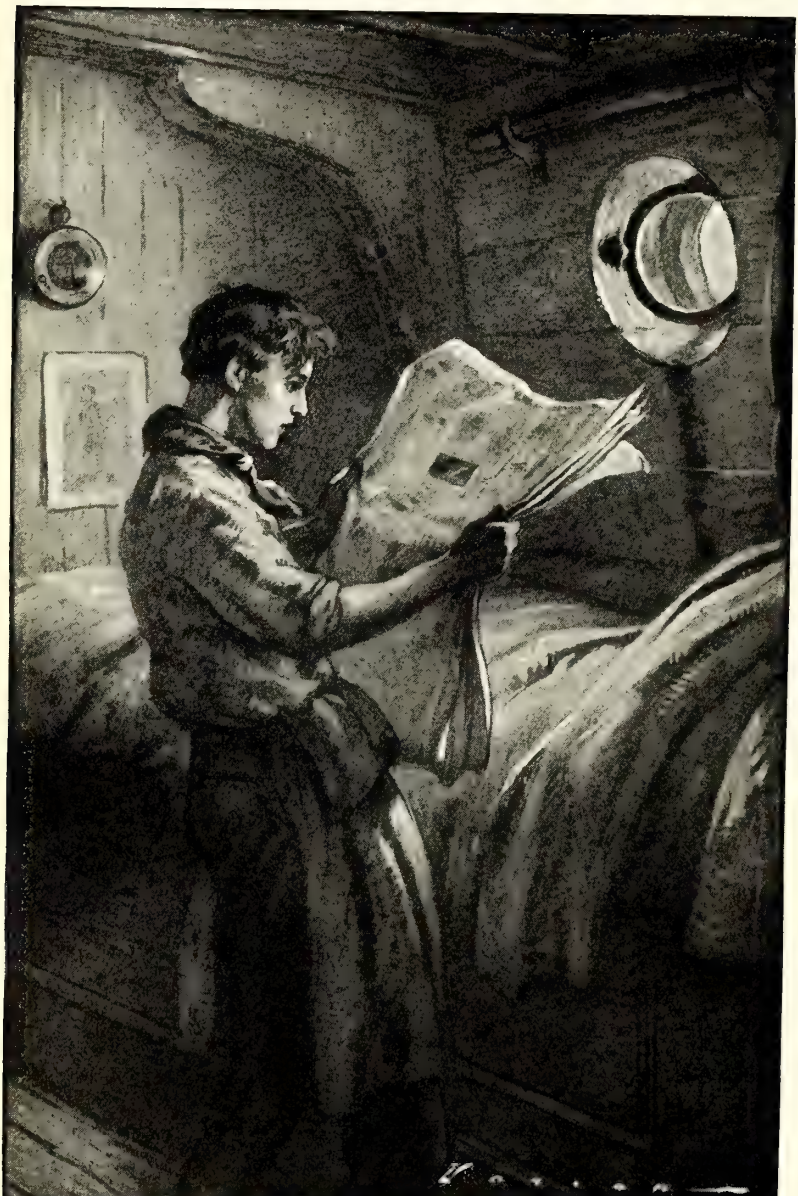
For hours the two boys discussed these things in whispers, searching the details of what they had seen and heard for some clue on which to base a theory that would convince Hamlin. They searched in vain, for always the discussion reached a point where one or the other burst out with, "Well, what 's he go ashore for, anyway?" And there the trail stopped.

To see somebody? To talk to somebody? To buy something, steal something? To notify some one—or be notified? Any one of these or a hundred other conjectures was possible; they had no shred of proof that any one was true,

For all they knew, Captain Forty M'Guire might have been rowing ashore almost daily for a friendly game of pinochle with the village postmaster—had ceased those visits because he had tired of the game. And yet—yet there was an air of something blacker than pinochle aboard the *Laughing Lass*. Neither boy knew anything whatever of crime or the crooked ways of criminals, but as Hoag expressed it:

"The blarsted craft gives me the creeps, Ricky. Y' ever see a octopus, Rick? I feels like one of them varmints had a holt of me by the laig."

There really was nothing for it but to cease arguments and let events develop, if they would. Both vowed, simply, to keep their eyes open, to allow no chance for freedom to slip by them. Then they turned to other topics of discussion.



"HE STARED DOWN AT THE SHEET HE HELD OUTSPREAD BETWEEN HIS HANDS"

Rick told the other every detail of his life. Ban listened eagerly, wonderingly, to tales of British soil, British docks, British waters. The voyages of the *Channel Belle* were revived and recounted. Rick pictured with vividness his father's war-time command, and Hoag drank in every word. But what Ban liked best to hear were descriptions of the white cottage in the High Street. Its architecture, the little front gate, the garden behind; the arrangement of the rooms, their furnishings, their inmates—all these things delighted him, and he heard of them willingly over and over again.

But Rick tired at length of his continued rôle as narrator. At his question, the other was at first silent. Then he began, a little hesitantly:

"I ain't got anything to tell like you say, Rick—most likely because I ain't never had no father nor mother nor any reg'lar home like that house yer speakin' about.

"I was raised, as fur back as I kin remember, on a farm—in Vermont, or some such place. The man who owned that farm was an ugly customer, if ever there was one, and when he licked me 'count of me stealin' a doughnut outer the kitchen, me bein' half starved, I run away.

"I hoofed it all the way to the coast, beggin' my meals, mostly, and sleepin' anywheres. I ben pretty nigh all over the world since I run

away. Round the Horn with salt in a square-rigger—back again with China clay. Through by Gibralter an' the Suez after cotton at Cairo and wool and hides at Singapore. An' 'tween cruises, when I feels lazy or the pay-roll 's full, I lays around the docks gettin' good pay for a stevedore as I feels like it.

"The docks an' the water—they ben my only home, Rick. Sometime I 'd like t' see that white house o' yourn."

"Should we ever get out o' this, you shall," said Rick.

"Uh-huh. Ef we ever gets outen this."

They had been talking in the galley, Ban sitting on the cracker-barrel and chewing dried peaches, Rick busy with his breakfast dishes. A clock in the forecastle struck eight bells, and Hoag got up, with the remark that their angel-eyed commodore would keelhaul him if that wheel wan't relieved prompt. Rick followed him up the ladder; it was his custom to make up M'Guire's and Manuel's bunks after cleaning up the breakfast gear. After that he would have the morning free, with nothing to occupy him but his thoughts.

At the head of the after-companion stairs Rick noticed that both the captain and Manuel were on deck, standing by the low taffrail and engaged in earnest talk. Ban, already at the wheel, winked at him. That meant here was another chance to look around.

Yet as usual there was nothing to be seen that had not been seen thirty odd times before. A rumpled newspaper lay unfolded over the disordered blankets of M'Guire's bunk. The skipper's odd collection of reading matter lay on its shelf on the bulkhead. His personal effects—a rusty sextant, a pair of parallels, pencils, an old revolver in a leather holster, several dirty collars —littered the little folding table by the door.

Nothing unusual. Rick stifled a sigh and stepped across to the bunk. He picked up the newspaper and made as if to fold it up, to take it back with him for the enjoyment of the forecastle.

But he stopped, his body rigid. He stared down at the sheet he held outspread between his hands.

There was something odd about this paper!

CHAPTER XI

BOWDITCH LAUGHS

A LITTLE hole had been neatly cut in the middle of it.

Nothing strange there, you will say. But Rick was keyed to watchfulness for the slightest visible clue—anything that would, that might, lead somewhere. Now this did.

There had been other discarded newspapers, a good many of them—one, in fact, after each trip M'Guire made ashore. Rick had paid them no heed; one hardly does. A newspaper is like a gray cat on a back fence, or a postman, or baked potatoes—its very prevalence loses for it its identity, any claim for notice.

Yes, M'Guire had always brought a newspaper aboard with him; and a day or two following, Rick had always found it, crumpled as if read from weather-report to liver-pill advertisement, in the captain's room or Manuel's, or thrown on the after-cabin deck. Finding it thus discarded, following an ancient custom of the sea he had carried it forward, and he and his mates had spent many an hour reading it.

There had never been a hole before—Rick was sure of it. His own memory he would not have trusted, but he knew the sea and those men up forward well enough to know that some one, had there ever been a hole before, would have remarked it—and grumbled for being deprived of one precious nugget, were it only the picture of a house for sale.

Rick tore off the half-sheet, folded it carefully, and put it in his pocket. Then he rolled the rest of the paper into a hard ball and dropped it gently through the open port. This reading matter was too valuable for Gabe Hamlin's dull eyes. Dutchy would not understand it.

For even as he dropped that ball of paper overboard, Rick caught a fleeting glimpse of the truth. The puzzle was not complete, but certain pieces were falling quickly together, showing that they fitted.

M'Guire might have gone ashore for any purpose under the sun, but it began to look as if his object had been simply and solely to buy a newspaper. Say that it had been such—what could he want with a newspaper? Why, he was looking eagerly for the appearance of something or somebody, the carefully thumbed pages attested to that, something that only a newspaper can be depended on to produce—*news* of some sort, the appearance of which would guide his future actions.

And he must have found this thing—whatever it was—that he had sought. He had found it while reading this paper after supper, while the *Laughing Lass* was putting to sea. And having clipped it out and stowed it somewhere for future guidance, he had gone up on deck and ordered the schooner's course changed.

Thus far, supposing that M'Guire had no other object ashore, the thing seemed plausible enough. It fitted. But it pointed nowhere, definitely; it ended in a question-mark.

What was there in a tiny slip of paper that could make M'Guire spend days idling along the

coast and then finally change his tactics and stand out to sea?

Rick dragged the half-sheet out of his pocket and studied it. He spread it out on the skipper's bunk and studied the black of its print, trying to wrest from it the secret of that little hole in the middle.

You know how certain pages of newspapers carry full columns of bulky articles, a solid mass of continued text on important subjects, while others seem to hold the sweepings of the news, as if the editor had collected all the odds and ends of his day's work and thrown them together in one lump. This half-sheet that Rick had salvaged was of the latter sort. It contained a miscellany of everything under the sun.

There were a good many advertisements around the edges—financial advertisements, mostly, of brokerage houses and banks. Part of the New York stock-list occupied half a column, evidently continued from another page. There were announcements of the arrivals of steamships at different domestic and foreign ports, an extended weather-report for the region east of the Mississippi, and a list containing the current market prices of certain metals. But the sheet contained also items of a more local character: the mayor was enjoying a brief vacation in the woods; a prominent dairyman was quoted as admitting that eggs would be higher in the fall.

The missing piece must have contained a complete item; for immediately above the hole Rick read of the death of a clergyman, while below it, some one signing himself E2073 requested applicants for the position of assistant purchasing-agent to a large manufacturing concern to reply, with references, before Wednesday.

The little square hole grinned up at him very slyly. It all but said, "What a lot I could tell—if I cared to!"

And then and there Rick decided that that piece of paper, perhaps three inches square, held the key to the mystery and his own freedom. He determined to find it, to get a sight of it. Circumstances were against him; for if his theory was true, it would be only natural for M'Guire to guard the clipping closely, to carry it, most probably, on his person. Still, Rick vowed his determination in the courage bred of despair, while the moonlit garden swam before his eyes and he heard—

A step on the companion stair!

Rick stuffed the half-sheet back into his pocket and busied himself with the blankets on the bunk. Behind him he heard M'Guire's shuffling tread.

"Wot 'd ye do with that there newspaper, you?"

Rick turned and saw the skipper standing in the doorway. He was in the act of replacing a huge leather wallet in the breast pocket of his jacket.

"I hove it out the port, sir. Were n't you through with it?"

"All right. Never mind."

M'Guire's little pig-eyes ranged the room. They rested on the folding table. He stepped over to the table and fumbled with the litter on its top.

Rick saw him take up a little piece of paper, withdraw the wallet from his pocket, place the slip inside it, turn, and leave the room.

From the top of the companion steps, M'Guire's words came down faintly to the cabin.

"Here 't is, Manuel. I 'd left it below."

From his place on the bulkhead shelf, the fat, pigskin-bound Bowditch, "The American Navigator," laughed sedately at the boy staring rather wildly below him and nudged the sleek blue buckram sides of his neighbor, "From Nugget to the Mint."

CHAPTER XII

M'GUIRE'S COAT

But luck smiled, then, on Rick Hartley. For once luck played directly into his hands; and the manner of the playing was as follows.

Of course, Rick told Hoag of all that had happened in the skipper's room. Together the two boys bewailed the perversity that had prevented Rick from searching the room immediately for the clipping, on the bare chance that M'Guire had left it there. Together they pored over the now disreputable half-sheet and tried to wring some meaning from the little empty space in its black-and-white expanse. But the thing seemed hopeless, and all they could do was renew their vigilance. Rick vowed he would get the clipping out of M'Guire's very coat; but Ban Hoag laughed. The skipper had that coat on his back all day and took it into his room with him at night. Would Rick crawl through a port while the man slept, or would he just plain hypnotize M'Guire in broad daylight and snitch the secret from him?

Then luck smiled.

It was hot, high noon aboard the *Laughing Lass*. Light airs from the southwest barely rippled the surface of the water. A blazing summer sun beat down on the schooner's decks and started the tar running from her seams. It was Manuel's trick at the wheel, so he had eaten his dinner early, and the captain sat alone at the after-cabin table.

If it was hot on deck, the air was sweltering in that stuffy cabin. Rick refilled M'Guire's cup

and stood back, waiting. The schooner still held to her easterly course. Rick judged the coast they had left must be a good fifty miles astern of them.

M'Guire ate noisily. He looked more than ever like a walrus as he crouched over his plate, his teeth showing and his great mustaches drooping away from his lips.

Rick stood there, thinking. Hoag had reported an interest on M'Guire's part—a new interest in shipping. For the first days of the cruise they had sighted very few vessels, these mostly fishermen and lobster-smacks. But of late, the water they sailed had seemed more frequented. A great white liner had crossed their bows yesterday, curious passengers lining her rail. The night before, a bark had crept by them in the dusk, her towering spread of canvas making the *Laughing Lass* look like a child's toy. For reasons best known to himself, M'Guire watched these passing ships closely, Ban had said. But Ban had noticed that the captain's interest in a vessel seemed greater when she lay far off, a mere dot or smoke-rift on the horizon. When she approached and could be seen clearly—just the time you would expect a man to be curious—M'Guire would take his glasses from his eyes and turn away. Rick pondered this; and the captain went on eating, very unconcernedly.

Of a sudden came Manuel's voice down the hatch, in the cry Rick had heard often of late:

"Sail ho, Captain Fortee!"

M'Guire took a hasty gulp of tea and lumbered out of the room.

It was hot as an open furnace in that after cabin. Yet a heather breath from English meadows seemed to whisper at Rick's cheek. The man had left his coat hanging over the chair!

(To be continued)

THE STORY OF THE POET OF MANY INVENTIONS

EDMUND CARTWRIGHT (1743–1823)

By MARY R. PARKMAN

"THE parson is a right good sort and a clever 'un, that books could not addle nor the fine ways of rich folks spoil."

A bluff old British farmer, red-faced and shrewd, had stopped his plow at the end of a furrow to have a word with a neighbor across a hawthorn hedge. Both men were looking after the gracious figure of a man who had not been too occupied with his thoughts to rein in his horse for a friendly greeting as he passed by.

"He always rides just so—at a walk—though any one can see he is at home in the saddle," replied the other, approvingly.

"Mayhap he thinks of his Sunday preaching as he goes about," said the farmer.

"He thinks o' more things than Sundays," declared the other; "he thinks what he can do to help folks on Mondays and Saturdays as well. Have you heard what he did when Carter's lad was so bad off with the fever? He said to the mother: 'Have you some yeast handy? I know a case where a glass of it drove away a sickness like this. Will you let me try what it can do?' And bless you! of course they let him have his way. Had he not told them about a cure for a sick cow and how to save their wheat crop? The lad began to get better that same day."

"And he 's as handy with tools as if he had not been born to books," returned the farmer. "Many 's the time he 'll show you how to patch up and contrive things to make work a bit easier. They say he 's a wonderful friend when a loom needs a bit of tinkering."

The gentle parson was at that moment thinking of the hard work that fell to the lot of the cottagers in his parish. "Poor people, all of them old before they have had a chance to be young!" he said to himself. "No time to walk out under the sky, to stretch their hearts as well as their legs, and breathe freely the air of heaven."

He sighed heavily, but soon shook himself free of his troubled thoughts and began to hum a happy air. A lark rose from the field, filling the sunshine with song. The parson's heart sang and his horse's hoofs seemed to beat out a tune. He was putting the gladness of the day into words (for since the time he had first tasted the joys of learning and poetry at Oxford, Edmund Cartwright had loved to set his thoughts to music) when he was roused by a merry greeting.

"How many miles away were you this time, Friend Poet," called the squire, from his garden, "not to look at a neighbor when he hails you twice? And here are some gentlemen from Manchester you will want to talk with. They can tell you all about the new spinning-machine."

"Does the poet take an interest in mechanics?" asked one of the visitors.

"Behold a man who can use his hands as well as his head!" cried the squire, heartily.

"I am indeed interested in devices for saving labor," said Cartwright, "and anything that promises to make lighter the load of the weavers must be of particular concern to us, for surely, of all people, their toil seems the hardest."

"They will have to work harder than ever to keep up with the increased output of the spinning-mills," was the reply. "The day is passed when the loom can keep ahead of the supply of spun yarn."

"But cannot some machine be devised for weaving, as Arkwright's has met the problem of spinning?" asked the parson, eagerly.

"No, that is a different matter," the Manchester gentleman assured him. "It is clearly impossible. You cannot make a mechanical device to take the place of the deft hands of the weaver."

But Edmund Cartwright was not convinced. "I have seen an automaton play a game of chess," he contended. "If it is possible for a machine to make the complicated moves in that game, it is certainly reasonable to entertain the idea that a machine can be framed to make and repeat successively the three movements involved in weaving."

During the following weeks, the poet-parson was observed to be even more absent-minded than was his wont, and the face he turned upon his Sunday congregation bore the marks of eager thought. "Parson is surely working up something new," was the remark.

Indeed, so fast did his ideas take shape that his hands lagged behind. He called in a carpenter and smith to work for him, and a weaver to lay warp threads on the machine they fashioned. Then threads of heavy material, like that used in making sails, were indeed woven into cloth by the new device.

"As I had never before turned my thoughts to the details of mechanism, either in theory or practice, nor had seen a loom at work, nor knew anything of its construction, you will readily suppose that my first loom must have been a rude sort of machinery," wrote Edmund Cartwright, in a letter to a friend. "The warp was laid perpendicularly, the reed fell with a force of at least half a hundred weight, and the springs which threw the shuttle were strong enough to have thrown a Congreve rocket. In short, it required the strength of two powerful men to work the machine, at a slow rate and for only a short time. Conceiving in my simplicity that I had accomplished all that was required, I then secured what I thought a most valuable property by a patent, Fourth of April, 1785. This being done, I then condescended to see how other people wove; and you will guess my astonishment when I compared their easy modes of operation with mine. Availing myself, however, of what I then saw, I made a loom in its general principles nearly as they are now made. But it was not till the year 1787 that I completed my invention, when I took out my last weaving patent August the first of that year."

So determined was Cartwright to make his invention of practical service that he devoted his modest fortune to starting a factory, where the newly discovered steam-engine of Watt furnished the power. This was in 1789.

Two years later, a Manchester firm signed a contract for four hundred looms, but here the weavers, whom he sought to help, nearly wrecked the venture. "His 'men of iron' will starve out workers of flesh and blood," they declared. And one night the factory was burned, and with it hundreds of the machines, which represented the entire wealth of the generous inventor.

"The ways of business are too much for a simple scholar," lamented the poet-parson, whimsically. "My poor earthen pot could not hold its own with the brass ones in the stream of commerce."

But the merchants and factory owners of Manchester came to his rescue, begging Parliament to recognize the value to the nation of his invention by an award that should at least cover his losses; and a grant of ten thousand pounds sterling was made to reimburse the ingenious inventor of the power-loom.

This gave the poet, who had proved himself a mechanical genius as well as a scholar, the opportunity to try his hand at new devices. One of these was a wool-combing machine. Turning his attention to the farmers' problems, he contrived machines to aid in planting and in reaping, also a device for kneading bread, to lighten the labor of his own kitchen.

Then he began to speculate on the possibility of making the steam-engine play a part in water travel. We are told that when Robert Fulton was studying painting in England under Benjamin West he met the enthusiastic inventor, who showed him a model he had fashioned of a boat propelled by steam. "Mark my words," declared Edmund Cartwright, "the day is surely coming when steam will furnish the power in transportation both by land and water."

But never, while turning his hand to practical inventions, did the gentle scholar lose his interest in poetry. "At eighty he was still as merry and alert as a youth." The poet Crabbe says of him in his letters: "Few persons could tell a good story so well. I can just remember him, the portly, dignified old gentleman of the last generation, grave and polite, but full of humor and spirit."

"THE WINNER OF THE BLUE"

By BREWER CORCORAN

MARK BILLINGTON slid the upper rail into place and stood motionless by the gate, shoulders sagging from the long day's work. Before him the pasture rolled up to the headland, but the boy did not see the sweep of browning grass, the slow-moving cattle, nor the dull, gray specks on the sky-line, which were his grazing sheep. Instead of the empty blue sea in the distance, tall buildings, rising above crowded, busy streets full of opportunities for success, filled his mind's eye, and the same old longing called to him to explore the land of his desire.

"Oh, Mark! Mark!" Around the corner of the weather-beaten barn darted a girl of fourteen, lithe, golden-haired, her serious blue eyes alight with excitement. "Look! Twenty-three eggs to-day. It does pay to be a farmer."

"Sure!" he agreed listlessly. "If it did n't, you and Mother and I 'd be doing a private parade to the county poor-house." He shook himself together with an effort and took the basket. "But it does n't pay enough for the amount of work you put into it. I could make a heap more in the city."

"They all say you 're doing splendidly," she said soberly, "and you know Mother is more than satisfied."

"But I 'm not," he retorted.

"Why? You 're at least keeping Beachcrest up as father did. Every one says it 's wonderful for a boy of eighteen to have done that."

"That 's just it!" he exploded. "It is n't what one person or ten persons or a hundred persons say; it 's what I think myself that counts, and I 'm not satisfied. I could do more and really succeed, could actually amount to something, if I could get out into the world where big things are being done. I 've schooling enough to get by; I 'm not scared of work; I 'm not afraid of hard knocks; all I want is opportunity, and there 's no opportunity to get to the top of anything on a farm."

"You could improve the stock, just as father started to do."

"Don't see where that would get me. Having good cows and sheep don't make a fellow rich; they make him poorer. It 's only millionaires who can go in for that sort of stuff; and with them, it 's just sport. The city 's the place for a fellow who wants to get on."

She shook her head as they turned toward the house. She wanted to prove him wrong, but she did not know how. All during supper she racked her brain. She was so busy seeking arguments against the limitations of an island farm, and he so wrapt in dreams of busy offices, that neither gave scarcely a thought to Mrs. Billington's announcement that she had seen Sawyer, the superintendent of the great Oak Knoll estate, strolling through their pasture that afternoon.

"Probably taking a short-cut home," commented Mark. "Who 's driving into the yard, Ann?"

She ran to the window. "Kent, the market-man from Green Harbor," she said. "Wonder what he 's doing way out here so late?"

Damon Kent, chewing a straw into the other corner of his mean mouth, nodded as he pulled up his raw-boned horse, then got out of the wagon. "'Evenin', Billington!" he said. "How 's things?"

"Don't notice much change, Mr. Kent. What 's your trouble?"

The butcher glanced at him keenly. "Enough," he growled. "Might 's well own up—got caught short on island lamb. Got to buy. How bad yer goin' to stick me?"

"Never robbed you yet."

"That 's why I come to you." The smile was oily. " 'Help them as helps you' is old Kent's motto. Got to buy two critters. Give two cents a pound more than last time."

"That 's fair enough," Mark agreed promptly. "Flock 's in the pasture. Come look 'em over. Come on, Ann; you know more about the sheep than I do."

"But I hate to have Mr. Kent take them away," she gulped.

"Part of farmin'," Mark retorted gruffly, in order to hide his own feelings. "Don't come if you don't want to."

"I 'll do my share," she answered bravely.

"Goin' to take in the Tilton fair next month, sister?" broke in the wily old Kent. "Goin' ter be a fine show this year. Races, vaud'ville an' everythin'." He talked like a rapid-fire gun as they crossed the pasture, apparently determined to keep her mind from the coming departure of the lambs. But when he reached the first of the flock his chatter died away and he rejected five or six lambs with curt nods and curter words, his beadlike eyes roving over the pasture as if in search of something.

At last he stopped as if utterly disgusted. "Lambs ain't up to grade!" he announced. "Sorry I made that offer. But I 'll stand by it,"

he added hastily. "Always plays fair, old Kent does. Ain't no use pickin' an' choosin' here. Drive down that lamb thar an' that one next him. Can't waste no more time."

"Won't two others do as well?" burst out Ann.



"'THAT PAIR 'S NOT FOR SALE,' HE SAID"

"Have n't time to look, sister. Two cents above market 's a fair price fer 'em, Billington, a big price; more 'n I oughter afford."

"But he 's picked old Baldface's twins, Mark," she protested. "She 's the last of the thoroughbred ewes Father bought."

"Don't know nothin' 'bout thoroughbreds," quickly broke in Kent. "I 'm buyin' eatin' lamb. Is it a bargain?"

"Pick another pair," urged Mark.

"Ain't got no more time to waste. Them 'll do me."

The boy looked at the lambs and started to accept, but then, catching a glimpse of Ann's face, saw something which made him turn to Kent, his jaw square. "That pair 's not for sale," he said.

"Why not?"

"'Cause farming 's hard enough for a girl without this sort of thing."

"That 's plain foolish."

"Maybe."

The man gave him another keen glance. "Don't think that pair o' scrubs is fancy stock, do yer?" he sneered. "Oughter be blamed glad to get shet of 'em at my price."

"Don't know anything about fancy stock. Ann wants to keep 'em; she 's goin' to. Pick some others."

Old Kent was crafty. He wanted those particular lambs and no others. He turned to the girl. "Give yer ten dollars fer the pair, sister," he wheedled. "Time 's money with me. What say?"

She shook her head. "I can't," she said. "I brought them up in the yard."

"All right," he snapped, his mood changing again. "Won't accom'date Kent—Kent won't accom'date ye. He 'll go ter Ben Morris an' buy lambs."

"Go ahead," flared Mark. "We 've made as fair an offer as you; take it or leave it."

Kent saw he was getting nowhere that he wanted to get. Again his tactics changed. He offered fifteen, then twenty dollars. But Mark, angry at his persistence, was equally stubborn.

Ann alone was silent and stood watching Kent in growing wonder. When, at last, he stalked away with a second threat to buy from Morris,

she slid her hand into her brother's. "You 're not making a mistake to please me, are you?" she asked.

"If I am," he mumbled, "that 's a good enough excuse for me. Good night, Kent."

But the irate buyer walked on without a backward glance.

They were almost back at the house before Mark spoke again. "Ann," he burst out, "why did he want those Baldface lambs?"

"I don't know, but they were the only ones he did want. He came here to buy them."

"I 'm beginning to think so. He did n't want them to eat at twenty dollars. Wish I knew more about sheep."

"Ask Mr. Sawyer to look at them and tell you."

He shook his head. "I went over there last spring and he turned me down. He and Father had some sort of trouble. He holds it against me."

"For any one who wants to go to the city," she announced, "you 're an awful 'fraid-cat. I 'll go, and I won't talk with any superintendent, either. Mr. Davidson told me to come to Oak Knoll whenever I wanted flowers, and he owns Oak Knoll."

"Sure! And a multimillionaire who owns a fancy stock-farm has plenty of time to waste on a couple of kids curious over a pair of scrub lambs."

"They 're not scrub lambs!" she declared indignantly. "They 're Baldface's twins and they 're as good as any lambs in the Oak Knoll flock."

He burst out laughing. "You 're a wonder!" he exclaimed. "Why, Sis, the Oak Knoll flock owns more blue ribbons than we do huckleberry bushes. Forget it! Kent 's gone nutty, that 's all that 's the matter. If we 'd sold him the lambs at his price, we 'd have been arrested for cheating a crazy man. Lock up the chickens and come into the house. A touch of practical farming 's made you as dotty as old Kent."

She, too, laughed; but as she walked to the chicken-coop, her busy mind was unusually active. It was not because she had been called crazy and laughed at that she was thinking of Mark, but because she was becoming certain Kent had tried to cheat him. She was glad he had failed, but especially happy because his failure had been due to her brother's loyalty to her. Now that Mark was ready to forget the whole affair, she wanted to remember it and, in some way, not only repay him, but prove to him—she did n't know quite what. Something very nice, anyway, and quite worthy of such a brother.

She thought of it for a long time before she went to sleep, but she seemed so helpless in every way. There was nothing much she could do. She was sure of one thing, however, which was that if Mark did n't know much about sheep, she knew even less. The next day her new-found determination sent her marching up to Oak Knoll where, to her relief, she discovered Mr. Davidson in the garden. Tall, slender, still under fifty, the man who had reached the pinnacle of success welcomed the little country girl as a reprieve from utter loneliness.

"Glad you 've come," he declared. "I want to show the new dahlias to some one who can appreciate them."

"I 'd love to see them, Mr. Davidson, but, please, sir, first I 've come for some advice."

The corners of the strong mouth crinkled and the blue eyes danced in spite of his endeavor to keep his face sober. "You have n't been speculating in the market?" he asked.

"I don't think so," she answered, with a soberness which made him want to shout. "I don't know what you mean, but most probably I have n't. But a man offered Mark twenty dollars for two lambs and I want to know why."

"What sort of lambs?"

"Spring lambs, sir."

"Oh!" Again the corners of the mouth twitched. "And did Mark sell them?"

"No, sir. You see, they 're Baldface's twins and—"

"Let 's go a bit more slowly, Ann," he suggested. "You see, I don't know Baldface and I guess we 'd better begin back a little farther. Come over here and sit by the pool. I 'm very particular about my business advice," he added.

The story told much easier than she had supposed, for Mr. Davidson was a sympathetic listener. When she finished with, "Now, why did Kent want those lambs?" he leaned back and crossed one leg over the other.

"If a marketman offered such a price for spring lamb, he did n't intend to have it eaten," he stated. "The fact that their mother is registered confirms that. But, unfortunately, I seem to be the only one on the island who is really interested in thoroughbred sheep."

"Do you think they 're fancy lambs?"

"I did n't say so," he said cautiously, "but it had occurred to me."

She looked at him from eyes round with excitement. "Won't you come and see them and tell Mark?" she asked.

For a moment he hesitated, then shook his head. "It would n't be either consistent or fair."

"Why?"

It may have been her disappointment, it may have been the expression in the blue eyes, but, whatever it was, something about the earnest little girl made John Davidson want to make her comprehend the reason for his refusal.

"Ann," he began deliberately, "I have n't built up the Oak Knoll flock to gratify a personal whim. It 's been done for a purpose. The farmer to-day who tries to improve the grade of his stock does a real service to the community. And that word 'service' has come to mean far more than it did a few years ago. People are thinking more about others and less about mere money. To-day there are many men who measure their success not by the length of their bank account, but by what they are doing to improve things about them. That 's the kind of success I 'd like to attain."

"I never thought of that," she acknowledged, in an awed voice.

"You 'll grow into the sort of woman who will," he prophesied. "But give me a chance to finish. It is because the island is especially suited for sheep-raising that I established my flock here. By example, I want to show the farmers there is more money to be made by raising good stock. If only one man can see it, and attain success, my investment will repay me a big dividend."

"Then why won't you tell Mark about his lambs?"

"Because I want him to learn for himself," he replied. "Then the lesson will be well learned. He can tell whether his lambs are good, and whether or not Kent knows it and is trying to cheat him. I 'm going to lend you some books about sheep. Have him study them and compare his lambs with the standards. Then, if the lambs seem good to him, tell him to enter them at the Tilton show next month. Frank Nailor is going to judge there. He 's the best there is. Mark can prove his own knowledge by Nailor's verdict."

"But everybody 'd just laugh at brother for competing against you."

"I don't think so, Ann. Even if they did, he would n't care—if he were interested. He 'll be thinking of sheep and of how he can do better next year, not of what others think. That is," he added, "if he 's in earnest. Any one who 's in earnest is going to succeed wherever he is and no matter what others say or do."

"Oh!" It was a quick little exclamation. Ann saw even farther into the future than Mr. Davidson. Vaguely, there in the distance, she saw an answer to all Mark's arguments. "May I have those books right this minute?" she cried. "I 'll make Mark try it. At least, we can prove two islanders are grateful for what you 're doing."

Yet when she explained to her brother she found him anything but enthusiastic. He had no time to waste on such foolishness. He had no possible chance to make a showing against the Oak Knoll lambs; people would guy him for being such a simpleton as to compete against a multimillionaire from the city. And just there little Ann tripped him up and left him gasping. If he could n't compete on the island against a city man, how could he hope to compete successfully against city men in the city?

He felt a trifle ashamed of himself that night as he picked up one of the Davidson books. Yet before he had read a single chapter, he found himself interested. The man wrote about things Mark Billington knew. Twice he put it down and explained to Ann that the writer was wrong. That is the surest sign of awakened interest.

Another came in the morning. Before Ann was up, Mark drove old Baldface and her twins down from the pasture and staked them in the yard. Together they tried to compare the lambs with the diagrams in the book. "We can't do it," confessed Mark; "we don't know enough yet. But we 'll keep 'em here and get 'em in better condition while we study 'em."

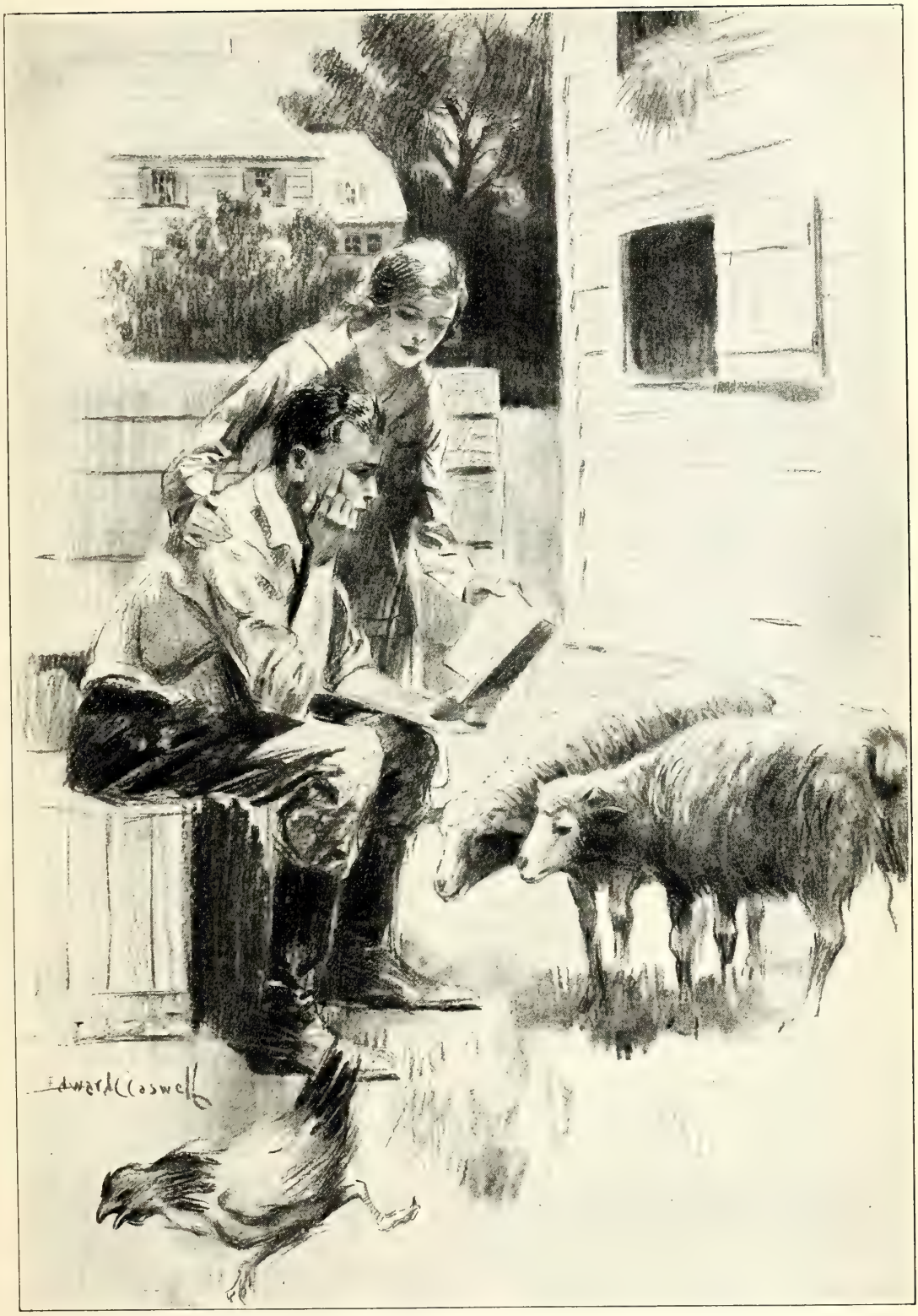
From being "The Twins," the lambs became Billy and Nancy and were "conditioned" until they began to believe life was one long, luxurious dream. As Mark watched them round out, he became more and more interested, until, the week before the Tilton fair, he finally entered both in the lamb class. Beachcrest sheep had won before the advent of the Oak Knoll flock, and anyway, as Ann had said, he could return Mr. Davidson's kindness in part. What really did surprise the boy was that, as soon as the news spread that he was going to show, four other farmers promptly entered the pick of their flocks.

Ann hardly slept the night before the fair. If Mark had not absolutely refused to permit it, she would have tied a bow about each lamb's neck. As it was, she insisted on driving to the fair grounds with him so that she could pet Billy and Nancy during the trip. It seemed as if every one she knew was going in the same direction.

But, when they arrived at the sheep-pens, her heart sank. In the folds were arranged the proud champions of Oak Knoll, their row upon row of blue ribbons along the rails, their names and pedigrees properly displayed, a crowd examining them with awe, and Sawyer, the superintendent, giving haughty answers to low-voiced inquiries concerning breeding and values.

She was almost ready to turn home again, when she heard some one call her name and saw Mr. Davidson and a stranger coming toward her. "I was afraid something had happened to you," he said genially. "I 've had a place for your entry reserved next to mine. This is Mr. Nailor, the judge; Ann and Mark Billington."

The old gentleman shook hands cordially and then turned to Mark. "So you 're going to lower the Oak Knoll colors, young man?" he asked, his



"TOGETHER THEY TRIED TO COMPARE THE LAMBS WITH THE DIAGRAMS IN THE BOOK"

eyes twinkling. "Well, a lot of men have tried the same thing. Good luck to you! I 'd like to see this fellow drubbed thoroughly once."

"Hear!" cried Mr. Davidson. "I 'm going to protest you as a judge."

Mr. Nailor, too, joined in the laughter. Above them all, he was an authority and never yet had one of his decisions been honestly questioned. "What classes have you entered, Billington?" he asked.

"Only the lamb class, sir."

"Well, get your lambs in order. But don't hurry too much. The Davidson flock is going to take some time. I 'll come to you next."

With that he swung open the gate and, with a curt nod of dismissal to the advancing Sawyer, entered the first Davidson pen alone.

The crowd thickened. This picking of winner from winner was bound to be interesting. Going through the rest of the entries would be mere form. Mark went for Billy and Nancy, and Ann led them into the pen and began to pat and smooth them.

Half an hour later she heard a crisp step behind her. She turned. Mr. Nailor was coming through the gate, scoring book in hand. Beyond him, she saw the crowd surge closer, heard a titter, flushed red, but bit her lip and smiled up at the judge. "They 're just pets," she said bravely and looked about for Mark.

"All right." The tone was as crisp as the step had been. "Stand back, please."

For a moment he stood above the two handsome lambs, face expressionless. Then, just as the careless lookers-on expected him to turn and hurry to the next pen, he nodded and walked to the other side of Beachcrest Billy. A moment later his hands ran swiftly over the ram. Then he turned to Ann. "Take him over in the corner."

She knew her eyes were full of tears, but she bit her lip and obeyed, her hand patting the lamb's head. "Never mind, Billy," she comforted them both; "don't you mind one little bit. I love you. We don't care because Mr. Nailor does n't like you, do we? We 'll both hope he 'll like Nancy better."

But evidently that was not to be, for after a moment Mr. Nailor made some rapid figures in his book, turned, and marched to the next pen, the crowd at his heels.

Alone, Ann buried her face in the soft fleece of the lamb's neck and tried hard not to cry. A gentle arm slid over her shoulder. "Never mind, Sis!" comforted Mark. "We did the best we could. That 's what counts. We tried."

"I know," she gulped, "but I made you. You would n't have been laughed at if I had n't have made you come."

"I don't care what the crowd think," he said stoutly. "We were n't sure the lambs were good, anyway. We took a chance, and we 'll take a licking just as cheerfully."

"Hi, boy!"

Mark turned at the low-voiced hail from the edge of the pen. Sawyer was leaning toward him, a smile on his dark face. "Whatcher want?" growled Mark.

"Want to take some of the sting out of what you just got. You ought to have known better than to have entered against us. But we 're helping you people, we Oak Knoll folks. I 'll buy that lamb from you so you can get your entry money back and make a piece of change on the side."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Don't care nothing about the ram; only carrying out the big boss's orders to help the farmers. Here 's twenty." He held out a bill.

The boy looked at it doubtfully, but before he could reply, Ann darted to his side. "Billy 's not for sale," she said, her face red, "and what you 've just said is n't what Mr. Davidson means at all."

"Oh, all right," was the retort; "forget it."

"I won't do anything of the sort. I—" She stopped, her face growing even redder. Mr. Nailor was hurrying toward them.

"Bring that ram lamb into the ring," he called. "Sawyer, bring Oak Knoll Prince Royal III."

"What?" The superintendent's face was a study.

"Hurry up," Mr. Nailor called.

"Give you a hundred for that lamb," whispered Sawyer to Mark.

The boy's jaw dropped. He began to see many things dimly. He wanted to say something, but he merely shook his head. "Come, Ann," he said, "Mr. Nailor wants you."

"You go, Mark; I 'm scared."

"He 's your lamb, Sis."

"He 's Beachcrest Billy and you 're the head of Beachcrest Farm," she retorted. "It 's your work."

For a moment their eyes met, then, without a word, he led the lamb out into the judging-ring. Its sides were crowded now. The word had swept over the grounds that an island lamb was being judged alongside an Oak Knoll aristocrat. Farmers and owners crowded forward to see this unexpected challenge to the Davidson supremacy.

The boy walked close to where Sawyer stood with Oak Knoll Prince Royal. "Let them alone," ordered Mr. Nailor.

Then, slowly, carefully, eyes narrowed, he walked about the two lambs. Silence came over the ring. Men old at the game had never seen

the judge so deliberate in making his decision. Twice he started to rise; twice he knelt again, feeling of the lambs with slow, steady fingers.

At last he rose, and, turning his back on the lambs, walked to the table in the corner. He spoke to the clerk in a low tone, picked up a blue and a red ribbon, the tokens of first and second prizes. Then, with face expressionless, he came back. "They 're a wonderful pair, Sawyer," he said; "never saw better."

"They are, sir. Never raised as good a lamb as the Prince." There was pride in the superintendent's voice over such public praise.

"No," agreed Mr. Nailor, "you never did. He 's good—better than good, but—" he hesitated, stooped, patted the motionless head of Oak Knoll Prince Royal, then wheeled on Mark Billington, "—but he 's not good enough," he concluded. "The blue goes to Beachcrest Billy."

There came a gasp from the crowd, then dumfounded silence, then a growing cheer as it dawned over the dazed island sheep-men that a home-bred had defeated the cream of the Davidson flock. Mark, white of face, twisted the ribbon through numb fingers, his eyes fixed on Ann, who was dancing up and down, clapping her hands joyously, calling to him over and over again, "You 've won! You 've won!"

He saw Mr. Nailor offer his hand, saw Mr. Davidson swing open the gate and stride toward him, the smile of a true sportsman on his face. "Congratulations!" he exclaimed; "wish I owned Billy."

"You almost did," blurted Mark. "Sawyer offered me a hundred dollars for him ten minutes ago."

"What!" His voice snapped as he wheeled on his man. "Is that true?" he demanded, his face black.

The man's expression was enough. Mr. Davidson's sharp "Report to me to-night," told the end of Sawyer's story. Then he turned to the boy.

"Naturally, I knew nothing of this," he said; "neither did I have anything to do with his and Kent's trying to cheat you out of a winner a month ago. I 'll give you a thousand dollars for the lamb."



"'THE BLUE GOES TO BEACHCREST BILLY'"

"Take it," advised Mr. Nailor. "It 's a huge price."

Mark shook his head.

"No," he said, "Billy and I stick to Beachcrest. He 's taught me success may be found where you don't expect it."

"You mean where you look for it," suggested Mr. Nailor.

"Or, perhaps we might say, where you work for it," corrected Mr. Davidson.

WISHING

By ELEANORE MYERS JEWETT

I WISH I were a fairy, dancing on the green,
Lightsome as a thistle-down, potent
as a queen!
Riding on a firefly
Through the dewy eves,
And in sunny hours to lie
Wrapt in fragrant leaves!
To know each sound and scent and sight
Of magic in the woods at night;
The beauty of each dawn to trace,
Then wander to some elfin place!

But if I were, I could not wait
For Father at the garden gate;
And Mother's dear, caressing hand
Is better than all Fairyland!

I wish I were a gipsy, caroling a tune,
Wind-blown in the morning, drowsed
with sun at noon!
Tramping on the highroad,
Laughing at the rain,
Sleeping in a barn at night
Or on a star-lit plain!
To rise at dawn and heed the thrill
That calls, alluring, from the hill;
To sleep at night, with happy dreams
Of dust and sunlight, fields and streams!

But if I were, I could not know,
When sunset fades to afterglow,
How wondrous fair the deepening gloam
To those who sit with love at home.



HOW THE SLY FOX CAUGHT THE JAGUAR

By ELLEN C. BABBITT

"How am I to catch that Fox?" said the Jaguar to himself.

"I know how," he went on. "I will pretend that I am dead. Then the Fox and all the other animals will come to see if I am really dead. Then I 'll catch the Fox."

When the beasts heard that the Jaguar was dead, they went to his den; and seeing him lying there, they cried out:

"Now we can live in peace, for the Jaguar is dead!"

Just then the Fox joined them. They said to him: "Good news! the Jaguar is dead! We need fear him no more."

The Fox smiled, but did not go into the den where the Jaguar lay.

"Has the Jaguar groaned?" asked the Fox.

"No," answered the other animals.

"When my grandfather died, he groaned three times," said the Fox.

The Jaguar heard what the Fox said, and so he groaned three times.

At this the Fox laughed loud and long, and then he said:

"Hear the dead Jaguar groan! Surely he has come to life! Oh, cunning Jaguar!"

The Jaguar heard the laugh and the mocking words. He sprang after the Fox, but the Fox was gone over hill and dale.

THE LUCK OF DENEWOOD

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Vive la France!" etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

PEG TRAVERS, joint heir with her brother Jack to the estate of Denewood, in Germantown, which they have rented as a school for girls, receives a letter from her brother, an officer with the A. E. F., saying that a young relative, Béatrice de Soulange, has come to him asking for assistance, and he has sent her to America. Her brother, Louis de Soulange, in an aëroplane flight over the lines, has disappeared and is "missing." Peg lives with her aunt in the lodge at Denewood. When Béatrice arrives, her first desire is to see the lucky sixpence, their family talisman, and when she is told that it has been lost for a century, she declares her belief that with it was lost the luck of Denewood. Béatrice plans to hunt for it, and, to that end, becomes a pupil at Maple Hall, as the school at Denewood is called. Peg receives a letter from Jack asking for a description of the Soulange ring and warning her to stand guard over Bé lest unauthorized news of her brother rouse false hopes. Shortly after, a young man, who announces himself as Captain Badger of the British Army, calls, saying that he has news of Louis which he will give to no one but Bé. With Jack's letter in her mind, Peg refuses to let him see Bé. The next day he mistakes Betty for Bé, and Peg persuades her, in order to obtain news of Louis, to impersonate her cousin. The two girls learn that Captain Badger is in search of three hundred thousand francs to ransom Louis de Soulange, whom he declares to be held by a band of robbers in France. Betty, posing as Bé, insists upon having time for consideration. Meanwhile, Bé, ignorant of this crisis in her affairs, has gone to search the spring-house for the entrance to a secret passage she believes may be there. She unexpectedly discovers it, and, hearing some one coming, conceals herself in it. She follows the passage and comes out in a dormitory of the school. Going to Miss Maple's room, she finds there Miss Hitty Gorgas, an elderly sewing-woman, who encourages her to search there for the lucky sixpence. Bé finds half of it, cunningly concealed in a sampler worked by the first Beatrice, and returns with it through the secret passage. The cousins are all overjoyed at the recovery of the lost coin, and, following Horatia's suggestion of a new way to search, they find the second half. Peg and Bé each wear a piece for the luck it will bring, and agree to go at daybreak to explore the secret passage. They find a heavy, locked coffer, and go home to search for its key. Peg finds the Soulange ring in the bushes near the spring-house, where it has been lost by Captain Badger, but conceals it from Bé. Then, with Horatia's help, they discover the key. The charm of the sixpence seems to be at work. Peg and Betty plan to keep their engagement with Captain Badger and, unknown to them, Bé and Horatia intend to visit the spring-house at the same hour. Meanwhile, Captain Badger, who has been spying about, comes out of the old spring-house, seemingly very pleased at something. Peg and Betty keep their appointment. Captain Badger comes late, carrying his traveling-bag. The two girls try in vain to gain more time, and finally Peg decides to give him the sum he asks out of the secret treasure. To their surprise, he refuses this offer. His refusal satisfies both girls that they have misjudged him, but Béatrice and Horatia break in upon them just as Louis's name is mentioned. Bé demands news of him, but repudiates Badger, saying Louis would not have entrusted him with the Soulange ring. Peg follows her to the house, sending Horatia back to bid the captain wait for her. She shows Bé the ring she has found, which only convinces the French girl her brother is dead. Peg leaves her and meets Horatia, who tells her that she saw Badger enter the spring-house but, when she followed him in to deliver her message, the place was empty.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A BADGER IN A MOUSE'S HOLE

INSIDE the spring-house, Peg looked about her for any evidence that would prove her assumption that Captain Badger had discovered the Mouse's Hole. Nothing was disturbed, and the trap door was tightly closed and invisible. Only the fact that Monsieur Crapaud sat in a dark corner of the room, instead of in the broad patch of sunlight, was an indication that some one had been there and rudely disturbed his meditations. But Peg did not see the little toad.

"Are you sure he came in here?" she questioned in an undertone.

"Positive!" Horatia declared.

"And he could n't have gone out without your seeing him?" Horatia shook her head vigorously.

"I came right here, expecting to find him," she explained. "I did n't take my eyes off the place for a second, and when I looked in and found the room empty, I just could n't understand it."

"Then he 's down in the passage now, unless he came out when you ran back for me. Oh, he must be there. There was n't time for him to get out of sight," Peg asserted. "Anyway I 'm going to find out."

She lifted the trap-door slowly and gazed intently into the black hole at her feet; but no sound reached her. Then, very cautiously, she descended the steps and disappeared. A moment later she returned, an angry flush on her face.

"He 's down there," she said in a tense whisper, as she closed the trap. "He 's taking our money!"

"But how can he have found out?" Horatia asked.

"He evidently saw us early this morning when he was looking for the ring he 'd lost," Peg explained. "But that is n't here nor there. I 'm not going to let him get away with that money."

Once more her views of Captain Badger's honesty had undergone a change. Bé had been right after all. It was easy enough now to see why he had refused her offer to pay Louis's ransom. He knew all the time of the treasure in the secret passage and meant to have it, but had

seized the opportunity to make a show of sincerity in order to gain the knowledge of where the Soulange strong box was hidden. She now had not the faintest belief in anything the man had said. Poor Louis de Soulange was probably dead, as Bé had insisted. That being so, Peg need have no consideration for the officer and could turn him over to the authorities as a thief.

"Horatia, you run down to the house and telephone to the police," she began; but her cousin interrupted her with a cry, her eyes widening.

"Look! He 's coming up!"

Quickly Peg turned and saw the trap slowly rising. Without an instant's hesitation, she jumped, and her weight, landing on the small door shut it with a snap. From below there came a muffled sound, as if one had shouted out in surprise and consternation.

For a time the two girls stood looking at each other, not quite knowing what to do. Just as Peg was about to send Horatia for help, she felt herself being slowly lifted by the man below her pushing against the trap under her feet.

"Come quick!" she called to her cousin, and Horatia, nothing loth, took her place beside Peg, and again the opening was closed tightly.

For the next few minutes the girls went through a period of intense excitement. Captain Badger, in his struggle to escape, made frantic efforts to lift the door, but the awkwardness of his position on the narrow stone steps prevented him from exerting his entire strength. He could manage to raise the combined weight of the door and the girls for an inch or so, then his foot would slip and down would come the trap again.

But Peg and Horatia were in an almost equally unsatisfactory position. Neither of them could hold down the door alone, and there was no way in which they could send for the assistance of which they stood in such sore need.

"We 'll just have to stay here till somebody comes," declared Peg, through her set teeth. She had been ready enough, for Bé's sake, to give up her dream of living at Denewood, but she was determined that the money should not be stolen.

Horatia, her eyes dancing with excitement, was a stanch ally.

"I 'll stay with you till we starve, Peg," she murmured. "I would n't have missed this for anything. Try to make yourself as heavy as you can," she ended.

"I am doing that," Peg answered, "but I wish we could do something more."

As she spoke, Béatrice, looking pale and wan in her black dress, burst in upon them.

"Where is he, that captain?" she panted.

"Thank goodness you 've come!" cried Peg, feeling suddenly quite cheerful.

"Where is he?" Bé again demanded.

"He 's right down here," Peg explained, pointing to her feet; "and if you 'll just take Horatia's place, we 'll keep him there while she goes and calls the police."

"Police!" echoed Bé, in astonishment; "why the police?"

"Because he 's just a common thief," Peg burst angrily. "He saw us this morning, and now he 's trying to steal the treasure we found. I don't believe a word he said, and I 'm going to have him locked up."

"*Non, non!*" Bé exclaimed, "you must not do that. What will become of Louis if he go not back to France?"

"I don't think he knows anything about Louis, Bé," Peg replied, sobering a little as she began to realize that an alteration must have come in Bé's opinion of the matter. "You did n't think so a little while ago, either."

"But I 'ave change'," Bé replied. "The little sixpence 'ave make me believe that this man may 'ave tol' the truth. I mus' talk to him."

"But if we let him out, he 'll just go away with the money and we won't be able to stop him!" Peg protested. She understood how Bé felt; but she had so completely lost faith in all of Captain Badger's pretensions that she saw nothing to be gained by parleying with the man.

"Paig," cried Béatrice, "I mus' speak with him! The ol' feeling has come back to me that Louis is not dead, and this man he know something. He mus' tell. I will pay him anything."

"I can't trust him," Peg replied. "If there was somebody here—"

"I can get the two Schmucks," Horatia suggested practically.

"Fine!" Peg agreed instantly. "That will be just the thing! Come over here, Bé, and let Horatia go."

This arrangement met all the difficulties of the situation for the time being, and, though Bé showed an almost heartrending impatience to see Captain Badger, she took up her position on the trap-door and consented to wait until Horatia returned with help.

There was little said while the two cousins waited.

"Cannot the men stay outside while we talk to the captain?" Bé pleaded in her anxiety. "It is such a fearful thing, Paig, if he do know something and we make it impossible for him to tell."

They argued a little over this, but Peg finally consented to do as Bé wished, having entire sympathy with her cousin's feelings and appreciating the seriousness of the situation.

"I 'll fix that, dear," she answered at last. "Trust me."

It seemed a long time to the waiting girls, but Horatia finally burst through the door with the welcome news that not only the two Schmucks, but also Joe Cummings, the night-watchman, were close behind her.

"Keep them outside and shut the door," Peg commanded, and a moment or two later the deep tones of the men, talking together excitedly, apprised them of the fact that their guard had arrived.



"'I 'LL STAY WITH YOU TILL WE STARVE, PEG,' SHE MURMURED"

"Sha'n't we come in, Miss Peggy?" William Schmuck called from the far side of the door.

"Not yet," Peg replied. "Keep close and don't let anybody out."

"I knew there was somethin' funny goin' on inside that spring-house," shouted a voice that was evidently that of Joe Cummings.

"Now," murmured Bé, breathlessly, as she stepped back.

Peg, with a nod, moved away and pulled up the trap-door.

"You can come up, Captain Badger," she said, speaking down into the hole, "but I warn you that there are three strong men outside."

Slowly and with cool deliberation, the British officer emerged through the trap-door carrying his traveling-bag, the weight of which seemed to test his strength. He set it down on the stone floor of the spring-house, deliberately closed the trap through which he had come, and then faced the girls.

"So you think I 'm caught, eh?" he muttered. This was a different person from the man they had encountered previously. The mask was gone. Only in flashes had they caught glimpses of the real man under the suave exterior he had exhibited on other occasions. Now he scowled at them like an animal at bay, ready to fight desperately for his freedom.

"Tell me about my brother?" Bé begged in a faltering voice. "You say he is alive. Is it the truth?"

Badger looked at Béatrice a moment in silence and gauged his chances of escape. He saw but one way open, and that was by convincing this frail girl that her brother was indeed alive. If he could accomplish that, he might find a clear road ahead, but it needed the sincerity of honest feeling to make his words ring true.

"Mademoiselle, I swear to you that Captain de Soulange still lives!" he spoke harshly, but in a tone of deep earnestness.

"I don't believe you!" Peg burst out. She saw the light of gladness glowing in Bé's eyes, and dreaded to have her cousin's hopes raised high, only to be shattered by days of fruitless waiting.

"I 'm talking to Mademoiselle de Soulange," Captain Badger snapped. "The matter would have been settled long ago had it not been for your interference."

"How did you get Louis's ring?" Béatrice demanded, her thoughts centered upon that one point.

"That will need to be explained somewhat differently from my previous story," the captain answered. "I considered it wiser to suppress some of the details, but I shall be quite frank with you now. You remember a certain Monsieur Gontet, who lived not many kilometres from the Château de Soulange, Mademoiselle?"

"I 'ave heard of him," Béatrice answered, "but his 'ouse was always behin' the German lines."

"Exactly," Badger went on, "but he contrived to remain fairly immune from persecution by complying absolutely with all the German demands. Well, Mademoiselle, I was the secretary of Monsieur Gontet; for although my father was of British descent, my mother was Swiss, and I was born in her country, so I could claim neutral citizenship."

"What has this to do with my brother?" Béatrice asked impatiently.

"Wait, Mademoiselle," the officer replied, shortly, "I am coming to that. This Monsieur Gontet was a good patriot, and to him, sometimes, the peasants sent French soldiers trying to escape from behind the German lines. And so one night your brother came to our château. He was known to be a rich man, you understand, and one of the servants of Monsieur Gontet, the one who was instructed to lead Captain de Soulange back to safety, desired some of his money. He drugged the captain's coffee and took the ring, after which he put your brother where no one could find him, in charge of some men who will hold him till his ransom is paid. That, Mademoiselle, is the true story."

"And you are the unfaithful servant who has seized my brother," Béatrice burst out.

"What matter about the man?" Badger returned angrily. "The question is, do I go back to free your brother, or do I stay here till those who hold him grow tired of waiting? This is no time to beat about the bush. You think you have me by the throat. I tell you that if I am not let go, the life of your precious brother is not worth the snap of a finger. It is for you to choose, Mademoiselle. You can believe my story or not, as you please; but if ever you want to see your brother on earth again, I advise you to tell those men outside to take themselves off."

"And then you would carry all that money away with you?" cried Peg, pointing to the satchel.

"That I mean to have in any case," the captain snarled. "That is now a part of the bargain for the life of Louis de Soulange. Mademoiselle here will tell me where her strong box is in France. That I shall take for my trouble. This," he went on, nodding toward the heavy bag, "I shall use to pay those who guard the captive."

"Then you shall not go!" exclaimed Peg, desperately. She saw that the man had the upper hand of them, for she could read in Bé's eyes her cousin's conviction that Captain Badger now spoke the truth.

"We mus' let him go, Paig," said Béatrice, gently. "Let him take the money. What is that to the life of my brother? You shall 'ave it back when Louis comes; but this man mus' go free."

"But I don't believe him," Peg insisted. "I don't think he 's telling the truth now any more than he was before. Oh, Bé, don't let him fool you! How do we know he will do as he says even if we do give him the money?"

"You will have to take my word for that; but I pledge you solemnly that I will carry out my part of the bargain." The captain spoke with intense earnestness, and even Peg, for the moment, almost believed him.

"But you said that the brigands would be satisfied with three hundred thousand francs," she protested, striving for a way of escape.

"That was before you put me to so much trouble and inconvenience," Captain Badger replied insolently. The man felt very sure of his position now, and indulged himself in a smile of triumph.

"Paig dear," murmured Béatrice, "we mus' let him go, yes? Think of what would be the sorrow all our lives if we kept back the money and my Louis returned not to me ever."

"Oh, Bé, it is n't the money!" Peg wailed. "He could have everything I have in the world if I were sure; but I can't believe him; and whatever happens, I know he 's just going to break your heart."

"Monsieur le Capitaine," said Béatrice, as if in response to this appeal, "you spoke of a strong box. I know not how you 'ave learn of it, but in it you will fin' much more than the three hundred thousand francs you 'ave asked for. I can tell you where it is. But you mus' leave that money here."

She ended with a nod toward the bag.

"I 've named my terms, Mademoiselle," the man began, and would have gone on; but a commotion outside cut him short, and in the midst of a clamor of voices, the door was thrust open.

"What 's going on here?" came the question; and with a cry of joy, Peg turned to face her brother.

"Jack! Jack! is it you?" she cried, and flew into his arms.

"Oh, ho! Is it Blondel who mak' the trouble?" cried a new voice; and with staring eyes, Béatrice turned to see Louis de Soulange enter the spring-house. With his name trembling on her lips, she went swiftly to him and, putting her arms about his neck, looked into his eyes. "At last thou hast come back to me," she murmured in French, hiding her face on his shoulder.

But Captain de Soulange had not ceased to look at the man in the British uniform, cowering in a corner of the spring-house. With an arm about his sister, he held the other straight at the crouching figure, pointing an accusing finger.

"You scoundrel!" he cried. "I do not know all of your treachery, but I 'ave heard enough to know that you should be whipped like the lackey you are!"

"We can't whip him, worse luck!" Jack Travers cut in regretfully. "The best we can do, Louis, is to put him in jail for a bit."

"It is the valet de chambre, Blondel, as I tol' you I suspect'," Louis went on. "He was servant to Monsieur Gontet."

At the name "Blondel," Peg lifted her head. It was familiar, somehow, yet for the moment she could n't place it. Then, of a sudden, its association popped into her head.

"Don't you remember, Jack," she exclaimed, "the man who caused so much trouble for old great-great-great-grandmamma Beatrice? His name was Blundell."

"You 're right—it was!" Jack almost shouted. "I wonder if this fellow is any of that breed? He acts like it."

To Jack and Peg the Denewood stories were records of their ancestors, and for them the name Blundell had a sinister and menacing significance. Captain Blundell it was who nearly burned down the Denewood mansion and later, as is told in "Beatrice of Denewood," he would have killed Jack Travers had not the Beatrice of that day thwarted him. This man had been cashiered from the British Army, and it might well be that he had left England to settle in Switzerland, in which case "Captain Badger" might well be, as Jack suggested, "one of the breed." But the young people had little time or inclination to waste time upon profitless speculation.

"I never did trust him," Betty remarked, as she pushed into the spring-house. "Was n't it lucky, Peg, that I was at the lodge when they came? They would never have found you—"

"But when did you arrive? And why were n't we told? And why—why—why—" A string of questions bubbled out as Peg, recovering from her surprise, began to crave information.

"Let 's get rid of this thing first," Jack cut in, with a nod at Blondel. "Hey, boys," he called to the men lingering in the doorway, "take him to the police-station. I 'll be along presently to make a charge. Now let 's all of us get out of this."

"But take the bag, Jack," Peg begged excitedly. "Don't leave that for anything."

Her big brother went over and picked up the traveling-satchel, almost dropping it again in surprise at its unexpected weight.

"My word, that 's heavy!" he cried. "What 's in it?"

"Gold, I guess," Peg answered. "Bring it along. It 's yours!"

"Mine!" gasped Jack, "what are you talking about?"

"Come on, and I 'll tell you afterward."

As they moved out, Peg went to Béatrice's side.

"It is my Louis!" The French girl felt no more was needed by way of introduction.

"I am delighted, *ma petite cousine*," her brother said gaily. "Béatrice has already whispered how much she owe' you."

"She does n't owe me anything, Captain de Soulange," Peg began, but Bé interrupted quickly.

"He is to you always Louis, Paig," she insisted.

"Of course," said the young Frenchman.

"Whatever he is," Peg went on, a little embarrassed, "we owe Bé just everything, and—" She tried to explain in a breath, as they walked together to the lodge, all that had occured; but ere they had gone very far, she found herself alone with Louis, while Béatrice was with Jack. Somehow she did n't know what had become of Betty and Horatia, who had tactfully left the brothers and sisters alone together. They were almost home when they met Mr. Lynch, the postman, with an overseas letter for Peg.

"When could you have written that, Jack?" asked Peg, puzzled.

"Oh, weeks ago," Jack answered with a laugh. "I sent a scrawl, telling you we had been ordered home and that I was bringing Louis with me. And it arrives the same day I get here. Some mail service!"

"It might have made a lot of difference," Peg murmured, as they all went into the house.

CHAPTER XIX

THE LUCK OF DENEWOOD

"WHAT I want to know," Peg insisted loudly as they all sat in the living-room waiting for Selma to announce the midday dinner, each one trying to explain everything to everybody at the same time, "is why you wrote for that description of the Soulange ring?"

"I 'll tell you," her brother said, and the room suddenly grew quiet. "I was away from the

camp for a day or two, and, when I got back, one of our chaps named Williams said there 'd been a man about asking for me. As I was n't there, the fellow insisted upon knowing what had happened to Béatrice. He seemed a decent sort of person, they said, and so anxious to find out that they told him and he went off. I did n't think much about it till Williams spoke of a ring the man wore. He was rather impressed, was Williams, and described it quite accurately. At first I could n't think where I 'd heard of the ring or seen it; then I remembered the old story and wrote to you to make certain."

"But you could n't have got my letter before you left," Peg interrupted.

"I did n't," Jack replied; "but the more I thought of it, the more certain I became that it was the Soulange ring the fellow was wearing, and I began to wonder who he could have been. Bé and I had talked about Louis, of course, and I knew how she felt about him. I must own I did n't agree with her. We over there all thought he was dead, but she was so sure that he was n't, I got a hunch, when this ring turned up, that maybe she was right, after all. At any rate I looked up Williams again, and he told me as accurately as he could what the fellow was like. It was Blondel all right."

"Of course," Bé put in, "he look for me to fin' that box. How could he know of that, Louis?" she ended, turning to her brother.

"I think from that servant we 'ave—Gallet," he answered. "You know Jeanne-Marie, she 'ave always say Gallet was Swiss and a spy. He might 'ave been what you call a pal to Blondel."

"That is possible," Bé mused; and then, with an apologetic smile, "please excuse that I interrupt, Jack. You were telling how you fin' Louis."

"You interrupt whenever you like," Jack answered. "You had more to do with it than you know."

"What could I 'ave to do with it?" asked Bé.

"Well, I 'll tell you," Jack said. "Peg wrote and told me how you were looking for the sixpence, and of how sure you were it would bring Denewood back to us if you found it. And it seemed to me that if you were working so hard for us, I might do a bit for you; so I got a few days' leave and went scouting off after Louis. I did n't have much luck till I fell in with old Mr. Gontet and told him the story. It was the first he 'd heard that Louis was missing, and at once he suspected Blondel, whom he 'd always thought an avaricious beggar. However, Monsieur Gontet has a great stand-in with the Government for what he did in the war, and he got the French Army on the job in no time. That 's all."

"Then the sixpence did 'elp you after all!" cried Béatrice.

"You bet it did!" said Jack, heartily.

"Oh, ho!" Louis laughed. "I know not of that lucky sixpence; but I do know it was Jack found your old brother, Béatrice. He do not tell how he lead the search himself and fin' me in a cave in the Argonne, with four very dirty gentlemen who take great care of me. They do not let me go out for fear I shall catch col', or the rain wet me, maybe. Oh ho! they take very good care of me, and ask every day where is the money my sister 'ave, and grow very angry that I do not tell. But they are not courageous men, and begin to fear for themselves so much that they decide it is time to knock me on the 'ead. I do not rejoice at that, but what can I do? I call them dogs, and pigs, and what you will; but it does not soften them, and I see my hour is come. Then, *voila*, in the nicks of time, Jack, he walk in with his soldiers! It is all very jolly. I think they hang the four dirty gentlemen, but I do not wait to see. Jack take me to his camp, where I am ill from too much cave, and not till I am on the sea, far out, can I do more than lif' my head from the pillow. So, Mademoiselle de Soulange, your cousin Jack Travers expec' your thanks not only that he rescue your brother from a cave, but that he nurse him back to health when even the doctor think he die.'"

At that moment Selma came in to announce dinner; then once more everybody began to talk, and by the time the meal was finished the two boys knew all that had happened, and any slight strangeness that there might have been among the party was gone forever.

"What I want to know," Horatia burst out, as they finished dinner, "is when do we visit the Mouse's Hole? I 'm just about crazy to see that treasure."

"There 's no time like the present," Jack answered. "I 'm pretty much interested in the treasure myself. If there 's any more than Blondel was trying to get away with, we 're rich, Peg old girl."

"Oh, come on and let 's see it" Peg exclaimed excitedly. It was the greatest day of her life and she was enjoying every minute of it.

"Hold on!" cried Jack, his face growing grave, "I really think we ought to take Miss Maple with us."

For an instant there was silence; then realizing that he spoke banteringly, they all laughed gaily.

"Oh but won't she be furious?" laughed Horatia, dancing up and down.

"Jack, when do we get the old house back?" demanded Peg.

"Miss Maple's lease expires this year," he answered seriously, "but of course I had thought of renewing it."

"Oh, you *had!*" retorted Peg, bristling.

"Yes, *had* thought," Jack replied. "But that was yesterday. To-day—I *don't* think!"

"You 're an old tease!" Peg laughed, hugging him. "Come on, everybody."

They trooped over to the spring-house, caring very little now what the school might think or say. Already, to their minds, Denewood had come back to the family, and Maple Hall was a fact to be endured only a few months more.

The bicycle lamp was lighted, and Béatrice with a flash-light led the way into the secret passage, the others following. It was a gay, happy, excited party that crowded through the narrow tunnel, and surely never before had the old walls echoed with such merriment.

They found the box with its top ripped off, and beside it a short iron crowbar which had evidently been used to force the lock. A gold piece or two lay on the floor where Blondel in his haste had dropped them, but the chest was still more than half full of gold pieces. French louis d'or lay side by side with English sovereigns and Spanish moidores, and many of the coins were quite unknown to the excited young people who, amid endless exclamations of surprise and delight, examined them eagerly.

But money was not all the chest contained. There was a sheet of yellow paper upon which was written in ink, that had turned brown with age, an exact list of the contents, the savings through more than fifty years of the first Beatrice Travers. Jack looked it over and then glanced at Béatrice.

"It was a lucky day for this house when you came to it, Bé!" he murmured, and the girl, blushing faintly, turned her head away.

"But what do you suppose this is?" cried Peg, who was kneeling on the ground beside the box, and she lifted out of it a thick bundle of foolscap, neatly piled and bound together with a ribbon. "Hold the light here," she went on "There 's writing on the outside."

They all peered down at her as she read aloud the words penned on the first sheet, as follows:

"Denewood Days. A Record of Strange events set down by the hand of Beatrice Travers for the instruction and edification of her grandchildren when they shall have become old enough to understand, and wrote with faithful regard for the truth, so as to preserve for the Travers of Denewood an authentic account of happenings in which future generations may well take a modest pride."

"It 's another Denewood story," cried Horatia holding out her hand. "Do let me see it, Peg. Please let me read it!"

"You can't read it in this light, child," said Peg reprovingly. "I think I 'll read it out loud to you before you go to bed."

"Is it not possible that we all 'ear it?" demanded Louis de Soulange

"Surely," said Peg, and for some reason or other changed the subject abruptly. "How are we going to get all this money to the house?" she asked.

"Each of you will have to carry as much as you can," was Jack's suggestion, "and I 'll undertake to carry the box with what 's left."

They filled their pockets, and the girls made bags out of the handkerchiefs, and one after another they filed out of the passage till at last Jack and Béatrice were alone.

For a few moments they forgot all about the gold as the tall soldier looked down at the girl through whom his whole life had been changed.

"You see, it took you to find our luck again, Béatrice," he said seriously.

"It is this dear little sixpence," she said gently, holding it in her hand. "Think what it 'ave done. To you, it bring riches. To me, my Louis. But now you mus' wear it. It belong to the Travers, to keep the luck."

"No, you must n't take it off," Jack said quickly. "It must stay where it is. You see, Bé," he went on earnestly, "I don't think all the luck is in the sixpence. It was you who did it. If you had not had the faith and patience to look for it, the Mouse's Hole would never have been found and this treasure would still be lying here unknown."

"But what about my Louis?" asked Bé.

"You set me to work at that," Jack insisted. "As I told you all at dinner, it was n't because there was any luck in it, you know, but just because I believed in you. I was thinking a lot of my Cousin Béatrice after you left over there, and when Peg wrote of what you were doing for us, I felt sure that somehow everything would be all right. And you must n't take off that bit of sixpence, because it is you who are the luck of the house. You are the first Beatrice who has been here since our old grandmother, back in Revolutionary days, and, as long as you stay, I don't fear for what may happen to Denewood. Your old home in France is gone. Don't you think you could learn to be happy here?"

For a little there was silence in the dim and dusty passage under the ground, and then Béatrice lifted her eyes to Jack's.

"Already I love—Denewood," she murmured.

And so in time it came about that there was another Beatrice Travers who was mistress of Denewood, and it may be noted further that one day Louis asked Peg to wear the Soulange ring and that she seemed glad to comply with his request.

THE END

THE ROYAL HUNT

A Ballad of the Merrie Greenwood



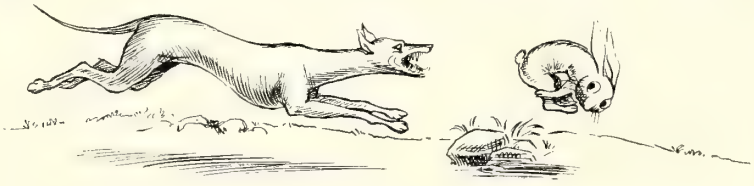
by Charles F. Lester



Sir Gubbe's pet rooster crowed amain. Sir Gubbe woke with a shock
And through his casement idly cocked an eye and eyed the cock.
Quoth he, "Sir Chanticleer, 't is clear, doth greet the rising sun,
And so must I!" And so he did. And so our tale 's begun.



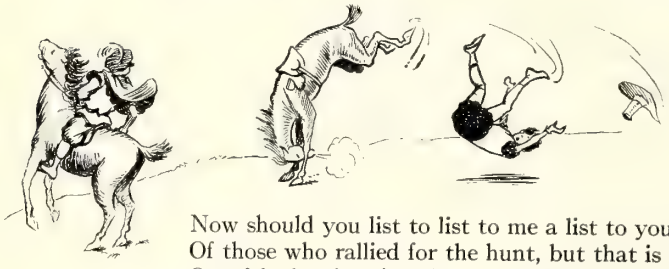
'T is hard on good Sir Gubbe thus early from his bed to rout him;
But as he 's Master of the Hunt, we just can't do without him.
Well, now at last he 's up and down and out, and off he goes,
The while behind him step his dogs and dog his steps full close.



One, Dart, was fast when loose; no quarry ever won the race
When once he undertook to overtake it in the chase.
While Towser with his nose could hold a trail wheree'er it went.
(But he was n't worth a nickel when he could n't find a scent.)



Sir Gubbe soon met two other Knights, engaged in merry talk;
The while one walked upon the road, one rode upon the walk.
Sir Bink was perfectly at home when on a horse he sat;
Count Jiggle rode but off and on—most often off, at that!



Now should you list to list to me a list to you I 'd cite
Of those who rallied for the hunt, but that is needless, quite.
On with the chase! We 're lagging! (Still, if haste is what we need,
A verse with twenty-eight good feet should show a *little* speed!)



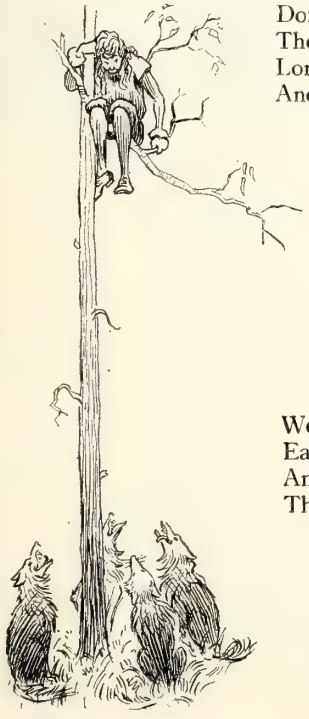


The deer abounded in the wood, a-bounding 'mid the trees;
Sir Quincum shot at one, but missed because he had to sneeze.
He feared he 'd lost his arrow, but stopped worrying over that
When he shortly saw it safely sticking in Sir Doodad's hat.



Count Putt, the golfer, bagged a lynx; of course he felt no dread,
But approached it with his niblick, and in one stroke laid it dead.
A wild hog charged the Duke de Bluffe. He was n't scared, he swore,
But merely left "because the beast was such an awful boar."



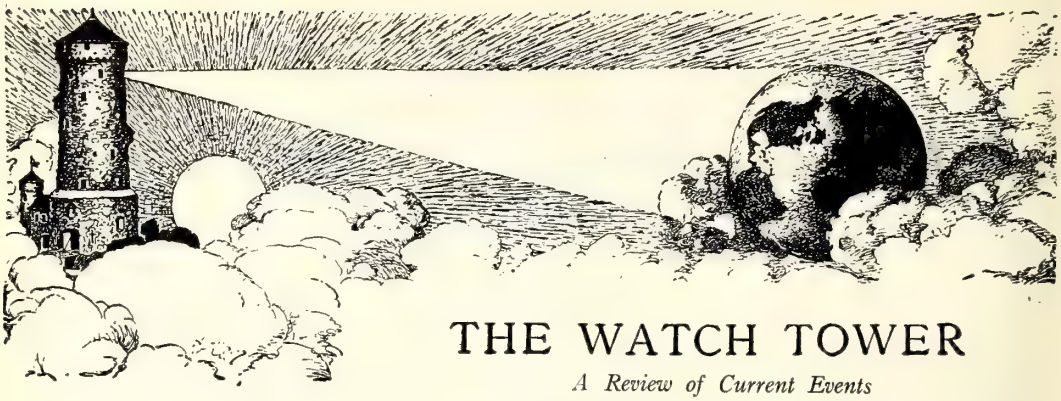


Don Sancho roused a sleeping bear, but, being most polite,
The bare idea embarrassed him so much he took to flight.
Lord Loo, less lucky, met some wolves, which seemed to fancy him,
And spent four hours clinging to a lofty, limber limb!



Well, hunts (and ballads) end at last; I 'll merely pause to say
Each Knight returned, as usual, at the ending of the day.
And they proved while at the banquet, in the palace hall that night
That a hunter always finds, at least, a Glorious Appetite!





THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

SILESIA AND THE LEAGUE

FRIENDS of the League of Nations must have been as much surprised as were its opponents when the Supreme Council of the Allies decided at an August meeting to refer to the League the Polish and German claims in Upper Silesia. What a triumph it would be for the League if it could bring about a real settlement of that stiffest of problems!

The United States Government refused to take part in the discussion, declaring that it was something that the European Powers ought to settle among themselves. Ambassador Harvey attended the session of the Council, however.

Lloyd George for England and Briand for France had been unable to get together on a course of action. Briand wanted to use force; Lloyd George thought it better not to. France was friendly to the Poles; England took a broader view of the bearing of the problem on the affairs of all Europe. It was very fortunate that there was a way out of the difficulty such as reference of it to the League afforded.

Is it "safe" even yet to talk freely about the League of Nations? The relation of the United States to it, officially, is settled—we refuse to have anything to do with it. President Harding and his secretary of state do not recognize its existence. The President's conference may result in an alliance between England, Japan, and America; or, if not in a formal alliance, in an understanding that will place them side by side in matters in which any one of the three is concerned. This would be in itself a sort of an "association of nations" such as the President has talked about. It might become greater than the League, and still leave a field of usefulness for that pioneer association of nations. We can see no reason why they should conflict.

Even if it should prove to be only an introduction to a greater association, the League has already proved itself a great and useful undertaking. It certainly has n't done any harm!

PEACE WITH GERMANY

THE War in Defense of Civilization was fought by the Allied and Associated Powers. The United States was "associated." We made separate declarations of war against Germany and her partners, and we undertook to make a separate peace. We did not sign the Treaty of Versailles, even with reservations. Perhaps if the treaty and the Covenant of the League of Nations had not been hitched up together, the Senate would have ratified the Treaty of Peace as signed by the President in Paris; but the result of President Wilson's long fight with the Senate was that we stayed out of both League and Treaty.

As we went into the war on the strength of a declaration by Congress, we tried to give the war an official ending, long after the fighting had stopped, by another declaration. The peace resolution was passed, and signed by the President at Raritan, N. J.—so that some folks have humorously called it the Peace of Raritan. The next step was to negotiate with Germany a treaty defining the terms on which peace was made, and providing for the future relations of the two countries.

Late in August, there came from Berlin reports that Germany was objecting to our demand that there be a clause in the treaty fixing upon Germany the responsibility for the war. It was said that the government of Chancellor Wirth was likely to fall; in addition to resentment over the demand for acknowledgment of Germany's guilt, the government was unpopular because of the heavy taxation necessary to raise the indemnity instalments—which, though too small to come anywhere near paying for the damage done by

the Germans, are still tremendous in total—and because of the failure to hold Upper Silesia.

However the negotiations may go in the weeks intervening between the writing and the publication of this WATCH TOWER,—and as we write we are hoping that the Harding administration will stand stoutly back of the demand,—the protest shows Germany once more in the light in which we have grown used to seeing her—defeated, but unwilling to admit it in words, stupid, and obstinate. Germany well knows that it was the entrance of the Yanks into the front line that brought about her defeat in the field.

But Germany seems never able to understand America. When we refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, many Germans thought it was because the big, amiable democracy was friendly to them. Don't you remember how they tried to get us to speak to the Supreme Council of the Allies for them, so as to have the reparations bill cut down? It was quite a shock to them when Secretary Hughes told them, "quietly, but firmly," that they would have to accept the bill that was handed to them. Following that, the demand for acknowledgment, in their treaty with us, of responsibility for starting the war must give them a new idea of what sort of a person to deal with Uncle Sam is!

Such acknowledgment of guilt is harder to make than almost any payment of money. It is not a foolish requirement for our Government to make. It is not made to humiliate our defeated enemy. We are not spiteful; we are not bullies. But as a matter of business, for the purity of the official record, and as a foundation for future dealings, the relations of the two nations must be defined as completely as possible.

That 's the way it looked to us when the negotiations were going on.

A YOUNG ADVOCATE BEFORE A CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE

JAMES B. BRADLEY may not be planning to follow the law as a profession, but his skilful presentation of the appeal of 60,000 Washington (D. C.) school-children for an appropriation to continue nature-study in the public schools of the capital would be an earnest of his success as a pleader before the bar. In mid July, this fifteen-year-old president of the John Burroughs Club of Washington appeared before the House of Representatives Committee on the District of Columbia. Writing of this, the Hon. Benjamin K. Focht, the chairman, said in a letter to ST. NICHOLAS: "We were so impressed with the earnestness and wonderful intelligence of the bright-faced lad that we deferred all other proceedings until he had laid his case before us." Jimmy, the first boy ever to appear before a congressional committee, marshalled his facts in orderly array and supported his contention by letters of endorsement from President Harding, Vice-President Coolidge, General Pershing, and seven United States senators. He told the committee that unless a modest sum was set aside for nature-study, it would be abandoned, because the funds available from private sources for the past fifteen years were no longer sufficient.



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JAMES B. BRADLEY, THE FIRST BOY TO APPEAR BEFORE A COMMITTEE OF CONGRESS

Jimmy pointed out that there was a deep and lasting connection between the spirit of Americanism, in its protection of smaller nations, and the nature lover. He protects birds, flowers, trees, and small animals because they are weaker than he; and while they have no power to harm him, he holds in his hands the means of their existence. "The relation between the two facts," said Jimmy, "is so clear that one cannot fail to understand how the bud of one will blossom into the flower of the other."

Furthermore, Jimmy argued that the large sums expended by Congress on parks would be of little value when the citizens of Washington could not distinguish between an elm and a sycamore, tell one bird from another, or point out a violet from an anemone.

IRELAND

As we write, the "Irish situation" is rather clouded again. It has been cloudy so often, and has cleared up again so often, that it seems reasonable enough to hope that this time the problem may be settled permanently. While there 's life, there 's hope—and while there 's hope, there 's life. It would be a terrible thing to have peace between England and Ireland so nearly accomplished, only to see our hopes wrecked again.

Ulster wants to remain in her relation to Great Britain, even at the cost of separation of Ireland into two political units. The republicans want independence, with the whole of Ireland under one government of its own. Put these two desires together, and the part that overlaps is Ireland united, but related to Great Britain as a dominion, like Canada. This would give Ireland a parliament and power to take care of domestic affairs, but with responsibilities to the British Empire. It would place Ireland on an equal footing with Canada and Australia and South Africa.

Lloyd George, speaking for the British Government, went farther than England had ever gone before in the way of concession to the Irish nationalists. Indeed, it is hard to see how he could go farther and keep up the independence of England. Perhaps we are wrong, and the offer is not as fair and complete as it seems; but it really does look like a perfectly honest and generous endeavor to give Ireland a square deal. In fact, the British Government has gone so far that responsibility for the future seems to rest directly upon Ireland.

As this is written, the republican parliament is in session, and Mr. de Valera has addressed it in terms that do not at all suggest a desire to conciliate the British Government. His speech is apparently, taking the words at face value, a declaration that he will be satisfied with nothing but complete separation from England. It may be that he is making a last endeavor to force Lloyd George to some further concession, and that the long and happy truce may grow into a permanent peace—which certainly would please all the friends of peace everywhere. Who can tell?

Just as a matter of sportsmanship,—and sportsmanship is not at all a bad guide for statesmen,—it looks as though Mr. de Valera was not quite toeing the mark. He has a chance to give his countrymen peace and freedom; to give Ireland membership in that powerful association of peoples, the British Empire; and to get, in exchange for loyalty, a share in the advantages of that great partnership. There is no use going into all the arguments here and now; everybody knows them, and pretty nearly everybody is on one side or the other, convinced that it is the right one.



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EAMON DE VALERA

The Watch Tower cannot take sides on debatable questions; it can only report things that happen. But surely we can go so far as to say that we hope no man and no nation is going to accept responsibility for letting the truce be turned into war, so long as it can possibly be avoided.

REVISING THE TAXES

On August 20, the tax-revision bill passed the House by a vote of 274 to 125. It removes—beginning January 1, 1922—the excess-profits tax, which has been a burden on business, and increases by a small percentage the general tax on the earnings of corporations; it increases the exemption on the income tax of married men, and doubles the allowance of exemption for children; and it lowers many taxes which were imposed because of the special war-time need of revenue. It does away with some of the so-called nuisance-taxes,—such as the two-cent war-taxes on soda and ice-cream sold over the counter,—

and puts in their stead a tax on materials. Even though the new arrangement were not to work out in a decrease in prices to the consuming public, there would be a gain in the ease of collection.

With this vote in the House, the Administration's program took one more step forward. The sum raised by the new schedule of taxation will not be nearly up to the original estimate of the amount of revenue needed; but if the Government is run economically, expenses can be kept down to fit the revenue actually raised—and that is where Mr. Dawes has a chance to get in some of his fine work.

STARVATION IN RUSSIA

"TAKING a crack at Russia" has been a popular game. Sometimes it seems as though folks were just trying to see who could say the worst things about that unhappy land and its people. It is not easy to say anything good about those who have been in power since the Czar was dethroned, but the day has not yet come, indeed it is very far off, when America can have anything but sympathy for people who are suffering, whatever the cause. And when we hear of people who do not have enough to eat,—we who live in this comfortable, well-fed land,—we are ready and anxious at once to share our good things with those who have less.

The situation in Russia is different from that in China, to which we recently sent food supplies. In China there was famine, the result of drought and short crops. There were no complications. We sent the food, and saved many lives. In Russia the trouble is the result of bad management. The rulers of the land set out to overthrow the whole system of business and of relations of people to each other and to the Government. The result was that business fell off. Production ceased. What is the use of working if the results of your labor are to be taken from you and you are left with nothing more to live on than if you had not worked at all?

Under the government of Lenine and Trotsky, the children were put into public institutions, where they have been poorly fed, poorly clothed, and exposed to sickness. Family life has been broken up. Workmen are not enjoying their work. There are no happy farmers. No one can tell what may happen to him in the next twenty-four hours. When things are like that, people are apt to get so that they don't care what happens—and then, as a rule, what does happen is the worst that could happen. Bad government means unhappiness and discomfort for everybody.

Even in the hour of Russia's greatest need, these new rulers of hers stood in the way of the people's welfare. The Soviet Government was afraid that those who offer to help the people might try to overthrow the Soviet Government's power. It appears they would rather have the people starve than have that happen. They accepted the conditions imposed by Mr. Hoover that Americans held prisoners in Russia would have to be set free before we could do anything, but they balked at the statement that the work of relief would have to be left in the hands of our own workers.

America certainly has no desire to make the work of relief a cover for an attempt to gain influence of any kind in Russia. We don't play the game that way! To be sure, we did not offer relief from philanthropic motives alone, though they certainly were a large factor in the offer. The failure of Russia in business would be bad for all the world. The world needs the products of Russia. When Russia is not producing, the commerce of all the nations suffers. Moreover, the presence of famine is almost sure to be accompanied by disease. There is danger of cholera spreading into Europe from the regions where thousands of people wander about, homeless. The establishment of better conditions of living would remove this very serious danger. So there are plenty of "practical" reasons, in addition to the humanitarian reasons, why we should want to help.

But Mr. Hoover was absolutely right in his insistence on the acceptance by the Russian Government of the terms on which the needed help was offered. We could not send food unless we knew that it would reach those who needed it; and we could not know that, unless we ourselves handled the movement and distribution of supplies. May the day be very far distant when America shall suffer from government that tries to go against all the laws of nature, as the rulers of Russia have been doing! Of course, we don't believe that day will ever come, because America is ruled by the people.

HONORING THE ALLIED NAVIES

ENGLAND is remembering her war heroes promptly. Monuments are being erected here and there and almost everywhere, and public men are constantly called upon to honor the dead in words while the flags fall from these stone markers of patriotic remembrance.

One of the recent commemoration ceremonies was the unveiling by the Prince of Wales of the monument to the Dover Patrol at Leathercote's Point, near Dover. This granite obelisk stands on the crest of a cliff high above the shores of the English Channel, overlooking the scene of many

daring actions during the war, and recalls the noble endurance of the gallant men of the trawler and drifter patrols.

The corresponding shaft on the French shore is at Cape Blanc Nez, near Calais, and the one to be erected in New York City will be placed in Riverside Park. These will mark the coöperation which existed between the Allied Navies during the war.



Underwood & Underwood

VISCOUNT JAMES BRYCE, HARRY A. GARFIELD, PRESIDENT OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE, AND CHIEF-JUSTICE TAFT AT WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

The Dover Patrol kept the Channel clear and enabled troops and supplies to pour into France. The work of the Patrol was so well done and quietly carried out that little was heard from it—until the spring of 1918, when the Germans were pushing with all their might and the allied countries were in gloom. Then the Patrol bearded the German in his submarine base at Zeebrugge, fought him on the mole there, and, at Ostend, practically closed the channel and the entrance to the harbor by sinking there the old cruiser *Vindictive!* These were exploits calling for rare courage and determination—jobs for volunteers, for none expected to return and yet every man wanted to go!

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THE Political Institute held at Williams College in August was an unusual and most interesting affair. Statesmen from many countries attended and spoke. There was a free exchange of ideas about the war and the problems of reconstruction. Lord Bryce, shown in the picture, was one of our most welcome visitors. As ambassador to the United States, he won many personal friends in this country and gained the admiration and esteem of the nation. His books show an understanding of our political institutions that is not surpassed by the very best American authorities.

ALTHOUGH both the poles have been discovered, the days of voyages of exploration in the arctic and antarctic are not over. Amundsen reached the south pole only five days ahead of the British expedition under Scott. Sir Ernest Shackleton tried to cross the antarctic continent, but failed, though his expedition made an important contribution to our knowledge of the south polar regions. Now Sir Ernest is getting ready for another voyage. Like other enterprises interrupted by the war, the work of scientific exploration of the furthermost parts of the world is being renewed.

ON June 19, the American Relief Administration issued rations to 379,773 Austrian children. Since then, the number has been reduced, as conditions have improved. Some three and one half million children were saved from starvation in central and eastern Europe. A good many WATCH TOWER dollars went into the fund of $29,000,000 raised for relief work, so we have reason to enjoy our own rations more than ever on reading these figures.

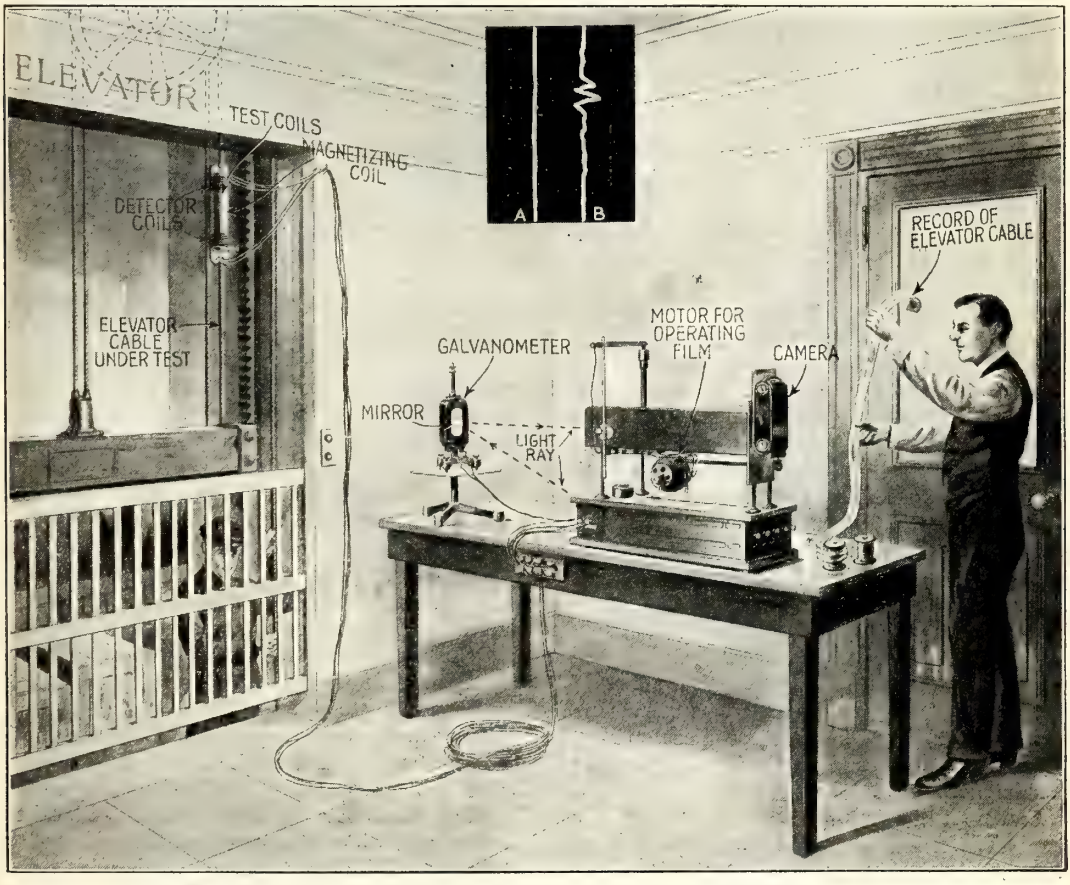
NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK

THE DIARY OF AN ELEVATOR CABLE

CONSIDERING the many thousands of elevators there are in this country and the millions of passengers they carry, the percentage of fatal accidents is very small indeed. All sorts of safety devices are provided, and insurance inspectors examine the elevator at regular periods; but despite every precaution, accidents do occur.

About a year ago there was a serious elevator accident in New York City. The car was loaded with passengers, when suddenly the main cable parted and down it plunged. Safety-stops are always provided to check a falling car, but in this case they failed to work at the critical moment and the elevator shot down to the bottom of the shaft. Three persons were killed and fourteen injured. Less than five months before, two inspectors had carefully examined the elevator and reported it in good condition. After the disaster, careful search was made for the cause of the accident. When the broken wire cable was inspected it was found that some of the strands were defective; but as they were on the inside of the cable, it had been impossible to detect them when the previous examination was made.

It is not friction alone that wears out a steel cable—or any piece of steel, for that matter. Take a piece of soft wire, bend it sharply, and then straighten it out again. Apparently it will be as strong as ever. But keep on bending it back and forth at the same point, and sooner or later it will break. This treatment crystallizes the metal and makes it brittle. As a cable runs over a pulley, it is bent and straightened out again. To be sure, the bend is not a sharp one; but the continued bending and straightening in time makes itself felt, and the strands of the cable begin to give way, one after the other. As each



KEEPING A RECORD OF THE LIFE OF AN ELEVATOR CABLE

strand breaks, the rest of the strands have to sustain a heavier load, until the weakened cable suddenly snaps under the weight it has to carry.

Of course, cables are carefully tested before being installed, and it is generally known how long a cable may be used with safety before it should be replaced with a new one. To be on the safe side, the cables are usually discarded before they have lived their whole useful life; but now and then, as in the elevator accident referred to, there is some hidden defect in the cable that brings it to an unexpected and untimely end.

How can we foretell such an event? A wire may be severely strained without showing any signs of distress until just before it gives way. How can we look into the heart of the metal and see what serious changes are taking place inside of it? X-rays wont help us, because they give us merely a shadow picture of the metal. Fortunately, the answer to this problem has been found, and we can now keep a careful check on any piece of steel. We can detect the first sign of fatigue, watch how the metal stands up under continued strain, and determine when the absolute limit of safety has been reached.

As most St. Nicholas readers know, if you coil a piece of insulated wire around a piece of steel and pass a direct current through the wire, the steel will be magnetized. Just what magnetism is we do not know, but it has something to do with the arrangement of the molecules of which the metal is composed.

Recently, Dr. Charles W. Burrows discovered that magnetism will tell the innermost secrets of a piece of steel. It will show us the slightest flaws and where they are located. It will tell us whether the piece is weakened by strain. As the steel changes, its magnetism changes; and so in order to look into the heart of the steel, we need only an instrument that will record the slight variation of magnetism in it.

Our picture shows how a record may be kept of the life of an elevator cable. For the sake of simplicity, the artist has shown only one of the cables under examination. In practice, all the cables would be fitted with testing coils, or "defectoscopes," as they are called. There are three coils, one a coarse one which magnetizes the cable and the other two of finer wire which detect the variations in magnetism.

As we have explained above, when a current is carried through a coil around a piece of iron or steel, it magnetizes the steel. On the other hand, if a magnetized bar is passed through a coil of wire it sets up a momentary charge of current in the coil. When you magnetize a small piece of steel the whole piece is magnetized; but in the case of a long wire or rod, only the spot around the coil is magnetized. So the magnetizing coil surrounding the cable magnetizes the cable only in its immediate vicinity.

The coil is fastened to the elevator-shaft, so that, as the elevator runs up and down, the cable runs through the coil, and in that way the spot of magnetism is passed over the whole length of the cable. The two detector coils are so wound that the current set up in one coil balances that in the other coil; but if the magnetism under one coil is slightly stronger or weaker than that under the other, the current set up in them will not be equal, and the unbalanced current goes to an extremely sensitive instrument known as a D'Arsonval galvanometer, with which the faintest currents are measured. This instrument has a tiny concave mirror mounted on fine wire. In front of the galvanometer, there is a long black box with a narrow horizontal slit in one end and a camera mounted at the other end. On the front of the case under the box, there is a lamp which throws a beam of light on the galvanometer mirror. The light is reflected back through the slit in the dark box and focused on the film in the camera. When a current flows through the galvanometer, the mirror is twisted slightly and the spot of light on the film is moved to one side. An almost imperceptible twist of the mirror will produce a marked movement of the light spot. Under the dark box, there is a small motor which winds up the camera film, so that the spot of light produces a line on the film. As long as there is no current flowing through the galvanometer, the line will be straight; but if a defect in the cable is encountered, a current immediately flows through the galvanometer and the light is deflected to the right or the left, making a jog in the line.

The inset shows two typical records; the one marked A shows a perfect section of the cable, while the record B shows a defect. The slightest weakening at any spot is very clearly indicated, and the extent of the deflection shows whether it is safe to continue using the cable. A record may be made of the whole cable or any part of it, and when a flaw of any sort is indicated it is possible for the inspector to locate it on the cable and examine it with his own eyes, if he so chooses. However, the defectoscope will tell him far more than his eyes can; in fact, it will give a diary of the life of the cable and will show just when its usefulness has come to an end.

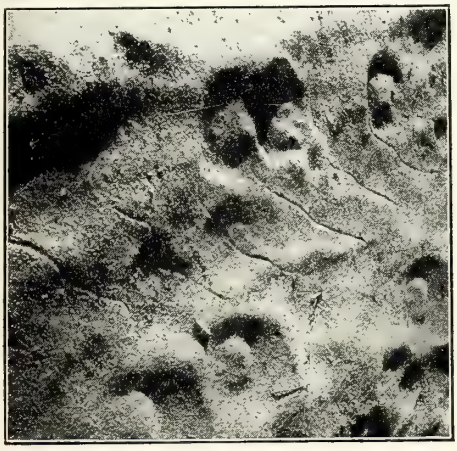
There are many other uses of the defectoscope, such as testing railroad rails, steel beams, guy-wires for airplanes, etc. The beauty of it is that the apparatus reveals flaws, strains, and other weaknesses, without destruction of or injury to the piece that is being tested.

A. Russell Bond.

PUZZLING TRACKS

THE deserts of the Southwest are good places for studying the tracks of birds and beasts, though, certainly, the variety of animal life is not very great in that dry region. The sand is almost as good material as snow for telling the story of recent travelers, whether quadruped, biped, or, as in the case of snakes, no-ped.

In my early experience of the desert I was puzzled for a long time by some peculiar marks I often saw, like a number of short parallel lines a few inches apart, looking as if they were made by a number of animals moving in a row in the same direction. It was hard to imagine any kind of creature, whether beast, bird, reptile, or insect,



"SHORT PARALLEL LINES A FEW INCHES APART"

whose motion in traveling could make that sort of track. I was always on the watch for an explanation, for the tracks were common enough, but I seemed always out of luck. One thing I did notice was that it was only early in the day that the tracks looked fresh, and by that I knew that the animal that made them moved only at night or in the early morning.

I learned at last that these very original tracks were made by a certain kind of snake. This is the sidewinder, a small sort of rattlesnake, seldom over two feet long, found in the Southwestern deserts. The name gives some idea of its mode of progression, which consists of a series of loopings, the body touching the ground at regular intervals with a winding, sidewise motion, which results in the tracks being obliquely *crosswise* to the direction in which the reptile is headed. This peculiar arrangement is probably the only way by which a snake, on sand, could obtain any great degree of speed. A few snakes in other parts of the world use the same odd means of locomotion, but it is noticeable that these few are found only in desert regions. The noted naturalist, Mr. W. C. Scully, has lately described the somewhat similar action of the deadly mamba of South Africa, whose movement consists of a series of



A SIDEWINDER READY FOR BUSINESS

bounds, like the uncoilings of a steel spring. As the mamba is a much larger reptile than the sidewinder, this is a rather horrifying idea, and seems to offer the material for a first-class nightmare.

As I guessed, the sidewinder travels only at night or early morning or on cloudy days, for, strange as it may seem, this inhabitant of the hottest part of our country cannot stand heat. If exposed to the hot sun for a very few minutes, he dies. Hence, all day he lies in the shadow of brush, and it is there that one needs to be on the watch for him, for his bite is as dangerous as that of the larger rattlesnake.

Another track that used to puzzle me on the desert was a mark like a Saint Andrew's cross, or



TRACKS OF THE ROAD-RUNNER

a capital **X** rather squeezed together. Evidently it was the track of a bird, and it proved to belong to the road-runner, a rather large bird, about the

size of a half-grown chicken, which is not uncommon in the dry parts of the Southwest. He is as comical and full of tricks as a parrot or a jackdaw. The Mexicans call him *el correo*, the postman, and when you watch him busily running along, pulling up with a jerk every few yards, you see it is a very good name—as Mexican names of birds and flowers usually are. Such an original bird ought to have something out of the ordinary in its make-up, and, accordingly, the road-runner has a foot different from most other birds, and thus writes an uncommon signature. For some reason, Nature has made half his toes great-toes; that is, instead of three toes in front and one behind, the road-runner has two in front and two behind—perhaps "the better to run with, my dear," for he is the champion sprinter of the bird



A YOUNG ROAD-RUNNER ON THE NEST

tribe, unless you match him against the ostrich, which would hardly be fair.

One of our pictures shows a young road-runner in the nest before it is able to fly—or, what is more to the point, to run, for this bird makes little use of its wings except for what aviators call volplaning, that is, gliding smoothly down from a height without any exertion of power. I confess I think a good deal of this photograph, for it represents many hours of patient scouting. I might call it the result of a wager. The old birds were determined I should not find that nest, but I was just a little more obstinate and won the bet.

J. Smeaton Chase.

THE CONSTELLATIONS FOR OCTOBER

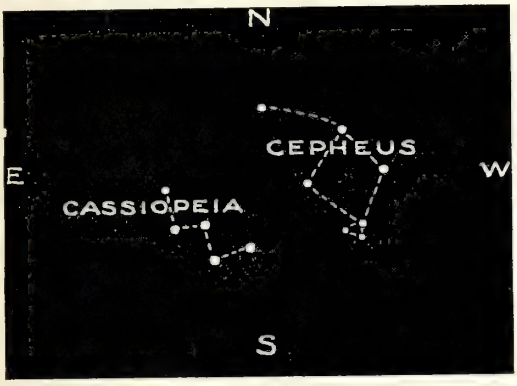
Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening in the early part of October, the constellations that will be found nearest the meridian are the circumpolar constellations Cepheus and Cassiopeia and, in the southern sky, Capricornus and Aquarius.

Cepheus, the king, and Cassiopeia, his queen, of whom we shall have more to say later in connection with the constellations of Andromeda and Perseus, sit facing the north pole of the heavens opposite Ursa Major, the Great Bear, familiar to us under the name of The Big Dipper. The foot of Cepheus rests upon the tail of the Little Bear, and the star farthest north in the diagram is in the left knee. The head is marked by a small triangle of faint stars, shown in the diagram. One of these three faint stars,—the one farthest east,—known as Delta Cephei, is a very remarkable variable star, changing periodically in brightness every five and one third days. It has given its name to a large class of variable stars, the Cepheid variables, that resemble Delta Cephei in being, in every case, giant suns, faint only because they are at very great distances from the earth, and varying in brightness with the greatest regularity in periods that range from a few hours to several weeks. It has been found that the longer the period of light change, the greater is the star in size and brightness. Cepheus contains no very bright or conspicuous stars. Alpha Cephei, the brightest star in the group, marks the king's right shoulder. It is the star farthest to the west in the diagram, and is only a third-magnitude star.

Cassiopeia, the queen, is a constellation with which every one in the northern hemisphere should be familiar, owing to its very distinctive W-shape and its far northern position, which brings it conspicuously into view throughout the clear fall and winter evenings. By the addition of two faint stars shown in the diagram, we can transform the W of Cassiopeia into a fairly good broken-backed chair. This is not the chair in which the queen is supposed to be seated, however, for she is pictured in all star atlases that show the mythological figures with her face toward the north pole. The brighter stars in the W outline the body of Cassiopeia, and the faint star farthest north lies in the left foot. Alpha, the star farthest south in the diagram, is slightly variable in brightness. It is occasionally referred to by its Arabic name of Schedir. Beta, the leader of all the stars in the W in their daily westward motion, is also known by an Arabic name, Caph.

In the constellation of Cassiopeia there appeared in the year 1572 A.D. a wonderful temporary star which suddenly, within a few days' time, became as brilliant as the planet Venus and was clearly visible in broad daylight. This star is often referred to as Tycho's star, because it was observed, and its position very accurately determined, by Tycho Brahe, one of the most famous of the old astronomers. This star remained visible to every one for about sixteen months, but it finally faded completely from view, and it is believed that a faint, nebulous red star, visible only in the telescope and close to the position re-

corded by Tycho, represents the smoldering embers of the star that once struck terror to the hearts of the superstitious and ignorant among all the nations of Europe, who took it to be a sign that the end of the world was at hand.



THE CONSTELLATIONS CEPHEUS AND CASSIOPEIA

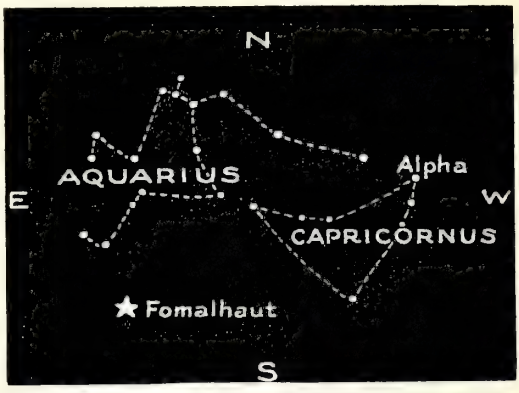
Both Cassiopeia and Cepheus lie in the path of the Milky Way, which reaches its farthest northern point in Cassiopeia and passes from Cepheus in a southwesterly direction into the constellation of Cygnus.

Turning now to southern skies, we find on and to the west of the meridian at this time the rather inconspicuous zodiacal constellation of Capricornus, The Goat. It contains no stars of great brightness and is chiefly remarkable for the reason that it contains one of the few double stars that can be seen without the aid of a telescope. The least distance in the heavens that the unaided human eye can separate is about four minutes of arc, that is, one fifteenth of a degree in the great circle of the heavens. The star Alpha in Capricornus is made up of two stars separated by a distance of six minutes of arc, so that any one can readily see that it consists of two stars very close together. This star, Alpha, will be found in the extreme western part of the constellation, and can best be located by reference to the star Beta, which is slightly brighter and lies but a short distance almost due south of Alpha, the two stars standing somewhat alone in this part of the heavens.

To the north and east of Capricornus we find Aquarius, which is also a zodiacal constellation—that is, a constellation through which the sun, moon, and planets pass in their apparent circuit of the heavens. Aquarius is the Water-Bearer, and the water-jar which he carries is represented by a small, but distinct, Y of stars from which flows a stream of faint stars toward the southeast and south. Aquarius, like Capricornus, is a rather uninteresting constellation, as it is made up of inconspicuous third- and fourth-magnitude stars that are not arranged in any distinctive form. The entire region covered by these two groups of stars is remarkably barren, since it contains not a single first- or even second-magnitude star and little to attract the observer's eye.

To relieve the barrenness of this region, there appears just to the south of Aquarius and southeast of Capricornus, sparkling low in the southern sky on crisp October evenings, the beautiful first-magnitude star Fomalhaut (pronounced Fō'malhawt or Fō'malō) in the small southern constellation of Piscis Australis, The Southern Fish. This star is the farthest south of all the brilliant first-magnitude stars that can be seen from the middle latitudes of the Northern Hemisphere. The constellation in which it lies is so close to the southern horizon in our latitudes that it cannot be seen to any advantage, and it is at best very inconspicuous, containing no other objects of interest. Fomalhaut cannot be mistaken for any other star visible at this time of year in the evening, since it stands in such a solitary position far to the south. At the time of which we are writing it will be found a few degrees east of south.

The planets that brightened the evening skies during the spring and summer months have all



THE CONSTELLATIONS AQUARIUS AND CAPRICORNUS

disappeared from view, and to find them, we must rise before the sun. Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are all visible in the eastern sky just before sunrise. Venus rises two hours and forty minutes before the sun on the fifteenth of October, and is in close conjunction with Mars on the third of the month, and is also in conjunction with Saturn on the twenty-first and with Jupiter on the twenty-fifth. Mercury, the only planet appearing in the evening skies this month, reaches its greatest distance east of the sun on the seventh of the month, but can hardly be found, as it will be very close to the horizon at that time.

ISABEL M. LEWIS.

THE TIPTOE TWINS AND THE SQUIRRELS



1. THE TWINS AT BUSY SQUIRRELS GAZE.



2. WHO WISH THEIR GRANDPA TO AMAZE.



3. THE TIPTOES HELP THEM ALL THEY CAN.



4. WHEN SUDDENLY THEY HAVE A PLAN,

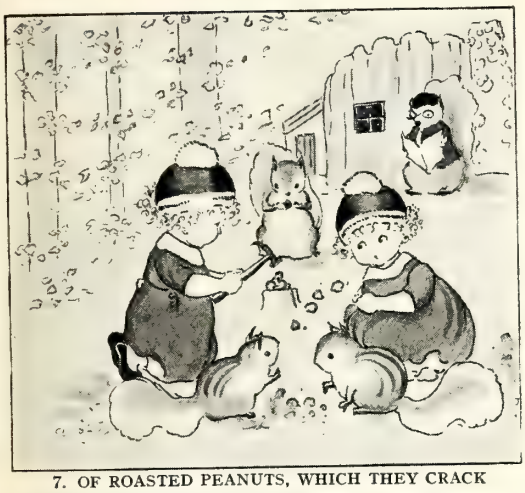


5. AND HOMEWARD GO ACROSS THE STILE



6. TO BRING A HAMMER AND A PILE

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



7. OF ROASTED PEANUTS, WHICH THEY CRACK



8. AND FIX THEM NICELY IN A STACK.



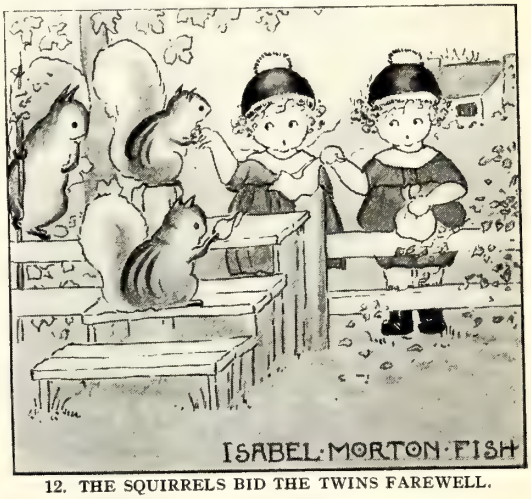
9. THIS PLEASES GRANDPA SQUIRREL SO,



10. HE TELLS THEM TALES OF LONG AGO.



11. BUT WHEN THEY HEAR THE SUPPER-BELL,



12. THE SQUIRRELS BID THE TWINS FAREWELL.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY CATHERINE FOX, AGE 13 (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1921)

OCTOBER brings us to the end of another year of ST. NICHOLAS and the LEAGUE. The magazine was first published in November, and the LEAGUE was established in the same month, though twenty-six years later. So November is the birthday of each, ST. NICHOLAS beginning its forty-ninth year, the LEAGUE its twenty-third.

The passing of the years, however, brings no regrets, as it does with some folk, for ST. NICHOLAS is as young one year as it is the next, and the LEAGUE continues to make new friends and add interested members.

A number of our prose writers this month acknowledge that "An Important Discovery," with them, has been their first introduction to the magazine and the LEAGUE. One young friend, who had wanted a wrist watch for her birthday and received instead a subscription to ST. NICHOLAS, declared it was worth fifty watches!

The pleasant days of summer, now but a memory, are brought vividly to mind this month by our LEAGUE photographers, who have given us some artistic views and caught, as well, intimate and interesting glimpses of vacation days. "A Bit of Life" has afforded our artists endowed with a sense of humor a chance to show their wit and skill, while the headings picture the month of Hallowe'en, with all its trappings of ghosts, witches, pumpkins, and black cats.

The poets have taken wings of fancy, and in "Flight" have given us some delightful bits of verse; but not all fanciful, either, for one is an accurate description of the feelings one experiences on his first flight in an aëroplane.

So with this October number, another year of ST. NICHOLAS and the LEAGUE is brought to a fitting and friendly close. During this twelve-month, some of our good friends have graduated, and not a few, once LEAGUE members, have appeared in other pages of the magazine. ST. NICHOLAS and its Leaguers have an inseparable bond of common interest and endeavor and each year brings rich rewards to both.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 259

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badge, **Elizabeth L. Thompson** (age 14), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **Helen Louise Gunn** (age 10), Georgia; **Harriet M. Gadd** (age 15), Connecticut; **Minnie Pfeferberg** (age 16), New York; **John Page Herndon** (age 12), New Mexico; **Frances Jones** (age 14), Utah; **Esther Rebecca Girton** (age 13), Pennsylvania.

VERSE. Gold Badge, **Fanita Laurie** (age 12), Massachusetts. Silver Badges, **Virginia P. Broomell** (age 11), Pennsylvania; **Elizabeth Rhoades** (age 12), Connecticut; **Catharine Turner** (age 12), New York.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badge, **Catherine Fox** (age 13), Wisconsin. Silver Badges, **Helen Johnston** (age 15), Wisconsin; **Yvonne Twining** (age 13), Iowa; **Anne Gleaver** (age 13), District Columbia; **Helen O'Connor** (age 15), Arizona; **Ruby May Kinsey** (age 16), Arizona.

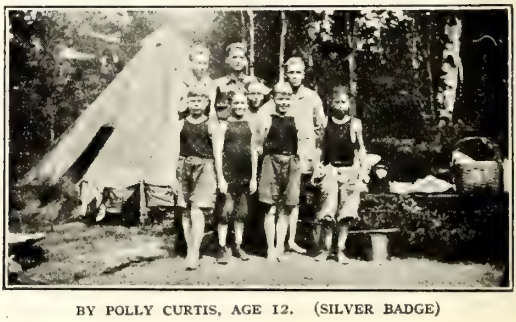
PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badge, **Mary E. Mason** (age 14), District Columbia. Silver Badges, **Isabel S. McKay** (age 12), Canada; **Rice S. Estes** (age 14), South Carolina; **Zilph Palmer** (age 9), New York; **Sally Knowles** (age 12), Massachusetts; **Caroline Harris** (age 16), Florida; **Polly Curtis** (age 12), New Jersey.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold Badges, **Elizabeth V. Freeland** (age 14), Georgia; **Wilmer Cornell Dechert** (age 14), Virginia. Silver Badge, **Marian Jordan** (age 11), Georgia.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver Badges, **Henry Meigs Boudinot** (age 14), District Columbia; **Peggy Johnston** (age 13), New York; **Agnes K. Getty** (age 16), Montana.



BY CAROLINE HARRIS, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)



BY POLLY CURTIS, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

"IN SUMMER-TIME"

FLIGHT

BY KATRINA E. HINCKS (AGE 12)

(Honor Member)

Up and away, at break of day,
Far over the summer seas,
Where the ocean's lips
Kiss the wave-beat ships,
And whitecaps dance to the breeze.

Then it 's up and away, O sea-gull,
Up to far heights of blue,
Wherever you sweep,
Like a king of the deep,
And I would I could follow you!

Afar in the clouds is your dwelling;
The wide sea is your realm,
Where the taut shrouds sing,
As your flashing wing
Speeds on, with never a helm.

Then it 's up and away, O sea-gull,
Far over the shining sea,
Where the roar of gales,
And the beck'ning sails
Will ever be calling me!

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

BY HELEN LOUISE GUNN (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

A most important discovery was that of radium.

The attention of the world has recently been drawn to radium by Madame Curie's visit to the United States, and by the presentation to her by President Harding of one gram of radium. One gram of this metal is worth one hundred thousand dollars. It takes hundreds of tons of ore to make one gram of radium.

In 1896, H. Becquerel observed that a uranium preparation emitted rays similar to X-rays. In 1898, Madame Curie came to the decision that it was not the uranium which emitted the rays, but that it was some other metal in the preparation.

She took pitchblende and analyzed it very carefully. She took away the uranium and other substances until nothing was left except radium. She then found that it was the radium which emitted the rays which Becquerel had observed in 1896.

One time, Becquerel, without thinking, put some radium in his waistcoat pocket. In fourteen days a severe burn appeared. This was the first time that people realized that radium could be used in tissue diseases.

Radium, it is claimed, is a cure for certain cancers when properly applied. It kills the original growth and makes the person who has been cured practically immune to the disease.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

BY HARRIET M. GADD (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

Few people realize the real importance of the great discovery of vulcanization by Charles Goodyear in 1844. Born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1800, Goodyear, after a slight education, began work in his father's hardware factory. When this plant failed, Goodyear received his first chance to experiment with the rubber gum being used to a limited extent at that time. In 1836 he devised a process by which rubber was treated with nitric acid, but because he was a true inventor and because he was convinced that rubber was one of the most useful substances in the world, Goodyear would not give up until he had made it still more serviceable.

Through all his years of great effort, Goodyear found several things that aided in the treatment of rubber, but he had never once thought of heat, because he knew that even a slight degree turned the gum into a sticky, gluey mass. It was entirely by accident that in 1844 he found that a high degree of heat was the very thing needed. Then, after five more years of hard work, the process of vulcanization was completed. To-day, rubber forms one of the most important and widely used substances in the world, while to Charles Goodyear, a man of poverty, goes the honor of inventing the process of vulcanization, one of the greatest of all discoveries.



"IN SUMMER-TIME." BY ZILPH PALMER, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE)

FLIGHT

BY VIRGINIA P. BROOMELL (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

Oh, a gipsy's life is the life for me!
The trail is leading on;
New sights, strange lands I fain would see;
I would that I were gone.
Gone—on the trail that leads the way;
Gone—and singing a merry lay;
Gone—to God's country so open and free;
To sleep 'neath the stars and play on the lea!

The breeze brings the scent of strange, far-off flowers;
I dream of gardens old;
It brings the tang of the sea; oh, its powers
To lure are manifold!
Youth is the call, the lure, the way;
Wisdom the voice that bids me stay;
Crisp is the tang of the cool autumn air.
I want to adventure—to do and dare!

But oh! by the rose of the morrow's dawn,
I shall be on the trail!
My nest will be empty, and I will be gone
Over each hill and dale.
I 'll flee from the worry of strife;
I 'll lead a wide, happy, free life;
For though Wisdom 's the voice that bids me stay,
Youth is the call, the lure, the way!

FLIGHT

BY HELEN L. RUMMONS (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

We are off! With growing speed we cross the field.
A moment more and we shall crash into the wall—
But what is this? The earth drops out beneath our feet!
We are rising! Soaring up into the heavens!
A breathless moment, first, before we dare look down.
And *then*— How small they look, the things of everyday;
How paltry, petty, here above the fading earth!
We wonder why we ever stayed there.
But little time
Is offered us for meditation. We are swept
Straight down the long cloud-vistas like the wind;
We are whirled in dizzy spirals heavenward,
In the mad exhilaration of our flight.
All about us is the motor's deafening whir;
If we try to speak, the sound drowns out the voice.
Then silence— Can it be that something has gone wrong?
No. He has "shut 'er off" for conversation. "Stunts?"
I nod. We "loop-the-loop." We see the reeling earth
For one brief dizzy moment swing above our heads.
We are the center round which earth and heaven turn;
We see the whole world upside down—till we ourselves
Are righted!
It is over. Now we circle down,
Down to the little earth we scorned to stay upon;
The earth that welcomes man, whose genius makes him wings,
But cannot find another place so good as Home.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

(A True Incident of the Civil War)

BY ELIZABETH L. THOMPSON (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July, 1921)

As the horses came to a halt, Mrs. Carson leaned anxiously over the side of the buckboard and spoke to the waiting sentinel who had challenged them.

"Surely," she insisted, "you know who I am. Captain Carson, in Arlington, is my husband."

"Sorry, madam," was the reply, "but I can't let you through without the countersign."

The young woman looked despairingly down the long road before her; then at the darkening sky. It was becoming very late, and she knew that with "Scott's nine hundred" stationed not far from where she was, it was very unsafe to be out on the road after dusk.

The buckboard contained food for the mess at Arlington, the headquarters of the Federal troops. Mrs. Carson, being the only woman in the camp, was in the habit of driving to Washington to supervise the buying of provisions.

At that moment her attention was attracted by an officer who was approaching them. His quick eyes took in the situation immediately, and recognizing Mrs. Carson, he spoke to her.

"Where have you been?"

"Washington," she said.

To Mrs. Carson's astonishment, the officer turned to the sentry and told him to let her through.

Mrs. Carson rode on her way, thinking deeply, when it suddenly flashed across her mind that the countersign was "Washington."

This was a very important discovery, as it enabled her to pass safely through the lines of "Scott's nine hundred" to Arlington.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

BY MINNIE PFEFERBERG (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

More than four hundred years ago, Christopher Columbus, with three small vessels, left the port of Palos, in the south of Spain, to find a new route to India.

Columbus was one of the wisest and most daring scientists of his time, and it was his bold plan to reach India by sailing westward across the unknown ocean where no ship had ever ventured before. Those who heard Columbus's plan, laughed at him. How, they argued, could there be people on the other side of the earth walking with their heads downward?

Columbus, however, was not disheartened by their scoffing and finally succeeded in obtaining aid from the queen of Spain.

Columbus continued to sail westward for sixty days. At about this point the sailors became alarmed. None of them believed that the world was round, but they thought, instead, that at any moment they would fall off the earth. Besides, if the idea were true, they were sailing downhill and could never sail up again! They



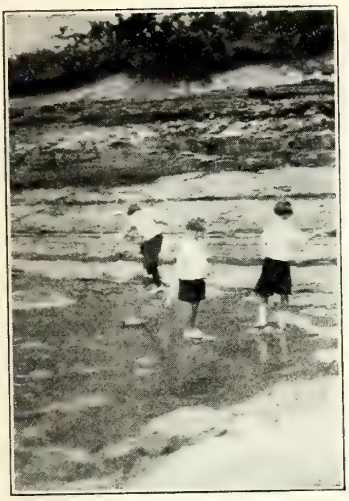
"A BIT OF LIFE." BY HELEN JOHNSTON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY YVONNE TWINING, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)



"A BIT OF LIFE" BY DOROTHY JAYNE, AGE 16



BY ELIZABETH SOWERS, AGE 15



BY EDNA M. SHOEMAKER, AGE 14



BY ISABEL S. McKAY, AGE 12
(SILVER BADGE)

"IN SUMMER-TIME"

spoke of terrible sea-monsters that awaited them, and they even planned to throw their brave captain into the ocean.

Columbus, however, would not give up, and tried to quell the mutiny. After a few days, it became quite evident that land was near; bits of foliage floated about, and birds were seen.

On the twelfth of October land was plainly visible, and Columbus, with his crews, for the first time in three months, stepped on terra firma.

The sailors fell on their knees and thanked God for their preservation, but Columbus, although he did not know that he had found a new continent, gave fervent thanks to God for his great discovery.

FLIGHT

BY ELIZABETH RHOADES (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

Across the still lake the wild loon flew,
Calling the weird call that only he knew;
It echoed far through the still night air—
A wail and a cry of freedom were there.

Away in the west where the storm-clouds had cleared,
A silvery star in the sky appeared.
No sound was heard 'neath the rising moon,
Save the wail and the cry of the flying loon.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

BY JOHN PAGE HERNDON (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

Dick Mayton dropped his history and looked at his father across the table.

"Dad."

Mr. Mayton looked up. "Yes, son."

"May I get a twenty-two rifle? Mac Parson has one."

"Impossible; I don't think it 's best; you are too young," replied his father, abruptly.

Dick gave a long sigh and picked up his book.

Several weeks later, Dick and his father were invited on a hunt up by Mill's Springs. They accepted, and had a jolly time. The last day proved to be a great adventure for Dick.

Dick and his father left the others at camp, and trudged off into the mountains in search of game.

After a somewhat tiresome walk up a small ravine, they sat down on a log, Mr. Mayton leaning his gun against a stump.

Dick's father, seeing some indications of a spring, departed around a bend in the cañon close by in search of water.

Dick, throwing himself upon the ground for a complete rest, was startled to hear a sound in the bushes. Peeking through the brush, he saw a panther feeding on the remains of a calf.

Scarcely knowing what he did, he picked up his father's gun and, by a scratch shot, killed the cat.

Frightened by the sound of the shot, Dick's father hurriedly returned, and was pleased to find an entirely different situation from what he expected.

After examining the lion, he laughingly remarked, "Well, Dick, you have earned your gun by proving you can handle one."

With a joyful shout Dick exclaimed, "Oh Dad! this certainly proved to be an important discovery!"



"IN SUMMER-TIME." BY RUTH CLEVENGER, AGE 13

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

BY MARY F. FARR (AGE 7)

Once, a long time ago, a strange-looking ship was sailing slowly on the great ocean. It was laden with soda. It had been out on the great waters for a long time, and the sailors were very tired of the waves tossing them here and there and they were longing for land.

One day the sailors saw a black speck, which they soon knew was land. The first thing the sailors did when they landed was to build a fire to get dinner.



BY DOROTHY C. MILLER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER)



BY ANNE GLEAVER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)



BY RUBY MAY KINSEY, AGE 16 (SILVER BADGE)

"A BIT OF LIFE"

They could not find any stones to prop the kettle up, so they got some of the lumps of soda from the ship to prop it up. The dinner was cooking well. But what was happening now? The fire had melted the soda and sand together and made glass! And that was the first glass there ever was.

So on that far-away coast a very important discovery was made.

THE FLIGHT

BY MARGARET HUMPHREY (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

KING HEROD learned from prophets and wise men
That Christ, the new-born Savior, would be king
O'er all; and in his wicked heart he vowed
That he would slay this little future king.
But one night, in a dream, to Joseph came
The Angel of the Lord, and bade him flee
To Egypt, taking Mary and the Child.
And so the next night, after darkness fell—
A star-pierced, brooding darkness—o'er the land,
To Egypt fled the three, to Egypt fair,
Across the desert sands, where distant shapes
Shadowed their path, where, like a black cloak, Night
Enfolded them within her cool embrace.
While unseen angels hovered all about
And guided them their weary way along.
Soft wings fanned off the desert's dry, hot breath;
A single star shone in the heavens above,
And when they saw it shining down below,
They reached at last their journey's end, the Nile.
But when King Herod died, they swift returned,
For out of Egypt God had called His Son
To bring His message to the waiting world.

"AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY"

BY FRANCES JONES (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

IN 1848 some workmen, in digging a mill-race for Captain Sutter, discovered particles of shining gold in a stream in northern California. Upon examining the surrounding country, they found the soil, the river-bed, and the rocks to be rich with gold. They were astonished, and immediately the mill was shut down and all hands were set to work to dig the precious metal.

Ever since the time of the Revolution, and even before, the people of the United States had been moving west-



BY MARY E. MASON, AGE 14 (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1919)



BY ELITA DOWNEY, AGE 15



BY SARAH JANE DUNCAN, AGE 11

"IN SUMMER-TIME"



BY EVELYN REINHOLD, AGE 13



BY ARCHIBALD ROBERT DAVIDSON, JR., AGE 9



BY ANNA RUTLEDGE, AGE 14



BY W. CLARK HANNA, AGE 12



BY RICE S. ESTES, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)



BY HELEN RANDOLPH SEXTON, AGE 13

"IN SUMMER-TIME"

ward, following the example set by Daniel Boone and other brave pioneers; and as one place became settled, they moved still farther on, settling the western regions.

But they were not searching for anything in particular and they set themselves no other goal than to find out what lay still farther on. And so they slowly advanced, bringing civilization with them and adding to the inhabited areas of the country.

But when the news of the discovery of gold in California reached them they were beside themselves with excitement, and at once rushed for the gold-mines from all the settled parts of the country. Farmers, traders, and carpenters were seized with a desire for sudden wealth, and left their work to seek the golden treasure.

This discovery had important effects on the Union, by increasing the wealth and size of our country and by developing the Pacific coast. This latter development led to the building of a railroad across the continent, and also, since a shorter shipping route was needed from east to west, it led, in a roundabout way, to the building of the Panama Canal, which is recognized as one of the finest triumphs of man's engineering skill.

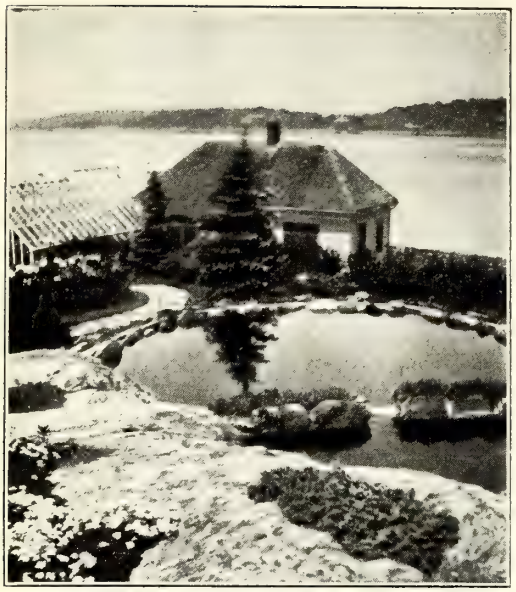
AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

BY ESTHER REBECCA GIRTON (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

ONE of the greatest obstacles to the success of the construction of the Panama Canal which confronted the French was malaria and yellow fever. Men died by the thousands; and upon hearing of the terrible diseases, others refused to take their places. So, at last, work ceased, although France lost millions of dollars.

When America took up the work it was easier. In Cuba a commission, composed of Reed, Carroll, Lazear, and Agramonte, had been making investigations, and all indications pointed to the fact that the mosquito carried the germs of malaria and yellow fever. And to



"IN SUMMER-TIME." BY SALLY KNOWLES, AGE 12
(SILVER BADGE)

prove the theory, Carroll and Lazear both exposed themselves to the bite of a mosquito, and both died. These and other sacrifices proved beyond doubt that the mosquito carried the germs of the dreaded diseases.

This discovery having been made, Colonel W. C. Gorgas started a highly successful campaign for sanitary conditions in the Panama Canal Zone. Grass and brush were cut and burned, swamps drained, ditches dug, old ditches cleaned, refuse-cans emptied and made sanitary, and water was sprinkled on the city streets. Thousands of gallons of oil, to kill the mosquitos, were used annually. Under these conditions the mosquito was to a great extent abolished.

Although this great discovery cost the loss of valuable lives, the sacrifice was not in vain. It accomplished two great things: it made the Panama Canal Zone the most healthful region under tropical skies, and it made possible the construction of the great Panama Canal.

FLIGHT OF TIME

BY CATHARINE TURNER (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

ABOVE the many-templed Mecca,
Rise seven towers, fair and strong.
There sit, within, the keepers of Time
Who, when one golden hour
Has passed the portals of this world,
Call forth in silver tone,
With one firm hand stretched toward the east:
"Allah is the only God,
And Mohammed is his prophet."
Echoed by the others,
It falls melodiously upon the ear,
As though it were a summons.
The Mohammedan,
What e'er his occupation be,
Falls upon his bended knee,
And kneels in silent prayer.
And the silver crescent moon,
Glimmering in the azure sky,
Makes the brazen towers shine like gold.

FLIGHT

BY FANITA LAURIE (AGE 12)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1918*)

MIDST the clouds and the mists of the azure,
Over houses and bridges below,
In the depths of the blue
A great giant bird flew,
A familiar bird, one we all know.

And it soared round and round, ever upward,
Hardly more than a speck in the sky.
As its huge wings of white
Caught the sun's gleaming light
They reflected it far up, on high.

Soon it gracefully, swiftly, flew downward,
And its queer giant shape came to view;
Then it skimmed o'er the ground,
Landed there safe and sound
Midst the grass and the flowers, in the dew.

From a strange hollow spot in the center,
Stepped a figure we 'd ne'er think could fly—
Fit and fine as could be,
Human, like you and me,
The *bird-man* that sails through the sky.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Betty Fry
Margaret A. Hamilton
Frances K. Beckwith
Helen Hinton
Lucy E. Allen
Maria B. Fletcher
Jane Buel Bradley
Marion Cleveland
Mary Preston Clapp
Alison Bigelow Nott
Miriam Rose Ramer
Elizabeth E. Hughes
Virginia Hoiles
Mary E. Tracy
Ruth Raymond
Mildred Elkes
Barbara Simison
Mary C. Hayes
Virginia Conroy
Justine Foote
Lillian Blaha
Christine Cameron
Gwynne H. Daggett
Louise Seaman
Dorothy Conzelman
Candace MacLean
Laura Strunk
Marjorie E. Lucas
Mary McCullough
Adelaide Humphrey
Mildred Augustine
Harry M. Ireland
Esther Marshall
Mary Huss
Helen Grace Davie

VERSE

Helen Louise MacLeod
Katherine Foss
Elizabeth Brooks
Edith Clark
Alice W. Moss
Charlotte E. Farquhar
Dorothea I. Moore
Birkbeck Wilson
Dorothy R. Burnett
Polly Palfrey
Rae M. Verrill
Jean Harper
Mary K. Haselton
Alice Rose
Anne Marie Homer
Dorothy Pond
Ruth Peirce Fuller
Margaret W. Hall
Mollie L. Craig
Margaret MackPrang
Rudolph Cook
Aline Fruhanf
Margaret Partridge
Hilde Graf
William Johnson
Mark W. Cresap, Jr.
Beatrice Menlen
Ruth Mantor
Josephine Burras
Lois Buswell
Anna-Ewell Phillips
Jean Osborne
Chiyo Hirose
Emily Kingsbery

DRAWINGS

Amie H. Medary
Harold F. Murphy
Ellen Carpenter
Virginia Quarles
Mary M. McKay
Ephraim B. Neisuler
Peggy Highman
Anne Gleaves
Dorothy Van Gorder
Edward E. Murphy
V. Reynolds Tilden
Gwendolyn Roberts
Elizabeth Korn
Donald Taylor

PHOTOGRAPHS

Virginia H. Miley
Ellenor Morris
Ethel M. Hunter
Thomas R. Smith, Jr.
Dorothy Baker
Nora Fortson
Olivia Brown
Miriam R. Shepard
Agnes S. Kelby
Elizabeth Gregory
Janet Fortson
Blanche L. Cunningham
Norma Stiner
Alla Crowell
Elizabeth D. Levers
Katharine M. Kingman
Maria Luisa de la Torriente
Elsie C. Smith
Mary Cowan
Mary Scattergood
Mary M. Armstrong
Lois Mills
Doris M. Iserman
Sarah Sohn
Adele Dunlap
Edith Reeve
Hester Brooks
Charles H. Phelps

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Helen Holbrook
Regina Wiley
Eugenia Morris
Robert Hicks
Mary N. Childress
Dorothy Dell
William A. Little
Johnston Pugh
J. Huber Bishop, Jr.
Florence Arenberg
Virginia Tutt
Ashley Pond
Marian M. Jones
Dorothea Humans
Horace F. Floyd
Genevieve L. Brown
Esther L. Cottingham
Gertrude Cross
Mary Abby Hurd
Ruth Buxbaum
Dorothy Gohring



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY KATHERINE T. CONWAY, AGE 13

Carolyn Drennan
Marcella Bricca
Ruth H. Thorp
Frances Grier
Cornelia B. Rose
Ronald M. Straus
Katherine Dines
Louise Hanson
Mary Townes
Louise Lackner
Elizabeth Brooks
Gladys Phillips
Glanville Downey
Sarah Schwartz
Grace Griffin
Alice Winston

VERSE

Laura L. Canfield
Charlotte L. Groom
Elinor Jarvis
Dorothea Wilder
Sarah Palfrey
Kathryn Eshleman
Froncie Wood
Helen Keene
Helen Storck
Elizabeth L. Mead
Margaret Buckmaster
Eleanor Hanna
Anne L. New
Mary M. Rooney
Leon Bunkin
Riis Owre
Florence E. Jackson
Alice Buell
Maxine Wiley
Sallie Robertson
Julie Hawkins
Anne Clute
Adelaide Rogers
Ethel G. Lapidus
Clara P. Lyman
Alice B. Wilkins
Ellen Spelman
Elizabeth Gerken
Margaret Montgomery
Lillian D. Thomas
Mary Arrington
Marian Foeldy
Jane M. Oppenheimer
Marian Silveus
Frances S. Tuckerman
Josephine Paret
Frances Berwanger
Dorothy M. Simms
Ruth Farnshaw
Brenda E. Green
Ronald Kirkbride
Mary T. Gentry
Phebe B. Lemon
Emily A. Smith
Christina P. Fish
Mary Cogan
Ruth Tikiob
Nancy Grant
Eleanor Huntley

DRAWINGS

Barbara Knox
Alberta Zeff
Emily C. Hicks
Elizabeth Webster
Theodora Holland
Grace Hays
Kenneth W. Hunt
Emilie Heilprin
Margaret Haley
Harriet H. Witman
Margaret Palmer
Frances M. Frost
Max Goodley
Ethel Warren White
Jane Smith
Elizabeth Kingsbury
Wendell Kling
Katherine Collens
Nina Abrecht
Katharine Eastman
Charlotte Neumeister
Rosalind Howe
Allison Flynn
Ruth Kaiser
Hope Crouch
Jean Sage
Margaret L. Milne
Muriel Woolf

PHOTOGRAPHS

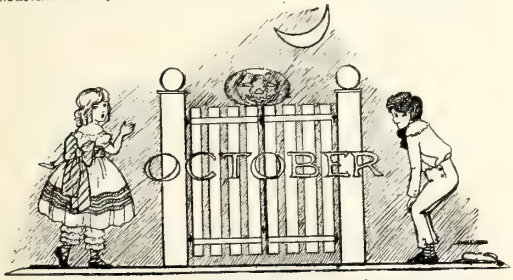
Leonore C. Hart
Agnes Hirshinger
Hallet Gubelman
Carl Schamer
Elizabeth Mitchell
Winston Ashby
Edith Rees
Jerald V. Blair
Marian L. Herrick
Ann Lawrence
Karolyn Arnson
Amy Trainer
Katherine Harris
Margaret Nelson
Mary Chase
Virginia Michaelis
Reynold Kirby-Smith, Jr.
Florence Warburton



"A BIT OF LIFE" BY GRACE HARMAN, AGE 15

PUZZLES

Rosemary Brewer
Doris M. Tighe
Jane Ristine
Walter Mayer
Gladys Alvarez
Mary Billings
Mary Moore
B. S. Winstel
May Friend
Margaret C. Scoggin
George Friedman
Gertrude Green
Anne Ames
Marie Ghesini
Mary E. Swift



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY HELEN O'CONNOR, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE)

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 263

Competition No. 263 will close November 1. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for February. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"To One Born in February."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"A Strange Occurrence."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, **"Taken in Winter."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"An Old Friend," or "A Heading for February."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would like to write and tell you about my last Christmas holidays. I spent them with my friend Geoff Holden at Mount Irvine, in the Blue Mountains, about 150 miles from Sydney.

I am afraid it would n't interest you much to tell you about the whole of my six weeks' stay, so I will just tell you about a picnic we had at Bowen's Creek.

Luckily, I had my camera and on the way down managed to snap a lyre-bird on his dancing-mound. Lyre-birds are very timid, and I must have had luck to get so close. Further on we saw a wallaby.

On climbing down the first of four lines of cliffs, I found a dingoe's cave. Dingoes do not attack people, but are very destructive to sheep. Well, after killing a snake or two, and nearly catching a young boobook owl, we reached the creek. It was fully ten feet above its usual level, owing to recent rains.

We managed to crawl along the bank to a spot where we had camped before. Geoff's sister, who was with us, found a blackfellow's ax. Many such relics have been found, also boomerangs, spears, etc.

When returning home at sunset, up a different spur, we heard a lyre-bird showing off to his mate. He was mimicking wonderfully. He had the notes of the whip-bird (like the crack of a stock-whip) to perfection, and also mimicked the whistle of the parrot and the laugh of the kookaburra, besides many other sounds.

RONALD M. STEWART (AGE 14).

AMERICAN FORKS, UTAH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We four girls have formed a little club which we call the St. Nicholas English Club. The reason we have named it this is that we are all taking our sophomore English this summer and we are also very interested in reading ST. NICHOLAS, which one of our members has taken for nearly four years. We as a club have worked every puzzle in your June number, and plan to do so in the future. We also, as individuals, are trying each month to win a LEAGUE badge.

We read the little English play in the January ST. NICHOLAS and liked it so well that we gave it to the teacher of the sixth grade, who had some of her pupils memorize and present it in public when the high school gave its exhibit. We think every one enjoyed it.

We are most interested in reading Mrs. Seaman's stories, though we enjoy every bit of your magazine.

Wishing you a long and successful life,

Your interested readers,

VIRGINIA MCCARRON (AGE 14).
RUTH NEWMAN (AGE 14).
FRANCES JONES (AGE 14).
MARIAN JONES (AGE 15).

TAIKU, KOREA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't know how long I 've taken you, but I *do* know that I had you in 1915, because I still have some of the copies.

You get 'way out here too late for me to enter the LEAGUE competition, but I can write letters, anyway.

The Koreans usually use wooden pillows. They are not even covered by anything soft, so you can imagine what a Korean pillow-fight would be like! A Korean always seems to want something under his head, and does n't seem to care much what it is. The backs of their heads are often very flat for this reason, and some go up from the back and sides and form a sort of peak.

I have seen a great many kinds of pillows, but none like one I saw the other day. A big field-day was being celebrated at the Talsan, which used to be a Korean fortress, but is now the city park. All the Christian schools in the surrounding countryside were taking part. As we were coming home, we saw a man resting on the grass. And what do you suppose he was using as a prop for his head? Two tin cans, one on top of the other! Each can was about three inches high, and made a nice tall pillow for him. That pillow could n't be called a "cushion" very well, could it?

Your interested reader,

NAN BRUEN.

CAMP NELSON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am having a fine time here at camp. I brought the July number up here with me and all the Scouts read it. They all agree it 's fine.

We have a regular routine from six o'clock, when we get up, to eight-thirty, when we go to bed.

The day is filled by hikes, games, classes, and work. There are four classes in swimming: sink-easies, beginners, swimmers, and life-savers.

A devoted reader,

KATHRYN BRADFIELD.

GOOD stories by youngsters are no novelty to readers of the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE pages; but we are seldom treated to a better fanciful tale than the following joint composition of two twelve-year-old authors. And additional interest is lent the contribution by the fact that one of the chums who wrote it is the daughter of Dr. Herbert Adams Gibbons, the distinguished author of many popular books for grown-ups.

IN the garden of happiness there lived His Majesty King Red Rose. He was looking for a fair queen to help rule his garden, and soon His Majesty was charmed by fair White Rose. He lovingly advanced toward White Rose and said, "Will you be my bride, fair White Rose?" Her only answer was to lean over and kiss Red Rose in the breeze. The king called his messenger, little Robin-Redbreast, and told him to proclaim his wedding through the garden, and said, "Be sure, my little messenger, to find Merry Little Breezes and tell them, for they are such lively little things and are the delight of my heart."

Tall Miss Hollyhock, while the king and his bride were busy, had a meeting with all the flowers; but the ones that were far away and could not hear what she said, she told the Merry Little Breezes to call up by yellow Daffodil, and it was decided that all the flowers would give a present to the king and their future queen.

The next night was a night of great rejoicing, for they were going to be married by the minister, the red-eyed vireo, called also the preacher. The bluebells tinkled beautifully, at the beginning of the wedding, and the flowers bowed respectfully to their new queen. The black cricket played the wedding march, and the meadow-lark sang a solo. After the wedding a wonderful feast was prepared by the queen's maids, the pretty butterflies. The richest food, which consisted of little balls of delicious earth, was spread on the largest mushroom table, and the little mushrooms, which were found everywhere, were used as chairs. Little Laughing Waters and Merry Little Breezes were always getting into mischief. This amused the king and queen immensely. The wedding lasted two nights, and the fireflies lit the whole garden. All the flowers gave beauty and fragrance to their lovely queen. Every day of the king and queen's reign was as happy as their wonderful and joyful wedding-day.

CHRISTINE ESTE GIBBONS (AGE 12).
JANET DOUGLAS SPAETH (AGE 12).

THE RIDDLE-BOX





ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

A LITERARY ACROSTIC. Cross-words: 1. Nerve. 2. Again. 3. Table. 4. Hover. 5. Amend. 6. Noise. 7. Isles. 8. Elude. 9. Loath. 10. Haunt. 11. Abhor. 12. Water. 13. Tease. 14. Hoard. 15. Offer. 16. Raise. 17. Niche. 18. Elate. From 1 to 13, Scarlet Letter; 14 to 31, House of Seven Gables; 32 to 41, Marble Faun. Initials, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A stone fit for the wall will not be left by the roadside.

PI. September shows the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before,
Why should our hearts be duller?

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. 1. M-out-h. 2. M-our-n. 3. M-one-y. 4. G-run-t. 5. H-ear-t. 6. R-eve-l. 7. S-mar-t. 8. S-tea-l. 9. S-tar-t. 10. W-age-r.

A MISSING SYLLABLE. 1. Re-verse. 2. Re-bell. 3. Re-sign. 4. Re-bus. 5. Re-butt. 6. Re-mitt. 7. Re-peel. 8. Re-seed. 9. Re-leaf. 10. Re-coil. 11. Re-tire. 12. Re-cover. 13. Re-fuse. 14. Re-mane.

A COMMERCIAL ACROSTIC. Cross-words: 1. Roguish. 2. Initial. 3. Opposed. 4. Defraud. 5. Elderly. 6. Juryman. 7. Attempt. 8. Nomadic. 9. Episode. 10. Impound. 11. Rubbish. 12. Offence. From 1 to 6, coffee; 7 to 10, mate; 11 to 18, diamonds; 19 to 24, cotton; 25 to 28, nuts; 29 to 36, emeralds; 37 to 40, gold; 41 to 46, rubber. Initials, Rio de Janeiro.

CLASSICAL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Demosthenes.

ANAGRAM WORD-SQUARE. 1. Pare. 2. Arid. 3. Ride. 4. Eden.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Allenby; third row, Cadorna. Cross-words: 1. Ancient. 2. Leather. 3. Lodging. 4. Economy. 5. Nursery. 6. Banquet. 7. Yearned.

CHARADE. Win, dough; window.

A BIBLICAL KING'S MOVE, Initials, Zachariah. 1. Iscariot, 16-7-8-15-22-29-21-12. Cain, 13-5-6-14. Zerubbabel, 23-24-31-38-30-39-32-40-47-54. Hezekiah, 55-48-56-64-63-62-53-61. Abraham, 52-60-59-51-44-45-46. Habakkuk, 37-36-35-42-50-43-34-27. Ananias, 28-20-19-10-3-4-11. Aaron, 2-1-9-17-25. Rebecca, 18-26-33-41-49-58-57.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than November 1, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 1053) and give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were duly received from Peter T. Byrne—Henry Meigs Boudinot—Peggy Johnston—"The Three R's"—Betty Todd—Elizabeth D. Patterson—Rosalind Howe—Allan T. Gifford—Virginia Ball—Curtiss S. Hitchcock—"Rikki-Tikki-Tavi—Agnes K. Getty."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were duly received from Ruth Tangier Smith, 8—Miriam J. Stewart, 8—John F. Davis, 8—Esther Myers, 8—H. Spencer and Henry Dormitzer, 8—Margaret and Mary Everett Swift, 8—Eleanor Litton, 8—Bettina Booth, 8—Hortense A. Doyle, 8—Mary Rowland, 8—Florence E. Jackson, 7—Helen S. Paine, 7—Catherine Middleton, 7—Ellen Day, 7—"Kemper Hall Chapter," 7—Thelma Laut Wade, 7—St. Anna's Girls, 6—Virginia Straight, 6—Winifred Blackwell, 6—Elizabeth Tong, 6—Katharine E. Beilman, 6—Jane Kluckhohn, 5—Mary Delaney, 5—Elizabeth Yungstrom, 5—Frances E. Duncan, 4—Klee Bachenheimer, 3—Ruth J. Wilkinson, 3—Elizabeth Tickner, 3—"Whittys," 3—Vera Vleck, 2—Charles Wood, 2—Claude M. Brooks, 2—Margaret Smith, 2—Eleanor G. Atterbury, 2—Jane R. Leopold, 2—Luther Tucker, 2—Helen Trefts, 2—Dorothy Loudenbeck, 2—Gladys Smith, 2—Dorothy Moore, 2—Bessie C. Thompson, 2. One puzzle, H. K.—W. I.—V. H. P.—C. T. M.—H. W.—C. R.—E. H.—F. B. T. Jr.—E. G.—M. M. P.—C. D.—M. M.—A. L.—L. V. L.—M. K.—K. T.—J. N.—M. J. L.—R. C.—M. F.—D. L.—L. W.—V. M. Jr.—A. G. C.—R. A.—A. H. H.—D. M.—R. E. H.—G. S.—M. D.—L. S.—H. M. B.—E. N. S.—B. G. M.—W. W. J.—M. A.—F. T.—H. K.—V. M.

CHARADE

My *first* is a word that quite often we utter;
My *second* makes housewives unfailingly flutter;
My *third* may be used by the thrifty young farmer;
My *whole* was a knight who wore glittering armor.

ANNE WORTLEY (age 13), *League Member*.

MYTHOLOGICAL ACROSTIC

(*Gold Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

* . . 30 . 23 19 4
* 17 10 . 33 . . .
* . 24 . . 16 . 36
* 39 31 . 22 5 . .
* . 28 8 . . 38 .
* . 14 . 9 . 32 .
* 2 . . 29 . . 27
* 35 . 3 12 . .
* . 11 34 . 40 18 15
* . 37 . 26 . 25 .
* 21 1 . . . 41 6
* 13 20 . . . 7 .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The supreme god of the sea. 2. The hero of the Iliad. 3. Pertaining to a certain marshy district. 4. A city of Latium, fifteen miles south of Rome. 5. The devoted wife of Admetus. 6. A giant condemned to roll a huge stone up a hill. 7. A maiden who was transformed so as to escape from a river-god. 8. Another giant condemned to constant punishment. 9. A youth from whose blood sprang the flower named for him. 10. A beautiful youth who asked Zeus for immortality. 11. The daughter of Alcinous. 12. The wife of Orpheus.

When these names have been rightly guessed, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will spell the Greek name of the goddess of wisdom and of war. The letters from 1 to 6, from 7 to 14, from 15 to 20, from 21 to 30, from 31 to 36, and from 37 to 41 will each name a mythological character.

ELIZABETH V. FREELAND (age 14).

DIAMOND

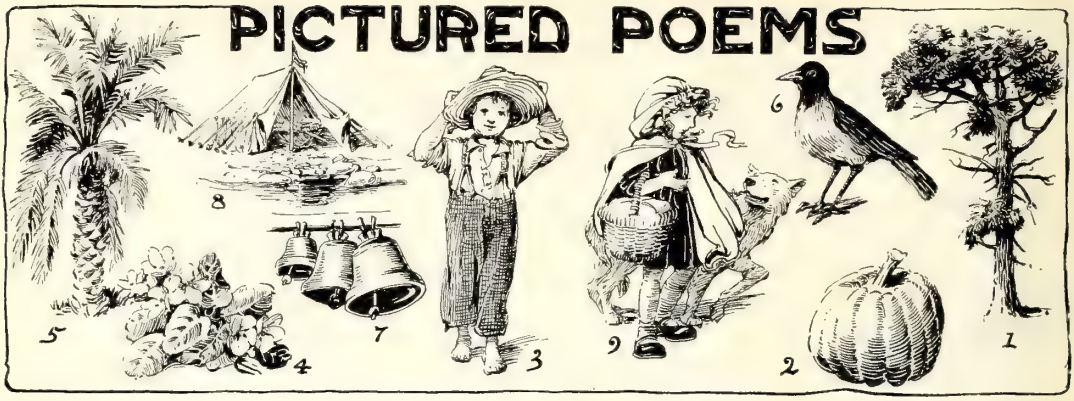
1. In cracker. 2. A spring. 3. A country of Asia. 4. A partition containing a long seat, in a sacred edifice. 5. In cracker.

ELIZABETH KING (age 11), *League Member*.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

Albert, Benjamin and Charles were discussing their ages, and found out that the sum of their ages was 90. If the age of Albert was doubled and that of Benjamin trebled, the sum of the three ages would be 170. If the ages of Benjamin and Charles were each doubled, the sum of the three would be 160. What were the ages of Albert, Benjamin, and Charles?

CLARA JOHNSON (age 15), *League Member*.



In the above illustration the names of nine poems are pictured. All the poems are by the same writer. What are the poems and who is their author?

LITERARY ACROSTIC

(*Gold Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

* 13 . 37 24 4 . 35
* 38 41 14 53 51 11 .
* 30 39 9 29 15 . 45
* 25 . 16 49 1 . .
* 19 . 52 5 . 26 40
* . . 10 . 23 31 50
* 8 43 2 22 54 . 28
* 7 55 42 . 34 . .
* 46 48 17 . 33 . 6
* 18 44 . . 12 27 21
* . 32 47 3 36 20 .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A division in a cavalry regiment. 2. To make hard. 3. Clearness. 4. To terrify. 5. Barbarity. 6. Continued utterance in one unvaried pitch. 7. A parable. 8. To restore to freshness. 9. A drug used by the ancients to give relief from sorrow. 10. Temporary obscurations. 11. Answer.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will spell the name of a famous book. The letters indicated by the numbers from 1 to 11 will spell the author's pen-name; while the letters from 12 to 21, from 22 to 28, from 29 to 35, from 36 to 40, from 41 to 45, from 46 to 50, and from 51 to 55 will each name a character in the book spelled by the initial letters.

WILMER CORNELL DECHERT (age 14).

PI

Het elavse, won tulfrniget form het retse,
Rea untred ot der dan glod;
Het hornt nwid, whginslit o're teh ale,
Grinbs ginss fo cnimog clod.
Het mpkunips, garle nad wolmel,
Eht remfra ciqukyl skipe,
Rof lewhealon si gimcon,
Dan siep eht koco sahll xim.

ROSANE AND ELIZABETH.

SUBTRACTIONS AND ADDITIONS

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

EXAMPLE: Subtract three letters from a gun; add three letters, and make a kitchen utensil. ANSWER: Mus-ket, ket-tle.

1. Subtract three letters from a snood; add three letters, and make a written communication.

2. Subtract three letters from a vain scholar; add three letters, and make a horn.

3. Subtract three letters from indistinct talk; add three letters, and make destitute.

4. Subtract three letters from glossy; add three letters, and make Ottoman.

5. Subtract three letters from to drench; add three letters, and make mournful.

6. Subtract three letters from to totter; add three letters, and make to deduce.

7. Subtract three letters from to adhere closely; add three letters, and make a wide street.

8. Subtract three letters from more whitened by age; add three letters, and make a name for the jerboa.

The initial letters of the second words will spell a day in September.

MARIAN JORDAN (age 11).

ZIGZAG

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag—beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter—will spell a merry time.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An animal. 2. A large rope or chain. 3. Very cold. 4. Expresses sorrow audibly. 5. A lizard. 6. To look threatening. 7. To perfume. 8. Agencies. 9. Self-command.

ROSINA SHEPARDSON (age 14), *League Member*.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE

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. .

I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In literary. 2. To fasten with stitches. 3. Lawful. 4. A common verb. 5. In literary.

II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In literary. 2. Concealed. 3. Extent. 4. To disappear gradually. 5. In literary.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Smallest amount. 2. Soil. 3. A defensive covering. 4. A hard substance. 5. A number.

IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In literary. 2. A meadow. 3. Strained to stiffness. 4. A tree. 5. In literary.

V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In literary. 2. A famous woman. 3. Each. 4. Epoch. 5. In literary.

MARGERY BOYD (age 15), *League Member*.

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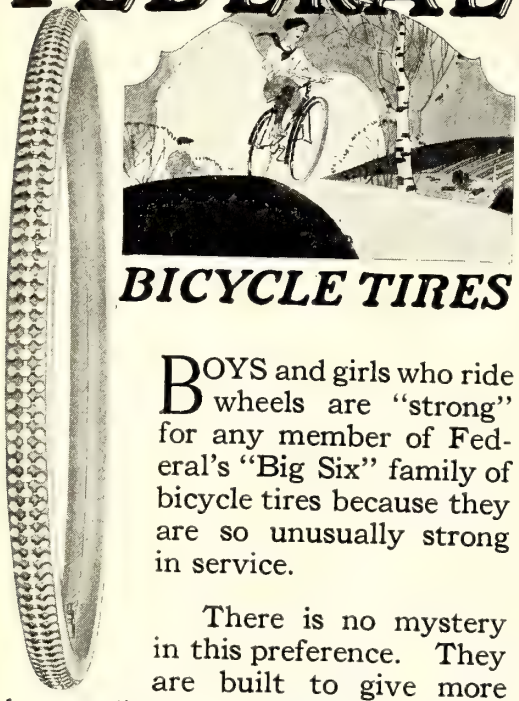
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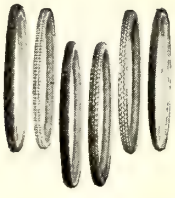
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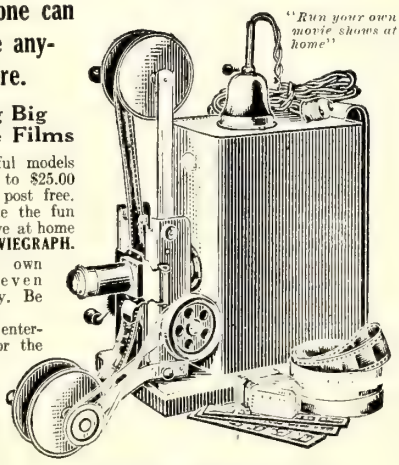
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NEW ISSUES

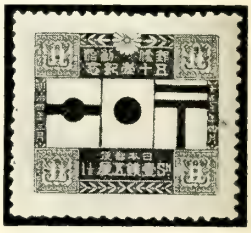
ALMOST all stamp-collectors know something of the Universal Postal Union, which is a sort of international congress devoted to the postal relations and regulations between all the nations which are members of it. At the annual convention, held last year at Madrid, provision was made for an increase in postal rates by such nations as might authorize it. Quite a few countries have already availed themselves of this privilege, and doubtless others will do so. This, naturally, brings into use stamps of an increased face-value. The need is sometimes met by new designs, sometimes by surcharging old values. David M. Earl sends us from India the first copy which we have seen — the old one-anna stamp surcharged nine pies, to meet the new rate. A stamp with the value of nine pies sounds much more interesting than nine pennies, or even nine cents. But at normal rates of exchange, this stamp would have a face value of only one and one-half cents in our money.



British Honduras sends us a new issue in the shape of a "Peace Stamp." So far, we have seen only the two-cent value, bright carmine in color. Whether there are more of them we do not know. But this certainly is a very bright, pretty, attractive stamp. The design is simple, yet satisfying. In the upper left corner is the "coat of arms," surrounded with branches of coffee berry; at the right, a portrait of King George surmounted by a crown, on each side of which is a floreate ornament bearing the word "Peace."

A JAPANESE COMMEMORATIVE

ST. NICHOLAS goes all over the world. In consequence of that fact, STAMP PAGE has friends and correspondents in many far-away lands, and these young people occasionally send us specimens of the new stamps issued in the countries in which they live, or in which they may be, for the time, visiting. It is needless to say to these distant readers how welcome such letters and such stamps always are to us, nor what pleasure we take in illustrating the stamps sent to us in this way whenever there is sufficient novelty to the design to warrant it. Differences of color or differences in water-marks are of no help to us — as the "newness" does not then show in the picture. Then, too, it sometimes happens that we have previously received the same stamp from some other source and have already described it. But whenever possible, we give all our readers the benefit of what these foreign correspondents send to us. To these correspondents, however, we wish to take this opportunity to say a few words in the name and in behalf of other girls and boys who read STAMP PAGE. Many of the stamps sent us are inscribed in foreign languages, or have symbols in the design which are unknown to us. And all the readers of STAMP PAGE wish to know everything there is available to be known about their stamps. So, friends across the seas, for the benefit of the other girls and boys, when you send new stamps please describe them as completely as you possibly can. Tell us everything you can find out about the design, what animals, what birds, what plants are shown, and what they symbolize. Translate for us all the inscriptions which are not in English. By so doing you will help us all, and you will add greatly to the interest and knowledge gathered from our favorite pursuit. Recently we illustrated two series of stamps from Japan. Very beautiful stamps they were, too; and from the questions which have been asked about them, they must be very popular with our readers. Indeed, I think all boys are especially interested in the stamps of China and Japan. Certainly I was when I was a boy. Now Japan has issued another commemorative set consisting of four stamps. One of our readers has sent us several of them, so that all of you may see what they look like. We are under obligations to Edward L. Whittemore, 2nd, for an early glimpse of the design. He sends the stamps to us from Korea. While there are four stamps in the series, there are only two designs. We illustrate both of them. Both have the Imperial Chrysanthemum at the top center. First is the "postal card" design — 1½-sen for use on domestic, 3-sen on foreign, postal cards. This design is oblong and in two colors; the 1½-sen is green frame with red center; and 3-sen, carmine frame and red center. The issue is commemorative of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the postal system of Japan. What could be more fitting, then, more appropriate — than some allusion to the first postage-stamps issued by Japan in 1871. And this the designer has done most gracefully. In each of the four corners of these postal-card stamps appears a small facsimile of the dainty little first issue. There are several inscriptions in Japanese which we presume refer to the postal anniversary. The curious central design really resolves itself into three sections; at the left is a globe and bar — this is the old postal flag of Japan; in the center, the red sun of the national flag; while at the right, is the present flag of the post-office. The second illustration shows the stamps for letter postage. Here we have the 3-sen brown, for domestic — and the 10-sen blue, for foreign letters. These two stamps are much larger than the first two mentioned and are of very beautiful workmanship. At the top and bottom are two rows of stars, twenty-five in each row, emblematic of the fifty years elapsed since the inauguration of the postal service. Just below the inscription is the usual chrysanthemum, on the left of which is a white dove and, on the right, a branch bearing berries. This branch is duplicated





(*Continued on second page following*)

THE ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

is really a list of reliable Stamp Dealers. These people have studied stamps for years, perhaps they helped your father and mother when they first started their stamp collections. *St. Nicholas* knows that these dealers are trustworthy. When writing to them be sure to give your full name and address, and as reference the name of your parent, or teacher, or employer, whose permission must be obtained first. It is well also to mention *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Remember, we are always glad to assist you, so write to us for any information that will help you solve your stamp problems.

Scott's Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue

1922 EDITION

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(Continued on next page)

STAMPS

(*Continued from preceding page*)

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(*Continued*)

below the central design. This design depicts the General Post-office building at Tokio, while in the left foreground is shown the statue of Mayoshima, a Japanese nobleman, who organized and founded the postal service of the empire. Needless to say, the entire set is one which will give great pleasure to every one who is fortunate enough to possess it.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

THERE is quite a series of the issue of Netherlands 1913, long stamps with portraits in the center. The Two-and-a-half-cent, about which you write, portrays William I. He ruled over Holland from 1815 to 1840. Other portraits in the series are William II (1840–1849), William III (1849–1890), and Queen Wilhelmina I, 1890 to date. The dates refer to the reign of the present dynasty—1813 to 1913, the year the stamps were issued. ¶A reader wishes us to give her some information about the curious-looking object in the center of a stamp which she has in her collection. She has often wondered what it could be. From her description of the stamp it must be the five-cent value, 1899 issue, of Dominican Republic (Scott No. 103). This curious design represents what is supposed to be the sarcophagus of Columbus. But why should there be a mausoleum and sarcophagus of Columbus in Dominica when he was supposed to be buried in Spain? Hereby hangs a rather interesting story. In his will the great discoverer asked to be buried in Santo Domingo, and his wishes were complied with. In 1537 his body was laid to rest there. Later on, what were supposed to be his remains were transferred by Spain to Havana, and later still removed to Spain. About 1877, during repairs to the Cathedral in Santo Domingo, there was found what is now considered to be the real tomb of Columbus. The Spaniards had removed the wrong body, that of either his son or his grandson. And this five-cent stamp pictures the sarcophagus discovered in 1877. ¶One of our girl readers from Minnesota sends us a Salvador stamp which she cannot find in the catalogue, yet which looks like a perfectly genuine stamp. In the right-hand corner is the date, 1895. There is in the center of the design the portrait of a gentleman remarkable for his flowing whiskers. These are brushed out in fine shape, as if he were all dolled up to have his picture taken. It is a portrait of President Ezeta. Now the story is this: he ordered this set of stamps with his portrait, but before they arrived, his Government was overthrown. When the stamps did come, his enemies would not use them as they were, but overprinted, or surcharged, them in such a way as to completely obliterate the features to which they objected. The illustrations in the catalogue for this issue, of course, show only the surcharged stamps, giving no hint of the face beneath. The stamps without the surcharge are of little or no philatelic value. ¶We do not recall any stamp-issuing country which uses shells as money. In Uganda the current coin was formerly called a "cowry," and probably the cowry shell was once used as money, but this is no longer the case. Annas and rupees are now current. ¶A young reader writers about an early Swiss stamp. Apparently it is either the 1867 or 1881 issue. It has printed across the face in bold black letters the words "*Ausser Kurs.*" She wants to know whether this is a surcharge or a cancelation. In reply we would say that it is not exactly either; that is, in the sense in which she uses these terms. It certainly is not a postal cancelation, an evidence that the stamp has fulfilled its purpose of carrying a letter to its destination. The two words may be translated, "Out of use"—deprived of value. In this way it becomes something like a "specimen" stamp.

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For a long time it has been the hope of the editors and publishers of ST. NICHOLAS to increase the size of the magazine, and now that some of the costs of printing are slowly receding from their high mark, it is found possible to do this.

Another change that will be noted and appreciated is the new style type. It is technically no larger than the size used at present, but has a broader and blacker appearance and therefore will be easier to read.

The extra sixteen pages is equivalent to the addition of two of our present 96-page numbers each year. The number of pages, however, does not measure the value of a magazine. It depends upon what they bring you. It is upon the *contents* that ST. NICHOLAS has built its inseparable friendship with the boys and girls of America. And it is upon the same basis that the numbers for 1922, and the years to come, are to be edited.

In November, ST. NICHOLAS begins its forty-ninth volume. Always with the first number of a new magazine-year, we begin new serial stories. ST. NICHOLAS serials carry one's interest with unflagging steps through the months, and the high quality of these stories is so marked that in one instance seventy per cent. of the books for boys and girls recommended by the State Library of one of our Western States had appeared serially in ST. NICHOLAS. The continued stories to be published this coming year are well worth reading, being skilfully written and of absorbing interest. Synopses of previous instalments are given in each number, but naturally it is more satisfactory to begin with the first chapters. Then you do not miss a single incident nor have moments of regret when our circulation department writes that the November number is "sold out," like "the house" during the run of a popular play.

The serials described on the opposite page begin in November, but these two are only the forerunners of others to come later in the year—and we shall tell you about them in these pages in our November issue. *Watch for our complete announcement for 1922!*

Two of the New St. Nicholas Serials

The Hill of Adventure

By Adair Aldon



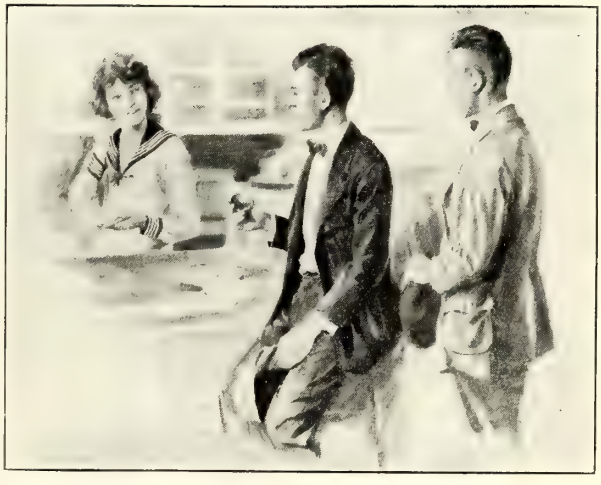
THIS ST. NICHOLAS story, with its attractive and interest-arousing title, lives up to its promising name from beginning to end.

Two sisters and an invalid aunt come West in search of health and rest for the latter. The cure is found not only in the bracing air of the mountains, but in the discovery of a hidden anxiety of many years' standing, which was the cause of *Aunt Anna's* illness.

The tranquillity of the mountain home is threatened for a time by labor troubles in the valley, but this discontent is settled in a straightforward, though dramatic, fashion, and the resumption of amicable relations with the workmen marks the winning of a struggle against pride and family by one of the actors in this drama enacted on "The Hill of Adventure!"

The Turner Twins

By Ralph Henry Barbour



RALPH HENRY BARBOUR needs no introduction to ST. NICHOLAS readers, particularly those who have read and enjoyed "The Crimson Sweater," "Kingsford, Quarter," "Team-mates," and "The Mystery of the Sea-Lark." You know how well Mr. Barbour tells a story, especially one in which there are well-fought and closely won games, a story with school stunts and the good-natured banter of a group of boys. The *Turner Twins* (perhaps *you* will be able to tell them apart) will take up their twelve-months' journey through the pages of ST. NICHOLAS, beginning in November. You won't want to miss a word. Better subscribe now!

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DEAR ANNE:

I wish I could tell you how glorious I feel about my Baby Book, which The Mennen Company published for me last Spring. It's simply wonderful the way doctors and nurses and mothers are using it and praising it—*thousands* of them!

You know, all my life I have been using Mennen Borated Talcum in my baby work—on my own skin, too, for that matter. It has always seemed just the least bit safer than anything else. It's what I call a perfectly *balanced* talcum—the proper ingredients and the right amounts, so as to be antiseptic and soothing. I believe that is the real secret of its great success on baby's petal-like skin.

And then, when The Mennen Company introduced Kora-Konia, I found something I had wanted for years. It really does give "quick relief" to an irritated skin—*wonderful* for chafing and prickly heat and similar afflictions. But what pleased me most is the way it soothes a poor little infant's skin suffering from diaper rash or scalding caused by involuntary habit.

I suppose it was because of wide experience with babies in my clinical work that The Mennen Company asked me to write my Baby Book. I may have been flattered a bit, but I did see a big chance to help the greatest number of mothers in times of distress.



I hope you will tell all your mother friends to write for their copies. It's the kind of book they would ordinarily pay a dollar for. But because I have mentioned Mennen Talcum a few times, The Mennen Company is mailing it for twenty-five cents as long as the edition lasts. It comes in a plain wrapper.

Lovingly,
BELLE

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

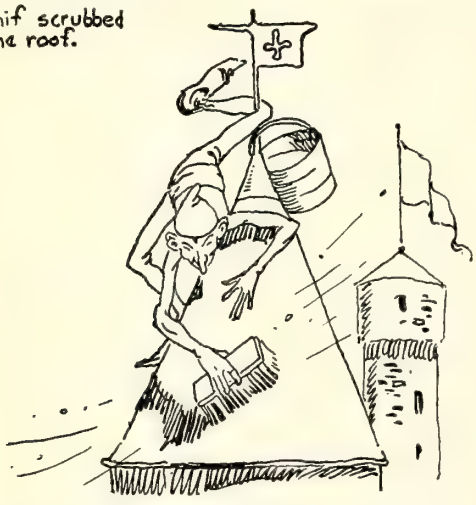
THE MENNEN COMPANY, LTD., MONTREAL, QUEBEC

"AD" VENTURES of the IVORY HEROES



Chapter X
New Conquests to make.

THE Baron's home now underwent a sudsy sort of cleaning, for thus his noble change of heart was quick to show its meaning. The Baron (now an IVORY knight), since this was his domain, invited all his visitors and henchmen to remain. The springs and streamlets which for years had not been let to flow, were now released to wash the rocks and all the plain below. For water, which is such a friend to those of cleanly mind, to Baron Dirt had been a foe, unpleasant and unkind.



Gnif Gnome with IVORY scrubbed the roof, all mossy, dark, and vile, till 'neath his hands it soon became a thing of shining tile. The Dragon was most useful for, tight in his



waving tail, he held his IVORY SOAP and beat the water like a flail, and when the suds was foamy, he'd inhale it through his nose, and pour it on the castle like a well-trained garden hose. The children swarmed through house and hall, led by our Bob and Bett. *"Some"* scrubbing with their willing hands those castle rooms did get. Outside, the robber and the slaves, with Dragon's timely aid, a really truly house of snow that grimy castle made. When all was done, and there it stood, a clean, majestic pile, the Baron summoned all his aids and said, with bow and smile—

"I'm not a man of many words, but beg your leave to say, I've never seen such splendid work as I have seen to-day. I'm now preparing to invite you all, as friend to friend, unto a celebration feast; I hope you will attend. Then after that, I would suggest that each good henchman bold go home with loads of IVORY SOAP to clean his own stronghold. Our brave ex-robber will rejoin his former mates, while I propose to take our heroes and the Witch of Dirt defy. I want to tell you that this witch, one Mistress Dustygrime, has needed our good services most sorely for some time."

And, after feasting sumptuously, our heroes said farewell, and started out, Gnif at the wheel, and Snip for sentinel.

You see, my dears, how vain it is
For dirt to try to cope
With happy hearts and willing hands,
Well armed with IVORY SOAP.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837 -

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS
99 44/100% PURE

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Orange Jell-O

© 1910 BY THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY

WE Americans have a way with desserts that is all our own. It is an Anglo-Saxon trait to eat a heavy pie or pudding that is a meal in itself after a hearty dinner; and we alone of all people discourage the flow of gastric juices by generous servings of frozen ices and creams as a last course. The ideal dessert is one that is light, not too sweet, delicate and not an added burden to digestion; a dainty, for a gracious "farewell," not a substantial course.

Dishes that have gelatine as a basis have just these characteristics. They melt in the mouth, they are chilled without being frozen, solid without being hard, and they furnish nutrition in the way of protein and sugars, supplemented by the whipped cream or fruit that is added to them. Plain or with cream, they make an ideal dessert for children, giving a sweet taste without an undue amount of sugar.

ANNE LEWIS PIERCE
Director, New York Tribune Institute

JELL-O

America's Most Famous Dessert



A beautiful Jell-O Book which describes the many uses of Jell-O in desserts and salads will be mailed free on request.

The American offices of The Genesee Pure Food Company are at LeRoy, N. Y.; the Canadian are at Bridgeburg, Ont.



For the sake of your health, take care of your teeth

COLGATE'S Ribbon Dental Cream is *safe*. It contains no dangerous acids, no harsh grit. Through the double-action of its chief constituents (chalk and soap) it cleans *thoroughly*. The fine precipitated chalk loosens deposits upon the teeth. At the same time, the pure vegetable oil soap washes away the loosened particles.

Always brush the upper teeth downward; the lower teeth upward.

Use Colgate's every morning, and *especially* at night before retiring.

Bad teeth endanger the health, often being responsible for rheumatism, indigestion, heart troubles, impairment of sight, etc. Regular brushing twice a day with a *safe* dentifrice, and examination twice a year by a dentist are necessary to keep your teeth in good condition.

Many people are suffering unnecessary pain and regret because they have failed to observe these simple rules.

Don't let your teeth ache before you begin to take care of them. Protect them *now*, no matter how strong and sound you think they are.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has no druggy taste; its flavor is delicious. Children like it on this account, and easily form the habit of using it regularly. Colgate's makes care of the teeth a pleasure — not a task.

One Druggist writes us: "People take up fads, but they always come back to Colgate's."

COLGATE & CO. *Est. 1806* **NEW YORK**

For sale everywhere—25c for large size tube

Colgate's is recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture